

# Iron County Register

BY ELLI D. AKE.  
IRONTON, MISSOURI.

## BINGING.

Singing from the mountain spring,  
As it gurgles over;  
Through the hedges and the hings,  
Through the grass and clover;  
Singing, laughing all the day;  
Laughing, singing all the way.

Singing through the leafy dells,  
Where the shadows linger,  
And the wild flowers ring their bells  
To the merry singer;  
Rippling, laughing all the while,  
Singing, rippling, all a smile.

Singing round the mossy stone,  
Near the hazel bushes;  
Singing when the dew is on the grass,  
Stealing through the rushes,  
Happy as the day is long,  
Never speaking but in song.

Singing at the morning's dawn,  
When the day is breaking;  
Singing when the light is withdrawn,  
And the stars are winking;  
Watching, singing, through the night,  
Singing, waiting for the light.

Singing in the April daisies,  
When the clouds are weeping;  
Singing through the summer haze,  
When the sun is shining;  
Singing through the autumn's chill,  
Through the winter singing still.

So, my soul, wake up the song,  
Yield not to repining;  
Clouds can never linger long—  
See their silver lining;  
Sing on, sing on, all the way;  
Sing on till the break of day!

—Good Words.

## COUNTESS BEAUREPAIRE.

Goodness only knows what took possession of Mr. Vincent Maurice on the first time that he ever saw Kate Rivers. He was one of the staidest young gentlemen that ever stepped, wedded to all the proprieties and conventionalities, with a precision of manner that would have been griggish had he not been of such stature and shape that it became almost majestic—had it not been for his beauty of countenance, and for an intelligence more than common. Of an old family, of moderate wealth, with a good legal practice, and with a fine political outlook, what fate, asked the gossips of the air, led him to the side of Kate Rivers?

For Kate Rivers was the very opposite of Mr. Maurice in all respects; young, child-like, everybody's friend, with no perception of difference of rank or degree, full of mischief and gaiety and light good humor—a nature utterly incompatible with that of the haughty young gentleman who stepped on the earth as if he made it.

One would naturally have supposed that it would need be something quite the antipodes of this that would have attracted Mr. Maurice, something cold, chided, with manners having the calm glitter of the iceberg; and one could only premise trouble if such incongruous elements as these came together. That she should have admired him was not at all remarkable; but what in the world did he see in her?

He saw—on the bright May day that he went into the country to call on his step-mother, who was visiting there, and sauntering over the grounds of his hostess, found himself in those of the next place—he saw a child asleep upon a bank of violets, a rosy young girl, exquisite as a beautifully carved piece of marble, with one arm tossed above her head, rising round and lovely from its purple pillow, the nut-brown hair blowing all about the ivory brow and bosom. He seated himself on an old vine-covered trellis and surveyed her; and the more he gazed, the more ineffaceably that sleeping face was stamped on heart and brain; and he was just becoming aware that he was taking an enormous liberty, when she opened a large pair of half-afraid blue eyes, and he felt that the time in which he had gazed was long enough to give him something like familiar acquaintance.

"Can you tell me," he said, in his most reassuring manner, "on whose grounds I am trespassing?"

"On mine, sir," said the young thing, half rising.

"You are then—"

"Kate Rivers. And I suppose you are my cousin Francis. I heard you were coming. Mrs. Stanton said she should bring you over."

"Fate did me that kindness first," said Mr. Maurice, gravely. "But—"

"Ah, well," she said, quickly, "it doesn't matter, so long as you are here. Mrs. Stanton said you would be so interested in the old manor, it has so many of your ancestors' portraits on the walls, as well as mine." And she rose, and before he quite understood it they were walking on together. "Will you come up?" she said. "How stupid of me not to have asked for your family! Are they with you? Is your wife well?"

"I haven't any wife," said Mr. Vincent Maurice.

"No wife! What do you mean? Surely—!" But here, probably lest he might have lost his wife, and her words were recalling painful memories, she stopped herself, and ran after a flower she espied. "There!" she exclaimed. "I knew there must be some left still!" coming back presently with her hands full of straw-bells. "Don't you love them?" she said. "They don't know whether they are flowers or grass, and they are so shy about it. They seem to me to be full of all the happiness that there is to be in summer."

