

THE RED CLOUD CHIEF.

A. C. HOSMER, Publisher.

RED CLOUD, NEBRASKA

EASTER FLOWERS.

They bells rang in the Easter morn, and I
Was sad and weary of the things of time;
I sought in vain the Angel choir that sang,
In softest harmony, to their sweet chiming,
And still their tuneful notes, pealed on, until
The forests and the fields, and all the air,
Were filled with music of the Easter bells,
And Easter flowers were blooming every-
where.

And midst the joyous ringing of the bells
I caught the low, sweet voices of the
flowers,
For God doth grant to them a tongue to
speak,
The heart that aches in this sad world of
care,
And still they murmured, till mine ear did
lose,
The sweetest music of the happy bells,
And I stooped low, that I might hear once
more,
The story that a simple flower tells.

"I know that you are bright and beautiful,"
I cried, "and your sweet breath doth wake
me."
The memories of yore, and kind a glow
The golden links of thought's electric chain;
Ye and I, and all that I love and lost, and joys
And hopes of days that were too bright to
last,
But still you give them back to me again;
The sweet from out the dead and silent Past?

"Alas, your whispers are but mockeries!"
From earth's cold graves you have returned,
But where?
The precious ones who went to sleep with
you,
Do ye of them no sign, no tidings bear?"
And still with such a loving tenderness
They spoke, that I could not refuse to hear:
And I, to cheer my side a passion flower
Proclaimed, in accents wondrous sweet and
clear.

"I bear a sign and message from that Blessed
One,
Who suffered eighteen hundred years ago;
And through the red and purple of the
sun,
I tell the story of His cross and wood!"
And then a Lily, from whose sunny cup
Hung over the crystal stream, spoke, in a
voice
Of calm, assuring love, and bade my heart
Forget its grief, and, looking up, rejoice.

"I bear sweet tidings from our Father's
house;
Look on my face, behold, I am His care!
Upon His hand I live, from day to day,
And smile and love, from radiant beauty won."
Half-blown buds, then, took up the theme,
And spoke the grasses of humility;
And Jasmine, from their lovely coronal,
Told of a life from mortal sorrows free.

The shadows lengthened, and the day was
done,
And I, in my heart, I listened to the flowers,
"Fair friends, ye have brought me peace," I
cried,
"And give me strength for suffering's bitter
hours."
The night came on, and daylight came to rest;
The earth was still—the happy birds the
air,
The Easter bells had hushed their joyous
song,
But Easter flowers were blooming every-
where.

—A. C. Hosmer, in *Continental*.

WE WERE SEVEN.

People don't mean harm, they only
do it; and the way we came to have a
finger in fate's pie was this:

To begin with, there were seven of
us—seven demoralized young savages
turned loose on a lonely farm, along
with a stepmother who dealt out justice
very much as Mrs. Squares dealt out
treacle, and a forlorn old father who
dared not call his soul his own. He
was such a big, grand fellow, such a
gentleman, was my father, so genial
and accustomed to being the master in
his own house (that other house where
mamma lived and died) that I think it
must have come "stone hard" to him in
his old age to play second fiddle to our
severely proper second ma. He fell
along with Richmond, and when ma
had brought him captive in chains mat-
rimonial to her country home—his being
conspicuous and gathered up his chil-
dren from the poor relations and poorer
schools where mamma's death had
drifted us, she just emptied us out in
her wilderness of pines and waste of
sand to scratch our way through child-
hood as best pleased Providence and our
numerous slaves.

Weeds have one thing to be thankful
for: they are not dug around, nor
sniffed at, and they keep their heads
till they grow to seed. The sun may
sing hot kisses to their rags, and
stomps, or stomps, or stomps, but they
stalk to earth, but there is always that
one grand privilege that poverty gives
to her worthless children—the privilege
of being left alone—and if freedom
means happiness, then we were just as
gloriously happy as the summer days
were long.

