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DEMOCRATIC SIMPLICITY.

The President Makes a Tour of all the Departments.

A Sarcastic Sketch by Eugene Field, in the Chicago News.

Having eaten a hearty breakfast of cornbeef hash and johnnycake, President Cleveland put on his hat and overcoat and strode toward the front door of the white house.

"Your excellency," cried Secretary Lamont, "where are you going at this early hour of the morning? It is hardly 5 o'clock."

"I am going for a short walk," replied the president. "I will be back by 7:30—in plenty of time to read the paper, look over my mail, write a proclamation or two, and make out a list of nominations before the senate convenes. I am going around to the various department to see if my cabinet officers have caught the spirit of the administration and have returned to the Arcacian simplicity of the Jacksonian epoch."

And with these words President Cleveland opened the front door and issued forth in the raw, chilly air of the March morning. The brisk breeze blowing from the southeast bore to his ears the faint echo of the din of hammers busily employed in the distant navy-yard at the good work of restoring American sovereignty on the waters of the globe. The lights in the treasury department were dim, yet every room was lighted up, and it was evident that all hands were at work in accordance with Secretary Manning's order that all employes of the civil service should report for duty at 4:30 a. m. every week day. President Cleveland entered the treasury building and asked the janitor where Col. Manning was to be found.

"He is down in the vaults counting the money," said the janitor, "and he cannot be disturbed."

Mr. Cleveland expostulated, and was compelled to disclose his identity before the janitor would listen to him. But being satisfied at last that the visitor was really the president, the janitor conducted him through devious passages, down winding stairways, and under curious moats, until finally the labyrinthine vaults were reached. Here, surrounded by piles of shining gold and silver pieces, sat the secretary of the treasury counting the national hoard by the dim light of a candle.

"I am sorry you came," said the secretary to the president, "for I really have so much work to do that I have no time to talk."

Then Mr. Cleveland observed that Col. Manning was attired in naught but an undershirt, his trousers, and a pair of high-heeled boots.

"Good!" thought the president. Then he said aloud: "But where is the gas, Dan, and why are you using this wretched tallow dip?"

"I have had the gas meter taken out of the building," said the secretary, "and have returned to the good old democratic simplicity of candles. By this means the sum of $90,000 will be saved to the country annually."

"And what are you doing now?" asked the president.

"Counting the money in the treasury" replied Col. Manning. "I intend to know for myself whether and speculations have been indulged in by any republican predecessors. I have discovered a number of questionable things. For instance, I have found the tall feathers pulled out of a large number of eagles on the 1877 coinage of $20 gold pieces, and I intend to trace the burglarious outrage to its uttermost until the guilty party is brought to justice."

"That is right," said the president and as he walked away he felicitated himself and his country upon having secured the co-operation of such an honest, fearless patriot as the Albany journalist.

In the state department, too, the tawdry gas fixtures had been removed to make way for the unostentatious candle. Owing to a dimness of vision, however, Secretary Bayard was compelled to use a kerosene lamp, and this stood upon his white pine table emitting a fragrance which the rose of Sharon might have envied. Bayard wore no collar nor tie. He was in his shirt sleeves, and the president observed that the shirt was a woolen one; only to preserve the necessary dignity on state occasions the secretary wore a white celluloid bosom; but otherwise his attire was rigidly plain.

"Yes, I am very busy," said Mr. Bayard, "and I have been hard at work since 3 o'clock this morning. Having abolished the 300 type-writers and forty-eight stenographers formerly employed in this department, I have my hands full answering the letters. Here," he continued, as he wearily laid his pale hand on a mass of crumpled sheets of paper, "here are letters from Queen Victoria, King William, Dom Pedro, Ka'akaua, Alfonso, the czar, Taing-ho, Gen. Barrios, the ahkoond of Swat, the emir of Bagdool, the begum of Mysore, and a hundred other potentates, which must be answered before the noon mail goes out."

In the navy department, Secretary Whitney was not to be found. Over a work-bench in one corner of the room leaned a boy contemplating with awe and admiration the model of a patent canal boat which calmly floated on the bosom of a tub of cistern water.

"Can you tell me where to find the secretary of the navy?" sternly demanded the president, who was evidently pained to see one of the lad's years idling in this manner.

"Dunno," replied the boy, "but guess he s in the gymnasium over 'cross the hall."

President Cleveland stepped across the hall and opened a door on which was pasted a sheet of paper bearing the written legand "Private." Yes, there was the secretary of the navy, attired in a sleeveless jersey and a pair of white cotton drawers, and engaged at pulling vigorously at a rowing machine.

"Well, I declare!" exclaimed President Cleveland. "What on earth are you doing?"

