THE RED CLOUD CHIEF

A. C. HOSMER, Publisher.

RED CLOUD, - - NEBRASKA.

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Driven From Sea to Sea;

Or, JUST A CAMPIN'.

BY C. C. POST.

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CHAPTER II.—CONTINUED.

"They were such little bits o' tots when I left that I really 'spect they have forgotten how their own father looks There's Martha, now, she'd recognize me in a minute, I'll venture; six years is a long time, though, and I've had some awful hard knocks durin' that time; wonder now if I am lookin' much the wus for wear," and he arose a little hurriedly and went and hunted up the bit of looking-glass among his kit of things, and took a long look at himself with a queer kind of feeling about the heart, that some way reminded him of the days when he first knew himself to be in love with Martha Simmonds, and was a little uncertain as to how his advances would be received.

Every day after that until they came, he had looked in the glass at least once, and often more than once, and had kept his hair and beard combed and his clothes looking as well as possible, considering the fact that, to a very great extent, he was forced to rely on strings to do the duty usually performed by buttons.

He had at first thought of meeting his family at Sacramento, and had gone down there in the middle of August with the intention of remaining until they arrived; but as the time of their coming was quite uncertain, and might not be for several weeks yet, and as some things remained to be done to the cottage, he had made arrangements with Jo Bronson, who also had friends in the expected company, to see that they were properly directed after being supplied with anything of which they might be in special need, or to at once notify him in case anything had gone wrong with them, and had returned to the ranch to await them there.

For several days after his return he busied himself about the cottage, putting in a shelf here; driving up a nail there; going out to look at the garden, the ground for which he had broken early in the spring—almost the first day after he had laid his claim and written his family to come—and which now, thanks to his careful tending and the natural adaptability of the soil and climate, could easily furnish vegetables and melons enough for a larger family than the one whose wants they were intended to supply; and remembering that but a few days or weeks intervened before their coming, that even now they might be in sight from the bluffs at the bend of the creek whose windings the road followed, that they might be coming around the bend at any moment, is it any wonder that he slept but lightly, or that he often raised himself from his blanket, fancying he heard a familiar voice calling to him through the darkness?

Only two days before their arrival a neighboring squatter called at the ranch, and the two men spoke together earnestly and excitedly, and when the neighbor left John Parsons hastily mounted his pony and dashed away across the country at break-neck speed, casting anxious glances back over the track in the direction from which he expected any day, any hour, to see the canvas-covered wagon in whose occupants every hope of his life centered.

After an absence of a few hours he returned at the same reckless pace, but only to dash off again, after making certain that no one had been at the cottage during his absence.

Just at nightfall he came home, fastened instead of turning loose his pony, and cut for him a bundle of the wild oats that grow so lustily upon the rich soil of the Suscol Ranch and surrounding valley.

Then he began to pace back and forth before the porch of the cottage.

He did not cook or eat any supper; he even forgot to light his pipe.

All through that night he paced up and down or stood looking into the sky or out toward the distant hills.

When morning came he cooked and tried to eat his breakfast, but could only swallow with an effort, and when it was over he set the unwashed dishes aside and looked in the bit of glass again.

What he saw there seemed to hurt him in some way. The face that was reflected back appeared older and not so good-looking as he had fancied it had when he last saw it; he felt that even Martha would hardly know him; and with the thought, tears, the first he had shed since he kissed wife and babies good-bye away back in the States, almost seven years ago, forced themselves from his closed lids, and he laid down the piece of looking-glass as if ashamed even that the image in it should look upon his emotion.

After awhile he lay down upon his blanket, telling himself that he must not look too care-worn at their coming, but his eyes refused to remain closed. Instead, they persisted in wandering about the rooms; lingering for a moment upon each object in which their possessor had felt a special interest as something that would lighten the labors of his wife; some little thing she would not be likely to expect and which would give her the more pleasure because of it.

All the day through he was up and down, out and in the cottage, unable or unwilling to work, forgetting his dinner until long past the usual hour, and then permitting it to burn to a crisp when he did undertake it; but just as the sun was going down he saw coming around the curve in the road a covered wagon; and although wagons—such wagons—were far from uncommon sights to him, and although it might well be strangers that approached, yet something told him that it was his own loved ones, and with the thought every look of weariness and care went out of his face, and a moment later the woman in a gingham dress and sun-bonnet had no difficulty in recognizing her husband in the man whose eager arms were thrown about her even before she could descend from the wagon.

CHAPTER III.

THE REUNION.

It was true that the girls who were "such little bits of tots" when he left them did not know how their father looked, and would not have known it was he but for the greeting he gave to their mother and themselves.

