THE RED CLOUD CHIEF.

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RED CLOUD. - - NEBRASKA.

THE LAND OF THUS-AND-SO.

"How would Willie like to go
To the land of Thus-and-So?
Everything is proper there—
All the children comb their hair
Smoother than the fur of cats,
Or the nap of high silk hats;
Every face is clean and white
As it is washed in light;
Never vagrant soil or speck
Found on forehead, throat or neck;
Every little ear inspected,
In and out, as pure and clear
As the cherry-blossom's blow
In the land of Thus-and-So.

"Little boys that never fall
Down the stairs, or cry at all—
Doing nothing to repent,
Watchful and obedient;
Never hungry, nor in haste—
Tidy shoestrings always laced;
Neither button rudely torn
From its fellows all unworn;
Knickerbockers always new—
Ribbon-tie, and collar, too;
Little watches, worn like men,
Only always half-past ten—
Just precisely right, you know,
For the land of Thus-and-So!

"And the little babies there
Give no one the slightest care—
Never has not a thing to do
But be happy and say 'Goo!'
While mamma just sends and knows
Nothing but to doze and doze;
Never litter around the grate;
Never lunch or dinner late;
Never any household din
Pests without or rings within—
Baby-cries nor laughing exits,
On the stairs, or through the halls—
Just great Hushes to and fro
Place the land of Thus-and-So!

"O the land of Thus-and-So!
Isn't it delightful, though?"
"Yes," lisped Willie, answering me
Somewhat slow and doubtfully—
"Must be awful nice—but I
Rather wait till by and by
Four I go there—may be when
I be dead I'll go there then—
But," the troubled little face
Closer pressed in my embrace—
"I don't never ever go
To the land of Thus-and-So?"

—*James Whitcomb Riley, in Indianapolis Journal.*

"SNOWY'S" LEAP.

The Cause of His Whitened Hair and Terrified Look.

The sign above the door was inscribed "Dramatic Agency," and the stairway, seen dimly from without, was worn with tread of feet, and revealed just then a figure coming down. A moment more and the sunlight that was setting the dust of Union Square aglitter with shining particles shone upon a face that would anywhere arrest attention. It was not any scar or defect of feature, but a certain terrified look that gave the man the aspect of one who has just seen a specter. The reporter standing out upon the sidewalk noticed it, and turning to look after the owner of that strange countenance saw that his hair was white as snow.

"Odd looking, isn't he?" muttered the reporter to his companion, a member of "the profession" engaged just then, like many of his fellows, in Micawber-like pursuits.

The lounging Thespian looked up, looked after the receding figure, and said:

"Snowball; yes, he is odd."

"Why do you call him Snowball?"

"Oh, on account of his hair, to be sure. Didn't you notice it?"

"Certainly. I could not well escape it."

"Well, that's the reason he is called Snowball or Snowy. It's only a nickname."

"Is he an actor?"

"No; he's a circus man. I don't know what he is at now. But he used to be in the trapeze and tight-rope line. Pretty clever at his business, too, I can tell you."

The speaker was dismissing the object of the reporter's inquiry with this, but there was something in the awed expression of the face, something in the white locks clustering around it, that remained in the mind of the questioner like some haunting presence. What an odd face it was for an athletic and an acrobat! Thoughts of the Grimaldis of the stage, who carried under their grinning masks and piebald raiment tragical stories, came before, and ten minutes later, when a burly soul with the girth of a Falstaff and the lungs of a Stentor, came along, who could tell the personal history of nearly every human being who trod the sawdust on this side of the Atlantic, he asked him for Snowball's story.

"What have you heard about him?" was what the big man said, and then added, solemnly, "few know the truth about him."

"I know nothing," said the reporter. "It was his face that made an impression on me."

"It well might," said the other. "It is not the face God gave the man. He was once a jolly enough soul. But one night's fright fixed him. He has worn the look of terror that it left upon him for many a year. He will wear it to his grave. If you care about it I will tell you what I know. But the narrative is not a cheerful one, I promise you. 'Snowy'—we will call him—that is not his name, but the boys call him so—'Snowy' was a trapeze performer. You see he is a well-built, graceful fellow even now. But when he was young he was as good a figure as any one I ever saw in the business. He was clever, too, and was among the first who took flying leaps through space from one trapeze to the other. When I first knew him he was with a circus. He was a great attraction, too, for when he came out in his trunks and spangles and kissed his hand about the circus, there wasn't a girl present who didn't admire him, and look it, too.

"There are a good many pitfalls for a young fellow in such a business to stumble into. But he steered clear of them. He never drank, and I have never heard of his being mixed up in any gallantries. What was odd about him was the way he used to keep to himself. People believed he was in some sort of trouble, or had come from a good family and was sorry for taking a circus life. But he never enlightened them of his own accord.

