

The Louisiana Democrat.

"The World is Governed Too Much."

HEURY L. BLOSSAT, Business Manager.

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COMPENSATION.

"When I am a woman," said Mabel fair, with her shining eyes and her golden hair, "when I am a woman, the whole day through I'll keep as busy as mamma and you. I'll learn to sew, to churn, to bake such lovely loaves of bread and cakes; I'll wash and scrub, and to and fro from many other duties go. O yes, my home will be clean and sweet, when I've a house of my own so neat."

"But do you not think," I teasing said, "when the days of your youth are past recall, You will sometime shirk, or fear, or dread The burdens which may on your shoulders fall?"

"Why, auntie," she cried, with great surprise, "Don't you think whatever on me may fall, Whatever for me in the future lies, That some one will love me through it all?"

—Mary Estlin, in Yankee Blade.

LYSANDER'S WELL.

A Bone of Contention That Became a Bond of Union.

When Lysander Whiting, coming into a small property and a little ready money very unexpectedly, made up his mind to leave the sea, which he had "followed," to use his own expression, ever since he ran away from home at fourteen years of age, it also occurred to him that it was incumbent upon him to choose a wife for himself—one who should cook his dinners, iron his shirt bosoms, keep his house in good order, darn his stockings, and go to church with him on Sunday. It was very well, as he said to himself, for a sailor to have a sweetheart in every port, but a landsman with property should cultivate the domestic virtues. Accordingly he proposed to Esmeralda Archer and was accepted.

It was not a love match. Esmeralda had given up the idea of matrimony years before, and had settled down as the village tailoress. She could, however, turn her hand to anything, and coming to Mrs. Conover's one morning, had helped her to get breakfast. Lysander Whiting boarded at Mrs. Conover's, and as he sat at table he watched Esmeralda going to and fro with her light, true step and bright smile. Her face, flushed from the warmth of the kitchen, out of its usual paleness, and that satisfaction in serving a meal to hungry folk that is as natural to some women as their love for babies, gave her a pleasant, home-like look.

"She'd make a good wife," he said to himself. And the proposal was the result of the conviction.

The tailoress said to herself that the sailor had a good-humored face, and would be kind to her. He had also a home to offer her, which she could make comfortable for him. The domestic affections seemed very beautiful to the lonely, middle-aged girl, who had no relatives; and if there was no romance in either heart, there was no fear of the future.

However, the Widow Bodott was right when she declared that we "kant calculate on nothin' airyly." Before a year had passed over their heads the newly-wedded pair began to find themselves unhappy. What happened exactly it is hard to tell. The man's code of morals and manners was not that of the woman. She, a Puritan of the Puritans, brought up in a village, could not understand the sea-faring man, with his nightly glasses of grog, his desire to throw the parlor windows wide and let the sun in, his unconventional disregard of neighbors and his horrible habit of kissing pretty girls. She tried in vain to force him to be "genteel" and proper. He strove, with disastrous results, to induce her to be "jolly," or at least to allow him to be so. At last he secretly wished that he had never left the sea, and she that she were still a tailoress.

It was just about this time that the old well gave out. It had not been sweet for a long while, and there could be no doubt that there should be a new one long before. Esmeralda was anxious to send for certain men whose mission it was to dig wells, and have all done in a good and workmanlike manner, but Lysander was resolved that he would dig it himself. The two argued over this, as they argued over every thing, and could not agree as to the site of the well, or whether it should have one or the other of certain improvements of the pump-sort attached. And at last Lysander began his work in utter ignorance of all precautions taken by well-diggers, in the very worst spot possible.

He dug a great deal, and accomplished very little; and Esmeralda, indignant at his want of consideration for her comfort, and his carelessness of her approval, never went to inspect his work. In fact, that well seemed to be the straw that broke the camel's back; the fern root too much.

"I'm going to get up early and finish the well," said Lysander, one morning at five o'clock, as he pulled on his shoes. "I'll expect breakfast at seven."

"Very well," said Esmeralda, crossly; "I'll be in time to get it; but I shall take another nap now."

She turned on her side and drew the counterpane over her face. Afterward she remembered that he drew down the shade, and went out of the room with a kindly wish not to disturb her.