It is doubtful, on the other hand, if John Parsons would have known his girls had he met them unexpectedly.

They had grown wonderfully, he thought; so much more than he had imagined.

True, he had counted the years that had flown, and had said: "Jennie is almost eleven now, and Lucy past nine," but what did the passage of years signify when memory had all the time pictured them babies, just as he had seen them before the years had come and gone.

Erastus, he thought, had not changed so much. He was quite a lad when he saw him last, and he was not fully a man now. He had grown, of course, and had a manly air and look, but he was not yet sixteen, and then we always expect boys to grow. He had seen boys on the streets of Sacramento and elsewhere of all ages and sizes, and their forms and faces had somehow mingled with the form and face of Erastus and had helped to obliterate the picture of the lad as he saw him last and form a new and much truer one of the real Erastus whose hand he now took and held with a grasp that warmed the boy's heart toward him anew.

"Leave the horses stand a bit and come into the house with mother and the girls," he said; "we will care for them by and by."

But the boy replied that he would rather care for them at once and could easily do it without help, as he was accustomed to do. They were tired, he said, with the long drive, as they had all been determined to get through that night, and had broken camp early and driven hard.

"Yes, John," interrupted Mrs. Parsons, "it has been a long drive and a hard one; not to-day only, but so many days; and I'm so glad to think that we are not going to have to hitch up again in the morning; but that our journey is ended at last, and that we are all together again."

"I didn't expect so nice a home," she added, coming close to him and looking up in his face while her eyes filled with tears. "And oh! I am so glad we have a home of our own once more. I am sure we shall be very, very happy here." And she felt hurt when her husband roughly turned away and began helping Erastus with the animals.

She supposed, however, that he was ashamed to let her see how deeply he was affected at the thought of their all being together, and of the happiness which was sure to be theirs, now that it was so; and she felt very certain that this was the case when a minute later he came back, and putting his arms around her shoulders, said:

"Come Martha, come babies, let's go in and see the new home from the inside," and led her up the steps to the porch, and then into the main room of the cottage.

"How'll she do?" he said, motioning with his hand about the room.

His wife noticed that his voice was broken as he said it, but she did not wonder at it, for her own voice was not to be found at all just then, and sinking into a chair she put both hands to her face and gave way to tears that would come in spite of her.

When she could control her voice she said:

"Please don't think me foolish, John; I'm so happy I just can't help crying. Indeed, I didn't expect anything half so comfortable and nice, and now that we are all together again in a home of our own, I can think of nothing else worth asking for."

Going behind her chair her husband took her hands in his own, and, stooping down, kissed her twice, and was silent for a time. Then he said, huskily:

"I'm glad we are together again, Martha, and I don't mean we shall ever be parted any more. Now you rest while I go and help Rastus with the horses," and turning he left the house.

When he came back in company with the boy he found his wife busy preparing their supper, the material for which Jennie and Lucy were bringing from the wagon.

John brought out his own stores to add to those of the travelers, and soon the family were seated about the table, at the first meal eaten together for so many years; indeed, the first meal that the girls could remember to have ever eaten in company with their father.

Then followed questions and answers regarding the friends in the States, and the journey which was just ended so happily, and at a late hour the family retired to rest upon such beds as could be improvised from the stock in the wagon added to that which the husband and father had been able to provide in view of their coming; and soon all were sleeping the blessed sleep that comes from weariness and a feeling of having passed safely through much of danger—all but John Parsons, who, despite his last night of waking, slept but little, and arose in the morning with a look that showed his wife at once that there was something upon his mind, a knowledge of which he was striving to keep from the family, and instantly she recalled what had been told her by some friendly squatters near whose cabin they had camped the second night out from Sacramento: of a rumor that some settlers, somewhere further down the valley, were likely to lose their claims through some cause, which those who repeated the tale did not properly understand.

It had not occurred to her at the time that it was possible it could be John's claim that was in danger.

It seemed strange now that it did not. But so full was her mind of thoughts of John himself, of their coming reunion, and of the future when they should all be together in the new home, that there was no room for anything else; and so she had scarcely heard the tale at all, or hearing it had dismissed it at once with a single expression of pity for the poor families who were to lose their all—even as she and John had done back in the States—through the greed of those who are not content with what is justly theirs.

But now she understood it.

It was John's claim that was involved, and they had come two thousand miles to find a home and resting place, only to be bidden to move on again ere they had shaken the dust of the long journey from their garments.

"Is it the title to the place, John?" she asked; "I know there is something terrible on your mind; something you are afraid to tell me. I ought to have seen it last night, but I didn't. I was so tired and so glad, that I couldn't think of anything. Whatever it is, don't be afraid to tell me. I can bear anything, only so that we remain together." And she put her arms around his neck and laid her head upon his bosom.

