M. CASIMIR-PERIER, President of France.

The new head of the French Republic was a member of the chamber of deputies for many years. A few months ago he was at the head of the ministry. He served with distinction during the Franco-German war, receiving the decoration of the Legion of Honor for his bravery. He is 47 years of age.

WASHINGTON TOWN TALK

Some Good Stories Picked Up by Our Correspondent.

Sheridan and the Mule Driver—One of Ben Butler's Choicest Bits of Humor—Congressional Ball Cranks—Mr. Butterworth's Bright Boy.

[Special Washington Letter.]

John C. Fay, a prominent lawyer of this city, formerly a member of the First New Jersey cavalry, narrated the following interesting story concerning Sheridan, the greatest cavalry general the world has ever known. It was just one week before Little Phil won immortal fame by his victory at Cedar Creek after his gallop "from Winchester, twenty miles away." Sheridan was in Washington upon important military business and took supper with a party of officers at a prominent restaurant in the national capital. The dinner was progressing in a satisfactory manner and everybody was happy, when suddenly Sheridan, the guest of honor, arose from his chair, looked towards the center of the table, raised his right hand to his temple, gave a military salute, and resumed his seat.

Everybody present called in chorus for an explanation of the remarkable performance, when Sheridan responded with a laugh: "I always salute in the presence of my superiors. I am a major general and am commanding the army of the Middle Military division, but that butter outranks me."

Sheridan and the Mule Driver.

Gen. Cyrus Bussey, late assistant secretary of the interior, was colonel of the Third Iowa cavalry, and served for a time under Sheridan. Gen. Bussey narrates an incident of the pugnacious character of the great cavalry general, which occurred long before he attained eminence as a commander of troops in the field. Sheridan was a captain doing duty as a quartermaster in southwest Missouri in the early days of the war. A provision wagon with a team of ten mules was stuck in the mud near Springfield and the driver began to unreasonably and unmercifully belabor the unfortunate mules. Capt. Sheridan, in fatigue uniform, without any insignia of his rank, mounted on a stout black horse, was driving along the left of

SHERIDAN AND THE MULE DRIVER.

the road when the blows and curses of the driver attracted his attention and he demanded the reason why the animals were being punished so severely.

The driver gave no reply but lifted his voice in utterance of oaths and curses, while he struck one mule a terrific blow with the heavy butt end of his whip. Capt. Sheridan shouted again to the driver and received in reply a profane threat that if he did not mind his own business he would get the same kind of treatment the mule was getting. Without stopping to state his rank and demand obedience, Capt. Sheridan slid from his saddle and grabbed the ruffian by the throat. Although a much shorter man than the wagoner, Sheridan was more athletic and scientific. In a moment he had the human brute upon his back in the mud, and then, twisting the whip from his hand, plied it liberally to the legs and arms of the mule driver until he howled for mercy. Sheridan allowed the frightened bully to arise, and, handing him his whip, said: "I am Capt. Sheridan, quartermaster of this army, and if you don't get this wagon out pretty quick I will thrash you again."

The wagoner thereupon took hold of the wheel and called two other men to his assistance, and in less than a minute the wagon was on its way. In the meantime, Sheridan, having mounted his horse, disappeared in the woods.

One of Ben Butler's Jokes.

Amos Cummings, who heard the latter part of the above story, said that the beating which Sheridan gave to the mule driver was not half so humiliating as the intellectual drubbing which was once administered to Dr. Loring. Mr. Cummings said that at a banquet of prominent people in Boston, Dr. Loring, who was the commissioner of agriculture at Washington, entertained the company with several stories to illustrate his belief that the cow is the most intelligent and affectionate of domestic animals. Dr. Loring told in detail the story of a birth of a calf on his farm, at which he had assisted; and added that after the calf was born, the cow looked at him with her big luminous eyes to express her appreciation as well as she possibly could, and turning her head to the doctor, licked his hand.

"Oh, pshaw!" said Ben Butler, who was one of the guests at the dinner; "oh, pshaw! Dr. Loring, the poor cow merely thought that she had had twins."

A New Yorker's Baseball Story.