"Learning the business," replied Secretary Whitney, between pulls. "I am determined to acquaint myself with every detail of the marine and navy service. My arms have grown an inch and a half in ten days. Bill Chandler knew nothing about the minutiæ of the department, and I am resolved to put his administration to the blush. I am learning to swim, and I go to the natatorium twice a day to take lessons."

As the president strolled toward the war department offices his bosom heaved with emotions of exultation.

"How admirably have I chosen my associates," he murmured. "On every hand I find irrefutable evidence that the spirit of my administration has infused every subordinate and co-ordinate branch."

On the walls of the war office were divers chromos and lithographic prints of Hannibal, Alexander, Cæsar, Napoleon, Israel, Putnam, Zachary Taylor, Andrew Jackson, Winfield Scott Hancock and other great generals, also a framed daguerreotype of old Admiral Crowninshield in the costume of an honorary member of the Hull Yacht club of Boston. Armed soldiers paced to and fro over the sanded floor or studied the maps of the Sioux, Ute and Modoc reservations, which were spread out on the varnished deal tables. When President Cleveland inquired where Secretary Endicott was one of the gloomy sentinels pointed in the direction of an inner room, and thither the president drifted. A surprising spectacle greeted him as he entered. Secretary Endicott, clad only in a blouse and trousers of army blue and wearing a fatigue cap, stood at one end of the room holding a cavalry pistol in both hands and firing at a target at the other end of the room. The target consisted of the head of a barrel, upon which uncertain rings had been described with white chalk.

"Bang!" went the big pistol, and the recoil threw the secretary of war into the president's arms.

"It is allfired starnge," explained the secretary, "but I have fired over two hundred cartridges at that gold-armed target and I hain't hit it once. I'm a mighty poor shot—don't believe I could hit the side of a meetin' house—but I'm goin' to keep on tryin' till the country owns up I'm the goldarnedest best cabinet officer they had since Uncle Crowninshield was on deck."

Then the secretary sat down on the corner of the table and ate his modest luncheon of nutcakes and cheese while the president talked with him about the troubles on the Oklahoma border.

"By the way," said the president, picking up a cartridge from the pile that lay on the floor, "have you been using these all the time?"

"Yes," replied the secretary, mopping the powder dust and perspiration from his undaunted brow; "I've fired more'n three hundred of 'em this mornin'."

"Then it's no wonder you haven't hit target," said the president, with an amused chuckle, "for, my dear fellow, these are blank cartridges!"

"Well, I swow!" exclaimed the secretary. "You don't say so!"

President Cleveland chuckled to himself all the way over to the postoffice department. But he was proud of his war secretary, just the same. Endicott was honest and earnest; that was the kind of man the era of reform demanded.

A beautiful young woman, wearing a calico dress, was carrying a 300-pound mail sack filled with letters through the hall.

"Is Secretary Vilas in?" inquired the president.

"No, sir, answered the beautiful being in the calico, as she hurried along with the mail sack.

President Cleveland was shocked; he had never suspected Vilas could be the the first to grow remiss in his duties With anguish in his soul, the president entered the attorney-general's office. It was in full blast. The subordinates were ranged in two semicircles about Gen. Garland, who, in his shirt sleeve was propounding questions upon matters which concerned the intelligent conduct of the department. "What is replevin?" "What is the jurladiction of a Missouri justice of the peace?" "Explain the difference between de jure and de facto." What is a posse comitatus and where in does it differ from the Arkansas possum." "What is a change of venue?"—these and similar interrogatories did the learned attorney general put to his class, and the president was pleased to hear that the responses came quickly and for the greater part were correct.

"I will not interrupt them," thought the president; so he retired noiselessly and skipped over to the interior department. All was commotion here and Secretary Lamar was busiest of the busy.

"We have been hard at work since daylight," said the secretary. "You see I have not had time to brush my hair or comb my beard—in fact. I was in such a hurry that I came down town with my night-cap on. As Horace said: 'De juvente pluribus noctantur,' and in the words of the old Greek Philosopher: Kai telos epithalmos gar gignosko.'"

The president applauded the enthusiasm which prevailed. Outside the pension office several hundred one-armed and wooden-legged veterans were seeking admittance; inside the office the crowd of old soldiers was still greater. Standing on tiptoe and peering over the crowd the president could see the pension commissioner, Gen. Black, hard at work handing out bags of money to the crippled pensioners.