We were gregarious little wretches,
hunting together, climbing together,
fishing an' fighting together, regardless
of sex or age. If John dived off the
wharf after mud oysters, the rest of the
gang were expected to dive after mud
oysters, too. True, there were snags in
dangerous plenty that only showed
their black, shiny faces at low tide, but
the Providence that goes about caring
for fools or children ordained that they
should not interfere with our sport so
far as to deprive us of our brains. If
he (meaning John again) climbed up the
brown riser of the barn till he
reached the eaves and then hung him-
self merrily on the hay-ricks below, six
interesting young followers would
swarm about the tobacco-plants curing
under the eaves, ready to sneeze them-
selves off the beams and down into the
hollow he had made. One morning
when old black Joe (no reference to the
song and chorus) came into the barn
and caught us—some panting in our
fragrant, yellow nests, one in mid-air
curled up like a ball, and a file of five
balancing on the rafters ready for a
turn—how his old body quivered, and
how his eyes suggested "oiled eggs with
the shells off," as he scratched under the
straw and fished up before our demoral-
ized eyes the farm hog, the big rake
with its cruel teeth upward, and two
scythes gleaming with wicked keenness
in the summer sun.

Ma was down with one of her aches
and pains that day—poor dear! and
papa having invited us to play away
from the house, it suddenly occurred to
our ambitious minds to go out boating
in the scow. To be sure, there were
"white-ladies" riding on the big blue
waves out in the channel, but they
might have been witches straddling
their brooms; for all we thought or
cared for we were amphibious in those
days, so far as waterizing with water-
snakes, crabs and long-tailed sea-nettles
went, or hobnobbing contentedly in the
frothy surf with the brown fin of a
shark to argue before us between the
rise and fall of the waves. It was a
raucous old boat, grumpy with oyster-
shells and slimy with fish bait and
reels. There were greenish crab claws

plastered about her sides and foating
on her leaky bottom, and the badling,
can, as a matter of course, was nowhere
to be seen—neither was her rudder,
neither was her anchor, neither were
her oars!

Wedged in as uncomfortably as Cleo-
patra's crew in the picture, and unable
to row or steer, we shoved her off in the
heavy surf, and being both fools and
children, trusted to Providence to keep
us along the shore. The first thing we
did was to wobble, and as we rather
liked wobbling, a chorus went up to
that effect in seven grateful yells. Then
we rocked—the cradle in the tree-top
wasn't a circumstance to the way we
rocked after we left off wobbling! Then
the rain beat on us in a sudden gust,
and the "white ladies" foamed over the
sides of the scow and into our laps with
a rude familiarity to which no genuine
white lady should descend. After that
the deluge! Yes, our Heaven-ordained
nurse was flitting round some invisible
corner with the elements, after the fashion
of earthly maids and tangible police-
men, leaving her panic-stricken charges
to the mercies of the cruel, greenly
waves! I think even Baby Dixie realized
that water up to our knees meant
sinking, and that sinking meant death—
and so there was nothing to do but
shriek for poor dear daddy, with a
childish faith that he could save us,
and, failing him, to make up our seven
small minds to sink the very best we
knew how, and all go to Heaven in a
hunch.

It was quite plain the crazy old tub
had made up its mind to go to the bot-
tom, and the beautiful persistency with
which she settled to her work would
have sent us down with sickening swiftness,
only that Providence, remembering
us at the very last moment, rushed to
our rescue in the shape of Captain
Dan!

To say we adored our next-door farm-
er but shabbily expresses the devotion
with which we assailed the preserver of
our useless little lives. All along, we
had known him simply as the man with
a beard, and bothered no more about
him, but now!

Tin cans of my childhood, how full to
stopping we kept you with bait! Oh,
soft crabs, quivering like unto life pol-
itics in dingy nets! Oh, fat, purplish
angle-worms! Oh, brown-snouted clams!
We beat up partridges from the russet
hedges, and while his gun was smok-
ing, hunted the stubble to bring them
to him warm and wet and dead. We
let him into the secret of every nest and
burrow in the chaffy pines, and blis-
tered ourselves in the corn-feeding
murmuring crows. We even extended
our love to the old mare that had come
home from the war with him—all ribs
and horsehair—and to the rusty little
fishing-smack that had helped to save
our lives.