Such a little kindness comforts a woman. Esmeralda began to think that her husband might have banged the door, or been cross about her taking another nap, and she resolved to get him a very good breakfast; and thinking what it should be, fell into a pleasant sleep, and forgot all about it. When she was awakened with a start, the sun was high, and a tall clock on the mantelpiece pointed to the hour of ten.

"It couldn't be!" she said to herself, as she jumped out of bed and hurriedly dressed herself. She had never slept so late in all her life; and what would Lysander say? He had a right, she thought, to be very angry this time, and in quite a meek spirit she set to work at the kitchen fire, and stirred the batter for flap-jacks, and sliced the bacon. While she was doing this she watched the door for her husband's entrance, and listened for his step upon the porch; but no shadow fell upon the clean, white floor, and no sound was heard except the chirping of the birds or the clatter of some sociable squirrels. Breakfast was ready; still Lysander did not come, and throwing on her sun-bonnet she set forth to call him. Skirting the house, she came to the spot where the well was dug. Lysander's jacket hung upon a branch of an old pear tree, but where was he?

Suddenly Esmeralda began to be aware of the fact that the well-hole was not there; the earth had filled it to overflowing; that there had, in fact, been a "slide," and that in all probability Lysander was down at the bottom of the well under a ton or so of earth.

With her heart beating and her knees trembling, she ran all about the place, screaming her husband's name. Then, with ashy lips and tongue cleaving to her mouth, she staggered to the nearest neighbor's house, just managed to say: "The well—Lysander," and fell upon the floor in a dead faint.

For hours after this several neighbors worked very hard digging away the earth, with better knowledge of its propensity to return whence it came than the sailor had had. They came to his hat at last. Then they came to water—or rather mud and water. They could do no more.

The general verdict was that the ground was soft there below, and that Lysander had sunk in it and stuck there. Finally, after a week's excitement and much dragging and probing of the hole, they decided to fill the hole up and mark the place as a grave. This they did. A slab setting forth the virtues of the departed, covered the spot, and Mrs. Whiting put on widow's weeds. Three months afterward a baby boy—Lysander over again—was born into the world; and Esmeralda as she nursed him on her shoulder, began to believe his departed father a model of all perfection.

"She lived," she said, "and would live for her boy;" but life was worthless without her excellent and devoted husband. He had been so kind. It was in digging a well for her that he lost his life. And she told all who cared to listen how he had drawn the shade down and gone out softly to his work that she might not be disturbed.

Finally she began to believe that he had said something very kind as he went out, and she repeated that. The boy was taught, as he grew able to understand, that he had had a very saint for a father, and all poor Lysander's queer ways that had troubled her so much, were forgotten. She had his broad-face tin-type, taken when he was only half sober, and grinning from ear to ear, enlarged, and finished in pastel, very pink and white, with a ministerial gravity of demeanor, and an angelically subdued smile, and taught the boy to call it "Dear Papa;" and meanwhile she cared for the farm, and prospered. Now and then somebody proposed to the widow, but she always gave a gentle negative.

"Her heart is down that there well," said an appreciative friend, who had never seen Lysander, "and if Mr. Whiting was as handsome as that there picture, I can't wonder, for he looks like the wax figures in the Institute Fair, if not prettier."

Most of the suitors, being widowers, took their refusals easy; but one forlorn youth of immature years, who had remarked to the widow that "it was her dignity that fetched him," fell into the depths of despair on receiving a decided negative, accompanied by a reference to his early years, and left the town to "ship for a sailor and get drowned," with a view of haunting the widow afterward; and coming to the city docks where vessels lay, met a sea-faring man of jolly aspect, to whom he put a few questions.

"You see," he said, "I don't know just what to do. I've never followed the sea. I've kept grocery in Togginstown all my life, and I don't know as I'll get took onto a ship anyhow."

"You'll go back and keep grocery, if you'll take my advice," said the sailor. "Togginstown! Why, I used to live there once. Do you happen to know Lysander Whiting down that way?"

"Sakes alive! Him! Why, he's dead long ago; five or six years ago!" cried the boy. "I never saw him, but I've heard enough of him. She goes on about him continual. It's enough to make you sick."

"Agin him?" asked the sailor.

"No; praisin' of him," said the boy; "how awful good he was, and how han'some. Well, he was han'some. There's his picture to prove it."

"You don't say so," cried the sailor. "But his oddness!"