"Soon after I came to know 'Snowy' I had the management of a traveling variety show making a circuit down East. We had all sorts of attractions, from song-and-dance men to ground and lofty tumblers. There were stump speakers and banjo players and ballad singers till you couldn't rest. But I noticed that with the Yanks down there the athletic feats 'took' best so I made it a point to enlarge that part of the entertainment. This was how 'Snowy' came to get into my company. I made him an offer. He accepted it and was engaged for the season.

You can imagine that in going the rounds of these dull country towns the players are thrown a good deal together and learn mostly everything about one another. Sometimes they do; sometimes they don't. Anyway, no one ever learned much about 'Snowy.' He generally sneaked away as soon as the performance was over, and we saw little of him till he was wanted again. It was, therefore, a bit of a surprise to me to find him loafing about the house when we struck one little town where we were booked for a week's run. 'Snowy' was all the time behind the scenes, whether his turn was over or not. In fact, he seemed to be trying to keep under cover and go out as little as he could.

"One night I was standing up in the flies looking things over, when who should I see slipping over to one of the wings but 'Snowy,' and he all in a tremble with excitement. 'What's up, I wonder?' said I, watching him all the time. Well, he slid up alongside the drop, and peeped outside, and there he stood like a statue, so absorbed I don't think he would have noticed it if I had dropped down on him. I don't know if you'd think it mean of me or not, but I got down and took stock of the audience to see what interested the man so much. I saw it all in a jiffy. There was a couple in a box—a young man and a lady—and clearly as fond of each other as they dared to show. It was this couple 'Snowy' had been watching, and when I got behind the scenes again, there he was still, and, Jupiter, blamed if he wasn't crying like a child.

"Of course, I said nothing, but I watched him, and I noticed when his turn came he seemed backward, and I thought he had a mind to shirk. But he went on and performed his part as usual. He was nearly through when I heard a hubbub in the house and went out in the corridor. The door of one of the boxes was open, and a boy was hurrying into it with a glass of water. Kneeling on the floor was the young man I had noticed, and at his feet the young woman was lying, apparently stone dead. We had a hard time bringing her to, and I didn't know what happened outside. But I learned afterward that 'Snowy' funked bad all of a sudden and cut his part dead short.

"This set me a-thinking. But the next night I had food enough for reflection. It was a clear, moonlight night, and I took a stroll. Now, I'm not a sentimental mortal, but I do admire nature, and once I was out of the town I got up among some trees on a little mound, and there I stretched myself, with the bright sky over me. There was not a sound but the croaking of the frogs and the chirp of the katydids. I don't know how long I lay there, but all of a sudden I sat up and looked down at the road. There were voices there, and they belonged to a man and woman who were standing by a gate, and hugging each other for dear life. I was amazed at first and thought it was an ordinary rustic love-making. But from their gestures I saw that something above the common was going on. The woman seemed to be pleading and the man fighting her off. At last what did they do but take to crying, both of them.

"I kept on watching them, and after awhile they kissed each other tenderly, and the man went away. It was then that I first became aware of a curious feeling that had been coming over me—a feeling that I was not alone. We have all such a feeling sometimes, you know, and then, as at all such times, I found I was right. There was a man standing among some bushes just above me, and looking at the other going down the road. I was in the shadow and he did not notice me, but the moonlight was full upon his face, and I knew at once the young man I had seen in the box. And such a face as he did have, to be sure! Talk of disfiguring a face with a blow, or by an accident, or with vitriol! They're all bad enough. But if you want to see a terror look at the face disfigured by jealousy, and there you'll have it. That was what ailed the face I was looking at. It was black with passion. The eyes were staring, the lips were pressed together, the teeth were clenched. Hate, savage and unrelenting—murderous if need be—was in that look. I almost shuddered as I witnessed it, and felt a deal more comfortable when I heard footsteps crouching among the dry leaves and gradually receding.

"Then I started home. On the border of the town who should I meet slouching along but 'Snowy.' I stopped to speak to him, and as he turned up his face with a start the moonlight fell upon it, and there were his eyes as red as you please, and the big tears shining in them. I didn't pretend to notice it, but all of a sudden, as I looked at him, I got a curious shock. The figure, the walk—I couldn't be mistaken in them—belonged to the man who had parted with the girl.

"You may well believe I was interested. I was manager of the company and I didn't want to have any scandals about my ears. So I thought it my duty to inquire into the odd things I had seen. But I didn't learn much. The girl who fainted in the box was the daughter of a rich but cranky old fellow, who had driven his only son away some time before out of a whim, and the young man was the son of a neighbor—a young fellow in the Naval Academy—and a gallant lad, too, although he had a temper like Satan.