He never made us feel, God bless
him! that we were not delightful to
gaze upon, or that we might be less ag-
gressive in the way of teeth and nails
and heels. There was always a bright
spot of welcome in his brown freckled
face when we scampered across fields or
along roads to meet him, and his was
always the first cheerful word, always,
at least, until that unlucky evening
when we met him cantering from the
village with the alarming announce-
ment that Cousin Till had come.

Cousin Till meant ma's niece. She
was one of those big, gorgeous-looking
young women a body calls stunning
behind her back—a young woman with
a lot of bronze hair in a demoralized
state of curl, bang and frizzle, with
cheeks like peach-blossoms all pink and
waxy, and lips as red and tempting as
ma's luscious scarlet sage.

She was rich, too, in a mild sort of
way, dressed in milk-white frocks and
blue ribbons for breakfast, and had a
beau, ma said, for every day in the
week. For the rest, she owned a big
farm ten miles above us, visited ma
when there was nothing better going
on, and always went off in a huff. She
treated us children fairly enough, con-
sidering, and all we knew or cared
about her was that she slept in mittens
to keep her hands white, carried her
trunk with her exasperating consistency,
never tasted coffee on account of her
complexion and wished her name was
Maud instead of Matilda—all we cared
at least, until that unlucky evening
when Captain Dan would badge no
nearer than the garden after which I
am bound to own we hated her with a
hated too genuine to put in print.

Badger! he wouldn't even look toward
the house—even when we clung to his
saddle flaps and swarmed about his
legs, and tugged and coaxed and scolded,
we could get no better satisfaction
than a playful flip of his riding whip as
he gave his horse the bridle and slowly
rode away. That was the beginning of
it. We rarely saw our preserver after
that, and never once at the house—how
we hated her for it, and how we wished
to goodness she would have the sense to
go!

At last, when things had become so
desperate that Captain Dan never even
scudded by in his fishing smack, nor
turned his old mare's head into our
road—and Cousin Till kept on being
sweet as peaches—we held an indigna-
tion meeting on the back piazza and
vented our wrongs in speech.

"Cut her throat and bury her in the
pines," suggested John, our harmless
eldest, who was addicted to uncomfort-
ably vivid dreams.

"Wy tant we put 'ard trabs in her
b'd and I down her wit a wope!" hisped
Aggie, our Borgia of six.

"Better shave that head of hers!"
advised Jim, who really gave brilliant
promise of being a first-class villain—
only he died, poor little lad, before he
had time to work out his vocation.

And to shave our Cousin Tilly we de-
cided.

We were very jubilant at the tea-table
that night—so jubilant that ma moaned
at us through her bedroom door, and
papa and Cousin Till frowned at us
down from their end of the table—and
when at last she had retired early by
reason of ma's headache, and papa had
catches us on "Who made you?"

"What became of Cain?" we, too, filed
up the crooked old stairway to the
rooms allotted to our sway.

We had cast John for the barber in
our thrilling version of the "Kape of the
Lock," but being overwhelmed with a
conscience at the trying moment, Jim
assumed the part at the usual five min-
utes' notice and doubtless would have
performed his role with perfect satis-

faction but for a tableau not down in
the bill.

The harvest moon was shining like a
candelion as we crept stealthily on our
bare-tiptoes to the door of my Cousin
Till's chamber. There she lay fast
asleep, like the princess in the fairy
tale, and there were we face to face
with—John was the first to spy it—
—a furry coil of reddish gold sprawled
out on the dresser!

When we carried Captain Dan the
scandalous news I think he had a wild
notion to box us for our pains. He
laughed, too—laughed till the fishing
was spoiled, and made us promise
never to raise our hands again to harm
a hair of her head. Then papa, being
in a proper mood, we lured him behind
the granary door and confided in him
as well—a confidence that led to the
horrible discovery that Cousin Till and
our Captain Dan had been something
more than friends.

"Wasn't she to blame?" asked John,
who had heard of such goings on as
courtship involves, and liked to air his
knowledge.

"Well, yes, honey, I think there's no
doubt about that; but young people
don't need to talk of such things, so run
and forget it."