"I don't believe he was such a saint. You couldn't get me to," the boy went on. To see her sitting there holding the boy."

"What? Who?" shouted the sailor.

"The young son that was born, I'm told, after that—I mean after Mr. Whiting got smothered in the well hole. I don't want to be disrespectful to the dead, but—well, you can hear too much of 'em. She is all in black, and 'my poor, dear, good Lysander, that killed himself working for me,' every minute."

"Jonah! I want to know!" cried

the sailor. "And how does she look?"

"She's lovely," cried the Cupid-blinded youth, "so matoor, and has such dignitude."

"Boy, you are sweet on her," said the sailor, fiercely; "don't deny it!"

"What's that to you if I am?" retorted the lad.

"That!" said the sailor, as he knocked him down.

He was gone when Billy got his breath back and scrambled to his feet again.

Esmeralda Whiting, with her boy beside her, sat in her kitchen peeling peaches for preserves, when a shadow fell upon the floor. She looked up and gave a scream. A sailor, with a bundle on his shoulder, stood there looking at her. The red peach dropped out of her hand, and rolled over the white boards. The knife dropped glittering into the pile of peelings.

"Lysander, or his ghost!" she exclaimed.

"Esmeralda!" cried the sailor, and took her in his arms. "I never thought I should get back to you, my dear," he said. "I left you in bed, you know, and went out to finish the well. Well, as I jumped in there—a crash; down I went, every thing black around me, and I knew it was aslide. I didn't know any thing more until I found myself splash into the water, and yelled. When I yelled somebody else did, and I felt myself pulled up by my feet. I expected it was some of the neighbors, but bless you, when I got the water out of my eyes, there I was standing amongst a crowd of Chinese, and instead of our house and the barn, a pagoda there and a joss house here. It took me ten minutes to understand it. Then I remembered how the dominie had told us in one of his sermons about the antipodes, as he called 'em, and how China was just under our feet; and I saw I'd gone clear through the world and landed by good fortune in a Chinese well. Well, I knew you'd be skeered; so I hunted up the Consul and started my case. He allowed it was singular, but he stood by me. After awhile I got a chance to go home, but it takes a good while to go round the world, and I've sometimes thought I'd never get here. It's over now, thank goodness. And so that's the boy!"

He put one arm about his wife and one about the child, and at that moment the two middle-aged people mutually, though silently, vowed to live happily together.

How much of the story her husband told her Esmeralda believed it was hard to tell, but certainly, as she declared, China was right where the dominie said; and Lysander was back again, and "Seen in believin'," as every body knew.—Mary Kyle Dallas, in N. Y. Ledger.

WRITERS OF INFLUENCE.

The Newspaper Man as the Unvalued Molder of Public Opinion.

The famous writers of our time are not those who have made speeches in Congress; or supplied "squared and compassed" articles for the great monthlies. The potent writer of today, and he who governs and directs the thinking and thus the law-making of the country as molded by popular opinion, is the newspaper man. No magazine writer or editor has ever wielded the power of Greeley, of Dana, William Cullen Bryant, or Waterson, or Curtis, or Halstead. The restraint put upon a fecund newspaper writer by rules of essayists and of the magazines constrains invention, suppresses vital force. A writer who thinks rapidly and earnestly finds the fire of genius burning low when he begins the tedious task of filling ten or twenty pages of a magazine. Thirty years ago the admirable literature of the country was only in the magazines. For the tasteful and beautiful, and ornate, cultured taste then sought books and periodicals, like the Orion and the Southern Literary Messenger. To-day one may find as admirable specimens of faultless rhetoric in daily papers, and especially in their special editions, as in choicest books and most ornate monthly publications.

In fact the purely literary and philosophical monthlies are giving way before the pressure and power of the great newspapers, whose best editions are veritable magazines of choicest literature. The restraint put upon articles of genius, full of force and inspiration, and ready at moment's notice to discuss any conceivable subject wisely and tastefully, by the straight-laced editors of magazines, warps intellect, restrains its forces and stifles fancy to tremulous repose. No wonder that the fierce, earnest logic and vigorous sentences of Horace Greeley refused to air themselves in the covered vehicle of thought and eloquence in which the neat and tidy and scholarly "literateurs" of Boston aired the delicate children of their genius. The writer of the soft, sweet history of the Dutch Republic could never have figured in that partisan prize-ring in which Dana is a "slugger" and Waterson a most graceful and dangerous acrobat. But the men governing the thinking of mankind to-day are the great journalists, and not the magazinists of the age and century.

