AARON IN THE WILD WOODS

The Story of a Southern Swamp.

By JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS.

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III.

WHAT CHUNKY RILEY SAW AND HEARD.

Left alone, Chunky Riley stood still and tried to trace in his mind the route he and Aaron had followed in coming from the Swamp. But he could make no mental map—and he knew every "nigh-cut" and by-path for miles around—that would fit in with the time it had taken them to reach the spot where he now stood. He looked back toward the swamp, but the night covered it, and he could see nothing. Then he looked around him, to see if he knew his present whereabouts. Oh, yes, that was easy; every foot of ground was familiar.

The hill on which he had stood had been given over to scrub pines. The hill itself sloped away to the Turner old fields. But still he was puzzled, and still he scratched his head, for he knew that the swamp was a good four miles away—nearly five—and it seemed to him that he and Aaron had not been more than ten minutes in making the journey. So he scratched his head and wondered to himself whether Aaron was really a "conjur man."

It was perhaps very lucky for Chunky Riley that he stopped when he did. If he had kept on he would have run into the arms of three men who were going along the plantation path that led from Gossett's negro quarters to the Abercrombie place. The delay that Chunky Riley made prevented him from meeting them but it did not prevent him from hearing the murmur of their voices as he struck into the path. They were too far off for Chunky Riley to know whether they were white or black, but just as he turned into the path to go to Gossett's the scent of a cigar floated to his nostrils. He paused and scratched his head again. He knew by the scent of the cigar that the voices he heard belonged to white men, but who were they? If they were the "patterollers" they'd catch Aaron beyond all question; it would be impossible for him to escape.

So thought Chunky Riley, and so, thinking, he turned and followed the path toward the Abercrombie place. He moved rapidly but cautiously. The scent of the cigar became stronger, the sound of men's voices grew more distinct. Chunky Riley left the path and skirted through the low pines—until he came to the fence that enclosed the spring lot. He knew that if he was heard, the men would think he was a calf, or, mayhap, a mule; for the hill on which Aaron had left him was now a part of a great pasture, in which the calves and dry cattle, and, between seasons, the mules, were allowed to roam at will.

Coming to the fence, Chunky Riley would have crossed it, but the voices were louder now, and he caught a glimpse of the red sparks of lighted cigars. Creeping closer and closer, but ever ready to drop on the ground and run away on all fours, Chunky Riley was soon able to hear what the men were saying. He knew the voices of his master and young master, Mr. Gossett—Old Grizzle, as he was called—and George, and he rightly judged that the strange voice mingling with theirs belonged to Mr. Jim Simmons, who, with a trained pack of hounds—"nigger dogs" they were called—held himself at the service of owners of runaway negroes.

Mr. Simmons' average fee was $15—that is to say, when he was "called in time." But in special cases his charge was $30. When Chunky Riley arrived within earshot of the group Mr. Gossett was just concluding a protest that he had made against the charge of $30 which he had reluctantly agreed to pay for the capture of Aaron.

"You stayed at my house today, you'll stay there tonight, and maybe you'll come back to dinner tomorrow. There's the feeding of you and your dogs. You don't take any account of that at all." Mr. Gossett's voice was sharp and emphatic. His stinginess made him notorious in that region, and gave rise to the saying that Gossett loved a dollar better than he did his wife. But he was no more ashamed of his stinginess than he was of the shabbiness of his hat.

"But, colonel," remonstrated Mr. Jim Simmons, "didn't you send fer me? Didn't you say, 'Glad to see you, Simmons; walk right in and make yourself at home.' You did, fer a fact." He spoke with a drawl that irritated the snappy and emphatic Mr. Gossett.

"Why, certainly, Simmons; certainly I did. I mentioned the matter to show you that your charges are out of all reason in this case. All you have to do is to come here with your dogs in the morning, skirt around the place, pick up his trail, and there you are."

"But, colonel," insisted Mr. Jim Simmons, with his careless, irritating drawl, "ain't it a plum' fact that this nigger's been in the woods a month or seech a matter? Ain't it a plum' fact that you've tracked him and trailed him with your own dogs?—and good dogs they are, and I'll tell anybody so. Now, what do you pay me fer? Fer catching the nigger? No, sirree! The nigger's as good as caught now—when it comes to that. You pay me fer knowing how to catch him—that's what you pay me fer. You send fer the doctor. He comes and fumbles around a little, and you have to pay the bill whether he kills or cures. You don't pay him fer killing or curing; you pay him fer knowing how to fumble around. It's some different with me. If I don't catch your nigger, you button up your pocket. If I do catch him you pay me $30 down, not fer catching him, but fer knowing how to fumble around and catch him."