Then John Parsons broke down and wept. The children came in and stood wondering and silent. They knew something terrible had happened, or was about to happen, for, young as they were, they knew that men do not weep at the scratch of a briar; and they saw their father weep and saw their mother put up her hand and stroke his beard and face and whisper softly something they could not hear, but which they felt must be words of comfort that were sorely needed.

It was Erastus that broke the spell at last. He had been the first to rise and had gone out immediately to feed and rub down the horses; and returning had entered just in time to hear Mrs. Parsons speak of the title to the claim. Then he, too, remembered the rumor which they had heard, and knew that it was true, and understood all that it meant to those who had been the only real friends he had ever known, and his young blood grew hot and for a moment he felt that he could kill the men who were the cause of so much suffering; and then there came a great wave of affection for the friends who had given him all the love he had ever known, and, stepping forward, he said, in a tone of voice that gave a weight to his words which his years would have denied him:

"Uncle John, if the land thieves have gobbled this place, too, let them have it. There must be land somewhere that they don't claim, and if there is we'll find it, and make a home on it. I'm almost a man now, Uncle John, and I'll help you; so don't give up. It will be all right yet."

"Yes, John, cheer up. We will find a place to start again, somewhere, and all begin together," said his wife. "I know, dear, how badly you feel. You have built the house for us and have thought so much about welcoming us here that it is harder for you than for us, who only saw it for the first time last night."

"I never knew it till just the other day," said John, striving to speak in his natural voice; "they told me when I bought the place that it was all straight, and the courts had decided that nobody had a claim on it that would hold but the settler; but it 'pears that the rich fellows that claim it raised a heap of money and bribed Congris to reverse the thing. The other squatters got wind of it and had a meetin' to see about it. That was while I was at Sacramento arrangin' with Joe fer your comin', and I never knowd anything about it 'till Bill Ritchie, who has the next claim east, came over Thursday morn to tell me that another meetin' was to be held that afternoon to hear the report of the committee that had been sent to Frisco to find out if it was true or no. And so I helped Bill to notify the neighbors, and we held the meetin' at Bill's house, and the committee was thar an' they said we was done for, sure enough; that Congris had decided that the hul Suscol Ranch belonged to a few fellows that never struck a blow, nor turned a sod, nor put up a shanty; and who never paid nobody fer doin' it, but claimed it because some Spanish King or other once pretended to give it to some of his cronies before there was any United States or anything else on this continent but buffaler, and bars an' Injins.

"I ust to be proud of my country," he continued, "and was fond of sayin' that everybody stood an ekil chance here; but it ain't so. Nobody don't stand any chance except he is a raskil and a coward into the bargin; stealin 'thout gettin' in front of the law. There ain't no doubt but that Congris was bribed. Our fellows have even learned where and when the money was raised, and some of the Congrismen and Senators who was bought to vote agin us, but we can't prove nothing in court, fer everything works agin the poor man, who only wants justice, an' in favor of the rich one that is seekin' to rob him of his earnings; and if it wasn't for the wimin and children that might be left wus off if their husbands and fathers wus killed, there would be a fight before some of us give up our claims."

This allusion to possible violence frightened Martha Parsons. What if the squatters should resist and John should be killed? The thought almost took away her breath, and she tried in everyway to calm her husband whom she had never before seen in so violent and bitter a mood.

He did not really meditate resistance, however. Experience and observation had taught him that those who could control both the Legislatures and the Courts could bring aids to their assistance that made resistance by any force which the squatters could command worse than useless; and after a little while he cooled down and began to talk of what was to be done in the direction of seeking a new home.

"Some of the fellows are talking of goin' up into the foot-hills, above Sacramento, where they say thar ain't no claim of any kind on the land, and where it is most as easy to grow grapes and peaches an' apricots and sich as it is to raise corn an' hogs back in the States. If they would pay for the work I've done on this place, or even enough to get lumber for another house, we could start agin up there, and do purty well may be, but they won't. Stealin' is their game, and havin' paid Congris to declare stealin' legal, I 'spose they'll go for everything in sight."

Mrs. Parsons professed to be pleased with the idea of raising fruit, which was really the case, for she had already seen evidences since arriving upon the coast of the liberality with which nature dealt with such of her products in this climate, and could she have felt absolutely certain that they could find the right spot and get a claim which would not be wrested from them, she would have felt in no small degree contented with the situation. And now she was ready to encourage any scheme that would help to reconcile her husband to the inevitable.