Not talk, indeed! We talked of nothing
else; and if Captain Dan wanted
Cousin Till, we made up our minds he
was going to have her, false op-knot,
big farm, and sulks, too, in the bargain!

How we argued, how we planned,
and how at last we made up our minds
what to do and how to go about it!

Our plot began with a message.
Would Captain Dan meet papa that
evening at sunset by the bend? Of
course he would, and for the rest of that
day we confined our energies to stealing
everything we could lay our hands on in
the way of ropes and bridles and
strings. That evening when the sun
lay in golden splendor on the water,
and the swamp-frogs were piping their
dismal refrain, Cousin Till strayed off
to the beach, as usual, with a cloud of
white and over her bronze locks and
a blue-and-gold "Burns" in her hand.

We took a notion to stray that way
ourselves, only we made no such
distractive picture with Billy's bridle
between us, and the great thong of tink-
ling sleigh-bells dragging along in the
sand. We found our chance when she
stooped to pick up a pinkish pebble,
and before she could say Jack Robin-
son, old Billy's bridle was lassoing her
soft white throat, and John was strap-
ping her arms to her sides with the
string of noisy bells. I think she con-
sidered it fun of a rough sort at first,
and humored our frolic so far as to let
us shove her along to the Bend. She
even laughed out gayly at Dixie's fierce
efforts in the way of clatchings and
Aggie's vicious buttings from behind.

But when she saw Captain Dan wait-
ing impatiently before us, and when he
saw her—and us—and when John
banded over the bridle with the un-
necessary assertion that "there she was,
and no mistake!" and when they both
flushed up like honey-suckles, and she
hung her pretty head while he un-
wound her from the rusty ropes and
still she did not move, and when at last
we left them there with the sun flooding
them both with its dying blessing, how
triumphantly we scampered down the
beach to the chorus of

"A corn-stalk fiddle and a she-string bow,
If you catch a pretty girl don't you let her go!"

A simple story, yes, so simple that
except for Captain Dan himself I never
should have remembered. For one
thing it happened so long ago, I never
realized how long, until I met him face
to face, and the poor dear did not know
me—

So gray, so sorrowfully old—should
a man look like that at forty?

And when, at last, I beat it into his
memory that I was one of the seven
causes of his marriage, and asked him
how dared he forget, he turned on me
with a most startling contempt for my
liteness, and with a sigh that was sol-
em even for a countryman lost in the
noises of a town:

"Forget! Why, I've been wishing
every day for the last fifteen years that
I had let the whole gang of you go to
the bottom! Forget you? No such
luck!"

I never occurred to me before, but
now that I come to think of it, Cousin
Till wasn't exactly the sort of woman
to make a successful home, and as for
him—if only he had not interfered how
much better off we would have been at
the bottom.—Minnie May Lancaster, in
The Continent.

A Preserved Snake.

A thrilling story was related to me,
which makes one shudder in contempla-
tion of it. I have taken the pains to in-
vestigate, and find the miraculous inci-
dent entirely true. Paul Coleman, a
negro, who lives about seven miles from
this place, had his sorghum cane made
into molasses in October last, and while
making his crop the barrel to hold his
own was placed on the ground near the
mill-hole of the barrel was slightly
turned toward the ground. The sorghum
was made and the barrel set up in
Paul Coleman's house, and the family
have been using it ever since it was
made. All last fall and this winter the
whole family have been complaining of
being sick, and were strangely affected.
The sorghum got low in the barrel, and
the other day some pieces of skin were
drawn out with the molasses, and on
examination had the appearance of
pieces of a snake. The head of the bar-
rel was knocked out, and a large snake
was found dead in the barrel, but not
totally rotten. The snake, it is sup-
posed, crawled in the bug-hole at night,
while the barrel was on the ground, and
in the process of making the molasses.
The horror that struck the negro family
on seeing the dead snake was indescrib-
able, but the cause of the curious
sickness was solved—they had been tak-
ing poison for three months.—Louisville
Post.

—At the recent annual meeting in
Scotland of the Northern Accident In-
surance Company, the Chairman stated
that they had abandoned all risks in
connection with football and bicycling.
The risk was so great that the ordinary
premium would not cover it. The pres-
ent policies of the kind were nearly run
out, and they had determined not to re-
new them.