"I suppose you find a great deal of happiness in summer, then?"

"Oh, always! The days are not half long enough. Are they for you?"

"I don't know. Sometimes, perhaps, too long."

"Ah, now, you don't mean to say you're like that Mr. Vincent Maurice who is coming to visit Mrs. Stanton—"

"May I ask what is the matter with Mr. Vincent Maurice?"

"His name, I guess. Vincent, conquering—and he sighs for more worlds."

Presently they were deep in a discussion of favorite ideas and theories, all of which the pretty creature had evidently thought for herself, whether wise or foolish, in her loneliness, for she was too young to have read or studied much; and all darting off in pursuit of leaf or butterfly, or of the greyhound that had joined them, and returning to his side in a confiding way that Mr. Vincent Maurice found indescribably agreeable, a sweet, bright innocence that he

had not met before—and all the time so beautiful! Here they sat down on a big rock; here they went leisurely strolling up the path, and it was all of an hour before they reached the door of the old manor. "Now," she said, "I will introduce you to your aunts and uncles and grandfathers, the pretty Priscilla in her jonquil-blossom brocade, the staid old Mrs. Margaret in her black lace. I wonder what they will think of you—somehow, you are not at all like what I thought my cousin Francis would be—"

"Very naturally," said Mr. Maurice, finding it impossible to enter the house itself under his alias, "for I am not your cousin Francis."

"What? Not? Not my cousin Francis? Who, then, are you?" cried the young beauty, in a quick flame of indignation, in which, to say truth, she looked lovelier than ever.

"I am Mr. Vincent Maurice."

And for all answer Miss Kate Rivers clapped her hands upon her face and ran away round the piazza, and behind the lattices, and out of sight, as fast as her feet could fly.

It was not a very promising beginning, but lightning falls where it will, and Mr. Vincent Maurice was very near, in love. He came over in state next day with his mother and Mrs. Stanton, to make his peace; and perhaps because he found the maiden refractory he became all the more in earnest, and before a week had passed it was all over with him, and he felt life was not worth living without Kate Rivers. And little Kate, who had known not a dozen men in all her life, and never had a lover, when her indignation had died out, had all her defenses down, and thought so fine, so charming, so ideal, so perfect a gentleman had never been completed on this earth as Vincent Maurice was, and returned his love with idolatry.

Well, it was a season of rapture, that summer. It seemed to Kate that happiness could go no further than sitting on the grass, rowing on the river opposite him, riding through the forest ways, with all the glorious green and golden gloms and sun-lit spaces about them. Happiness made her more of a child than ever; she could hardly walk for dancing, she could hardly speak for singing; a bird, a bubble, any light and airy thing, was less light and airy, less gay and sparkling, than she.

At first Mr. Vincent Maurice found this simply intoxicating; and perhaps it would still have been as much so, if at the end of a month of it he had not brought down Mr. Geoffrey, a peculiarly staid and elegant counterpart of himself, and all at once seen these gay, frank ways with that friend's disapproving eyes. The friend's eyes supplied a new point of view. It was the first sensation that he had had that she was not altogether faultless, but it was not the last.

When he came from the city at another time, and found her trimming the chapel for some festival, sitting on the top of a pair of steps, and wrapped round and round by some of the rustic youths with the long oak leaf garland with which the walls above were festooned till she looked like a dryad, when, seeing him, she stood up, breaking all the green bonds asunder, and sprang down the stairs to his side, he met her with words which, under the circumstances, were a sharp rebuke. It became rather frequent after that, presently almost constant. At the end of another month it was not poetry and love that filled their entire conversation, but Mr. Vincent Maurice was endeavoring to formulate that of her manners. Would she walk, and not skip? would she talk, and not sing? would she listen, and not laugh? would she leave her pranks, and be serious? Was this perpetual merriment only for the sake of displaying her dimples? Was she going to wear her curls in her neck forever? For Heaven's sake, what did she mean by allowing these country bumpkins to address her by her Christian name—the woman who was going to be his wife? Would she always be a rural hoyden, and never a woman of the world? Wasn't it time she cultivated some repose of manner? And did she never intend to speak without blushing? Under this pressure, Kate's gaiety became a very forced thing, and half the terms of his absences she spent in tears.