A very fine social seance was broken up, just as the good stories were being told, by Sereno Payne, of New York. That eminent and popular statesman appeared upon the scene, and said: "I want all of you overworked old boys to go with me to the baseball grounds this afternoon, and see the Washington club get a drubbing from the New York giants. Our club has suffered by the loss of old Roger Connor, the big first baseman; but it is a good enough club yet to chaw up the Washington leather chasers. Why, one day last May," continued Mr. Payne, "I saw the New York nine go to bat and they batted all around the entire team. twice. Conner made four home runs in that game, Ward made seventeen base hits, the bases stolen aggregated ninety-three, and"—here the entire meeting broke up in a chaffing row. Payne was claiming more than any member of the Ananias society could admit, and the crowd adjourned to the ball ground where the New York club received a terrible drubbing at the hands of erstwhile tail-enders of the baseball league.

Congressional Ball Cranks.

Senator Hill attends the baseball games sometimes. Big Tom Reed never goes to see a game. He says: "When I was a boy we used to play ball. We would hit the ball and chase it. Nowadays the game seems to be how not to play ball; how not to hit it; and how not to chase it. There is no fun in that for me, and hence I do not go to see the games." Congressmen Cousins, of Iowa; Casey, of Delaware; Shaw, of Wisconsin; Jack Robinson, of Pennsylvania; Speaker Crisp; John Allen, of Mississippi, and many other statesmen attend the ball games.

The Boy Knew His Paps.

While the ball game was in progress the other afternoon, jolly and popular, brainy and powerful, big Ben Butterworth came across the campus and made his way to the section occupied by his former colleagues in the house. As he drew nigh, John Allen said: "Here comes the only statesman who ever approached the other world and got back again to mingle with mortals. Tell us the story, Ben; and tell it so all the boys can hear it."

With a hearty laugh, and wiping the perspiration from his massive brow, Maj. Butterworth said: "You can watch and enjoy the game just as well, while I tell the story which Allen thinks everybody ought to hear. I was so ill four years ago that the physicians said that I could not recover. I did get well, however, in spite of the doctors and their medicines. When I was convalescing, a number of friends called to see me at my home in Le Droit park. One evening, several gentlemen were in my parlor congratulating me on my return to earth and my little ten-year-old boy sat by the fireside, a quiet listener of our conversation. I thanked the gentlemen for their call and for their expressions of sympathy, and said to them that I had been so near the other shore that 'I could hear the bells ringing over there.' My little boy injected himself into the conversation with the inquiry: 'Were they fire bells, papa?' The inference drawn from the innocent question caused peals of hearty laughter which greatly embarrassed the boy."

No Powder, But Lots of Patriotism.

Reverting to stories of Sheridan, Maj. Butterworth said: "Did you ever know that Sheridan was an Ohio man? I can assure you that he was born in Ohio, and appointed to West Point from the Buckeye state. Little Phil won the heart of Rosecrans, on the third day of the battle of Stone river. His ammunition was exhausted, and his brigade disheartened on that account, but discipline was maintained. Riding out of the woods, into the presence of 'Old Rosy,' the young cavalry general saluted, and said: 'Here we are, general, in good shape for a long fight. Our cartridge boxes are empty, but our hearts are full of patriotism, and our blood boiling for a fight.' Rosecrans soon had ammunition ready for those brave boys; and he always loved Sheridan for his chipper and cheery manner at that time of great danger and possible calamity." SMITH D. FRY.

The New Cook.

Husband—This coffee has a very peculiar taste; it—

Wife—There, dear, I allowed the new cook to make it instead of doing it myself. How does it taste?

Husband—Just like coffee.—Demorest's Magazine.

NARROW ESCAPES.

Dr. Talmage Tells How Some Men Are Scarcely Saved.

The Difficulty with Which They Accept the Gospel—Battling with Skepticism and Other Perplexities—How to Be Saved.

The latest sermon given out to the press by Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage was upon the subject of "Narrow Escapes," the text being taken from Job xix. 20: "I am escaped with the skin of my teeth." Following is the sermon:

Job had it hard. What with boils, and bereavements, and bankruptcy, and a fool of a wife, he wished he was dead; and I do not blame him. His flesh was gone, and his bones were dry. His teeth wasted away until nothing but the enamel seemed left. He cried out: "I am escaped with the skin of my teeth."

There has been some difference of opinion about this passage. St. Jerome and Schultens and Drs. Good and Poole and Barnes have all tried their forceps on Job's teeth. You deny my interpretation, and say: "What did Job know about the enamel of the teeth?" He knew everything about it. Dental surgery is almost as old as the earth. The mummies of Egypt, thousands of years old, are found to-day with gold-filling in their teeth. Ovid and Horace and Solomon and Moses wrote about these important factors of the body. To other provoking complaints, Job, I think, has added an exasperating toothache, and, putting his hand against the inflamed face, he says: "I am escaped with the skin of my teeth."