The logic of this argument, which was altogether lost on Chunky Riley, silenced Mr Gossett, but did not convince him. There was a long pause, as if all three of the men were wrestling with peculiar thoughts. Finally Mr. Gossett spoke:

"It ain't so much the nigger I'm after but I want to show Abercrombie that I can't be outdone. He's laughing in his sleeve because I can't keep the nigger at home, and I'll be blamed"—here his voice sank to a confidential tone—"I'll be blamed if I don't believe that, between him and that son of his, they are harboring the nigger. Yes, sir, harboring is the word."

Mr. Jim Simmons threw down his lighted cigar with such energy as to cause the sparks to fly in all directions. A cigar was an unfamiliar luxury to Mr. Simmons, and he had had enough of it.

"Addison Abercrombie harboring a nigger!" exclaimed Mr. Simmons. "Why, colonel, if every man, woman and child in the United States was to tell me that I wouldn't believe it. Addison Abercrombie! Why, colonel, though you're his next door neighbor, as you may say, you don't know him half as well as I do. You ought to get acquainted with that man."

"Humph! I know him well enough, I reckon," responded Mr. Gossett. "I went to school with him. Folks get to know one another at school. He was always stuck up, trying to hold his head higher than anybody else because his daddy had money and a big plantation. I made my prop'ty myself; I earned every dollar; and I know how it came."

"But, colonel!" Mr. Jim Simmons insisted, "Addison Abercrombie would hold his head high if he never seen a dollar, and he'd have the right to do it. Him harbor niggers? Shucks. Colonel! You might as well tell me that the moon ain't nothing but a tater pudding."

"What do you see in the man?" Mr. Gossett asked with some irritation in the tones of his voice.

There was a pause, as though Mr. Simmons was engaged in getting his thoughts together. Finally he said: "Well, colonel, I don't reckon I can make it plain to you, because when I come to talk about it I can't grab the identical idee that would fit what I've got in my mind. But I'll tell you what's the honest truth, in my opinion—and I'm not by myself, by a long shot—Addison Abercrombie is as fine a man as ever trod shoe leather. That's what."

"Humph!" grunted Mr. Gossett.

"Yes, sirree!" persisted Mr. Simmons, warming up a little. It makes no difference where you see him, nor when you see him, nor how you see him, you can up and say: 'The Lord has made many men of many minds and many men of many kinds, but not since Adam has He made a better man than Addison Abercrombie.' That's the way I look at it, colonel. I may be wrong, but if I am I'll never find it out in this world."

Plainly, Mr. Gossett was not prepared to hear such a tribute as this paid to Addison Abercrombie, and he winced under it. He hemmed and hawed, as the saying is, and changed his position on the fence. He was thoroughly disgusted. Now there was no disagreement between Mr. Gossett and Mr. Abercrombie—no quarrel, that is to say—but Gossett knew that Abercrombie regarded him with a feeling akin to contempt. He treasured in his mind a remark that Abercrombie had made about him the day he bought Aaron from the negro speculator. He never forgot nor forgave it, for it was an insinuation that Mr. Gossett, in spite of his money and his thrifty ways, was not much of a gentleman.

On this particular subject Mr. Gossett was somewhat sensitive, as men are who have doubts in their own minds as to their standing. Mr. Gossett had an idea that money and "prop'ty," as he called it, made a gentleman; but it was a very vague idea, and queer doubts sometimes pestered him. It was these doubts that made him "touchy" on this subject.

"What has this great man ever done for you, Simmons?" Mr. Gossett asked, with a contemptuous snort.

"Not anything, colonel, on the top of the green globe. I went to him once to borrow some money, and he wanted to lend it to me

HE IMAGINED THE HORSES WERE RIGHT ON HIS HEELS.

without taking my note and without charging me any interest. I says to him, says I, 'You'll have to excuse me.' "

"That was right; you did perfectly right, Simmons. The man was trying to insult you."

"But, colonel, he didn't go about it that way. Don't you reckon you could tell when anybody was trying to insult you? That was the time I come to you."

"I charged you interest, didn't I, Simmons?"

"You did, colonel, fer a fact."

"I'm this kind of a man, Simmons," remarked Mr. Gossett with a touch of sincere pride and gratification in his voice. "When I do business with a man I do business. When I do him a favor it must be outside of business. It's mixing the two things up that keeps so many people poor."

"What two things, colonel?" gravely inquired Simmons.

"Why the doing of business and—er—the doing of favors."

"Oh, I see," said Mr. Simmons, as if a great light had been turned on the matter. Then he laughed and continued: "Yes, colonel, I borrowed the money from you and just about that time the fever had taken me down, and if it hadn't 'a' been fer Addison Abercrombie the note I gave you would have swallowed my house and land."

"Is that so?" inquired Mr. Gossett.