The result of further conversation between the members of the family was that Mr. Parsons again mounted his pony and rode away in the direction of Ritchie's shanty; and that that evening a dozen squatters, many of them accompanied by their wives, met at the cottage, were introduced to the new comers, and when they departed it had been arranged that John and Bill should make a trip to the locality spoken of and see if it was really suitable for homesteading, while others were to go to San Francisco and ascertain beyond possible question if there was any shadow of a claim hanging over it.

"I don't never mean to settle on another bit of ground that anybody has ever laid claim to 'ceptin God'l mighty," said one of those present; and all the others echoed the sentiment.

The next morning John Parsons took his wife, and then each of his children, in his arms, and held them close to his heart for a moment, kissed them and rode away to try to find another resting-place.

As he reached the brow of the hill which was to hide the cottage from his view, he checked his pony and turning, looked back, and then away to where he could see other houses dotting the landscape, until a moisture came to his eyes and blurred his sight.

"Only just a campin'," he said; "truly just a campin' where they thought to live always; that's what they're a-doin'; that's what I've been a-doin' all my life."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

BERMUDA'S PECULIARITIES.

Neither Soil Nor Water, Animals Nor Birds, Only Coral.

In no other part of the world, I think, did nature show such supreme niggardliness as here. She gave the Bermudas neither soil nor water, neither animal nor bird, neither fruit, vegetable nor flower. She simply conferred the most delightful weather under the canopy, and then stood off and said: "Such weather as that is a bountiful outfit, if you don't get another thing." So it has proved. To the prize weather all other things have been added by visitors. The only wild animal known here are the rat and the mouse, brought by vessels; the casual and oleaginous whale, and the bat, that has blown across the Atlantic by accident. There is no game whatever, and never has been. Of birds, the splendid cardinal of the tropics is here. The blue robin of New England is here, piping as bravely as ever. The cat-bird has put in an appearance, and so has that even greater nuisance, the English sparrow, the pirate of the winged world. Two Spanish birds, the "chick of the village" and the pretty ground dove, move quietly about. And that is all. Not a native bird among them.

I have said that nature gave Bermuda no soil. Ignatius Donnelly thinks that these islands and the Azores are the remains of Plato's fabled continent—the last jot remaining above the sea after the great cataclysm of one hundred thousand years ago buried the rest of the continent with its splendid civilizations forever. In that case, I should suppose there would be some real soil, some rocks, some drift, some sand, some clay, some alluvium, some vegetable mold. There is very little of the last and not a bit of any of the others on these islands. There is not clay enough for a pipe, or sand enough for a sand-glass, or a stone big or little nearer than the coast of Georgia. There is nothing here but ground coral reefs, carbonate of lime, digested and deposited by that mucilaginous and shapeless creature called the coral "insect." This island is as white as so much chalk, and about as barren. Water soaks into it like a sponge, and five minutes after a sharp shower one can go out walking and find neither mud nor moisture anywhere. On some lowlands this comminuted coral, with the mixture of elements it has taken up, is not as hard as elsewhere; and here it is occasionally cultivated by the admixture with the soil of a large quanity of fertilizers from America. It can absorb unlimited cargoes of these stimulants without having its life much stirred by them. Tickle this coral reef with a hoe ever so vigorously, it never laughs with a harvest; and after you have poured into it oceans of poudrette and dosed it with loam and bound poultices of warm ground upon its stomach, it only smiles a faint and ghastly smile. But, under these circumstances, potatoes, onions, tomatoes and lily bulbs are planted, and, if they can clasp rootlets around anything softer than a cast-iron stove lid, they grow. Some things grow in a warm climate without much encouragement. I saw this week a tamarind tree as large as a good sized New England elm, that had been torn up by a hurricane long ago, and stood on its very top, its roots pointing toward the sky. The branches that stuck into the ground put forth roots and gave the wreck a new anchorage, while the upthrown roots reverted and set forth new limbs, and the dense mass of foliage now shades the ground, and invites the still fruitful giant to forget its disaster.

There is no fresh water on the island except what comes direct from the clouds. The sky is the cistern of Bermuda. The houses are all built of the coral that is quarried in beautiful white cubes from the ground anywhere, seeming fit for the sculptor's chisel; then every house is roofed with slant roof of the same and furnished with abundant tanks. In these the rain is gathered; and the tanks are so very clean, and the roof is so very white and the air so very free from dust that the water is the purest in the world—cold and pellucid as if drawn from the choicest mountain spring. I never saw such delicious water anywhere. Nature knew what she was about when she omitted the Burmudian springs.—*Cor. Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.*

WILLIAM PENN'S RAPACITY.

The Delaware Fishing Question—A Grant that Has Been Disputed for Two Hundred Years.