A very narrow escape, you say, for Job's body and soul; but there are thousands of men who make just as narrow escape for their soul. There was a time when the partition between them and ruin was no thicker than a tooth's enamel; but, as Job finally escaped, so have they. Thank God! Thank God!

Paul expresses the same idea by a different figure when he says that some people are "saved as by fire." A vessel at sea is in flames. You go to the stern of the vessel. The boats are shoved off. The flames advance; you can endure the heat no longer on your face. You slide down on the side of the vessel, and hold on with your fingers until the forked tongue of the fire begins to lick the back of your hand, and you feel that you must fall, when one of the lifeboats comes back, and the passengers say they think they have room for one more. The boat swings under you—you drop into it—you are saved. So some men are pursued by temptation until they are partially consumed, but after all get off—"saved as if by fire." But I like the figure of Job a little better than that of Paul, because the pulpit has not worn it out; and I want to show you, if God will help, that some men make narrow escapes for their souls, and are saved as "with the skin of their teeth."

It is as easy for some people to look to the cross as for you to look to this pulpit. Mild, gentle, tractable, loving, you expect them to become Christians. You go over to the store and say: "Grandon joined the church yesterday." Your business comrades say: "That is just what have might been expected; he always was of that turn of mind." In youth, this person whom I describe was always good. He never broke things. He never laughed when it was improper to laugh. At 7, he could sit an hour in church, perfectly quiet, looking neither to the right hand nor to the left, but straight into the eyes of the minister, as though he understood the whole discussion about the eternal decrees. He never upset things, nor lost them. He floated into the kingdom of God so gradually that it is uncertain just when the matter was decided.

Here is another one, who started in life with an uncontrollable spirit. He kept the nursery in an uproar. His mother found him walking on the edge of the house roof to see if he could balance himself. There was no horse he dared not ride—no tree he could not climb. His boyhood was a long series of predicaments; his manhood was reckless; his mid-life very wayward, but now he is converted, and you go over to the store and say: "Arkwright joined the church yesterday." Your friends say: "It is not possible! You must be joking!" You say: "No; I tell you the truth. He joined the church." Then they reply: "There is hope for any of us if old Arkwright has become a Christian."

In other words, we all admit that it is more difficult for some men to accept the gospel than for others.

I may be addressing some who have cut loose from churches, and Bibles, and Sundays, and who have at present no intention of becoming Christians themselves, but just to see what is going on; and yet you may find yourself escaping before you hear the end, as "with the skin of yor teeth." I do not expect to waste this hour. I have seen boats go off from Cape May or Long Branch, and drop their nets, and after awhile come ashore, pulling in the nets without having caught a single fish. It was not a good day, or they had not the right kind of a net. But we expect no such excursion to-day. The water is full of fish; the wind is in the right direction; the gospel net is strong. O, Thou, who didst help Simon and Andrew to fish, show us to-day how to cast the net on the right side of the ship!

Some of you, in coming to God, will have to run against skeptical notions. It is useless for people to say sharp and cutting things to those who reject the Christian religion. I cannot say such things. By what process of temptation, or trial, or betrayal you have come to your present state, I know not. There are two gates to your nature: the gate of the head, and the gate of the heart. The gate of your head is locked with bolts and bars that an archangel could not break, but the gate of your heart swings easily on its hinges. If I assaulted your body with weapons, you would meet me with weapons, and it would be sword-stroke for sword-stroke, and wound for wound, and blood for blood; but if I come and knock at the door of your house, you open it, and give me the best seat in your parlor. If I should come at you to-day with an argument, you would answer me with an argument; if with sarcasm, you would answer me with sarcasm; blow for blow, stroke for stroke; but when I come and knock at the door of your heart, you open it and say: "Come in, my brother, and tell me all you know about Christ and Heaven."

Listen to two or three questions: Are you as happy as you used to be when you believed in the truth of the Christian religion? Would you like to have your children travel on in the road in which you are now traveling? You had a relative who professed to be a Christian, and was thoroughly consistent, living and dying in the faith of the gospel. Would you not like to live the same quiet life, and die the same peaceful death? Ah, skepticism is a dark and doleful land. Let me say that this Bible is either true or false. If it be false, we are as well off as you; if it be true, then which of us is safer?