"Ask my wife," replied Mr. Simmons. "One day, while I was out of my head with the fever, Addison Abercrombie, he rid by and saw my wife setting on the front steps, jest a boo-hooing—you know how wimmen will do, colonel; if they ain't a-jawing they're a-cryin'. So Addison Abercrombie, he ups and asks her what's the matter, and Jennie, she tells him. He got right off his hoss and came in and set by my bed the better part of the morning. And all that time there I was a-running on about notes and a-firing of my troubles in the air. So the upshot of the business was that Addison Abercrombie left the money there to pay the note and left word for me to pay him back when I got good and ready; and Jennie hadn't hardly dried her eyes before here come a nigger on horseback with a basket on his arm and in the basket was four bottles of wine. Wine! Why, colonel, it was worse'n wine. Jennie says that if any one of the bottles had 'a' had a load of buckshot in it the roof would 'a' been blow'd off when the stopper flew out. And, colonel, if ever you feel like taking a right smart of exercise, jist pass my house some day and stick your head over the palings and tell Jennie that Addison Abercrombie's got a streak of meanness in him."

"Have you ever paid Abercrombie?" Mr. Gossett inquired. His voice was harsh and business like.

"I was laying off to catch this nigger of yours and pay him some on account," replied Mr. Simmons.

"Why, it has been three years since you paid me," suggested Mr. Gossett.

"Two years or sech a matter," remarked Mr. Simmons, complacently.

"Then that's the reason you think Abercrombie ain't harboring my nigger?" inquired Mr. Gossett scornfully.

"But, colonel," drawled Mr. Simmons, "what under the sun ever got the idee in your head that Addison Abercrombie is harboring your nigger?"

"It's as simple as a-b ab," Mr. Gossett replied with energy. "He tried to buy the nigger off the block and couldn't, and now he thinks I'll sell if the nigger'll stay in the woods long enough. And more than that, don't I know from my own niggers that the yaller rapscallion comes here every chance he gets? He comes, but he don't go in the nigger quarters. Now, where does he go?"

"Yes, where?" said Mr. Gossett's son George, who up to that moment had taken no part in the conversation. "Three times this month I've dealt out an extra rasher of bacon to two of our hands, and they tell the same tale."

"It looks quare," Mr. Simmons admitted, "but as sure as you're born Addison Abercrombie ain't the man to harbor a runaway nigger. If he's ever had a nigger in the woods it's more'n I know, and when that's the case you may set it down for a fact that he don't believe in runaway niggers." This was a lame argument, but it was the best that Mr. Simmons could muster at the moment.

"No," remarked Mr. Gossett, sarcastically, "his niggers don't take to the woods because they do as they blamed please at home. It sets my teeth on edge to see the way things are run on this plantation. Why, I could take the stuff that's flung away here and get rich on it in five years. It's a scandal."

"I believe you," assented his son George, dutifully.

Chunky Riley heard this conversation by snatches, but he caught the drift of it. What he remembered of it was that some of his fellow servants were ready to tell all they knew for an extra "rasher" of meat, and that the hunt for Aaron would begin the next morning—and it was now getting along toward dawn. He wanted to warn Aaron again. He wanted especially to tell Aaron that three men were sitting on the fence waiting for him. But this was impossible. The hour was approaching when Chunky Riley must be in his cabin on the Gossett plantation ready to go to work with the rest of the hands. He had slept soundly the first half of the night, and he would be as fresh in the field when the sun rose as those who had slept the night through. As he turned away from the fence a dog in the path leading from the sping to the stile suddenly began to bay. The men tried to drive him away, and one of them threw a stick at him, but the dog refused to be intimidated. He bayed them more fiercely, but finally retreated toward the spring, stopping occasionally to bark at the men on the fence.

"If I'm not mistaken," remarked Mr. Gossett, "that's my dog, Rambler. I know his voice, and he's been missing ever since that nigger went to the woods. I wonder if he's taken up over here? George, I wish you'd make it convenient to come over here as soon as you can and find out whether Rambler is here. Now, there's a dog, Simmons, that's away ahead of anything you've got in the shape of a nigger dog—nose as cold as ice, and as much sense as the common run of folks."

"He ain't doing you much good," replied Mr. Simmons.

"That's a fact," said Mr. Gossett. "Till I heard that dog barking I thought Rambler had been killed by that nigger."

Chunky Riley struck into the plantation path leading to Gossett's right at the point where the three men had tied their horses. They had ridden as far as they thought prudent, considering the errand they were on, and then they dismounted and made their horses fast to the overhanging limbs of a clump of oaks, which, for some reason or other, had been left standing in the field. One of the horses whinnied when Chunky Riley came near, and the negro paused. Aaron would have known that the horse said, "Please take me home, and be quick about it; I'm hungry;" but Chunky Riley could only guess. And as he guessed a thought struck him—a thought that made him scratch his head and chuckle. He turned in his tracks, went back along the path a little way, and listened. Then he returned, and the horse whinnied again. The creature was growing impatient.

