

short of memory or of appreciation who would not yield her place and tribute. Mrs. Decker gets into rapport (as the spiritualists say, only the mediums call it "report") with the audience immediately. She is magnetic, is not puffed up by her elevated position in the world of clubs. She has no axe to grind, and if she had there are any number of women who would be glad to help turn the grindstone. For Mrs. Decker's axe would be a catholic weapon against the heathenness, or for building an edifice worth her effort and ours.

Miss French—Octave Thanet.

A literary celebrity is not often unfeignedly interested in crowds of unknown admirers. A celebrity sometimes ostentatiously travels incog and noses about for copy, never forgetting his own distinguished reality and mad because his fellow-travelers do not elbow for a sight of him. Miss French is as interesting and warmly human as Thackeray, and I would just as soon know her, though something in the comprehending and comprehensive glance of her grey literary eyes is disconcerting to one not so very sure of himself at any time.

In the national world of clubdom, there is no one, not even Mrs. Lowe or Mrs. Decker, who is more beloved than Miss French. She loves clubs and club women, to her own bodily fatigue. She showed it by taking the shortest and most unpleasant route over the desert from Salt Lake to Lincoln, and not stopping in Glenwood Springs, where the water comes hot from a boiler a few miles nearer the center of the earth, and where the hot bath that is grateful to the desert-dusted traveler awaited her. She had promised to talk to the women of Nebraska, and she kept her word, though the distance between Lincoln and Salt Lake could not be covered in the time the effete timetables stated at Ridgetfield, Connecticut, where Miss French was sojourning when she made the arrangement with Nebraska.

Miss French talked about repose and humour and their alleviating effects upon life and matrimonial association. She advised every woman to try humour, knowing that even if a sense of humour be lacking, the same thing in the way of a state of mind or a certain way of looking at events and trials comparatively, may be cultivated and finally accomplished. An innate and developed sense of humour is only an abiding concept of proportion and of the true relation of things. A humourist sees small things small and is not deceived because there are a number of smaller things in the same neighborhood. Miss French speaks with a lingering on the vowels, so noticeable in Mark Twain's caressing release of the vowels in one word only to run to those in the next. Her address was stimulating and a very pleasant finale to the session of the Nebraska Federation of Women's Clubs. Miss French quoted part of that lovely poem of William Reed Dunroy's on Nebraska, which begins:

There may be skies as blue,
but none are bluer,
Than in Nebraska;
There may be hearts as true,
but none are truer,
Than in Nebraska.

The Color Line.

The appearance of two very pleasant colored women at the federation suggested much discussion between friends on this subject. If women are really banded together to help humanity, it appears inconsistent to refuse

admission to colored women, if they ask it, though these did not. A candid, unsentimental consideration of the question will suggest obstacles that cannot be overcome. In the first place, the federation, national and state, was organized by white women, and so long as a number of members are opposed to the admission of Negroes, their wishes should be respected, as nothing is more certain than that if they were disregarded they would leave the organization by hundreds, and the few Negro women who entered the federation would not compensate, either in numbers or in their receptivity to the elevating influences of club life, for the white sisters who were withdrawn.

The Negro race is several centuries behind the white race in development, and it is questionable if the association proposed by some of them would effect any change except a very artificial one. The Negro must go through the slow process of development. Booker Washington, the truly great man who knows them better than any sentimentalist, says that close association with white folks in this period of their growth, retards instead of hastening it. To associate with Negroes on any other basis than convention has established, must be justified by very strong reasons—for there are strongest reasons for convention.

Red Pottage.

Long after reading some books their characters continue to interest the mind, and unless the conduct and the characters are consistent, the mind, even of the humblest and most unimaginative reader, rebels and refuses to accept the story as true. In "Red Pottage" two characters, in the middle background and seldom left alone in the center of the stage, are really the two people in whom every one is persistently interested. And, of the two, the man, Lord Newhaven, is more subtle and more interesting. He has an Englishman's hatred of a scene, and jealously refuses to discuss his wife's wickedness, even with her. "Lord Newhaven was in his wife's eyes a very quiet man of few words. That his few words did not represent the whole of him had never occurred to her. She had often told her friends that he walked through life with his eyes shut. He had a trick of half shutting his eyes which confirmed her in this opinion. When she came across persons who were after a time discovered to have affections and interests of which they had not spoken, she described them as "cunning." She had never thought Edward "cunning" until tonight. How had he, of all men, discovered this—this—? She had no words to call her conduct by, though words would not have failed her had she been denouncing the same conduct in another wife and mother." Lord Newhaven invited the pretty, appealing young man who had made all the trouble, and whose name was Hugh, into his study, told him that he knew all and invited him to draw one of two lighters which he had prepared, telling him that if he drew the short lighter he must kill himself at the end of five months. The reason he did not propose a duel was on account of his two boys, and the disgrace of a duel to their mother. Hugh drew the short lighter, but at the end of five months continued to live, and Lord Newhaven had himself examined by a physician, who said he discovered symptoms of vertigo. The next day Lord Newhaven fell from a railroad platform under a moving train, and was instantly killed. Miss Cholmondely must know that he never did anything of the kind, and she proves it. He loved his children

much more than he hated his wife, though she was a vicious fool, and living with her must have been exquisite torture. But he was a tender, self-sacrificing, faithful father, and he never left his children to her care, especially after he had convinced himself that Hugh loathed her and loved another woman. One ever admirable trait of Shakspeare's is that his characters do not do (for them) impossible things. Shakspeare was occasionally fascinated with a situation, but he never lost his head and forced his characters to do what they would not do. Neither the picturesqueness nor dramatic quality in any situation ever tempted him. Miss French suggested that the situation conquered Miss Cholmondely's innate acquaintance with her characters and she made them act inconsistently in order to produce the denouement.