"Well, the week went by and I saw nothing more of 'Snowy,' except when I met him on the stage. Our last night in the town came, and it seemed that we were going to close with a packed house. I remember now every seat was full and I had just got done counting the receipts, and was going back behind the scenes to see if everything was all right, when who should I stumble on in the corridor but the young fellow from the Naval Academy. He didn't look much better than when I had seen him that night out in the bushes. He was pale as death, and there was a wicked glitter in his eyes as he walked up and down, now and then peeping in through the door at the audience and the performers. I remember noticing, too, that he lounged a good deal about a little closet where a gas meter was, and the door of which was ajar. It did not strike me at the time, but I often thought of it afterwards.

"Well, the performance went on, and soon 'Snowy's' turn came. He went out in his tights and finery, mounted up to the trapeze and was as clever as usual in his feats. I had slipped to the front of the house again, and was looking in at him when my eyes suddenly fell on a box. It was the same I had seen there before—the young woman who had fainted there with the naval chap. I looked around for him, but he was nowhere to be seen.

"Just then 'Snowy' got up to the perch on the gallery, from which he took the flying swing to a little trapeze above the stage. It was a perilous feat, and there wasn't a breath to be heard in the house, as he prepared for it. Every eye was watching him. I saw him in all his glittering spangles poising himself, grasping the bar between his fists and then launching out.

"He sprang. There was a whizz in the air, and then, like a flash, the house was in darkness. Every light had gone out and you couldn't see the end of your nose. Heavens! what a hubbub there was. Every soul, worked up as it was to intense excitement, seemed to have a voice in that shriek that arose. Before I knew what to do there was a wild outcry about my ears, and a lot of people brushed past me. No one knew what was the matter, and in the panic some imp cried 'Fire!' I will never forget the rush. I tried to speak, but I was hustled against a wall, knocked down, trampled on by a dozen feet, and by the time I got up the house was almost clear.

"'Turn on the gas!' I yelled, hoping that some of the hands would hear me, and was making for the meter closet when I stumbled against some one. I heard a voice, and a man almost dragging a woman brushed past me. We were near the door, and a glimmer of light from the lamp outside fell on them. Never will I forget the face of the young woman I saw revealed there—the face of the woman who had been in the box. I never saw the like with fright and agony. Involuntarily I lent a hand to help her outside. But she turned from me—turned to the man beside her and cried with voice that rose above the hubbub: 'Save him! Save him! O, God! It is my brother!'

"Then a strange thing happened. The man beside her stood stock still. But only for a moment. The next instant he had left her and dashed into the auditorium. I went after him but it was all dark there and still. Only up above, near the ceiling, I heard a strange, scrambling noise, and a clatter of glass where the big chandelier hung. I was out in a jiffy and groping about for the gas-meter closet. I found it open, and as I felt about me I was suddenly pushed aside and a voice cried out:

"'A rope here. Give me a rope. There is one there.'

"I had seen a coil on the floor, and I knew whoever had asked for it had found it, when, a moment after, I heard footsteps hurrying away and heard something dragging behind him. But I didn't stop. I turned on the gas, ran inside and had the gas jets flaming up as I entered the auditorium again.

"What a sight was there! Up near the ceiling, holding by a hand to a shattered gas fixture and likely to drop at any moment, with open mouth and staring eyes, 'Snowy' was hanging. And just above, climbing along a beam—a sort of beam—that ran up to an apex in the primitive little hall, was a man with a rope dangling from him. How he got up I can not tell. I have seen feats in my day, but holding to that rafter and getting along it beat anything I have ever witnessed. Well, he reached the top, got hold of the gas fixtures, slipped down, and quicker than I can tell you he had the rope about the trapeze performer, and there were the two hanging up there by a brass rod that might give way at any moment. I could hardly breathe as I saw the rope swinging down and the man trying to fasten it about something in the lantern in the roof. He seemed to hold on by a single hand and climb with his feet about the brass rod as though it was a stout pillar. In another moment 'Snowy' sank down and fell; but only a few yards. After that I saw the other end of the rope slip up, and slowly, too, and down came the body gently to the ground. In a minute's time the other man was coming down the rope hand over hand, and soon he was standing beside me, pulling with exertion and pale as death. It was only then I looked at 'Snowy.' At first I thought him some one else. I didn't know the man. His black hair was fairly white, and there was that look of terror on his face that has never left it since. That is his story."

"And who was his rescuer?" asked the reporter.

"The young naval fellow. The lover of his sister. She had recognized in the trapeze performer her vagrant brother whom her father drove away from home, and the young fellow had seen her faint at the sight of him, and witnessed the meeting I had seen myself that moonlight night. As I said, he was a very spitfire, and became downright mad with jealousy. She had never told him who the strange performer was until the lights had gone out, and let 'Snowy' in mid-air taking that awful leap."

"And how came the lights to go out?" asked the reporter.