There is no American Macaulay or Jeffries or Christopher North, and there will never be. The newspaper has supplanted the magazine.—L. T. Dupre, in Birmingham (Ala.) News.

A great deal is said of the demoralizing influence of a prize-fight. There is no danger that a contest of this kind will add any thing to the demoralization of the crowd that usually witnesses it.—Chicago Tribune.

FULL OF FUN.

—They broke a man's will in New Jersey the other day by proving that he always walked upstairs instead of taking an elevator.

—Bride—"George, dear, when we reach town let us try to avoid leaving the impression that we are newly-married." "All right, Maud you can lug this valise."—Nebraska State Journal.

—Stout Lady—"Sir, I beg that you will desist from following me, or I shall call a constable." Porspiring Stranger—"Pray don't say so. It's the only bit of shade in the whole park. I'd do as much for you, but my shadow isn't worth mentioning."—Pick-Me-Up.

—The Widow O'Hara (in front of a marble-yard, in which there is a fine granite monument).—"What is it, raly?" Mr. Shaft.—"That, Madam, is a Scotch granite monument." The Widow O'Hara—"Shure an' of tho' it was sassigo-mate in a glass case!"—Puck.

—Little Son—"Papa, when Brutus said the Roman Senators were all honorable men he didn't mean it, did he?" Father—"No, he spoke satirically." "What's that?" "He meant that the 'hon.' in front of their names was put there by their constituents just for a joke. Those old Romans relished humor as much as we do."—Philadelphia Record.

—Johnny's verse.—Sunday-school Teacher—"Now, Johnny Cumsy, it is your turn. Recite your verse, please." Johnny (reciting).—"A certain man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho and fell among thorns, and the thorns sprang up and choked him." "Did you learn that verse out of the Bible, Johnny?" "None. Pop taught it to me."—Munsey's Weekly.

—Teacher—"Benjamin, how many times must I tell you not to snap your fingers? Now put down your hand and keep still. I shall hear what you have to say presently. (Five minutes later.) Now, then, Benjamin, what was it you wanted to say?" Benjamin—"There was a tramp in the hall awhile ago, and I saw him go off with your gold-headed parasol."—N. Y. Sun.

—The wife of a really well-to-do Hindu is prohibited by custom from conversation with her husband except in her own chamber. It is a ridiculous custom. About the only place a man doesn't want his wife to converse with him is in her own chamber—provided he is addicted to coming home at 1 a. m. exhausted with business cares and so forth—especially the latter.—Norristown Herald.

—Chairman—"Now, then, Mr. Smithkins, be so kind as to state what inducement was offered you to testify before this committee." Smithkins—"Well, gents, they told me you'd as likes as not whitewash every thing all over afore you got through, an' as my wife says our hen-house needs it pretty bad, I thought that by chippin' in a word or two I might get it done for nothin'."

—Mrs. Inexperience—"Excuse me, sir, but you said if I would give you a good breakfast you would cut up a lot of wood, and now you are going away just as soon as you have finished eating." Gentlemanly Tramp—"Yes, mum; I'm coming back to cut the wood day after to-morrow. All the doctors, you know, say it's very unhealthy to exercise violently after eatin' a hearty meal."—Somerville Journal.

UNIQUE PEON CUSTOMS.

The Female Descendants of the Aztecs Wear Mud Crowns.

"Among the most curious people of this continent," remarked John Olen-dorf in a San Francisco hotel, "are the native peons of Mexico, and when you look at the female portion of this unaccountable race you get a curious representation that makes you pause with wonder."

"Living on the borders of Arizona and Mexico, as I have for nine years past, I have had a good opportunity to see many things that most transient people would pass by unnoticed. The longer I stay the more I am impressed with the unaccountable ways of the descendants of the Aztecs. The society lady of the peons, if I may speak of her as such, has a way of doing up her back hair that I have never seen duplicated anywhere."