"If you object to my dimples, you are taking a fine way to smooth them out," she cried.

"And a few such speeches as that," he answered, "would make the loveliest lips disgusting."

But there was a spirit in her that made it impossible yet to give up her individuality. "She would have done anything under the sun to please him; but it would have been somebody else, and not herself, had she done this—and then the sight of him made her so happy, and the moment she was happy, the old exuberance of spirits would assert itself. But the sight of him was getting to be not as frequent as it had been, and she was drooping under the neglect."

One early September afternoon, however, he came, and came unexpectedly, to find her in a field surrounded by a group of children, crowned, as they were, with a coronet of ripe grains and straws, bearing strong resemblance to the head-dresses of Madge Wildfire, and tossing together with them the hay-cocks of the aftermath, in which they had been tumbling. He stood looking on in haughty disapproval. As soon as she could she disengaged herself from the little people, and from her harvest crown, and came to his side.

"I wonder you could leave such companionship for mine at all," said he, still, for greeting.

"Why, Vincent, certainly," she began, falteringly and with changing color.

"Certainly what?" he asked.

"It is their holiday," she said, taking courage from his rudeness. "And you would not wish to deprive them of it—and they are so used to me, it would not seem holiday without me."

"As much a child as they. Are you never going to be a woman?"

"I feel already like an old one when you speak to me so."

He softened a little at that. "The fact is," he said, "that you ought to go away. You ought to see the world. My mother must take you to New York this winter, and to Newport for a fortnight, now before it is too late, and you might learn how it is that other women conduct—women that know how to play their part in the world, which you certainly have not yet learned, and which it seems as if you never would. Do you think I shall have any pleasure in marrying and taking among my Washington friends a—"

She had been growing whiter and whiter listening to him. She saw that the end had come. But, for his part, he was as much astonished, in his supreme self-concentration, as if it had lightened out of a blue sky, when her voice rang out: "Stop! I do not think you will take any pleasure in marrying me. I understand that we are totally unfit for each other. I hope you will find a better-bred woman for your wife. Good-by!" And then she was gone, and she had called the children round her; and, whatever it cost her to do it, she was frolicking with them as before, let her heart break or not.

Mr. Vincent Maurice was speechless with indignation and amazement. But he had no idea that his engagement was broken—how could it be when he had not broken it? He turned and walked up to the house, but when, after an hour, she did not follow him, he went to the inn, and thence to Mrs. Stanton's for the evening; and receiving word that there was no answer, on sending up a card in the morning, he returned to town.

It was not till a letter, made up of equal parts of reproach, anger and love, was remitted to him unopened that he began to think the matter serious, and to ask himself if he had not made a mistake. When Saturday came, although badly injured, he could not help going down again; he felt, after all, as if he must see the lovely face again, again touch the sweet lips; he hardly knew how to wait longer for the pressure of the dear arms. But the house was closed. The two old servants left in charge said they had no instructions except to "stay on." And nobody could say whether Miss Rivers was gone. Nobody knew, in fact, that she had any where to go to, it being generally supposed she was that fortunate being born to a good estate without relatives, her cousin Francis Rivers and his wife being quite overlooked.

But it was to the shelter of her cousin Francis Rivers's Newport villa that she had betaken herself, a welcome guest, during the two months that they lingered there after the full swing of fashion was over; and when they returned to their home in Philadelphia, after a round of rather quiet if elegant gaieties there, she departed with him and his wife for a European journey, and all that Mr. Vincent Maurice heard of her for the next two years was a notice in some newspaper that Mrs. Francis Rivers and Miss Kate Rivers had been presented to the Queen by the American Minister, and the beauty had created a sensation at the Drawing-room.

If at the end of it all the child of nature had not been transformed into the brilliantly artificial woman of the salon, it was because of the gentle wisdom of her cousins, who knew just where to stimulate and where to repress, until the graciously developed brain and soul were evident perhaps a trifle sooner than they would have been otherwise; for Mr. Vincent Maurice need not have troubled himself with any fear that, when the bud was already so lovely, the full blossom would be less than perfect, if he had but given it time to bloom, instead of rudely tearing it open.