The Delaware fishery question is an example of the cases which have made every lawyer of prominence in New Jersey an antiquarian, with all sorts of curious facts at his fingers' ends. Ex-Attorney-General Robert Gilchrist engaged in the fishery case in 1873, and he has been associated with Cortland Parker, John P. Stockton, ex-Secretary Frelinghuysen and others in its discussion, and Secretary Bayard has championed the claims of Delaware. Mr. Gilchrist's connection with the case has made him curiously familiar with the times of Charles II. and with the peculiarities of the Duke of York and that "able politician" William Penn, who seems to have been successful in getting almost anything he wanted from the Duke until the latter ran away from Whitehall and threw his great seal as James II. into the River Thames. One of the strange phases of the Delaware claim to exclusive privileges on the River Delaware and Delaware Bay is that its people, or some of them, fought the claim a hundred years ago and up to near the beginning of the present century repudiated the guileful Quaker's claims. Mr. Penn was a grantee under the Duke of York as a Jerseyman, and a claimant from the same source in Delaware and Pennsylvania. The Jersey grant, in 1663-64, renewed after the Dutch defeat in 1674, was made to Penn among others, and the claim for Delaware was subsequent to and inconsistent with this. New Jersey's titles to land were confirmed in 1702 and by the Revolution.

Delaware's claim to the fishing privileges and to the right to keep Jerseymen from the waters of the river date back to 1682. William Penn had obtained the grant of Pennsylvania, but when he arrived he found the Swedes in Delaware occupying the fair water front. He fixed lustful eyes upon the place, and at length got a grant from the Duke of York for the town of Newcastle and all that lay within a twelve-mile circle thereof. The Duke, unfortunately for Penn, had no right to make that grant, his brother, King Charles, having never given it to him. Penn evidently understood the deficiency in the grant, for when the Duke became King he got his deed redrawn, and it passed through the preliminary stages and needed only the King's great seal. Just at this juncture King James thought London was getting too hot for him and ran away. It is recorded in an ancient chronicle that "during an unguarded moment that able politician, Penn, confessed to the Board of Trade that had King James remained two days longer at Whitehall he would have obtained a grant under the great seal for the three counties of Delaware." In 1708 the Delaware Assembly knew that Penn had a claim on the counties, but denied its legitimacy, and before that the King and council had repudiated it. There was a war over the possession in 1737 between Lord Baltimore's men and the Penn tenants, and again the council decided that the province belonged to the crown; and in 1784 the people of Delaware themselves formally, at a popular election, decided that the crown had possessed the State until its claim had been transferred by the Revolution. It has seemed strange, therefore, that the Penn grant should be made the basis for a claim in the river, which had been, in fact, always possessed by the crown, or general government—a fact the Delawareans had used violence to maintain.

The Penn grant, which was never really granted, has therefore been a subject of dispute for just two hundred and two years. Rejected at first by the residents of the colony, admitted to be void, fought by Lord Baltimore "with drawn swords," fretfully alluded to as a source of trouble by the Delaware Assembly one hundred and fifty years ago, formally repudiated by the King and Council, rejected again by the Delawareans, further invalidated by the Revolution, it might have been considered as dead as the wily Penn himself if it had not come forth as an argument upon the question of who owned Pea Patch Island in the Delaware River forty years ago, and had not then been misunderstood and misconstrued so that Delaware was able to lay some claim to its genuineness, and, a few years ago, set up that it was, as heir to Penn's privileges, the sole possessor of jurisdiction over the Delaware River within twelve miles of Newcastle, and has the right to make Jerseymen pay a license for fishing therein. An injunction of the United States Courts has sustained operation since, and is admitted to be effective still. The end is not yet, for the case is not fully adjusted. It affords, at least, a glimpse of early colonial history which is not without interest.—*Trenton (N. J.) Cor. N. Y. Tribune.*

THE WIZARD EDISON.

Harnessing New Electrical Thoughts to Practical Work.

"I found Mr. Edison last week in his laboratory on Avenue B, and asked him what was the newest thought that he had harnessed to matter. "This," he answered, and called my attention to a board hanging by one edge to ropes above our heads, its surface covered with tinfoil. In further explanation he said: "That solves the question of telegraphing to running trains. As soon as that little device is adopted every moving train in the country will become a telegraphic station, and anybody aboard the train may be telegraphed to as easily as if it was standing still. This will not be done by putting up a new set of wires, under the train or at its side, but by using the ordinary telegraph now running by the side of the track. It is a new, and hitherto unknown, process of induction, by which I make electricity jump thirty-five feet through the air, carrying the message without spilling it. How's that for lively?"