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

—Dr. Talmage has been pastor of
the Brooklyn Tabernacle ten years.—
N. Y. Tribune.

—William Lawrence, who died in
Lansingburg, N. Y., recently, had for
many years believed that he was im-
mortal and would never die.

—Edward Everett Hale is engaged,
in co-operation with his son, on a his-
torical sketch of Benjamin Franklin's
life in Paris during the revolution.

—Oscar Wilde asserts that it would
now be an impossibility for him to do
anything that would meet the approval
of the American people. The *New York World* suggests that he might try
suicide.

—M. De Lesseps appears to keep a
running account with nature. He often
sleeps for twenty-four hours or more at
a stretch, and then goes a whole week
without even a moment's dozing.—*Chicago Tribune*.

—Edward L. Stevens, of Washington,
one of the old Josh Giddings abolition-
ists of that city, is writing a history of
the underground railroad, which prom-
ises to be full of interesting story and
unknown facts.—*Detroit Post*.

—It is said that William H. Vander-
bilt is afraid to trust himself in the
hands of a strange barber. He is
shaved every day by an old German
barber, Jacob Abe, who shaved Fer-
nando Wood for over thirty years.—*N. Y. Times*.

—Mrs. Lydia Smith, the negro wom-
an who was Thaddeus Stevens' house-
keeper for so many years, and who died
recently, bequeathed by her will five
hundred dollars for the preservation
and care of Mr. Stevens' grave in
Lancaster, Pa.

—The venerable Rev. Mr. David
Winters, of Dayton, O., recently mar-
ried his 49th wife, and after the cere-
mony wished the bride as much
happiness as had been the lot of her
good father and not less estimable
grandfather, at whose wedding he had
the pleasure of officiating.—*Cleveland Leader*.

—Senator Sherman's wife spends at
least six months in the year at Mans-
field, O., where both she and John
were born. She was a daughter of the
late ex-Lieutenant-Governor Stewart,
of Ohio, a man of wealth, who de-
sidedly objected for a while to giving
his daughter to John Sherman.—*Chicago Inter Ocean*.

—Ann Gordon, of Buffalo, S. C., is
one hundred and eleven years of age.
In all this time she has never missed
attending communion service, and
never rode to church but once, and
that was when she was married, eighty-
seven years ago. The church which
she now attends is four miles from
where she lives, yet she is usually in
her seat before the bell rings.—*N. O. Picayune*.

—Josephine Jones-Yorke, the opera-
singer, being at odds with her man-
ager, Colonel Mapleson, and disliking
the fanciful biography of her which he
put forth in her native city of Cincin-
nati, has published a card saying that
her father was a wealthy soap and
candle-maker there; that she is thirty-
one years old; that she has always
done all she could to help her family,
and that she will keep her opinion of
the Colonel to herself.—*Cincinnati Times*.

HUMOROUS.

—"Time's up," said the needy one
when he pawned his watch.—*Boston Bulletin*.

—The duty of silk hats has nothing
to do with that on earthenware, though
they are classed as tiles.—*Lowell Com-
er*.

—An insane woman in Brooklyn im-
agines she is to have eight husbands.
Her sufferings are dreadful.—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

—"How many sisters have you, my
little boy?" "I used to have three,"
he replied, "but have only two now;
Charlotte is married."—*Harpur's Bar-
zar*.

—A Boston man advertises that he
recovers umbrellas. This man should
have a good run of custom. We would
give him a job ourselves if we thought
he could recover the silk one we lost
last spring.—*Somerville Journal*.

—A Western woman applied to a
doctor for a prescription for her hus-
band's rheumatism. "Get that pre-
pared," said the medical man, "and
run it well into your husband's back.
If it does him any good let me know;
I've a touch of rheumatism myself."—
N. Y. Sun.

—The Corsicana (Tex.) *Courier* has
this little notice: "Through the urban-
ity of a personal friend we have been
favored with a copy of the first annual
report of the Corsicana public schools
for the year 1882-83. The pamphlet con-
sists of twenty-six pages and contains
two hundred and sixty-six errors."