He was not a very happy man in those days; he remembered with increased bitterness the brief happiness of other days. He longed now with all his heart to see Kate Rivers once again, sure that all would then soon and easily be made right.

His longing was answered; he saw her again. It was in the court of the Grand Union at Saratoga, one evening when the electric light was burning, and the fountain blushed in the hues of all the precious stones, and the trees waved their boughs through vast lights and shadows, under which the people moved fantastically while the band breathed its music. A group stepped out from among the others, and went in from the night air. He followed, and saw them again in the ball room; Count Beaurepaire—he had seen him before—a tall, heroic looking man, attached to the French legation, or in Washington, rather, on a special mission; perhaps it was Mrs. Rivers on his arm; just after them came General Francis Rivers, and with him—could it be possible?—Kate! His Kate. A woman whose rounded shape wore its lace and silk garment as a hand wears its glove, whose face, with its tinting of rose and ivory, with its nut-brown hair in Raffaele locks about the snowy brow, with its great innocent blue eyes half contradicted by the archness of the smile running over in dimples, was the face of his dreams, of his ideal, of Kate Rivers as he had never dared hope to see her.

He sprang forward; but they had passed only one moment, and then Count Beaurepaire had bent before her with a questioning air, and they were gliding down the room together in a waltz that made Mr. Vincent Maurice gnash his teeth. She was taken back to her cousins presently, and the Count drew about her the swan's down wrap that Mr. Rivers had held, and they went out on the piazza, and she passed within a yard of him, without seeing him, without dreaming of the eager, pallid face, without seeing the quick movement, the half-outstretched hand, as unconcerned, lifting the spotless laces of her train, as if he were a waiter standing there, and passing on into the moonlight, in the snowy flutter of her drapery, and the soft white down of her mantle, a vision of maidenly grace almost too lovely to be real. No sleep visited his pillow that night; the vision hung before his eyes; he heard, as one hears a bell in the ears, the warm, rich tones, the low, sweet laugh, in which she seemed to be rehearsing the scenes of a life with which he had nothing to do—scenes of a summer in France at the old chateau of the Beaurepaires, famous in song and story.

As soon as he dared he sent his card to Mrs. Rivers's parlor, and having tipped the servant, followed him boldly up.

"Maurice? Maurice?" he heard Mrs. Francis Rivers say, holding his card, the door ajar. "Put down your book, Kate. Do you know anybody of the name—Mr. Vincent Maurice?"

"Mr. Vincent Maurice? Oh, yes," came the musical tones again. "I used to know him very well. We were great friends once. To tell you the truth,

Mary, I used to think he was the one man in the world. Why do you ask?"

"Don't you hear? This is his card. Will you see him? You are so absorbed in that Daudet—"

"That the servant's rap didn't penetrate the atmosphere—I was living. Unhealthy stuff; I mustn't read any more of them. See him? Well, no, I think not. The horses will be at the door in half an hour, and I would like to finish this chapter—"

He did not stay to hear any more. He turned away; his haggard face, his tortured heart, were nothing to this woman of the world. Yet he meant to see her; he meant to force the past upon her; to stir the ashes, to wake a spark from the ashes; but the next morning the party had gone.

His step-mother wrote him a month further on: "Such fine doings as, there are at the old manor-house here! Kate Rivers has returned with a gay company to bid it good-by, and she has been giving the children such festas! Ah, Vincent, why didn't you follow up your fancy that summer? Anything more exquisite than this in beauty and manner I have failed to see. She has the air of a princess just before her coronation. And so she is. For they have found coal on the old manor place, and operations are to be begun at once. They say the income will be enormous. She will not need it, with all the rest she has; still, it will do her no harm in France to have revenues of her own. She is a little sad, though, to let the old place go for all. But the Chateau Beaurepaire is infinitely more beautiful, she says; hundreds of years old, and historic; on an island in a lake, with wooded hills inclosing it beyond the gardens and deep glades and forests."