The inventor's face glowed with pleasure at the thought as he went on: "By putting up this tinfoil-covered board lengthwise on the top of each car I can catch a message from the wire strung on poles thirty-five feet off, and can fling an answer back to the wire. It requires no change in the wires of any sort. The secret of it is in the machine for transmitting. When I was investigating what I called the etheric force, a few years ago I accidentally discovered certain curious properties of static electricity. These I have now applied. The process is very inexpensive, as three men could equip a road 300 miles long for $1,000 in three or four days. It seems certain that its adoption will be run from headquarters and every passenger will be accessible to his friends. What do I call it? I haven't named the baby yet."

Mr. Edison looked exceedingly well, although he was robed in a gown of bed-ticking reaching from collar to ankles, which was not very picturesque.

At the Edison factory in Goerck street a new passenger car of the elevated road is being equipped with the electric motors which are to take the place of the present steam locomotive in the early summer. The car is turned bottom upward, and two dynamos weighing about 1,000 pounds each are adjusted to the under side in proximity to the wheels. One dynamo drives the four forward wheels and the other the four rear wheels. Every car is to be similarly rigged so as to bear its own motive power. A train of four cars, instead of having one sixteen-ton locomotive, with two great driving-wheels, will have no locomotive, but every one of the thirty-two wheels will be a driving-wheel. The eight dynamos will weigh about as much as a locomotive, and they will all respond to the touch of one conductor. Mr. Bachellor, in charge of the work, tells me that one car can be run alone in the easy hours, while in the crowded hours ten or a dozen can be run in a train, and that they can reach a speed of twenty miles an hour in the first 300 feet after starting. Mr. Russell Sage, whom I saw yesterday, feels sure that the electric motors will enable the aerial roads to carry one-third to one-half more passengers than they are now doing, and that the trains will be much more safe and manageable.—*W. A. Croffut, in N. Y. World.*

Pillars of the Empire all Old Men.

The Berlin correspondent of the *Times* gives a long account of the arrangements which have been made between the German Government and the Duke Ernst Gunther, of Schleswig-Holstein, by which the latter is to recover family estates, so that he may be able to obtain his rank "as becomes the brother of the future German Empress." I should say that the chances are about fifty to one against the Princess Wilhelm of Prussia ever becoming the German Empress. In the ordinary course of nature the Crown Prince may be expected to live for another twenty-five years at least, and any one who considers that the German Empire (as at present constituted) is likely to last for any such period must either be entirely ignorant of the direction in which the straw is moving all over Europe or else singularly unobservant of the signs of the times. It is probable that we shall see a vast and radical change in Germany directly after the present Emperor's death. It must be remembered that the creatures and pillars of the Empire are all old men, and no successors to them have as yet appeared.—*London Truth.*

PETROLEUM V. NASBY.

Mr. Nasby Utters a Vigorous Protest Against the Treatment the Democracy of the Corners Is Receiving at the Hands of Mr. Cleveland.

[From the Toledo Blade.]

CONFEDERACY X ROADS,
(Which is in the State uv Kentucky.)
May 4, 1885.

The Dimocrisy uv the Corners is patshent and long-sufferin. No Dimocrisy in this kentry did more fur the electshun uv Cleveland than did we uv the Corners. Ez fur myself, I stood at Bascom's bar from early morn to dewy eve, acceptin invitashens to drink from every man wich come in, and impressin on em that eternal vigilance wus the price uv liberty. I did more leanin agin hitchin-posts in the interest uv Civil-Servis Reform than any man in Kentucky, and I actilly once contribbitid the half uv three dollars and a half, wich I borrered uv a inebriated Louisville drummer to the fund for sendin repeeters to Injeany to make shoor uv carryin that State for Cleveland and Reform.

Issaker Gavitt devotid hiself entirely to the savin uv his kentry from the day the Convenshun adjerned. So devotid wuz he to his kentry that he refoozed to do anything about his house, permittin Mrs. Gavitt, the wife uv his bozm, to split the wood to cook the dinners with, and, moreover, to skirmish fur the dinner to cook with the sed wood.

This is the kind uv Dimocrats we wuz and are.

Wat kind uv treetment are we reseevin at the hands uv the man for wich we did so much?

We open the paper wich comes to the Corners, and we reed that the Administrahen hez bin actin promptly, and that this man uv Alabama hez bin sent ez Minister to France, and tother one uv South Kerliny to England, and another from Georgy to this place, and another from Mississippi to that.