"'Tis well," said President Cleveland, smiling. Then he went back to the postoffice department, but Vilas was not there. This was a severe blow—an awful shock. President Cleveland brooded over it and the tears came into his eyes. As he passed the department of agriculture, he saw the commissioner in the garden watering the tulips and pruning the young rhubarb plants. This sight cheered him somewhat, but still the president brooded over Vilas' absence from his post of duty, and he indulged in the most melancholy reflections until he nearly reached home—yes, till he had come to the white house gate. Then a cheery whistle startled him from his sad revery. Looking up he beheld Secretary Vilas tripping gayly down the walk, carrying a leathern bag and whispering a merry air from "Falka."

"I have just left a bundle of letters with Lamont for you," said Vilas.

"How do you happen to be here instead of at your post of duty?" inquired the president, gloomily.

"Why, when I got down to the office at 4 o'clock this morning," explained Vilas, "I found one of our men sick, so I concluded to carry his route for him myself to-day."

A few minutes later, President Cleveland having removed his coat, collar and necktie, seated himself at his desk in the white house and was ready for work.

"Daniel," said he to his private secretary, "I feel encouraged, for I have irrefutable evidence that my cabinet is en rapport with the administration. The republic has indeed entered upon an era of Arcadian simplicity.

Why Shake?

"Simply because I have chills and fever," says the shaker. But why have chills and fever? "Because malaria got ahead of me." Now neighbor, remember that Brown's Iron Bitters gets ahead of malaria and malarial fevers. The Rev. Mr. Reilly, of Fayetteville, Ark., says, "I used Brown's Iron Bitters for indigestion and chills, with entire satisfaction." It is the best tonic and enricher of the blood known.

A well known athlete proposes to enter Harvard college for the purpose of hardening his muscles.

"Harmless and effective" is the expressed opinion of physicians of Red Star Cough cure. No bad effects.

People become right-handed because they do not want to be left.

Train Talk.

Chicago Herald.

A man with gray hair, closely cropped, and a clean-shaven chin sat upon the driver's seat of a locomotive standing in the yard. His eyes were keen and gray, and despite his scarred cheek, rugged jaw and firm mouth there was a gentle, even sad, expression upon his face. He wore a blouse and overalls, and eyed his locomotive carefully. He was the engineer, waiting for the signal to back up and "hook on" to the fast express.

"Suppose you think a good deal of your machine, don't you?" remarked an admiring bystander.

"Think a good deal of her? Why do you say so?"

The bystander, not encouraged by the engineer's manner, left the cab and walked around the engine, admiring the bright rods, pipes and mechanism—the silent, yet breathing thing of power. Soon he saw the man in blouse and overalls crawling under the machine with an oil-can in his hand. Some oil was dropping in a cup here and there, a valve or two inspected, a nut tightened or examined, and in another moment the engineer stood by the stranger's side. He had not forgotten the latter's query, for he said:

"So you think I like her, do you?"

And then, after a pause, and in a lower, more mellow tone——

"Why shouldn't I like her! She is the only thing on earth I have to love."

Touched and interested by these words, and by the manner in which they were said, the stranger made inquiries tending to draw the old man out. He succeeded.

"No, I have nothing else to love," said the rugged engineer; "I live upon my engine, and for her. She is all the world to me, I am without wife, child, or relative. I am alone in this world—my engine and me. Every trip I make with her I call my bridal tour. Once—but no matter about that." And the gray head turned aside.

"Once, you said; wen't you tell me what that means?"

"Once," replied the engineer, his voice more hulky than before—"that once' means much to me. It's nothing to you. And yet—any yet it will do no harm to tell. It is no secret. There is nothing to be ashamed of."

Here the engineer draw from his blouse pocket a big silver watch and glanced at its face.

"I have eight minutes before the gong sounds," he continued, "and in those eight minutes I will tell you what has been an eternity to me. Sixteen years ago I was a young engineer of thirty. You thought me older, of course, but I am only forty-six. I was then engaged to marry a young lady. I do not need to tell you how much I loved her; what hopes and ambitions I had for the future. Just then I was promoted from a freight to a passenger engine, but was transferred to the western end of the road. That caused a parting, but we arranged that I was to be gone three months and then return for my bride. The three months passed slowly enough; you are not old and perhaps your own experience will tell you what patience mine must have been. But I saved my money, provided a little home at the end of my run, and was happy. Notwithstanding my impatience those were the happiest days of my life. I knew I had a rival for the lady's affections, but even this did not worry me, so great was my confidence in her.