Once more Chunky Riley indulged in a hearty laugh, slapping himself softly on the leg. Then he went to the horses one by one, pulled down the swinging limbs to which their bridle reins were fastened and untied them. This done, he proceeded to make himself "mighty skace," as he expressed it. He started toward home at a rapid trot, without pausing to listen. But even without listening he could hear the horses coming after him, Mr. Simmons' horse with the others.

The faster he trotted the faster the horses trotted, and when Chunky Riley began to run the horses broke into a gallop, and came clattering along the path after him, their stirrups flying wildly about, and making a clamor that Chunky Riley had not bargained for. The faster he ran the faster the horses galloped, until at last it seemed to him that the creatures were trying to run him down. This idea took possession of his mind, and at once his fears magnified the situation. He imagined the horses were right at his heels. He could feel the hot breath of one of them on the back of his neck.

Fortunately for Chunky Riley there was a fence at the point where the path developed into a lane. Over this he climbed and fell exhausted, fully expecting the horses to climb over or break through and trample him with their feet. But his expectations were not realized; the horses galloped along the lane, and presently he could hear them clattering along the big road toward Gossett's.

Chunky Riley was exhausted as well as terror-stricken. The perspiration rolled from his face, and he could hear his heart beat. He lay in the soft grass in the fence corner until he had recovered somewhat from his exertions and his fright. Finally he rose, looked back along the way he had come, then toward the big road, and shook his head.

"Did anybody ever see de beat er dat?" he exclaimed.

Whereupon he went through the woods, instead of going by the road, and was soon in his cabin frying his ration of bacon.

(To be Continued.)

QUEER CURRENCY.

Scarcity of Coin of the Realm in Mountain Settlements.

Boys in the east sometimes think money a scarce enough article but they really know very little about it compared with what some of their cousins from the far west could tell them. There one often goes for days without sight of even so much as a nickle, and then the people resort to all sorts of queer devices in order to "make change."

An eastern man, who had occasion to spend many months in Montana tells of having seen a man buy a box of matches with a watermelon and receive as change two muskmelons. Another paid for suspendors in turnips and got a carrot or two back with his purchase.

"But of all the queer financial transactions that I have ever known," said he, "the oddest came under the head of 'paying the fiddler.' It had been noised abroad that a dance was to be given a little way up the mountain, and I agreed to go along with one of the boys to see the fun. After going through the elaborate preparations of blacking his boots and putting on a collar, I saw my companion go to the potato bin and carefully select a dozen nice potatoes and put them in his pocket. No sooner had we arrived at the 'music hall' than he gracefully surrendered his vegetables for an entrance ticket. But what puzzled me the most was that, upon coming out after dancing all night, he was given two onions as 'change.' I have been trying to make up my mind ever since just what that dance was worth in the 'currency of the realm.' "

The man whose caprice runs to fancy vests has a wonderful array from which to select—greater, indeed, than the dandies of the revolutionary period, who spent more time over the fit and material of their long waistcoats than they did over any other part of their attire. The full dress, single-breasted vest this year is of white silk, the fronts being closed with four buttons. The opening which shows the shirt is of a broad U-shape, and the collar is narrow, with single stitched edges.

THE MARQUIS OF SALISBURY

Character Sketch of the Subtle Leader of British Tories.

FEARED ALIKE BY FRIEND AND FOE

The Man with Whom America Had to Deal in Negotiating the Arbitration and Alaskan Treaties—Characteristic Obstinacy.

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It is strange how widely spread is the ignorance of Lord Salisbury's personality, stranger still to note how limited is the popular curiosity about him. After forty years of incessant publicity, there are few English minds in which his image has taken a firm outline, and the great bulk of the nation is frankly indifferent as to what manner of man he is. Mr. Gladstone they know, and Mr. Balfour and Mr. Chamberlain; even Lord Rosebery, a far more subtle and elusive character, they have some inkling of, but the marquis of Salisbury dwells in a world seemingly remote from theirs, and beyond their speculation. Confidence is, perhaps, the word to describe the feeling of the average Englishman for the present prime minister; an instinctive belief that when he is at the head of affairs things are going well with England. He never was and never could be a popular hero such as Lord Palmerston was. He has none of those little arts and graces which endear a public man to the multitude. He is not a golfer like his nephew, or a sportsman like Lord Rosebery, or an orchid grower like Mr. Chamberlain. His pet hobby, electrical engineering, is not one to kindle such general enthusiasm, and in England a man's popularity depends as much on his private as his public doings.