"Can you ask? I do not know myself who put them out, as for that. But I have always thought that a man who proved a hero that night, narrowly escaped being a murderer. I have never asked 'Snowy' what became of his sister and the young man. I do not even know if they were married. I do know that 'Snowy' was never reconciled at home, and I know that the result of that night's work gave him the name he bears."—*N. Y. Telegram.*

A BIG TORTOISE.

The Monster Sea-Turtle Found in Kansas, and How It Came There.

The discoverer of the gigantic extinct sea-turtle found near Fort Wallace, in Western Kansas, first observed the large bony shields projecting from a bluff near Butte Creek. They were carefully taken out and brought to Philadelphia, where the restoration was made. The fore-flippers alone were nearly five feet long, while its expanse from the tip of one extended flipper to another was about seventeen feet. The question may arise, how did this sea-turtle become buried in a bluff in the State of Kansas? A natural supposition would be that Kansas is the bed of a former ocean, and so it is. Ages ago, in what is called by geologists the Cretaceous Period, that part of the world was the bed of a great sea, in which the great turtle swam, together with other monsters of curious shape and appearance. Gradually the crust of the earth was raised, the water fell back, or became inclosed, and left the inhabitants of the Cretaceous Sea high and dry, to be covered by the earth and preserved for us to study ages afterward.

The shores of this ancient ocean are easily found and followed by geologists. Its extent has been traced on our Western plains by the bleaching and disintegrating remains that have been found, upon and beneath the surface.—*Charles Frederick Holder, in St. Nicholas.*

—A determination to succeed in life, accompanied by the necessary judgment and well-directed effort, must win sooner or later. A young man in Bridgeborough, who had the reputation of having never earned a cent in his life, resolved to turn over a new leaf and no longer be dependent upon others. He engaged in the poultry business, and raised fifty choice fowls in one night. There were more on the roost, but some got away.—*N. Y. Independent.*

—It is said on respectable authority that more than half a million pounds of willow leaf were shipped from Shanghai last year as green tea—a large proportion of it coming to America.—*N. Y. Sun.*

PETROLEUM V. NASBY.

He Talks of Cleveland's Proclamation "Wich Bars Dimocrats Wich Wants Offis."

IN A EASTERL,
(For takin possesshun uv the Post-offis,)
CONFEDERIT N. ROADS,
(Wich is in the State uv Kentucky,)
November 1, 1884.

I hev red the proclamashen recently ishood by the tyrant and trod, Cleveland, President uv the Yoonitid States by the idiocy uv the Dimocrisy, wich bars Dimocrats wich wants offis, (and wher, let me ask, is ther one wich don't?) from seein him and presentin ther clames. This minyun uv power hez the awdassity to say that we, wich electid him by makin ontold sacrifices, shel not hev the privilig uv representin what our clames reely is! Wuz ther ever sich a vooserpashen uv power? Wuz ther ever sich impoodence? Eko answers.

I hev bin workin for weeks upon a dockyment wich I intendid to travel all the way to Washington to lay afore him, and hed made my arrangements so to do. I hed secoored from Bascom the promise uv a loan sufficient to pay for sich meels ez I coodent beg or steel, and also he hed given me a pare uv his best boots that I might walk in some comfort after I hed bin kicked off uv traves, and I hed borrered a lether apern uv a nigger shoe-maker to put in the seet uv my trowsis that the kickin mite be ez little disastrus ez possible. Thus equipped I perposed, ez soon ez I wuz relessed, to go on my pilgrimmage after the place wich I am entitled to. I hed prepared a dockyment settin forth my clames, which embodied the follerin fax:

I hev alluz votid the strate tikkit from Jaxon down, votin in many cases three and even four times at an eleckshun.

I never skratched the Dimocratic tikkit but wunst in my life, and that wuz when the man nominated for Sheriff hed bin in the Fedral army, and besides he hed taken a warrant out agin me for borrerin a shirt off the line uv a nabor at twelve at nite, without my goin thro the formality uv askin him fur it. I hed no confidence in his Dimocrisy.

I served in the Confedrit army, thus establishin my unstaned Dimocrisy and my hatrid uv them wich now wave the bloody shirt, North.

Last fall I not only organized my deestrik in Kentucky, but I went, at my own expense, in Injeany, and votid for the tyrant Cleveland in one precink four times, at the risk uv the penitenshary.

The offis wich I want is now held by a disgustin nigger who, in his twenty yeres uv servis hez never spent a cent at Bascom's, and don't know the taste uv likker, wich makes him onfit to hold a Fedril offis under a Dimekratic Pres dent.

This same nigger is a standin reflecksh un on the Dimocrisy uv the Corners, inezmuch as he reeds and rites, and his wife hez a silk dress fur Sundy ware, and alluz hez shoes and stockins.