—"Let me have a piece well done,"
said an Irish waiter to a carver, who
was busy at a round of beef. "Is it for
a lady?" "No, sir." "For a child, then?"
"No, sir." "Well, then, who under
the Heaven is it for?" asked the excited
carver. "For a tailor," replied Pat.—
Chicago News.

—A lady called at one of the sewing-
machine offices recently to say that her
machine was imperfect, and she wanted
it taken right away and a new one put
in its place. She said the printed in-
structions said to turn the wheel toward
the operator, and there was not a sign
of an operator on the machine any-
where.—*Pittsburgh Dispatch*.

—An Indiana jury sent in a written
verdict of "Blode to pees by the biler
bustyn."—*Boston Journal*. A Boston
jury would likely have stated it thus:
Horresco referens, hic jacet the molec-
ular remains of one who experienced the
expansive and elevating power of a
fluid composed of oxygen 1, hydrogen
2, when under the influence of H. O. T.
of 212 deg.—*Chicago Inter Ocean*.

—A Rockland woman was boasting
the other evening of her rare coolness
and abnormal nerve. The next day, as
she was looking in a store window at
a choice thing in Hamburgs, a strange
dog incidentally rubbed his nose against
her bare hand, and she jumped and
yelled so loud that she shook off a
pound and a half of excellent black
hair.—*Rockland Commercial-Gazette*.

The Southern Outrages.

The Danville and Copiah County In-
vestigating Committees, appointed by
the United States Senate, continue from
day to day to draw out more and more
of the sickening details of white men's
brutalities towards the freedmen of Vir-
ginia and Mississippi. The statements,
so far received, make up a record dam-
ning to American civilization. It is true,
there is a shade of difference between
the revelations in the two different lo-
calities. Concerning the Danville out-
break it is possible to say that it was
unpremeditated, the result of an acci-
dental collision at a time when passions
were inflamed by a heated political
campaign. So it is claimed, at least, by
those who can not deny the terrible
truths of the evidence, but still look
around for excuses for the perpetrators.
Those who have studied the evidence so
far elicited carefully, will perhaps have
come to another conclusion. They will
without prejudice, looking merely at
the facts, say that the Danville riot
was undoubtedly devised and carried
through after thorough deliberation.
The witnesses who took part in it
aggressively, talk about their fears
for their own lives and the safety of
their families, but this is talk that
might have been expected of the Dan-
ville constabulary, a white man, bears
the marks of truth, and it shows that the
massacre was meditated and that the
Negroes were unarmed and not expect-
ing it. Shots were fired into their backs
when they were running away. One
hundred and fifty shots were fired in all
and "not a shot was returned." Nor
did he see a single armed colored man.
There can not have been, consequently,
very much fear on the part of these
white gentlemen, either for themselves
or their families. Still there is some
room for doubt and they, like other
criminals, may have the benefit of it.
But no such apology can be made con-
cerning the outrages in Copiah County,
Mississippi. No attempt has ever been
made by the Democrats of Mississippi
to deny the truth of the stories. In fact
the resolutions of the Copiah County
Democrats, immediately after the elec-
tion, instead of expressing regret at the
cold-blooded murder of ex-Sheriff
Matthews, threatened the family and
relatives of the murdered man with
revenge, unless they kept out of poli-
tics, and remained quietly at home.
The testimony before the investi-
gating committee proves that the
stories told after the election gave a
faint idea only of the actual
situation. It has indeed been a long
time since brutal outrages were perpe-
trated with such fiendish deliberation
by the Democrats of Mississippi on un-
offending and defenseless men, merely
to keep them away from the polls. The
testimony as given by the independent
white men and by colored Republicans
can not be ridiculed or lied out of exist-
ence. Murder, house-burning and whip-
ping were the methods deliberately
adopted by the Democrats to keep their
political opponent away from the polls
and no offender has ever been pun-
ished.

The worst feature about all this is the
fact that the white Bourbon of the
South has not, or seems not to have the
faintest sensibility of the cruel wrongs
which he and his associates are commit-
ting.