Let me also ask whether your trouble has not been that you have confounded Christianity with the inconsistent character of some who profess it. You are a lawyer. In your profession there are mean and dishonest men. Is that anything against the law? You are a doctor. There are unskilled and contemptible men in your profession. Is that anything against medicine? You are a merchant. There are thieves and defrauders in your business. Is that anything against merchandise? Behold, then, the unfairness of charging upon Christianity the wickedness of its disciples. We admit some of the charges against those who profess religion. Some of the most gigantic swindles of the present day have been carried on by members of the church. There are men in the churches who would not be trusted for $5 without good collateral security. They leave their business dishonesties in the vestibule of the church as they go in and sit at the communion. Having concluded the sacrament, they get up, wipe the wine from their lips, go out, and take up their sins where they left off. To serve the devil is their regular work; to serve God a sort of play-spell. With a Sunday sponge they expect to wipe off from their business slate all the past week's inconsistencies. It is time that we drew a line between religion and the frailties of those who profess it.

Do you not feel that the Bible, take it all in all, is about the best book that the world has ever seen? Do you know any book that has as much in it? Do you not think, upon the whole, that its influence has been beneficent? I come to you with both hands extended toward you. In one hand I have the Bible, and in the other I have nothing. This Bible in one hand I will surrender forever just as soon as in my other hand you can put a book that is better.

Again: There may be some of you who, in the attempt after a Christian life, will have to run against powerful passions and appetites. Perhaps it is a disposition to anger that you have to contend against; and perhaps, while in a very serious mood, you hear of something that makes you feel that you must swear or die. I know of a Christian man who was once so exasperated that he said to a mean customer, "I cannot swear at you myself, for I am a member of the church; but, if you will go down stairs my partner in business will swear at you." All your good resolutions heretofore have been torn to tatters by explosions of temper. Now, there is no harm in getting mad if you only get mad at sin. You need to bridle and saddle these hot-breathed passions, and with them ride down injustice and wrong. There are a thousand things in the world that we ought to get mad at. There is no harm in getting red hot if you only bring to the forge that which needs hammering. A man who has no power of righteous indignation is an imbecile. But be sure it is a righteous indignation, and not a petulancy that blurs, and unravels, and depletes the soul.

There is a large class of persons in mid-life who have still in them appetites that were aroused in early manhood, at a time when they prided themselves on being a "little fast," "high livers," "free and easy," "hail fellows well met." They are now paying in compound interest for troubles they collected twenty years ago. Some of you are trying to escape, and you will—yet very narrowly, "as with the skin of your teeth." God and your own soul only know what the struggle is. Omnipotent grace has pulled out many a soul that was deeper in the mire than you are. They line the beach of Heaven—the multitude whom God has rescued from the thrall of suicidal habits. If you this day turn your back on the wrong, and start anew, God will help you. Oh, the weakness of human help! Men will sympathize for a while, and then turn you off. If you will ask for their pardon, they will give it, and say they will try you again; but, falling away again under the power of temptation, they cast you off forever. But God forgives seventy times seven; yea, seven hundred times; yea, though this be the ten thousandth time he is more earnest, more sympathetic, more helpful this last time than when you took your first misstep.

If, with all the influence favorable for a right life, men make so many mistakes, how much harder it is when, for instance, some appetite thrusts its iron grapple into the roots of the tongue and pulls a man down with hands of destruction. If, under such circumstances, he breaks away, there will be no sport in the undertaking, no holiday enjoyment, but a struggle in which the wrestlers move from side to side, and bend, and twist, and watch for an opportunity to get in a heavier stroke, until with one final effort, in which the muscles are distended, and the veins stand out, and the blood starts, the swarthy habit falls under the knee of the victor—escaped at last as with the skin of his teeth.

The ship Emma, bound from Gottenburg to Harwich, was sailing on, when the man on the lookout saw something that he pronounced a vessel bottom up. There was something on it that looked like a sea gull, but was afterward found to be a waving handkerchief. In the small boat the crew pushed out to the wreck and found that it was a capsized vessel, and that three men had been digging their way through the bottom of the vessel. When the ship capsized they had no means of escape. The captain took his penknife and dug away through the planks until his knife broke. Then an old nail was found, with which they attempted to scrape their way out of the darkness, each one working until his hand was well nigh paralyzed, and he sank back faint and sick. After long and tedious work, the light broke through the bottom of the ship. A handkerchief was hoisted. Help came. They were taken on board the vessel and saved. Did ever men come so near a watery grave without dropping into it? How narrowly they escaped—escaped only "with the skin of their teeth."

There are men who have been capsized of evil passions, and capsized mid-ocean, and they are 1,000 miles away from any shore of help. They have for years been digging, and digging away, but they can never be delivered unless they will hoist some signal of distress. However weak and feeble it may be, Christ will see it, and bear down upon the helpless craft and take them on board; and it will be known on earth and in Heaven how narrowly they escaped—"escaped as with the skin of their teeth."