"It is no less than to put a great clay crown on the top of her cranium, in which the hair is matted, like pigs' bristles, in plaster. This crown reaches up say eight or nine inches and looks like a great plaster cone. It serves a double purpose. Not only is it worn at evening parties, but throughout the day. Indeed, the primary object of the mud cone was to preserve the head from the intense heat of the southern sun. Now, however, it is worn at evening balls, and no lady thinks herself recherche and in positively good form unless she has her novel crown on. The hair is matted and twisted and coiled all around in it, and it may be depended on that it can not come loose and come tumbling down and cause her any embarrassment in company. The longer a cone is worn the harder it gets, and when it has reached the age of a month, say, it is as hard as a brick-bat, and would have to be smashed to pieces with a sledge if there were no other way discovered. This, however, happily, is the case."

"The old Aztecs invented, and the secret has been perpetuated in the race, a peculiar solution compounded from wild plants which knocks the plaster topknot to smithereens. It takes some time to do it, however."—San Francisco Examiner.

REPUBLICAN METHODS.

A Few Words About the G. O. P. Campaign in the New States.

The state of the weather is exceedingly favorable for "frying the fat out of manufacturers" again, and the indications are that the experiment is to be tried once more. An election is to be held in the four new States, and proclamation has been made, not only from the party headquarters, but from the White House itself, that they must be carried by the Republicans. It is seen very clearly that the Republican party has much to lose in the contest and nothing really to gain. It has now a majority in Congress, and it will only have a majority if it carries all four of the new States. But if it loses all four, or two out of four, its majority is imperiled. This is why the political pot usually permitted to cool in the heated term is bubbling as actively and as noisily as it ever did in the midst of a Presidential contest.

The Quays, the Dudleys, the Chandlers and the Clarksons, unmindful of the imminent risk of sunstrokes, are busily at work laying pipes for the molding of the popular will in the new States; and it seems to be generally conceded in Republican quarters that the methods to be employed are those which the same manipulators used in the last election.

How far they will succeed is still an open question. As for the fat-frying process it is safe to say it will not pan out with anything like the abundant results of last season. The manufacturers are not only less fat to spare, but are far less in the mood for sparing any. A good many of those who yielded up their pinguity to the persuasions of Quay have got their pay in the shape of offices for themselves or their friends, and will plead to be regarded as out of politics. Those who have not gotten their pay for the fat they furnished will be even more loth to enter the frying pan again. They will admit probably the necessity of carrying the Dakotas and Washington; but they will be very obtuse as to the necessity of using money in the process.

The prospect for carrying the new States by successful fraud is even less promising. The "blocks of five" game can not be played to advantage, even by experts like Dudley, without money; and this, as we have already intimated, is not likely to be forthcoming in sufficient amount. Even if it should come through a fresh appeal to the fears of the manufacturers we doubt if the game could be played in a new State as it was in Indiana. There is likely, of course, to be considerable laxity in allowing the exercise of the elective franchise, as there always is in a new community. But there is likely also to be a good deal of disposition on the part of the people to manage their own affairs. The man who goes from one of the older States into either of the Dakotas, or Washington, or Montana, and attempts to manipulate the voting, as it was manipulated in Indiana last fall, stands an excellent chance of being lynched.

As for appealing to the fears of the working-men and securing their aid in carrying the new States for the Republican party, we doubt if that party have the necessary "cheek." The working-men have spent some six months and more in learning just what Republican promises of constant work at high wages are worth. A good many of them have had little else to do during the past three months; and the assistance they are likely to give the party in strengthening its hold upon Congress is likely to be of the smallest. It behooves Dudley, Clarkson & Co., therefore, to invent some new schemes for carrying the new States. The old ones will not work.—Detroit Free Press.

TOM PLATT'S PARTY.

A Party Struggle That May Disrupt the Republican Party.

Either Tom Platt is going into the Cabinet or there is going to be trouble for President Harrison in New York. The fight is on and the return of Mr. Platt from Alaska, where he has gone to recruit his strength, will be a signal for the fray.

Tom Platt represents the working Republicans of the Empire State—the men who control the organization of the party from the primary to the election of delegates to a National convention. These Republicans have been ignored by the President so far. Acting under the advice of Mr. Blaine, undoubtedly, Mr. Harrison has declined to recognize the claims of Mr. Platt or his friends. In the distribution of offices in New York up to this time the recommendations of the Platt men have been treated with little less than contempt. At length they have come to the conclusion that war on the Administration is the only means by which they can secure what they are pleased to term their rights.