Mr. Gladstone's wood-chopping must have won over many hundred intelligent voters to the liberal cause. But Lord Salisbury has none of these inspiring domestic traits. He does absolutely nothing the Englishmen like their leaders to do. Beyond the bare fact that he dabbles in chemistry, the public knows nothing of his life at Hatfield, and no doubt this peaceful obscurity is what he likes best. He spurns the unhallowed throng, and bids them avaunt. The idea of any one attempting to "interview" Salisbury makes one smile. Outside official receptions, London society sees very little of him, though those who are lucky enough to have met him are unanimous in praise of his perfect freedom from pomposity self-assertion, and the dash of cynicism which spices the flavor of his fun. But he seems to share the queen's distaste for the metropolis, and runs down on the first opportunity to Hatfield, his magnificient ancestral palace, in the gardens of which Queen Elizabeth heard the news of Mary's death. Nor are his appearances on the public platform much more frequent. As leader of the conservative party, he has to make one or two concessions to the popular demand for speeches, but his heart is not in the work. He goes through his part vigorously enough, but with a distinct effort. As a rule, he is content to address the nation from his seat in the house of lords.

THE TORY PILLAR.

All this is a sever damper on popular enthusiasm. Lord Salisbury stands forth a towering, unadorned pillar of high tory principles, conspicuous to the nations, to be admired or not, as you please; but in either case to be judged simply for what it is and not for its adventitious trappings. And so the average man, caring a good deal more for politicians than for politics, finds himself repelled by this haughty simplicity. No one ever thought of hanging around the foreign office on the off chance of cheering Lord Salisbury as he got into his brougham; no one ever hated him enough to mob him in the streets, as some twenty years ago, Mr. Gladstone was mobbed by a crowd of boisterous jingoes. Passion, either in the way of admiration or dislike, has never entered into the general estimate of his character of policy. There are not many prominent men, in England at all events, who stand in that particular position. Fifteen years ago it was positively unsafe to mention Mr. Chamberlain's name before a conservative; and even today it is better to conceal your admiration for Mr. Gladstone in the presence of a tory. Both these men have always had the knack of rousing a direct personal enmity among their political opponents. But no one dreams of getting angry when talking of Lord Salisbury. The sternest radical will only shake his head when you refer to him and murmur

LORD SALISBURY.

something about a "mediaeval fossil." It is not that Lord Salisbury has ever made any attempt to soften the rigidity of his political principles or modify his caustic criticisms on Gladstonian policy.

On the contrary his speeches are peculiarly blunt and straightforward, with all Mr. Chamberlain's bitterness and all Mr. Gladstone's trenchancy, and the ferocious cynicism of some of his personal attacks on his adversaries has long been one of England's most delightful annual scandals. The real reason for this neutral attitude towards him is that he does not care one atom whether he is popular or unpopular. He makes not the slightest effort to catch the applause of the many-headed; their applause gives him no pleasure; their disapproval does not disconcert him. What the people may say or think of him is a matter of complete, sarcastic indifference. He has all the disdain of his Elizabethan ancestors for "the persons who live in small houses." He has all the contempt of a man of strong intellectual qualities for the ignorance of the multitude. It is this two-fold pride—the pride of birth and the pride of brain—that has drawn round him a sort of sanitary cordon of exclusiveness. A question of enlarging the franchise came up a few years ago. Lord Salisbury was convinced the workingmen did not desire more votes, because they did not agitate for them. The British workingman, he seemed to argue, when he wants anything in his home life, smashes the crockery and beats his wife till he gets it; in his public life, pulls down park railings and has a riot. No windows so far have been broken; there has been no riot; therefore this demand for the franchise is not genuine. In Mr. Gladstone's last government a measure was introduced to establish pariah councils in the rural districts. "Pariah councils!" exclaimed Lord Salisbury, "much better give them a traveling circus."

BEHIND THE AGE.

That sort of thing would not be stood in America; but then it would not be an unfair description of Lord Salisbury to say that he is the most unAmerican man now living. The nineteenth century has no right to Lord Salisbury; he ought to have lived 300 years ago; he would have made such a capital Elizabethan. The English people, however, do not resent his feudal contempt for them; they are always rather glad to be kicked by a man of their own race. Nothing Mr. Rhodes ever did more endeared him to his countrymen than his sneer at their "unctuous rectitude," and in the case of Lord Salisbury—why, if a man with an ancestry like his, with attainments like his, with a record of public services like his, chooses to distrust the political wisdom of the English masses, it is tacitly admitted that he has a perfect right to do so. The English masses are willing to have him at his own price.