I wuz wun uv the stanch supporters uv Boss Tweed, in Noo York, holdin to him with a fidelity that wuz bootiful, so long ez he hed a dollar, and I never quit him till it wuz made shoor beyond a peradvencher that ther wuzn't a dollar more to steel.

I want the place fur the good uv the community into wich I live. I owe every one uv em, and onless I git the posishen furtiee borrerin is impossible.

I hed drord up a paper embodvin these fax and wuz watin fur my releese, ez I sed, to go to Washington to present it to the President, when this crool order wuz sprung unto us. What does Grover Cleveland mean?

Wuz the eleckshun last fall a joke? Did he spose we wuz a workin to make him President fur his benefit solely?

Did I fite fur him to keep a nigger in the Post-office at the Corners, wich is mine by rite uv konkest?

Troo, ther wuz a civil servis reform plank in the platform, but did any one spose it meant anything? It wuz good enuff to ketch votes with, but did any one spose it meant anything more?

Dimocrisy afore the eleckshun meant the same ez it duz now, a change in the offises and the creashun uv enuff new ones to give us all places wich wantid em. Grover Cleveland is a frod and a faivoor.

By wat rite does he pertend to jedge uv the qualifieashens uv applicants fur place? Who is he, thet he shood reverse the rools thet hez alluz guverned Dimocratic Presidents? Upon wat meet hez this our Ceezer fed, thet he shel snub Senators, and refooze ter see me when I come to demand a place? Wat sort uv a Dimekrat hev we electid, anyhow?

I hev no words to express myself with. Ef the Dimocrisy wood only see that I hed supplies enuff to eggsist onto, comfortably, I woodent keer ef I shood continuer in this Basteel furever. Ther ain't no sich thing ez ginooine Dimocrisy left in this kentry.

PETROLEUM V. NASBY,
(Weery.)

THE NOVEMBER CONTEST.

Complete Triumph of the Anti-Reform Element of the Democratic Party.

In the November elections the Republicans were defeated in New York and Virginia, and the Democrats went down under heavy majorities in the Republican States of Iowa, Massachusetts and Pennsylvania. It was expected that the Mugwump vote would make a showing against Hill in New York, and there was a falling off in the Democratic vote in Brooklyn, Buffalo, and a few other cities. The figures indicate that there was a transfer of the Independent vote, but they indicate also the absence of a good many Republicans from the polls. Hill's triumph is something of a rebuke to the Mugwumps, who opposed him, and it is not in the nature of an indorsement of the Cleveland Democrats, who opposed his nomination. Mr. Hill will probably regard his election as a slap in the face of the Administration. It is certainly a triumph of the anti-reform or Bourbon wing of the party.

The result in Virginia is more to be regretted than the result in New York. A Democratic victory there means the triumph of a faction that is proud of its hostility to the Union, and it means the retirement from the Senate of one of the few Virginians who have made a courageous fight for the principles of free speech and a free ballot.

In Iowa there was a strong combination against the Republicans, but the result is the election of the State ticket by a majority over the fusionists of about 15,000, and this carries with it a good majority in the Legislature.

In South Dakota there was a good vote for the new constitution and for State officers.—*Inter Ocean.*

The New York election gives to the Democrats their seventh Governor since 1856, the year the Republican party met its first reverse in New York. Each party has thus elected its candidate for Governor seven times since that date. In other words, New York is a tie as between the two great parties. The contest last year proved that this is at least a very close State. It belongs to neither party. Hill's plurality for Lieutenant-Governor was 196,781. The decrease from that figure to 10,000 proves either that he was not running on his merits three years ago or that he was running on his demerits in 1883. The Mugwump vote was cast, we believe, for the Republican State ticket. This brought back an element that had left the party. The much-talked-of Democratic Mugwumps failed to scratch their ticket, bad as they proclaimed it to be, but seriously bad as it was, they, with a few honorable exceptions, swallowed it whole. A casual glance at the returns, however, shows that the Republicans are at fault for their defeat. Too many of them in the interior failed to vote. The result of the election is a triumph for Tammany Hall.—*Albany Evening Journal.*

"The greatest question settled by the Democratic victory is the position of the Mugwumps. They are completely routed, horse, foot and dragoons. The 'holier than thou' politicians went in to show that they had the balance of power. The result shows that they have no power. Neither the President nor the Republican party any longer owes them anything. Humpty-Dumpty has had his fall. The election of Hill is a complete vindication of the straight-out Democrats, which is a protest against Civil-Service reform and against the Mugwump influence with the President. One reason for Hill's large majority is that nearly every Democrat was outraged by the position of John Kelly, with a whole State instead of a city to back him. To the Republicans the fact that the Administration and Mugwumps are rebuked can obscure the greater fact that they have lost a 'pivotal State.'"—*Philadelphia News.*