They will do no more pleading or begging nor will they accept any thing less than the very best at the disposal of the Executive. The favors which the Administration is expected to bestow upon them for the return of a cessation of hostilities must be headed by the appointment of Tom Platt to a position in the Cabinet. If this can not be brought about the working Republicans of the State are determined that he shall succeed Mr. Everts in the Senate, and from his place on the floor of the upper house of Congress they claim he will open a fight on Blaine similar to that so well begun and so ignobly ended in Garfield's time.

The admission of Tom Platt to the Cabinet by President Harrison would be a notice to James G. Blaine that he was no longer wanted, and would be so accepted by the Maine statesman without delay. Mr. Platt and Mr. Blaine could not sit at the same table in the White House. The chasm between them is so wide and so deep that it can never be bridged over. It remains with Mr. Harrison to decide whether he shall stand by Blaine or whether he shall run the risk of losing the vote of New York State in the convention of 1892.

Notwithstanding all reports to the contrary, Mr. Blaine is in feeble health and is no longer the fighter that he used to be. If it strikes Mr. Harrison as being the most politic thing to do he will probably drop him in good season, form an alliance offensive and defensive with the New York malcontents, give them what they want, and trust to their ingenuity as machine politicians to pull him through the next National convention.—Chicago Times.

OBERLY'S SUCCESSOR.

A Man with a Blameless History Selected for an Important Office.

Mr. John H. Oberly, a Democrat, who in several official capacities had made an excellent record, was recently removed by President Harrison from the office of Commissioner of Indian Affairs, although his retention was prayed for by the Indian Rights' Association and by several thousand Republicans and Democrats who were familiar with the good work he had done in the Indian Bureau. Mr. James T. Morgan was appointed his successor. The record of the War Department show that Morgan, while Colonel of the Fourteenth U. S. Colored Infantry, was tried in 1885 by a court-martial and found guilty on various charges, as follows: Of having made false charges against a fellow-officer; of having, while custodian of recommendations for advancement for himself and a fellow-officer, retained the latter and forwarded only those in his own favor, and of having made false musters for companies in his regiment to his pecuniary advantage. On these charges, with specifications, Colonel Morgan was found guilty by the unanimous verdict of the court and sentenced to dismissal. When this sentence reached the department headquarters it was set aside in the manner thus described in the records:

In the foregoing cases of Colonel Thomas J. Morgan, Fourteenth United States Colored Infantry, the court having found the accused guilty of the first charge, the violation of the fifteenth article of war, had not authority to change the sentence prescribed in that article for such offenses, and the failure to conform to the requirement of the above article in sentencing the accused is an error fatal to the proceedings and judgment of the court so far as it relates to the first charge.

The requirement of the fifteenth article of war was that an officer found guilty of violating it should be "cashiered," and thereby utterly disabled to have or hold any office or employment in the service of the United States.

The New York Times says:

We suppose that it will be conceded that the Indian Commissioner ought to be a pure and honest man. That is true, indeed, of any public officer, but it is most important in this case, because dishonest or dishonest conduct may inflict great injury on the Indians, who are peculiarly helpless, and may greatly compromise the Government, which has already suffered deeply from the inefficiency and corruption of its agents.

How the President manages to find so many men with blameworthy records for important offices is a good deal of a mystery. He has made more improper appointments since he became President than any of his predecessors made in a full term. Grant alone excepted.—Indianapolis Journal.

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DRIFT OF OPINION.

"Nepotism, or public office is a family snap," will be the title of the Administration's first novel. The characters will all be related.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The greenback crop in the farmer's pocket is rapidly drying up. At latest accounts he was still hoping for relief from the home market and a high tariff protection.—N. Y. Herald.

The condition of American working-men when our population will have become as dense as that of England will approximate that of the Chinese unless the robber tariff is abolished long before that time.—Quincy (Ill.) Herald.

If "imitation is the sincerest form of flattery" President Harrison must feel highly flattered by those of his appointees who are making secretaries and clerks of their wives and "their sisters and their cousins and their aunts."—N. Y. World.

It is estimated that the Sugar Trust has made a profit of \$30,000,000 during the last year in excess of the profits of the sugar refiners before the trust was formed, all of which came out of the people without any return to the people. Some one might call that robbery, but then the trusts are such harmless little creatures.—Minneapolis Journal.