Yet with all this he is a superb example of the English political nobleman—proud, generous, dignified, cultured; an admirable landlord, a student, a scholar, a chemist, an historian and a business man. Lord Salisbury could at any time become his own steward and manage his Hatfield estates. There was a time when he used to smile on aerated bread companies and similar enterprises. For some years he was an active director of one of England's most important railroads. He turned his favorite hobby to practical use by lighting Hatfield house with electricity, and even today he is probably never so happy as when pottering about in his chemical laboratory.

In his early years, while he was still Lord Robert Cecil, a younger son, hard driven for money, and with no apparent chance of succeeding to the title or estates, he was glad to help out his means by the use of his very clever pen. He wrote chiefly for the Quarterly Review, the famous organ of cut and dried toryism; but he was not above contributing political editorials to the daily press—that press which was afterward to be the object of the most humorous scorn. A journalist might do a great deal worse than model his style on Lord Salisbury's earlier efforts; while for dignity and incisiveness of diction and command of the English language his official dispatches deserve the study of every politician. Beyond this inclination toward literature, the facts of his early life do not, to borrow Lord Rosebery's favorite phrase, amount to much. He was born at Hatfield in 1830, and was educated at Eton and Christ church, Oxford, the two splendid institutions which have this century provided England with no less than seven of her prime ministers. He went the round of the English colonies after leaving college, and in 1853 entered the House of Commons as member from Stamford. In those days he was known as Lord Robert Cecil—Robert Arthur Talbot Gascogne Cecil, to give him the full name. His title was, of course, merely what is known in England as a "title of courtesy," and indicated simply that the bearer of it was the son of a peer, and, therefore, not being a peer himself, eligible for election to the House of Commons. It was not until 1865, on the sudden death of his elder brother, that he became Lord Cranborne and heir to the marquisate.

INTELLECTUAL FORCE.

In the House Lord Robert Cecil quickly made himself known and disliked. His intellectual ability was undeniable, but the extraordinary and wanton bitterness of his personal attacks set the average member against him. He had a rare genius for saying offensive things in the most offensive tone. One night, during the early session of 1861, he denounced Mr. Gladstone's financial policy as "more worthy of an attorney than a statesman." The House imposed on its members a strict moderation of language, and many murmurs were heard at the coarseness of this criticism. Lord Robert went on unheeding. The next night he rose and said he feared he had on the previous evening uttered some words which might give offense, and which he felt he could hardly justify. Every one, of course, was expecting a handsome apology to Mr. Gladstone, and several members raised encouraging cheers. He had, continued, Lord Robert, compared Mr. Gladstone's policy to that of an attorney. That was language which, on cooler consideration, he felt he ought not to have used, and therefore he thought he was only doing justice to his own feelings when he owned that on that occasion he did a great injustice—to the attorneys. No comment could amplify this puerile piece of buffoonery. It is still bitterly remembered against him, and so long as a radical press exists in England it is in no danger of being forgotten.

This passion for going out of his way to make himself obnoxious has clung to Lord Salisbury all through life. A short time ago a nobleman got up in the Lords and made a motion for altering the standing orders so that peers who wished to get into the Commons might be excused from attending the Upper House. The proposal was of course absurd for the disabilities of the peerage can only be removed by statute. Lord Kimberley was for getting rid of the whole thing on a point of order, but Lord Salisbury declared he was most anxious to hear his noble friend on the subject, and insisted that he should be allowed to speak. The wretched peer stumbled pitifully along for half an hour, when Salisbury arose and genially remarked that while he was quite sure no one would offer the slightest hindrance to his "noble friend" absenting himself from that House, he did not think it very likely he would find his way into the other. Disraeli must have been thinking of passages like this when he said that Lord Salisbury's invective wanted "finish."

As an orator, Lord Salisbury is a good deal better to read than to hear. His gestures are ungainly; his voice peculiarly harsh and monotonous; his mordant epigrams lose half their force from the grimness of his delivery. He does not make speeches, he talks—the casual overflow of a clear, comprehensive and cynical mind. He has a marvelous knack of applying principles to the most minute occurrence and a selection could easily be made from his speeches that would form a luminous and authoritative conservative textbook.

POWER IN DEBATE.

In debate he still commands all his old power and readiness, with an occasional dash of that impetuous aggressiveness which used to make men fear and distrust as much as they admired him. It took the conservatives a long time to get over their terror of his disquieting reputation. Nothing but his genuine instinctive toryism could have done it, and Lord Salisbury is a tory through and through. He is precisely the kind of man who, by birth, education and nature could not be anything but a tory. He believes with all his might in the right of the few to rule the many. His devotion to the principle of the Established church is, as he confessed in the House of Commons, "something sacred." He was born into these beliefs and he has never foregone one of them. On one memorable occasion he broke away from his party and sacrificed office sooner than give them up. Few political careers could show more rectitude or more intelligent consistency.