"When the three months was nearly up I applied for leave of absence, and one night was on the next run to the last before I should go east to my wedding. At B—— station I had orders to pass, without stopping, No. 6, which was to be side tracked for me. Our orders are to slow up a little for such passings and sound the whistle. I did so as I approached, but heard no answering signal, and supposed all was right. But just as I rounded the curve leading to the station I heard warning signals from the whistle and saw a man with a lantern running toward me and swinging his red lantern across the track. A second glance showed me the rear car of No. 5 standing half on the siding and half on the main track. It had been derailed by the ice at the frog. There are times when a man thinks with the rapidity of lightning and this is what flashed through my brain: In making the siding No. 6 was a minute or two late, and at the last second the mishap had occurred at the frog. What in twenty seconds more would have been a clear track for me was now blocked by a sleeping coach, probably filled with passengers unconscious of their danger. In the distance I had to run my heavy train could not be stopped, and a collision was inevitable. What should I do? As I said, all this came to me like a flash. At the same instant I decided what to do, and began doing it. My course was as clear to me as if I had thought it all over by the hour. Within two seconds of the instant I saw the danger signal I had shut off steam and set my brakes hard down. The next second I reversed my engine. The result of course, was a great check to our speed. The set brakes made the long train begin to drag, after us like a heavy weight. Then I set my lever ahead once more, and pulled the throttle wide open. She bounded like a hare, broke the couplings between the tender and baggage car, and in twenty seconds more would have crashed into the sleeper had I not again shut off steam and reversed, setting the brake hard on. If you were an experienced railroad man you would understand why all this was done. A lone engine can always be stopped quickly. In this case we stopped our engine almost to a standstill forty feet from the sleeping coach. Back of us was the heavy train, coming like an alavanche despite the brakes. But by stopping the engine on ahead I made the locomotive receive the brunt of the train's shock instead of the coach. That was my aim and I succeeded. Before the train crashed into the tender my fireman jumped and was safe. Having done all that man could do I was about to follow him, but a glance ahead at the sleeping car seemed to strike me numb. I knew the coach was safe from serious injury and also the passengers in my own train. The only danger was in my cab, where in a few seconds would come the crash. But I could not stir. I lost all feeling but that of vision. I saw"—here the engineer hesitated, but soon went on in a desperate tone—I saw in one of the berths of that sleeping car, by the brilliant light from the head-lamp of my locomotive, the face of my own betrothed. I saw her two eyes, looking out of the window. The derailment had evidently startled her. I saw something else, too—a—no, none of that. I can't tell that. But I shall never forget the expression in her eyes, though I never saw her since."

"Was she—was there a wreck?"

Again the engineer looked at his silver watch, hurriedly put it in his pocket, and resumed:

"There was no wreck—of the sleeping car. There was one at my cab. When they pulled me out of the cab, half an hour later, that leg there was crushed. You didn't notice it was wooden, did you? Yes, the train crashed into the tender and the tender into the cab. I was pinned against the boiler, and there I got the scar you see on my cherk. But the sleeping car was only slightly injured, and the occupants were merely bruised a little. The passengers of my own train were unhurt. People praised what they called my bravery, and I overheard them talking that I could have saved myself by jumping, but that I had stuck to my post. They did not understand. How could they? I recovered from my injury, and here I am with my only bride, my old locomotive—twice rebuilt since that night, but still the old one to me. There's the gong—I must go."

The engineer was about to climb into his cab when the stranger seized his hand and exclaimed:

"But you must explain—there is still a mystery."

"Great God!" came back the answer in a whisper, "have you not guessed? It was not the sight of my bethrothed's face that prevented me jumping and turned these hairs gray in a night. *She was not alone.*"

Three minutes later the stranger saw a stern, scarred face by the light of the furnace fire in the enginethat passed him with the east express—a noble face, with marks of suffering, but the keen gray eyes looking straight ahead along the path of duty.

IOWA ITEMS.

Iowa railroads are valued at $12,500 a mile for tax purposes.

The damage by Monday's fire in Ottuwa foots up $5,000.

Keokuk has thirty-seven saloons licensed by the city council,

The annual tax of the C., B. & Q., and the Rock Island roads in the state aggregates $312,000.

Webster City has a big spring whose waters are supposed to possess wondrous medicinal properties.

Iowa's National Guard are unable to agree on a commander. The third and last election stood: Ellis, 295; McMannis, 295; Wilson, 250. Another election will be ordered.

Nine cases of peace disturbance were found in a Des Moines drug store by the police, and promptly confiscated. Just now the police have a great hankering for contraband liquor.

The juice of the bug floweth not in Creston any more. The saloon door is closed and the rattle of glassware is hushed. The blinds are down and the halls are as sombre as the grave.

Hugo Ernst, a prominent jeweler of Fort Madison, while gunning on Tuesday for duck, picked his gun up by the muzzle, as usual, and as usual the hammer caught, the gun was discharged and Ernst was killed.