There are others who, in attempting to come to God, must run between a great many business perplexities. If a man go over to business at 10 o'clock in the morning, and come away at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, he has some time for religion, but how shall you find time for religious contemplation when you are driven from sunrise until sunset, and have been for five years going behind in business, and are frequently dunned by creditors whom you cannot pay, and when, from Monday morning until Saturday night, you are dodging bills that you cannot meet? You walk day by day in uncertainties that have kept your brain on fire for the past three years. Some, with less business troubles than you, have gone crazy. The clerk has heard a noise in the bank counting room, and gone in, and found the chief man of the firm a raving maniac; or the wife has heard the bang of a pistol in the back parlor, and gone in, stumbling over the dead body of her husband—a suicide. There are in this house to-day three hundred men pursued, harassed, trodden down and scalped of business perplexities, and which way to turn next they do not know. Now, God will not be hard on you. He knows what obstacles are in the way of your being a Christian, and your first effort in the right direction He will crown with success. Do not let Satan, with cotton bales, and kegs, and hogsheads, and counters, and stocks of unsalable goods, block up your way to Heaven. Gather up all your energies. Tighten the girdle about your loins. Take an agonizing look into the face of God, and then say: "Here goes one great effort for life eternal," and then bound away for Heaven, escaping "as with the skin of your teeth."

In the last days it will be found that Hugh Latimer, and John Knox, and Huss, and Ridley were not the greatest martyrs, but Christian men who went up incorrupt from the contaminations and perplexities of Wall street, Water street, Pearl street, Broad street, State street, Third street, Lombard street and the bourse. On earth they were called brokers, or stock jobbers, or retailers, or importers; but in Heaven Christian heroes.

I find in the community a large class of men who have been so cheated, so lied about, so outrageously wronged, that they have lost faith in everything. In a world where everything seems so topsy-turvey they do not see how there can be any God. They are confounded and frenzied, and misanthropic. Elaborate argument to prove to them the truth of Christianity, or the truth of anything else, touches them nowhere. Hear me, all such men, I preach to you no rounded periods, no ornamental discourse; but I put my hand on your shoulder, and invite you into the peace of the gospel. Here is the rock on which you may stand firm, though the waves dash against it harder than the Atlantic, pitching its surf clear above Eddstone light house. Do not charge upon God all these troubles of the world. As long as the world stuck to God, God stuck to the world; but the earth seceded from his government, and hence all these outrages and all these woes. God is good.

Try this God, ye who have had the bloodhounds after you, and who have thought that God has forgotten you. Try him, and see if He will not help. Try him, and see if He will not pardon. Try him, and see if He will not save. The flowers of spring have no bloom so sweet as the flowering of Christ's affections. The sun hath no warmth compared with the glow of His heart. The waters have no refreshment like the fountain that will slake the thirst of thy soul.

This world is a poor portion for your soul, oh business man! An eastern king had graven upon his tomb two fingers, represented as sounding upon each other with a snap, and under them the motto: "All is not worth that." Apicius Coelius hanged himself because his steward informed him that he had only £80,000 left. All of this world's riches make but a small inheritance for the soul.

Oh, find your peace in God. Make one strong pull for Heaven. No half-way work will do it. There sometimes comes a time on shipboard when everything must be sacrificed to save the passengers. The cargo is nothing, the rigging nothing. The captain puts the trumpet to his lip and shouts: "Cut away the mast!" Some of you have been tossed and driven, and you have, in your effort to keep the world, well nigh lost your soul. Until you have decided this matter, let everything else go. Overboard with all those other anxieties and burdens! You will have to drop the sails of your pride and cut away the mast! With one earnest cry for help, put your cause into the hand of Him who helped Paul out of the breakers of Melita, and who, above the shrill blast of the wrathiest tempest that ever blackened the sky or shook the ocean can hear the faintest imploration for mercy. I shall conclude, feeling that some of you, who have considered your case hopeless, will take heart again, and that with a blood-red earnestness, such as you have never experienced before, you will start for the good land of the Gospel—at last to look back saying: "What a great risk I ran! Almost lost, but saved! Just got through, and no more! Escaped by the skin of my teeth."

Breaded Fish.