The election of Governor Hill in New York places in the Gubernatorial office in that State, by the deliberate choice of her citizens, one of the smallest and least worthy men ever nominated for that high station. Governor Hill's political record allies him closely with his former partner in business, William M. Tweed, and identifies him with some of the most notorious political and Legislative achievements of the men whom Tweed controlled. His career as Governor since he succeeded Mr. Cleveland upon the latter's election to the Presidency has been distinguished by consistent demagogism, and his exertions to secure the nomination, supplemented by his personal conduct of his campaign, have offered a repulsive spectacle of eager self-seeking. Two things seem reasonably clear. The first is that the Irish-American and labor vote, which was attracted to Mr. Blaine last year, and was considerably larger than it was credited with being, went back this year to the Democratic party, to a large extent at all events, and was cast for Governor Hill. The second point is that the influence which the Independents exercise in New York has been materially overrated. The Republicans of Virginia have been playing against adversaries who held loaded dice, and it is not surprising that they have been defeated.—*Boston Journal.*

AN ADMINISTRATION REVIEW.

The Democratic Party Shown in a Bird's-Eye View—Its Incompetent Financial Policy—Foreign Representatives.

The Democracy, instead of considering grave questions of National policy, have been since Cleveland came into power struggling to obtain office under the Government, and cursing the President for his foolishness in supposing that the Democratic party meant anything by its platform utterances in favor of Civil-Service reform.

Our National revenue is decreasing steadily under Democratic rule; and there is no reason, other than distrust of Democratic Congressional idiocy, for such a state of affairs.

The Democrats made much of the treasury surplus during last year's campaign, and promised that it should be "distributed"—a thing that can only be done by payment of debts and calling in bonds; but—

There has not been a bond call since the Democracy came into power! Not one dollar has been paid on the bonded debt!

The amount of money in the Treasury is greater than it was ever before, and there is not enough business sense in the present management of the National finances to continue the work of paying the National debt.

It is already announced that the debt will not be extinguished at the time set by the Republicans long ago; and the burden of the debt and its interest is to be prolonged indefinitely.

The United States has been made the laughing stock of foreign nations by the utterly incompetent men sent to represent us abroad—men selected, not for their fitness, but because of their services to the Southern Confederacy—men with their political disabilities still unremoved.

Men have been given positions at home who are utterly incompetent and unfit for office—some who are criminals with indictments hanging over them; men who have no claim upon office other than dirty political work in the Democratic ranks.

And the thing grows worse as time passes on. Will the people take heed of these things, and note them carefully?—*Toledo Blade.*

Of a Varied Character.

President Cleveland has written several letters to distinguished Republicans since his election, including those to George William Curtis and Dorman B. Eaton, on the subject of Civil-Service reform. He has, however, written for publication but two letters to Democrats, one denouncing the person to whom it was addressed for betraying his confidence in relation to recommendations for office, and the other inclosing a one thousand-dollar check to the New York Anti-Civil-Service Reform Democratic Campaign Committee. His Democratic correspondence is of a more varied character and less to his credit in some respects than his Republican correspondence.—*Chicago Journal.*

—There is a story told about General Toombs illustrating his wit. One day a press telegram announced the death of Randolph Tucker, of Virginia, and the next day a correction was sent out by the Virginia statesman. Colonel John Stephens, during the day, fell into the company of General Toombs, and in the course of conversation remarked: "Well, General, I see that Ran Tucker denies that he is dead." "Yes," said the General quickly, "I saw that, but he's such a liar I don't know whether to believe it or not!"—*N. Y. Post.*

—Orlin Smith, of Pittsford, Vt., has a horse thirty-three years old which has been driven to church by some one of the family nearly every Sunday for thirty years.—*Rutland Herald.*

STUDENTS' DUELS.

Disgraceful Battles Seen by an Englishman at a German University Town.

Having received an invitation to be present at a series of duels about to be fought one afternoon in July at Wurzburg, I drove with my friend, a student of former days, a distance of about three miles from the city, when we alighted and the fiacre was discharged. Although such meetings were an open secret, all concerned used their best endeavors to throw the police off the scent. We walked along the high road for about half a mile, and then struck into a thickish wood, proceeded some six hundred or seven hundred yards, passed one of the many student sentinels posted at certain distances on vantage ground, and one hundred yards beyond the relaître we came to a clear level space well sheltered from the heat of the sun—it was now 2.30 p. m.—by the tall overhanging trees in full leaf, where a number of young men were assembled. I was here introduced to the senior student, a man of mature years, who, after telling me that he had fought ninety-four duels, explained the nature of the proceedings about to take place, which he was to direct, assisted by certain umpires. I was the only stranger present. On the ground were two small casks of beer, a third containing water, a diminutive camp table upon which were spread numerous bandages, some lint plasters, and sundry medicaments, and a camp stool. The students shook hands with each other in a friendly way, smoked their pipes, and conversed in an undertone until a muster roll was called, to which twenty-four replied.