They look upon these murderous
practices as matters which arise quite
naturally. They are so full of hatred
against Republicanism that to them all
means and weapons, and all measures
are alike welcome, if their use will still
their thirst for revenge. The following
extract will show the general character
of the testimony given before the Com-
mittee:

Only one Democratic witness appeared to
advantage. That was Oliver, agent to the
police of Vicksburg. All he could say was
that the people of Copiah were real nice folks,
and as for himself he had never discharged them
from the Republican ticket. Well, we
are not down here investigating how you treat
your operatives," suggested Mr. Cameron,
the witness insisted on adding that he be-
lieved that the Democrats are the best people
in the South, and the worst in the North;
that Mr. Matthews was wicked and Oliver
was his way. The County clerk, a budding
functionary, was put on to prove that Mat-
thews defrauded when he was Sheriff. The
exam figures he said were \$126. He was
forced to admit that the county owed Mat-
thews \$150, and when the court ordered that
paid, Matthews settled his indebtedness. He
was then asked what he thought of the mat-
ter. "Oh, yes, I knew of the mob and its
work, but I was made up of some of the
most worthy citizens. The Democrats of Co-
piah are the most patient and conservative
Democrats I have ever seen in Mississippi,
or any other place. Have you ever seen any
others?" queried Mr. Hoar, and the witness
said he had seen them in California and Mas-
sachusetts. "Do you consider the murderer
wholesome patient and conservative?" "Per-
haps not patient, but a worthy man," he an-
swered. "I voted to make him City Marshal
after he killed Matthews."

It is this fact that "worthy men" kill
innocent people and are then elected to
office by men who certainly think them-
selves respectable that the Republican
press calls attention to, when it speaks
of the troubles in the South. Our Demo-
cratic opponents, when these facts are
mentioned, are ready to state that mur-
ders and outrages are reported in the
North every day. But where, in the
North or West, are such methods re-
sorted to for political purposes? There
is no need for argument. The facts
themselves are sufficient.—*Burlington
Hawkeye*.

—A Corean is so polite that if you in-
quire after his health he answers:
"Thanks to the honor you do me in
asking such a question; my health is
good." A sick man says to the person
who visits him: "Thanks to your visit,
I feel better." If a Corean speaks to a
Japanese he commences: "You are so
learned," or "You are so great;" and
if he meets a funeral procession he stops
it, and going up to the coffin, says: "I
profoundly regret the death of this vir-
tuous man," even if he had never in his
life seen or heard of the defunct.

—As a candidate for the Vice-Pres-
idency, "Bob" Lincoln is just now run-
ning like a quarter horse. It is Blaine
and Lincoln in Ohio, Arthur and Lin-
coln in New York, and the Philadelphia
Telegraph says that in Pennsylvania
"Edmunds and Lincoln is a strong Pres-
idential ticket which seems to be grow-
ing in favor. It represents first-class
ability with integrity, and energy with
prudence."

—Belgium was the first country on
the Continent to construct railways.
State *jets* are now being prepared to
celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of the
day when the construction of a Belgian
railway was first decreed.

The Great Blunderer.

There are unmistakable indications
of despondency with respect to the com-
ing election cropping out from time to
time in the Democratic journals. And
they all refer in some shape to the
facility of the party in blundering. It
is pretty universally admitted that if it
had not been for blunders the Democ-
racy would have gained the Presidency
before this. But the "if" in the case is
a tremendous one. There are very few
failures of any description which may
not be attributed to blunders of some
kind. It may be admitted, however,
that the Democracy are peculiarly af-
flicted with a tendency to blunder; that
they are subjected to it in a way which
calls for commiseration. It is their
misfortune. The only error in the
premises lies in the assumption that it
is possible for them to avoid blundering.
The *New York World* talks about the
mistakes of the Democrats when they
have hitherto had control of the House
of Representatives, and which proved
fatal to them in the Presidential cam-
paigns, as events which were entirely
unexpected and preventable, and it now
laments that they have frittered away
nearly three months of the present Con-
gressional term without doing anything
to inspire popular confidence. It com-
plains that some of them "have been
trying to frame a Tariff bill which can
not possibly pass," and that they are
making a muddle of it generally. Al-
though this testimony comes from a
Democratic source, it will be heartily
indorsed by observant people irrespec-
tive of party.