When the nomination for President was tendered to Benjamin Harrison he was moved to say that "fidelity and efficiency should be the only sure tenure of office." We can not make Tanner nor Clarkson nor many other of Harrison's appointments fit into any of the standard dictionaries' definitions of these terms.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

One of Corporal Tanner's brilliant arguments is that the United States is wealthy enough to give a liberal pension to every surviving soldier. For that matter the Government is wealthy enough to pay Mr. Tanner a salary of \$100,000 a year, but there is no particular reason why the Government should. The principles which govern such cases is not lost on every body if it is lost on Tanner.—Kansas City Times.

AMONG THE POULTRY.

A Mint of Information Summed Up in Short Paragraphs.

Lice thrive best in hot weather. Feed but little corn during the summer. The sooner the cockerels are marketed after they are full-grown the better. In selling off the hens be sure to keep enough for breeding purposes. Convenience and comfort are two important items in building a poultry house.

In applying a material to destroy lice or vermin, take pains to get into the cracks as thoroughly as possible. One of the advantages in raising ducks is that they make a faster growth and will be ready for market in a shorter time. In arranging roosts make them all on a level; use narrow strips in preference to round poles. The old hens, and young poultry especially, need a shade during the next two months.

In many cases poultry that have been confined early in the season can be let out now and be allowed a full range. Manage, so far as possible, to keep the poultry out of the stables and granaries.

When the hens begin to molt they need a tonic of some kind. This can in many cases be readily given by putting it in their drinking water. Full grown guineas make an excellent table fowl. They should not, however, be allowed to get too old, or they will be tough; from one to two years old is the best age.

Turkeys are fond of milk, and during the summer especially it should be supplied to them regularly, giving them all they will drink; it will be better than too much water. Exposure to draughts even in the summer time should always be avoided as far as possible. A cold in the summer is as bad as one in winter. Select the stock required for the fairs early in the season and give them a little special attention.

One of the principal advantages of a board floor is that with a good roof it can be kept dry. The disadvantage is that it affords a hiding place for vermin in the cracks. It is, however, easier kept clean than earth.

During the summer eggs intended for market should be gathered every day and be kept in a cool place; they will be of sufficiently better quality to pay well for the trouble. Geese should be picked every ten weeks and ducks every six weeks. This work should be done regularly during the warm weather, and can easily be made a source of considerable income.—St. Louis Republic.

THE FARMER'S POSITION.

Why It Should Be High, Potential and Superior to All Others.

Do farmers respect their own position and occupation? Are their methods of business such as to attract the favorable notice of the rest of the community? Do they value themselves at a high estimate or at such a one as they wish to be valued by the world? In their associations with other men do they exhibit a dignified regard for themselves and resent such impertinent and assumed superiority as would place them in an inferior position? Do they do their best to exhibit themselves to the world in the most favorable way? It is to be feared that they do none of these things—as a class—although there are many individuals who stand far apart from their associates in these respects, and to a great extent make an honorable position for themselves, and for their fellow-farmers by reflection. The farmers, with those persons directly depending upon them, make up at least a full half of the whole population, and with such support as might naturally lend to them they form the balance weight of the political and social structure. But it is very certain that for some reasons the position in society to which a class so placed and so numerous is entitled is left vacant because of inability to fill it. And thus the influence of the farmers is thrown away, and like the man who misused the talent, the farmers are given over to the tormentors.

No other men are so deluded as farmers permit themselves to be. They are so easily talked over and influenced that they become the prey of charlatans of all kinds, and especially the victims of sharpers and swindlers. People of any district may be judged by their public schools. A man should spend more for the education of his children than for their clothing, for the furnishing of their minds than for that of their bodies; and, inasmuch as the mind is infinitely superior to the body, so its development and training are more to be considered. Viewed from this point of view, one may perhaps make a shrewd guess of the cause of the low position occupied by the majority of farmers. Unfortunately these men are not mentally clear-sighted, and do not see their own unfavorable position. Hence we see philanthropic associations proposing to the farmers a series of questions regarding their social, political, moral, and pecuniary standing, and the causes of its low grade, which is admitted as a foregone conclusion by the very submission of these questions. Every farmer should feel called upon to study these matters and call the attention of his neighbors to them as a beginning of a new order of things, in which the farmers, rendered able by education, training, and a change of thought and mind, should occupy a high and potential position.—N. Y. Times.