The business of the meeting then commenced. The names of two students of different universities being called, they prepared for combat by removing their hats, coats, waistcoats, collars and ties, and protecting their necks, breasts, arms and thighs with stout pads, and their eyes with stout metal spectacles, which also cover the temples, their heads and faces being otherwise wholly exposed. Having shaken hands, the combatants set to slashing at each other with all the skill of which they were masters, the seconds promptly interfering at the smallest exhibition of temper or passion. The surgeon in attendance had no easy berth, blood gushing forth on both sides, three, four, five times, until one or the other gave in.

The antagonists seemed fairly matched, except in one encounter, when a lad of sixteen or seventeen years, a novice, was pitted against a man of double his age. The boy's blood flowed freely, his face and head being hacked until both were completely covered with bandages, he meanwhile refusing to lower his sword, until it at last fairly dropped out of his hand. He was then led off and seated on the grass, when he immediately called for his pipe. "That youth," whispered my friend, "will be in a state of high fever to-night; he will have to keep his bed for the next three or four weeks, and he may even succumb to the effects of his wounds." This chanced to be the third encounter, and I turned away sick at heart and would have taken my leave but I was asked not to go until the end.

Thus were fought twelve duels. I hurried away so soon as I obtained permission, and my friend and I returned to town on foot, having kept the wood the greater part of the way. There was no lantering or chaffing during the proceedings, which were conducted in a most orderly manner, beer being liberally passed to those who asked for it, some of whom, it struck me, must have been uncommonly thirsty.

One feature is worth special mention. Like most young men, many students were accompanied by their dogs, and before any swords were crossed these animals were firmly chained to the smaller trees around. Upon inquiring the reason, I was told that instances of the nose of a combatant being sliced off were sufficiently frequent to necessitate such a precaution, for that member of the face had sometimes disappeared when dogs were loose, and this to the permanent disfigurement of the wounded man; whereas, if the nasal organ were instantly picked up, it was restored to its place by the surgeon. The swords used were of the length of an ordinary foil, the blades being narrow, flexible and keen-edged.

Now, the strangest part of the story is this, that these sickening fights were not the consequence of any bona fide insult offered by one university to the other. When students were dull and diversion was needed, a student would go up to the student of some other university and call him a *Schafskopf*, or say "*Na, Du bist ein dummer Junge!*" This was at once resented by the mettle and skill of each university being put to test by recourse to the baneful encounters I have described. The same night I attended at a *Kneipe* or beer-house, where some fifty or sixty youths sat at a long table, with huge *Schoppen* in front of them filled with beer. In the chair was the senior student, but none of those who had been engaged were present. I sat from nine to eleven listening to some very pretty and inspiring songs, sung in chorus, the rapidity with which the *Schopfen* were emptied and refilled being inconceivable.—*Captain J. B. Telfer, R. N., in London Times.*

ARCTIC SPRING-TIDE.

The Beauties of Spring and Summer in Northern Regions.

When the little creek by the house burst its icy chains in May, the noise of its rippling and leaping over the rocky obstacles seemed like music to our ears, accustomed as they were to the silence of the past winter, and its murmur like a welcome to the coming spring. How lovely are the evenings of the Arctic springtide! The sunset is followed by a pale yellowish tint on the western horizon, under which the ice gleams and glows like a field of gold. Fading away, this yellowish light is succeeded by a soft grayish tint, which does not deepen, but enables one to read throughout the entire night. So evenly diffused is this light that there is not the faintest approach to a shadow and a solemn sense of calm repose rests on land and sea, the birds and animals seeking repose as if total night prevailed. But a brief space and the sun rises again in full glory, touching the eastern sky with roseate hues, and the merry chirping and singing of our feathered visitors is again heard. Man alone in these regions heeds no resting time. The natives sleep but little during the spring and summer. For to them spring is the whaling period, the time for laying in a stock of whale meat and blubber for the winter, a time to chase the fleet bowhead to obtain the precious bone for barter with the white stranger. At this period men and women remain on the ice for days, eating raw seal meat or blubber, cooked food being inadmissible when they are engaged catching whales. When the big fish is caught it is hacked and cut up and taken by sleds to the village, every one receiving a piece of flesh or blubber. Young whale meat is not to be despised, and the thick black skin, with a superfluous of creamy white fat, is good when fresh. So, too, the white cartilaginous matter at the base of the gums, is eaten, resembling in taste the flavor of a hazel nut.