We are not complainin that the South hez not reseeved her full share. When the Administrashen thez nerve enuff to send Keilly, who spit in the face uv the North, and don't recognize the Government wich sends him, we uv Kentucky are content. The South hez got all it wants, and more, too, in one way; but them ez wants it most hezn't got it at all. Wat do I keer who goes to England, or France, or Austry? Wat interest is that to the staunch Dimocrisy uv the Corners? Ther ain't none uv us ever goin to them gilded halls, and we ain't demandin to be presentid to Emprers and sich. We don't know these nabobs wich is bein appinted at all, and don't wan't to.

But we do not know that a disturber from Illinoy receeves Government collecksh uns, we do know that a renegade Kentuckian, Joe Bigler by name, is collectin customs. And I know—and this is the iron that enters my sole—that a nigger, Jim Lubbock, a disgustin inferior race, is openin the one noose-paper that comes to the Democrisy uv the Corners, and is drorin the salery promptly therefor. This nigger is livin in a house uv his own, and hez money to spare, while I, wich hez alluz made sacrifices for the grate coz, hev to depend on ehance invitashens fur sich sustenance ez my daily wants reqwire.

Excoose me, President Cleveland, ef I don't thrill when I reed uv ver furrin appintments. They may be good enuff, but they don't interest me. It wuz bold uv yoo to stand by an uncompromisin rebel like Keilly, but I shood thrill with more vibrativenis to reed uv the appintment uv Nasby, P. V., to the post-offis uv the Corners, vice Lubbock, removed. Issaker Gavitt, whose wife is weery uv splittin stove wood, wood hev more uv a sensashen cood she see Issaker sittin in Pollock's place than she does in heerin uv Phelps bein sent to England or Cox to Turkey. England and Turkey is a long way off; the offises at the Corners is close to hand.

Ef his Eggsalency is wise, his Eggsalency will heed the teers and wails uv the reel suffrers by his delays. Wat he wants to do is to remember that charity begins at home, and that hope deferred maketh the heart sick, and that a bird in hand beets two pair. Ef he hezn't time to it let him appoint a deppity fur the home department. Ef the gilleteen wich he is now yoosin on the furrin places okkepies all his time, let him set up a masheen fur domestic yoose, and deptize an old-fashioned moss-back Dimocrat to work it. We want the offises.

Ef we don't get the offises we mite ez well hev votid for Blaine. Wat is the difference to us who is President, ceptin ez the offises are given out? Wuz I workin to keep Lubbock in the post-offis when I supportid Cleveland? Wuz it to keep that nigger in the post-offis that I convertid my bowels into a Vesuvian erupshen for several months? Not much. I wuz workin the skeem fur myself, and not fur a nigger. Bascom wants me to hev the place, fur he wants his books balanced. He wants Issaker Gavitt and Deekin Pogram in place, that he may absorb ther salaries. Ef Cleveland can't do this he shood resine and let Hendrix in, who kin. Them is the sentimenze uv the Dimocrisy uv the Corners. Every Dimocrat wants me appinted, for I owe every blessid wun uv em. The Corners hangs brethlis on the ackshun uv the President.

PETROLEUM V. NASBY (waitin).

DEMOCRATIC SPLEEN.

From a Democratic Standpoint Mr. Cleveland Is a "Conspicuous and Humiliating Failure."

There have been many evidences recently of discontent among "the faithful" at the course of the new Administration in regard to the expected redistribution of the Government patronage, but the most outspoken denunciation of Mr. Cleveland comes from Senator Eustis, of Louisiana, in an interview with a New York *Herald* reporter It will be found worth the reading, for it undoubtedly foreshadows the attitude the Bourbons will assume when Congress shall come together next winter, if President Cleveland shall continue to be backward in awarding the spoils to the victors.

The impression has been given out that Senator Eustis is disgruntled on account of the President's recognition of that faction of the Democratic party in Louisiana which is opposed to Eustis; but a perusal of his statement will show that he bases his indictment of the new Administration upon much broader grounds. He says bluntly that Cleveland "from a Democratic standpoint has been a conspicuous and humiliating failure." Whatever else may be said of this language, it is certainly plain and unequivocal. There is no mistaking its meaning. "His Administration," Eustis continues, "has commenced with a series of blunders, and his friends and supporters in Louisiana and throughout the Union have just cause for complaint." This cause for complaint is revealed further on, when Mr. Eustis deplores the fact that "a horde of unscrupulous, ignorant, dyed-in-the-wool, and offensively partisan Radical leaders are permitted to remain in office all over the country under Democratic rule." Eustis further declares that Cleveland is "totally lacking in information respecting the condition of affairs in the South and West, and is relying entirely on the feverish advice of a couple of mugwump newspapers in New York City, who are just as ignorant as he is regarding these important sections."