Take one-half pint of dried bread crumbs, one and one-half teaspoonfuls of salt, one-sixth of a teaspoonful of pepper, one egg, two pounds of any kind of fish, fat for frying. Have the fish free from skin and bones and cut it into pieces. Season it with the salt and pepper. Beat the egg in a soup plate and dip the fish in it, one piece at a time, getting every part covered with the egg, then roll into crumbs and lay on a plate. Have enough fat in the frying kettle to float the fish. When it becomes so hot that the blue smoke rises from the center put in the fish and cook for five minutes. Drain on brown paper and serve very hot. Tartare sauce is particularly good to serve with breaded fish.—St. Louis Republic.

—The largest horse in the world closed its career a short time ago in Chesterton, Ind. His name was King William, his weight was 3,027 pounds, and his height was 27½ hands.

RULED BY THE SOUTH.

A Wisconsin Republican Arraigns the Democracy.

The republicans of Wisconsin, in convention at Milwaukee on July 25, started in on the work of nominating a candidate for governor. At the opening Mr. Eugene S. Elliott was chosen temporary chairman, who in the course of his remarks touched in caustic terms upon the actions of the democrats at Washington. Among other things he said:

"When we convened in August, 1892, our whole country was enjoying an unprecedented degree of prosperity; money was more plenty, trade was more brisk, employment was more certain, wages were more remunerative than ever before. Our hens laid golden eggs, the land flowed with milk and honey, the dawn of every day was heralded by a national anthem from the whistles of myriads of factories. These should have been the signs of a prosperous and contented people; they were the signs of a prosperous people, but the very prosperity that resulted from the enforcement of republican policy was made the chief argument for its overthrow because it was a prosperity that was limited to no class, but was shared without discrimination by rich and poor alike.

"The solid south has always dictated the policy of the democratic party, because without a solid south there would be no democratic party. To the solid south the protective laws enacted by the republican party were especially obnoxious, because under those laws the north, by reason of its greater enterprise and skill and thrift, was outstripping the south in the race for wealth. Hence the solid south denounced those laws as 'a fraud on the labor of the great majority of the American people for the benefit of the few' and demanded their repeal. For the south to demand was for the democratic party to obey and to declare it to be a fundamental principle of the democratic party that the federal government has no constitutional power to impose and collect tariff duties except for the purposes of revenue only. But while thus by its platform it shook its fist in the face of American industry, in obedience to the demand of the solid south, it offered Mr. Cleveland's letter of acceptance to the people of the north as a political soothing sirup to quiet any apprehension of intended attack. The democratic party was successful because its want of veracity was so well established that thousands of honest northern voters refused to believe that it told the truth when it announced a crusade in favor of free trade; they preferred to believe Mr. Cleveland, but they forgot that the solid south and not Mr. Cleveland was the democratic party.

"Experience should have taught them better. They should have remembered that, under southern domination, the democratic party has always done as it agreed, except when it has agreed to do right; it has never failed to keep its pledge to support a wrong or uphold a disreputable cause. It promised to support slavery, and still cringes at the crack of southern whips; it promised to support secession and still revenges the lost cause by harrassing our disabled soldiers; it promised its support to fiat money and still throws its party strength in aid of every movement calculated to debase or degrade our currency; it promised its support to state sovereignty and when for the first time in thirty years it had control of all branches of the government, it signalized its accession to power by abolishing every federal safeguard to a free ballot and a fair count.

"The introduction of the Wilson bill with all its radical changes was a necessary and logical sequence of democratic success, and the history of that bill proves how easy it is for imbecility to hang upon the coat tail of ignorance. Vested by the people with absolute control of both the legislative and executive branches of the government, the democratic party has tried in vain for upward of a year to construct a tariff satisfactory to itself, but has found itself incapable of surmounting the difficulties that grow out of the fact that it is and always has been a sectional party, having no settled principles that are alike acceptable to all parts of the country. Avowing free trade, its representatives dispute the republican theory that everything that can be successfully produced in this country should receive tariff protection to the extent of the difference in wages between Europe and America, yet it is free trade for their neighbors, and not for themselves, that they want.

"There is not a democrat in congress who is not an ardent advocate of free trade as regards every interest except the particular ones that he represents. Thus the honorable senator from Louisiana cares nothing for coal—let it go on the free list; but he demands tariff protection for sugar; the honorable senator from Maryland is not concerned about sugar—put it on the free list; but he insists that coal must be protected; the honorable junior senator from New York is consistently democratic in his treatment of coal and sugar; he believes in free trade as to them, but he is ultra republican in his claims for high protective duties upon collars and cuffs. Only the honorable senators from Wisconsin fail to find occasion to exert themselves in behalf of any home interest, pine lands excepted.