Now, there is no salvation whatever
for the Democratic party, with regard
to blundering, except through literally
being born again. It can no more es-
cape it than a boor can escape making
mistakes in polite company. Its very
constitution is hopelessly against it.
There are some members of it who are
intelligent men with a reasonably clear
conception of what a civilized govern-
ment ought to be, but even these differ
radically among themselves. And, in
addition to this, the majority of the
party is composed of ignorant and
prejudiced elements. In order to hold
the whole together in any kind of organ-
ized coherent shape, different methods
of appeal must be adopted in different
sections of the country. Business oppo-
sition must be allayed in the East by
the advocacy of sound money and pro-
tection; in the West the prejudice
against banks and capital in gen-
eral must be catered to, and free trade
sustained. But perhaps all this could be managed
if the representatives in Congress, and
the press, could be placed under proper
discipline. If an ignorant man can be
made to keep his mouth shut he may
pass for a wise one. But the Demo-
cratic constituencies will persist in
sending men to Washington who can
not help creating consternation and dis-
may among the really able members of
the party. These men persist in ad-
dressing from their seats the voters who
elect them. In the intricate matter
of the tariff and finance they tear around
like a bull in a china shop and create a
frigid mass of broken crockery. And
they are in the majority and irrespos-
ible. Then again a prominent point in
the Democratic platform is the demand
for pure government, and all the while
the party has not the slightest chance
of success if it does not acknowledge
and sustain the Tammany crowd of
criminals, gamblers, public plunderers
and ruff-raff generally in its hold upon
office in New York.

How can a party thus composed avoid
blunders? Whatever way it turns it
will blunder in the estimation of some
large part of itself. There is nothing
to hold it together save the desire for
office, and the only element of outside
strength it has rests in the support of
the people who want a change for the
sake of change. To say that such a
party would not be defeated if it did
not blunder, is equivalent to saying that
it would not be defeated if it did not
exist. It is one vast aggregation of
blunders itself. It is a mob of individ-
ual blunderers, so to speak, with here
and there an individual trying to shout
a little sense in its ears. It groans
about taxation, the surplus, business
depression, the tariff and what not, but
if any one can point out a single meth-
od of treating any of these subjects
which can be called an item of party
policy the country would be pleased to
know what it is. The great and com-
prehensive Democratic blunder is that
the party is endeavoring to gain control
of the Administration without present-
ing any claim for it. Nobody knows
just what the party would do with the
Government after it had got it, beyond
turning out the Republicans and put-
ting Democrats in office, though the in-
resistible conclusion is on general prin-
ciples that it would keep on blundering.
A conviction of this truth keeps a great
many who take little interest in politics
as a rule, strong advocates of contin-
uing the Republicans in power. And
they reason very logically. By their
own confession the Democrats have
been blundering steadily for a series of
years; why should they be expected to
stop immediately after winning a vic-
tory?—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat*.

—The South has a new terror in the
person of a tramp who steals children.
He does not claim rewards, but seems
actuated by simple viciousness. A few
days ago he led an Atlanta newsboy
into the country, cut his ears off so as
"to be able to recognize him" when
they met again, and sent him home.
A party of citizens went after the tramp
with shot-guns, but he easily escaped.
Shortly after this he stole two children
from Paulding County and again es-
caped. The children were found after
two days' search, tied to a tree in a
swamp. His latest outrage was the ab-
duction of a small boy from Chicka-
mauga.—*St. Louis Post*.

—What is now called Holdroge, a
town in Nebraska, was four months
ago nothing but a treeless plain. On
October 9 last the first house was
brought there on wheels from a near-by
county. Since then sixty-two business
houses and a proportionate number of
dwellings have sprung up there, and
Holdroge is a busy and thriving town.
—*Chicago Herald*.

—Bradford, Pa., has elected a
Japanese to the office of City Engineer.
This is the first time a Japanese has
been elected to a civil office in the
United States.