But even the Arctic spring has its unpleasant side. The heat of the sun acting upon the dark and soggy lands and upon the vast ice-fields causes a dense vapor to rise, rendering navigation hazardous and troublesome. Then, too, the continued prevalence of southerly winds drives the ice into a compact mass in the distant whaling grounds, and unless a northerly wind sets in the ships are prevented from working their way to the limits. So the brief summer steals over these inhospitable regions, lasting but three months, when the snow begins to fall again and the ice's embrace is once more over sea and land.—*Cor. San Francisco Chronicle.*

LOVER'S CARDS.

A Tabular Device Adapted to the Use of Cooing Doves and Sighing Swains.

The one serious drawback in the matter of love is the subject of correspondence. Not that there is any difficulty in seizing a sheet of perfumed letter paper, price one cent, a wooden penholder (price the same), and reducing a fellow's wild, yearning thoughts to cold black ink. Not that postage is too high or the mail service too slow. Not that his girl's pa will intercept the letter and lay for the writer with a cow-hide. It's an altogether different matter. A chap is pretty certain to make use of lots of expressions which he would afterwards deny. He will write twice as many letters as he would admit on a breach of promise suit. In a recent suit in Ohio the defendant swore that he had written no more than fifty letters to the plaintiff. She produced four hundred and eighty-eight. He swore that he had never used a tender expression. She produced one thousand nine hundred and fifty-six of them from his letters.

Human nature is mighty forgetful, and when the heart bobs and thumps and beats and palpitates for love, memory is certain to go off and sit on the fence. Inventive genius has at last been called into play to surmount some of the difficulties above mentioned. Cards with the following tables on them will soon be for sale by every respectable newsdealer. Any dealer not having them in stock can be classed as disreputable.

Date of Letter and Number.	Fond Expressions, etc.	References to Marriage.	General Remarks.

The convenience of the arrangement will at once be understood. A glance shows the date of writing, and tells whether it is the fifth or ninety-fifth epistle. In case of a quarrel and the return of keepsakes and letters, each party knows exactly how many letters should be handed over. If a breach of promise suit is threatened the young man sits down to figure up how often he has laid himself liable. The average love letter will pan out about as follows:

	Fond Exp.	Ref. marriage	Gen. remarks
Date, May 2, No. 420	"Angel," 97; "Dovey," 70; "Daisy," 60; "Darling," 52	1,721 times to date.	Her heartless father swears he boots me off the door step.

This arrangement shouldn't be as one-sided as the handle on a jug, and a companion card, invented for the use of the softer sex, will be for sale by the same respectable dealer. When properly filled out it will read about as follows:

	Fond Exp.	Ref. marriage	Gen. remarks
Date, May 3, No. 325.	My hero, 90; My dear, 120; My dark, 190; My all, 500	2,351 times to date.	Oh! when will he ask me to name the day! It would just be my luck to have him cross fish!

This card has been patented in all known languages, and in all civilized countries, and any parties found infringing will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law.—*Detroit Free Press.*

THE LOCOMOTIVE WHISTLE.

An Engineer Who Can Make It Play a Tune, As a Result of Practice.

"Have you ever heard of an engineer who could play tunes upon the whistle of his locomotive?" asked a railroad man of the reporter.

"I have heard of calliope music, but I can not say that I ever heard a tune played upon the whistle of a locomotive," was the reply.

"Well," continued the railroad man, "I know of an engineer who can do it, and I consider that he not only has an ear for music but that he is a musical genius or prodigy. His name is Bob Colvin. He is about thirty years of age, unmarried, and is the engineer of a locomotive that runs a freight train on the Valley Road between Harrisburg and Lexington, Va. For instance, he knew of two of his young friends who were to be married. They reside upon the line of his route, and every time he passed their homes he played the tune of 'In the Sweet By and By,' upon the whistle of the locomotive. Then, again, as is usually the case, he has a girl of his own, and every time he passes her house he plays the tune of 'The Girl I Left Behind Me.'"

"This playing of music upon engine whistles where there are no connecting pipes and keys similar to the calliope is certainly remarkable," replied the man of news.

"I have often heard the music played," replied the railroad man, and can vouch for the truth of my statement. There is another thing about engine whistles that I wish to speak of, and that is the peculiar code of signals that engineers have for announcing their proximity to the homes of their wives and sweethearts. Have you never heard what you thought was a rather peculiar whistle coming from a locomotive?"

"Oh, yes, and I and others in my company at the time have remarked upon it."

"Well, those peculiar whistles are nothing more or less than a part of the engineer's code of signals by which his wife or sweetheart is notified of his coming."

This statement was verified by a brother railroad man who said: "I have seen a young lady who understood her lover's whistle walk to a station or road crossing where his engine had stopped."—*Baltimore News.*

—Little Charley—"Papa, will you buy me a drum?" Fond father—"Ah, but my boy, you will disturb me very much if I do." Charley—"O, no, papa; I won't drum except when you're asleep."—*Pittsburgh Chronicle.*