It is, of course, as a foreign minister that he will be best remembered. He was twice secretary of state for India, and piloted her safely and with splendid firmness through two severe famines. He has been three times minister for foreign affairs, and the general sigh of relief that goes up from all the British colonies when he steps into office is the best witness to his fitness for the post.

Apart from his amazing knowledge of European and foreign politics, he has the reputation of never having driven a bad bargain. In practically every way he realizes the Englishman's ideal of what a foreign minister ought to be. Of late years he has dropped out of domestic politics almost entirely. It is hard at times to realize that he and not Mr. Balfour or Mr. Chamberlain is the prime minister. Parliamentary warfare seems to have lost its keenness for him and he very willingly delegates the ordering of party maneuvers to his nephew. His work at the foreign office brings him, in a general way, very little before the public, and most people have got into the habit of thinking of him as a kind of invisible agency at the back of the conservative party, which manages in some mysterious fashion to direct the foreign policy of England with firmness and dignity. But when events do force him into the light of day it is seen how completely he is in accord with whatever is best in English imperialism. Nothing could have been more admirable than his answer to the German emperor's insolent telegram during the Transvaal crisis. Lord Salisbury dispatched to South Africa in five days a flying squadron equal to the entire strength of the German navy. Within our time no act of British statesmanship has been so universally applauded for its fearless decisiveness. Lord Salisbury did everything that was expected of a man of his ancestry—the highest recommendation that an Englishman can give. For, as Mr. Traill has more than once observed, there is no public man in England who stands surety for English interests, and English honor under heavier recognizances of blood and name.

How is Your Baby?

A baby's health depends directly upon its mother's milk.

Two qualifications are absolutely essential.

That the milk be Rich and Nourishing.

That the milk be Pure.

Pure milk cannot be made from bad blood.

Poisons and impurities circulating in the blood of the mother show themselves in that mother's milk.

Every nursing mother should have perfectly pure blood or her child will suffer the consequences.

JULIUS HOBBS, M. D.

Dr. Hobbs Sparagus Kidney Pills

are a necessity for mothers who hope to raise strong, healthy and robust children, for they keep the blood constantly filtered and purified.

Strong Testimony from an Omaha Lady.

Omaha, Neb., Feb. 2nd, 1897.

Your Sparagus Kidney Pills are the best of all kidney remedies that I have ever used. I was laid up in bed with pain in my back and my kidneys bothered me so that I was in continual misery. One box of your Sparagus Kidney Pills and one of your Little Liver Pills have made me well and strong.

MRS. CHRISTINE GOEBEL,
317½ S. 10th St., Omaha, Neb.

HOBBS REMEDY CO., PROPRIETORS, CHICAGO.

Dr. Hobbs Pills, For Sale By

KUHN & CO., PHARMACISTS,
Cor. 15th and Douglas Sts., Omaha, Neb.

We send the French Remedy **CALTHOS** free, (no C. O. D's) and a legal guarantee that CALTHOS will **STOP Discharges and Emissions, CURE Spermatorrhea, Varicocele and RESTORE Lost Vigor.** *Use it and pay if satisfied.*

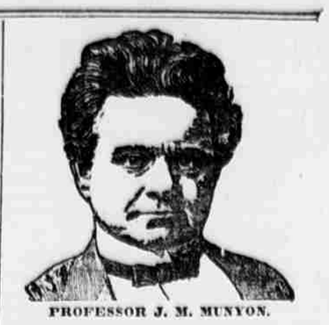
VON MOHL CO., 332 B,
Sole American Agents, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Chichester's English Diamond Brand.

PENNYROYAL PILLS

Original and Only Genuine. SAFE. Always reliable. Ladies, ask Druggist for *Chichester's English Diamond Brand* in Red and Gold metallic boxes, sealed with blue ribbon. Take no other. *Refuse dangerous substitutions and imitations.* At Druggists, or send 4c. in stamps for particulars, Testimonials and "Relief for Ladies," in letter, by return Mail. 10,000 Testimonials. *Name Paper.* Chichester Chemical Co., Madison Square, Philada., Pa.

Sold by all Local Druggists.



PROFESSOR J. M. MUNYON.

Most women have some inward trouble which makes life miserable and causes an early breaking down of the whole system. Prof. Munyon says that his Female Remedies will positively cure the following symptoms: Leucorrhoea or whites, prolapsus or falling of the womb and backache, bearing down pains, tired feeling, soreness and dragging in the hips and loins, painful menses, scanty menses, suppressed menses and regulate menstrual periods that come too often. Price, 25 cents.