The fact is plain that the class of Democrats represented by Senator Eustis—the old-school, rock-rooted, and mountain-buttressed Democrats—are becoming disgusted with Cleveland's mugwump methods. They do not understand that he was elected for the purpose of keeping Republicans in office. They demand that the patronage at his disposal shall be parceled out without further delay among the party workers. They have waited two months, and that is long enough—much longer than they expected to wait. A Democratic officeseeker in Washington put the case the other day as follows: "After a long and bitter war of twenty-four years the Democrats won a glorious victory, and yet the enemy are living on our rations." This is what Senator Eustis objects to, and there is no doubt that he voices the sentiments of the politicians of his party.

Just now the mugwumps are jubilant over the influence they are exerting with the Administration, though they have had some causes for complaint. But their time of trial will come. The outspoken denunciation of Cleveland which Mr. Eustis has made is the forerunner of an avalanche of abuse which will burst forth as soon as the party chiefs shall become satisfied that the spoils system is to be abandoned. Mr. Cleveland has not yet felt the pressure which the politicians are able to bring upon him. Congress has not been in session since he came into office. He had to deal for a few weeks with a Republican Senate which took no special interest in his appointments. The politicians have been waiting to see what he would do. But when Congress meets next winter the Democratic politicians will go to Washington with their war-paint on. They will demand of Mr. Cleveland to know why the Democrats elected him President. They will exact the dismissal of the mugwump advisers and the "Kitchen Cabinet" who are holding him back. They will claim the offices as their right, and if he does not yield they will make his position so hot and uncomfortable for him that he will begin to wish that he were again Sheriff of Monroe County instead of President of the United States. If he does yield, which is the more probable, he will encounter the scorching criticism of the mugwumps who have learned to regard him as all their own.

Senator Eustis' criticisms on the Administration are the more significant because he and his friends were stanch supporters of Cleveland in the Chicago Convention. They indicate that there will be a terrible row in the Democratic party before many months.—*Chicago Tribune.*

"EXCUSE HASTE."

Regulation Recommendations No Excuse for Discreditable Nominations.

The apology of "excuse haste," should have been added to the commission of Eben F. Pillsbury and Charles H. Chase, lately appointed revenue officials in New England. They are just the sort of men who can gain by importunity the highest and widest recommendations from the politicians of the party. They know the weak spots of every politician in the circle of their acquaintance; they have the cheek and the energy to push and the disposition to punish if repulsed; and they doubtless presented themselves to the President and Cabinet with such volumes of commendation as to force the conclusion that there was a spontaneous uprising of New England for these appointments.

In point of fact, the appointments of Pillsbury and Chase are discreditable, because they take the places of partisan officials without improving the standard of the public service. As things have gone in the Republican party for many years, these men would be just about the sort of appointments the public might expect. Every man who helped the electoral burglary of Louisiana in 1876, from John Sherman down or up, received his reward, from Cabinet portfolio to tide-waiter, but the Democrats as a party denounced the fraud and the reward of the criminals, while honest Republicans could not conceal their contempt for both the giver and the receivers of the stolen goods. But the election of 1884 was a public protest against that system of politics, and it will not relish as among its fruits the reward of two of the active participants in the petty imitation of the Louisiana electoral burglary in the name of the Democracy of Maine.

The comments of the independent journals of New England should be an admonition to the President and Cabinet to discount regulation recommendations not less than one hundred per cent. all the time, and, as a rule, to go outside of them for men to fill important public trusts. The fact that the very few had appointments made by the new Administration have called out the frankest criticism from both the Republican and the Independent press, is the highest compliment that could be paid to the new political authority. Such men as Chase and Pillsbury could have been appointed by any Republican President during the last twenty years without notable protest. Known ballot-thieves and others of most unsavory criminal records in this city, were appointed to the Treasury and retained there solely because of their criminal qualities in politics, without creating more than a passing surprise among intelligent citizens; but better things are expected of the new political authority and a bad revenue appointment in Maine is criticised from Maine to California. The short way out of such a mistake and the effective way to squelch the regulation recommendations of importunates which lead to such mistakes is for the President to say—"Excuse haste; the appointments are revoked."—*Philadelphia Times (Ind.)*

—The ruby, says an expert, ranks for price and beauty above all other precious stones. When a perfect ruby of five carats is brought into the market a sum will be offered for it ten times the price given for a diamond of the same weight; but should it reach the weight of ten carats it is almost invaluable.—*N. Y. Graphic.*

—Keely, of motor fakir fame, has at last discovered a new power, which he says consists of "interstitial pis" or "disintegrated ether," and dynamite is as a parlor match to it.—*Chicago Inter Ocean.*