He did not understand the letter. Why was his mother writing to him about the Chateau Beaurepaire? That was the scattering way in which she always ran on. And what did he care for the revenues of coal lands? It was not money he had wanted; no one could say that. All that he gathered from the letter was that Kate was going to France again. If she did, he would follow her. And he cursed the broken ankle that was now keeping him prisoner where he was. He had written to her, twice, and thrice, but he had not sent the letters; those that had come back unopened once seemed to bar the way. And then he felt as if his presence, his eyes, his voice, his words, were more effective agencies than any silent writings. He did not answer his step-mother's note, and her correspondence was always at long intervals.

Some business, however, sent him to Washington in the very early winter, although before he felt quite able to be out. And as most doors opened before him, he found himself one night at a reception at the British Minister's. Such things were old stories to him; he cared nothing for them; and he did not know why he had come; because others did, he supposed—because Geoffrey wanted to be taken; and he was leaning listlessly against a pedestal under a bronze bust of Nemesis, when a party lifted the curtain, coming in from an adjoining room, and he started, for it was Kate Rivers.

If she had stepped out of the gates of sunrise she might have looked the same—the same dimpling blushes, the same intense happiness in the royal smile, the same stary eyes; she would have worn that same palest of peach-bloom brocade, frosted with lace and with diamonds, the same great sapphires and diamonds in the nut-brown hair.

As it happened, she paused just before him, and before he knew it he had extended his hand. "Kate!" he had cried, half under his breath, pale as a sheeted ghost.

She turned and looked at him for a moment with that radiant but calm composure. "Ah, indeed!" she said then, in her low, clear tones. "It is an old friend," and she extended her hand. "Mr. Maurice, let me present to you my husband, Count Beaurepaire." There were a couple of glances, a couple of bows, a couple of brief sentences, and the party moved on and left him. "You are changed," he said, murmured, between his stiff and freezing lips.

"Oh, no," she had answered, lightly. "I have only become a woman of the world." —Harper's Bazar.

## A Musical Tragedy.

Several musical composers have turned their attention of late to Eastern tragedies. The *Musical Herald*, gives a most musical story in ridicule of the new style. After representing rival lovers in the usual way, the story concludes: "Ha!" interrupted the tenor; "he always plays the same thing, and always without notes. I doubt if he can play anything at sight."

"I can play any composition at sight, even with one eye closed," responded the proud pianist.

"It is well," sneered the tenor. "I have here with me a new composition of my own, a Nihilistic symphony in seven movements. You will observe that it begins pppp and continues very softly until this chord (a diminished seventeenth), which is to be struck ffff. Do you think you can give the sudden climax?"

"I have force enough for two more f's if you wish them," calmly replied the pianist, as he sat down before the instrument.

He began very softly, so softly that one might have heard a pin drop. Minks sat beside him in ecstasy, although very little of the sound was audible. The fatal diminished seventeenth chord approached. It came. Swooping his arms wildly in the air, he let them crash down upon the piano—BANG!!!!

The fragments of the two lovers spread over three counties. The tenor, who had fled, had smeared dynamite upon the keys, and achieved his revenge. He never heard of more by order of the benevolent Czar, the remains were carefully swept up; but as they could not be assorted with certainty, they were buried in one grave, where they still remain, a fearful testimony to the singer's revenge.

—It is claimed in Arizona that dogs do not run mad there, and that sunstroke is unknown. A paper printed in that Territory desires to have this claim made known to all the earth, "to the end that all who are in fear of rabid dogs and the sun's heat may find a place of refuge there."