"In this way the democratic congress has been for months playing a royal game of tennis with the tariff, tossing it from senator to senator, from committee to committee, from house to house, while commerce, manufactures and trade have been forced to look idly on with the beggarly satisfaction of knowing that after the honorable gentlemen become tired of their game American industries will have to swallow the ball, and that the pill will be none the less bitter by reason of its sugar coating.

"The most impartial critic will seek in vain for anything to commend in such a record, but bad as it is it finds a fitting counterpart in a foreign policy that is a masterpiece of imbecility. Having no competent man in his own party, Mr. Cleveland takes a disappointed politician of republican antecedents and hides him in the shoes once worn by James G. Blaine. The sole ambition of this man seems to have been to reverse, so far as possible, the policy of his great predecessor. It is not surprising that he should find in the queen of the Cannibal islands a dusky Venus arising from the western sea, nor that he should be inspired to drape her expansive charms under the protecting folds of the American flag.

"If the administration of national affairs has been characterized by wanton disregard of honorable precedents, the administration of our state affairs will be remembered chiefly by its creation of precedents. For the first time in the history of the state the chairman of the dominant political party is seen openly dictating the acts of both branches of the legislature. The people of the state of Wisconsin convened in senate and assembly, were there merely as a matter of form, for, standing in the halls of legislation like a nickel-in-the-slot device, no law was allowed to be enacted that failed to pass through the machine and receive the stamp of its approval.

"Let us reaffirm the principle that in the protection of American industries consists the prosperity of the American people; that such protection should be generously granted regardless of sectional lines, and that every article that can be successfully grown or produced in any part of this country should, when necessary, be protected from foreign competition to the extent of the difference in value between American and foreign labor; that protection is for labor primarily, and for capital only to the extent of its obligation to labor.

"Let us reaffirm, then, the principle that the national credit and the national currency shall be maintained at par forever; that silver is a necessity to our currency, but that no dollar should be issued from the national treasury that is not either intrinsically worth one hundred cents or that is not redeemable upon demand by one hundred cents.

"The white lie which the government tells whenever it issues a silver dollar deceives no one; it is not a dollar because it is worth but sixty-three cents, and it never will be a dollar until the government pledges its faith to redeem it at par in gold. That pledge the government has never given, but should give, and when it does give it the 'silver question' will be solved.

"Let the republican party approach the duties that lie before it with the high resolve to deal equitably with all conflicting interests; to enforce the law promptly, fearlessly and impartially; to exterminate the torch and the dynamite bomb as incompetent of naturalization in this country, and to promote by every means in its power the united interests of capital and labor."

Spraying and Live Stock.

It is often feared that spraying with fungicides and insecticides may endanger the lives and health of live stock, poultry included, pasturing among the fruit trees and vines. This fear is entirely groundless. The copper mixtures are not dangerous in the quantities likely to be eaten by animals with the grass or foliage; and the arsenites, deadly poisonous as the are, are made harmless by the great dilution and fine distribution, as now recommended in our later formulæ. There is not a single case of poisoning stock from this source on record.—T. Greiner, in American Gardening.

USEFUL AND SUGGESTIVE.

—Currant and Raspberry Ice-Cream.—Half-pint currant juice; half-pint raspberry jam; one pint new milk; one pint cream; one cup sugar. Mix all thoroughly, and freeze.—Harper's Bazar.

—When black walnut writing desks become defaced with spots of ink, they may be cleaned and restored by applying spirits of salts (muriatic acid) with a bit of soft cloth. Rub until the spots disappear, and then rinse well and immediately with water.

—Wilted Lettuce—Wash two heads of lettuce. Fry a piece of fat ham or bacon until brown, cut in small pieces. While very hot add nearly a teacup of vinegar. When boiling pour over the lettuce laid in a deep dish. Cover until wilted. Garnish with slices of hard-boiled eggs.—Housekeeper.

—Cherry Tapioca.—Soak a cupful of mashed tapioca in twice its bulk of cold water for several hours, then simmer slowly in a pint of water till clear. Then stir in a cupful of stoned cherries, and sweeten to taste. Turn it into a dish and set away to cool; serve with sweet cream.—Good Housekeeping.

—A Simple Salad Dressing.—Put the yolk of a raw egg in a soup plate with a quarter of a teaspoonful of mustard. Turn the oil in at first drop by drop, then in a thin stream, stirring all the time with a fork. If it gets too thick pour in a few drops of vinegar to thin it. The yolk of one egg will use up half a pint of oil.—Prairie Farmer.