The author says that Hugh was a charming man, but she does not make him so, and every one wonders why Rachael loved so effeminate a character. These things do not quench the charm of the book, which is as persistent as the questions it constantly suggests.

Political Ethics.

There can be no question that those republicans who are too conscientious to refrain from voting or to vote for a man who would have sold what republicanism he was supposed to stand for, will vote next month for the populist or democratic candidates for the legislature. The republican candidates are pledged to vote for Mr. Thompson for United States senator, and the proof of his offer of sale of his republicanism for an office does not affect them.

If treason to the party is to be rewarded by the highest state office, then republicanism in Nebraska means nothing at all except to the comparatively few men who make their living by politics. The election of Mr. Thompson as United States senator is a declaration that republicans in Nebraska care nothing for principles. The election of Mr. Bryan or Mr. Allen to the United States senate will leave the republican party in this state intact. The next republican county convention that meets will not dare instruct its nominees to vote for a man who has offered to sell out the party. Republicanism means something or nothing. The rank and file of republicans love the party, its principles, history and standard-bearers. The rank and file will settle this question, and it shall not be the fault of The Courier if every republican voter in this county does not know when he votes for Richard O'Neill, John J. Trompen, A. W. Lane, John H. Mockett, Jr., C. R. Tefft, E. J. Shellhorn and Charles J. Warner, that they are voting for Mr. Thompson, a man who pledged his solemn word to the populists that he would oppose the policy of imperialism, his solemn word that he would oppose any increase in the regular army, his solemn word that he would oppose the retirement of the greenbacks and the issuance of currency by banks, and favor an increased use of silver, his solemn word that he would oppose government by injunction and favor an income tax, his solemn word that he would remain out of republican caucuses. The rank and file who are busy six days out of the week, earning a living for themselves and their families, have, in prosperity and adversity, a touching loyalty to republican principles, and have never failed to deposit their vote for republicans. In voting for the republican candidates this fall they may elect to an office of the greatest dignity and im-

portance a man who has given his solemn word that he will do all in his power to make republican principles ineffectual. Mr. Thompson has given two public demonstrations of his inability to comprehend what fidelity to party, or to duty, means when they conflict, as they do in the lives of all men, with his own aggrandizement. In voting the republican legislative ticket this fall the republican voters of this county will vote against republicanism, everything that it means, aside from the loaves and fishes. Mr. Thompson denied every cardinal republican principle on his solemn word, and by so doing he disgraced the republicans who voted for him.

Finally, there is no evidence that in the latter part of his life and at Washington he would be found any more deserving of the confidence of a great party and worthy of the trust of Nebraska than in his past life, when he failed the depositors of a bank in which he was a director, or when he broke faith with the republican caucus in the last legislature and attempted to set aside its vote. It is both bad politics and bad policy to select a man to a task requiring fidelity and sagacity and patriotism, highly developed forms of these three qualities and virtues, who has publicly proven himself unfaithful and unworthy of trust. The sequence of performance in little things with reward of greater duties is too old to be disturbed by modern men.

Affluent Mr. Davis.

Before Webster Davis went to Africa and espoused the cause of the Boers, he was living modestly at an eight dollar a week hotel. Since his return, with \$125,000 of Boer money, he lives in the best hotels, and dresses and smokes and drinks, "as a gentleman should, sah!" His oratory has always been considered the best thing about Mr. Davis. Since it has been decided by good judges on the democratic side that he has no oratorical ability, the Boers feel that they spent their money on false representations.

In a certain skirmish a colonel—(general he came to call himself)—got a slight scratch on his leg. The wound was a matter of great glory to him, says the Chicago Inter-Ocean, and he nursed it through after-days, growing lamer with every year, that the memory of his bravery might be ever near him. One day, late in his life, as he sat nursing his leg and pondering the glorious past, a young man, visiting the family for the first time, approached and sympathetically remarked: "Lame, General?"

"Yes, sir," after a pause, and with inexpressible solemnity; "I am lame."

"Been riding, sir?"

"No," with rebuking sternness, "I have not been riding."

"Ah, slipped on the ice, General?"

"No, sir," with actual ferocity.

"Perhaps, then, you have sprained your ankle, sir."

With a painful slowness the old man lifted his pet leg in both hands, set it carefully on the floor, rose slowly from his chair, and, looking down upon the unfortunate youth with mingled pity and wrath, burst forth in the sublimity of rage: "Go read the history of your country, you puppy!"

"I always sympathize with the under dog," Cusso declared.

"But do you bet on him?" persisted Cawker.—Town Topics.

Bill—Wot did 'Arry get for pickin' up the loidy's purse when she dropped it?
Jim—Six months.—Bit-Tits.