If there is leucorrhoea or white do not fail to use Munyon's Leucorrhoea Tablets. Price, 50 cents. These remedies provide a home treatment that cures speedily and completely all forms of female complaints.

Prof. Munyon puts up a separate cure for each disease. At all druggists, mostly 25 cents a vial.

Personal letters to Prof. Munyon, 1505 Arch street, Philadelphia, Pa., answered with free medical advice for any disease.

PATRONIZE HOME INDUSTRIES

BY purchasing goods made at the following Nebraska factories. If you cannot find what you want, communicate with the manufacturers as to what dealers handle their goods.

BAGS, BURLAP AND TWINE.

BEMIS OMAHA BAG CO.

Manufacturers of all kinds of cotton and burlap bags, cotton flour sacks and twine a specialty. 614-616-618 S. 11th St.

BREWERIES.

OMAHA BREWING ASSOCIATION.

Car load shipments made in our own refrigerator cars. Blue Ribbon, Elite Export, Vienna Export and Family Export delivered to all parts of the city.

IRON WORKS.

DAVIS & COWGILL IRON WORKS.
Iron and Brass Founders.

Manufacturers and Jobbers of Machinery. General repairing a specialty. 1501, 1503 and 1505 Jackson street, Omaha, Neb.

INDUSTRIAL IRON WORKS.

Manufacturing and repairing of all kinds of machinery, engines, pumps, elevators, printing presses, hangers, shafting and couplings. 1404 and 1408 Howard St., Omaha.

PAXTON & VIERLING IRON WORKS.

Manufacturers of Architectural Iron Work. General Foundry, Machine and Blacksmith work. Engineers and Contractors for Fire Proof Buildings. Office and works: U. P. Ry. and So. 17th street, Omaha.

SHIRT FACTORIES.

J. H. EVANS—NEBRASKA SHIRT COMPANY.

Exclusive custom shirt tailors. 1515 Farnam.

TENTS AND AWNINGS.

AMERICAN TENT AND AWNING CO.

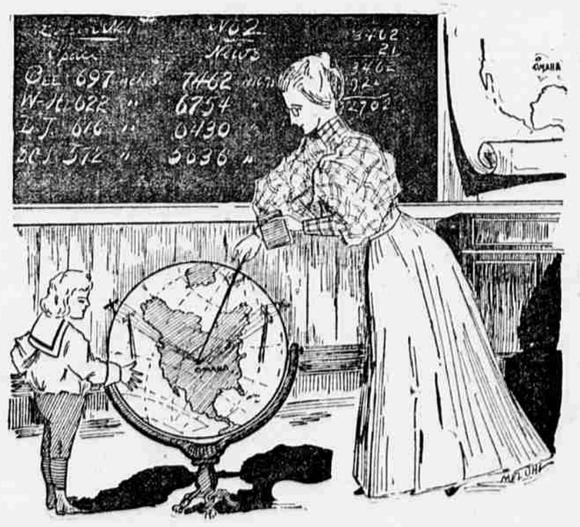
Awnings, Tents, Horse Covers, Flags and Tarpaulins. Tents for rent. Salesroom 613 South Sixteenth street. Telephone 466.

DYE WORKS.

SCHOEDSACK'S TWIN CITY DYE WORKS, 1521 Farnam St.

Dyeing and cleaning of garments and goods of every description. Cleaning of fine garments a specialty.

LESSONS IN NEWSPAPER MAKING.



LESSON NO. 3.

Do you not see Omaha on the globe? Do you not also notice the telegraph wires leading away into distant lands? These carry the news from all parts of the globe direct to the Bee Building. We have already shown you how The Bee surpasses all competitors in amount of news published and now we will have a lesson on

FOREIGN CABLE NEWS

Taking four days—February 14, 15, 16 and 17—being the Sunday, Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday editions, this is the result:

		Sun. Feb. 14	Mon. Feb. 15	Tues. Feb. 16	Wed. Feb. 17	Total
THE BEE printed	inches	121¼	46¼	52½	70	290
World-Herald printed	inches	53½	38¼	52½	53½	167¾
Lincoln Journal printed	inches	88¾	48	29¼	26	192
Sioux City Journal printed	Inches	48½	37	41	36¼	162¾

Here again THE BEE is ahead of all competitors—for a comparison of Sunday and the following three week days:

THE BEE printed 290 inches.
The World-Herald printed 167¾ inches.
The Lincoln Journal printed 192 inches.
The Sioux City Journal printed 162¾ inches.

That gives THE OMAHA BEE for the same period

122¼ inches (about 6 colums) more than the World-Herald.
98 inches (about 5 columns) more than the Lincoln Journal.
127 inches (about 7 columns) more than the Sioux City Journal.

YOU CAN'T READ IT ALL UNLESS YOU

.. Read The Bee ..