—Beware, says an exchange, of the deadly top of the luscious pie-plant. A Pennsylvania parson's wife served a dish of greens of pie-plant leaves one day recently, and the parson, who ate rather heartily of it, suddenly departed this life—the inference being that the pie-plant leaves had furnished the cause of his unexpected death.

—Canned Fruit.—If you find upon opening your canned fruit that it has not kept perfectly, but that there is slight fermentation, add a little water and sugar if it is not already well sweetened, and cook for a few minutes over a brisk fire. You will find it much improved; scarcely any trace of fermentation will remain.—Ohio Farmer.

Minced Veal.—Chop the meat very fine, season with pepper and salt. Put in the saucepan a little of the gravy or boiling water. Add the meat, and when thoroughly heated through stir in a tablespoonful of butter, and if you please a little lemon juice. Toast some small slices of bread, butter them slightly and arrange on a hot dish. Spread the mince upon them and serve at once. Garnish the dish with slices of lemon.—Boston Budget.

—Cherry Sirup.—This is a very pleasant beverage when added to a glass of cold water. Pit the cherries, mash them, and allow them to stand in an earthen bowl, in a cool place, twenty-four hours. Then drain through a coarse, linen bag and allow one pound and twelve ounce of granulate sugar to each pint of juice. Put the latter in a porcelain-lined kettle, bring it to the boiling point and skim before adding the sugar. Let them boil together slowly for ten minutes, and when cool bottle. Two or three tablespoonfuls are sufficient for a glass of water.—Country Gentleman.

BOTH ACHING FOR A FIGHT.

Two Desperate Men Restrained by a Lucky Occurrence.

On Hastings street, the other day, a young colored man about twenty years of age sat on a doorstep drowsing in the sun. Many passed him by, but after a time along came another young man of about the same age carrying a cane. Of course he stopped and poked, and of course there were results. The sleeper awoke and angrily demanded:

"Who dat pusson who kept techin' me all de time?"

"I s'pects yo' am looking right at him, sah," replied the one with the cane.

"Julius, I'ze a mind to broke yo' in two fur dat."

"Shoo! Yo' couldn't hurt nobody."

"Couldn't, eh? I let yo' know, sah, dat I killed a man ober in Chatham so dead he nebber breathed agin."

"Doan yo' go fur to threaten me, Moses, kase I won't stand it. Mebbe some of yo'r friends done told you 'bout de way I knocked dat man to pieces down at Toledo. Jist reached out fur him, an' he died."

"Hu! Look out fur me, boy. I'ze gettin' mad, and when de madness comes nobody can't dun hole me. I'ze jist a drove of mewls runnin' away, I ar'."

"I'ze heard niggers talk afo' dis, but I didn't skeer."

"Nigger! Who yo' callin' nigger? Yo' is nigger yo'self an' yo' stole chickens."

"What? Yo' say I dun stole chickens? Why, boy, I'll crack yo'r ribs in a minute. I doan' 'low no common trash to talk dat way to me."

"Shoo, nigger! If I war jist to reach out my han' yo' would fall dead. I'ze sorry fur yo'r po' ole mudder, an' dat's why I doan' reach."

"Now, I'ze mad. I'll gin yo' just one minit to flee fur yo'r life."

"Nigger!"

"Chicken-thief!"

They stood facing each other, breathing hard, and were seemingly on the point of rushing at each other when a small colored boy came around driving an old ash wagon. It was a happy diversion. Both realized it, and advancing to the curbstone together one shouted:

"Look heah, boy, doan' yo' be drivin' aroun' as if yo' fadder owned dis hull town, kase he don't. Yo' jist keep mighty quiet around heah, or I'll make yo'r heels crack de atmosp'ere."

And as the boy seemed frightened and tried to make himself look as small as possible the other one added:

"An' if yo'r fadder makes any fuss 'bout it, I'ze gwine to drive him right frew de airth. Yes, I ar'. Drive on, boy. We is two desperit men an' jist achin' fo' blood."—Detroit Free Press.

Excluding Flies.

Flies no doubt have their place and use in the economy of nature, but that place is certainly not in our houses, and most emphatically not in our kitchens. The old-time housekeeper who excluded them because they were so disagreeable, did not guess that they might also be dangerous and carry the decay and filth of garbage pail and closet on their feet and legs to deposit them on uncovered food in dining room and kitchen.—Detroit Free Press.

Correct.

Teacher—What great war began in 1812?

Boy (promptly)—The war of 1813.—Good News.