Teutonic Matt Buttinger, of Colfax, has caused the arrest of his wife and her paramour, John Cushey, charging the pair with the crime of adultery. Matt cares not so much for the transfer of love and affection that has taken place, as for the loss of $100, of his hard earned cash, appropriated by the sinful couple.

The articles of incorporation of the Iowa Brewers' and Bottlers' association were filed for record in Marshalltown on Monday. The capital stock is $15,000, and the object is to raise funds to combat and test the constitutionality of the Iowa prohibitory liquor law, which they propose testing in the United States supreme court.

PILES! PILES! PILES!

A SURE CURE FOUND AT LAST!

NO ONE NEED SUFFER.

A sure cure for Blind, Bleeding, Itching and Ulcerated Piles has been discovered by Dr. Williams (an Indian Remedy,) called Dr. William's Indian Pile Ointment. A single box has cured the worst chronic cases of 25 or 30 years standing. No one need suffer five minutes after applying this wonderful soothing medicine. Lotions, Instruments and electuaries do more harm than good. William's Indian Pile Ointment absorbs the tumors, allays the intense itching, (particularly at night after getting warm in bed,) acts as a poultice, gives instant relief, and is prepared only for Piles, itching of the private parts, and for nothine else.

Read what the Hon. J. M. Coffinberry, of Cleveland, says about Dr. William's Indian Pile Ointment: "I have used scores of Pile Cures, and it affords me pleasure to say that I have never found anything which gave such immediate and permanent relief as Dr. William's Indian Ointment. For sale by all druggists and mailed on receipt of price. 50c and $1. Sold at retail by Kuhn & Co.

C. F. GOODMAN,
Wholesale Agent.

Dr. Carver failed to shoot 1,000 bats in 160 minutes at New Orleans. It was too much of a bat for the rifleman.

'Fools Rush in Where Angels Fear to Tread."

So impetuous youth is often given to folly and indiscretions; and, as a result, nervous, mental and organic debility follow, memory is impaired, self-confidence is lacking; at night bad dreams occur, premature old age seems setting in, ruin is in the track. In confidence, you can, and should write to Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y., the author of a treatise for the benefit of that class of patients, and describe your symptoms and sufferings. He can cure you at home and will send you full particulars by mail.

Though it is the accepted principle that "the office should seek the man," the man seldom cares to put the office to so much trouble.

Origin of Ammonia.

Ammonia is obtained in large quantities by the putrefaction of the urine of animals.—*Encyclopedia Britannica.*

Every housekeeper can test baking powders containing this disgusting drug by placing a can of the "Royal" or "Andrews' Pearl" top down on a hot stove until heated, then remove the cover and smell.

Dr. Prices Cream Baking Powder does not contain Ammonia, Alum, Lime, Potash, Bone Phosphates, (prove it by the above test). It is prepared by a Physican and Chemist with special regard to cleanliness and healthfulness.

It is complained that at one Boston hotel the butter tastes "mousey." The boarders smell a rat.

JAMES PYLE'S PEARLINE—This preparation, advertised elsewhere, is really an excellent article for saving labor in washing. It takes the place of soap, sal-soda, and other chemical preparations

CONSUMPTION.

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease to any sufferer. Give express and P. O. address.

DR. T. A. SLOCUM, 181 Pearl St., New York.

Warner's Vigor is aphrodisiac, arouses activity, positively cures impotence, lost energy, nervous debility, all weakness of generative system, either sex. $1 by mail. J. H. Warner, 2107 State St., Chicago.

RED STAR COUGH CURE

TRADE RED STAR MARK

Absolutely Free from Opiates, Emetics and Poisons.

A PROMPT, SAFE, SURE CURE

For Coughs, Sore Throat, Hoarseness, Influenza, Colds, Bronchitis, Croup, Whooping Cough, Asthma, Quinsy, Pains in Chest, and other affections of the Throat and Lungs.

Price 50 cents a bottle. Sold by Druggists and Dealers. *Parties unable to induce their dealer to promptly get it for them will receive two bottles, Express charges paid, by sending one dollar to*

THE CHARLES A. VOGELER COMPANY,
Sole Owners and Manufacturers,
Baltimore, Maryland, U. S. A.

TRADE S.S.S. MARK.

From experience I think Swift's specific is a very valuable remedy for cutaneous diseases, and at the same time an invigorating tonic.

JAMES JACKSON, Chief Justice of Ga.

Atlanta, Sept. 1884.

INOCULATED POISON.—After trying all the other remedies, Swift's Specific has cured me sound and well of a terrible blood poison contracted from a nurse. MRS. T. W. LEE, Greenville, Ala.

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