## Delay and Silence.

It is announced in Republican dispatches from Washington, as was announced in the *Enquirer* dispatches some days ago, that further action in the Star Route cases, so far as prosecutions are concerned, will be postponed until September next. In the same Republican dispatches it is announced that "the evidence upon which indictments against leading members of the Ring would undoubtedly have been found and prepared, and would have been laid before the Grand Jury"—but for the postponement. The country is informed that a Judge had determined to adjourn Court early in July, and that there would not be time to try the cases. But the country knows, just the same, that this postponement till September means postponement till October, till after the election in Ohio in October, probably till after the election in New York, in November, and then, perhaps, even probably, silence. The administrative lead of the Republican party at this moment was not ignorant of these postal frauds, through which the tax-payers of the country were robbed. General Garfield was a member of Congress when the charges concerning these robberies were publicly made on the floor of the House. He avoided all votes upon the matters relating to these thefts. He had not offended Brady from his place in the House of Representatives, and was, therefore, in a position to write a letter to Brady asking him to contribute some of the money he had stolen "under the forms of law" toward the election of himself (Garfield) to the Presidency. Garfield could not have been ignorant of these swindles while they were the subject of protracted Congressional debate in the House, which he was a member. He is not anxious to prosecute this investigation, or to find these indictments, or to agitate this subject further until after the October election in Ohio, or until after the elections of this year. The Washington telegrams have, day after day and week after week, proclaimed that the "Star-route" investigation was being conducted with great vigor and remorseless energy, and that every guilty man, high or low, would be exposed and punished. But in all of these days and weeks, since the first unintended exposure, the people of the country have been mysteriously told—nothing. The "public interests have demanded" that nothing be made known concerning this enormous swindle. Postmaster-General James has been given to understand that he was premature, and that he must not overthrow the party and the Administration from which he derives his glory. The bulletin is given out that the conduct of this investigation is taken out of the hands of the Postmaster-General, and that MacVeagh is prosecuting it with great vigor. But it is known, also, that there have been intimations made to MacVeagh that, unless he shows a certain degree of loyalty to the Administration, his resignation of his Cabinet place will be eagerly accepted. In a word, the consistent policy of this Administration touching this matter, as shown by its conduct since the first unhappy exhibition made of it by the awkwardness and inexperience of Mr. James, a friend of Conkling, has been to delay, to silence, to smother, to conceal, to deceive. The Administration, certainly, will not permit the publication of the evidence in the Star Route business pending the Ohio election. Certainly the Administration will not allow the agitation of this matter till after the decisive election of this year. The Republicans will march their forces to the polls compelling their vote through the proofs of Republican corruption to reach the ballot-boxes. The Republican managers know that they can only succeed by the concealment of Republican crimes. To this banquet-board of concealment, to this trick of keeping clean the outside of the cup and platter, the voters are to be invited in the autumn at hand. This is only a portion of the spectacle and of the unsavory dish. With shameless effrontery the Republican party has advertised its intention to endeavor to capture one of the States of the South—as a beginning—by a most corrupt and alliance in the first place, and by open bribery in the second place. These are the recent methods of the great party of morality and intelligence. It is by such processes that the managers of the Republican organization are to keep, if they keep at all, the national, superstitious, blindfolded following which they call the moral support and patriotic, intelligent sentiment of the country.

And if we look at Albany we find the same thing repeated. This Republican Administration is forced to attempt to sustain itself by the use of all the patronage at its command that can bear upon that point, and, after that enormous bribing machine is exhausted, its adherents are driven to resort to open bribery by direct payment of money to legislators for their votes to maintain the respectability, and to give proof of the moral support, of the Administration. These are some of the facts upon which the enthusiasm of Republican voters must be built this year.

—Cincinnati Enquirer.

The Party of Great Moral Ideas.

Nothing worse has ever been charged by the Democrats upon the Republicans than is now charged at Albany by the Republicans upon each other.

Upon the one hand it is alleged under oath by a Republican Assemblyman that a Republican Senator paid him \$2,000 to vote for a Republican candidate for Senator of the United States.

On the other hand it is denied under oath by the accused Republican Senator that he paid the money. By necessary implication it is charged that the accused Republican Assemblyman committed perjury. It is also charged that the accused Republican Assemblyman conspired with the Republican Speaker of the Assembly falsely to accuse a Republican candidate for the United States Senate.

Now, in so far as the political morality of the Republican party of the State of New York is concerned, it does not in the least matter which of these stories is true. One of them must be true. That is to say, either Bradley or Sessions must have committed perjury. There is no escape from that. Moreover, if Sessions is guilty of perjury he is also guilty of bribery and of conspir-

acy to bribe, since nobody imagines that it was his own money he gave to Bradley. If Bradley is guilty of perjury, the presumption is almost equally strong that he conspired with Speaker Sharpe to commit perjury in order to defeat the candidacy of Mr. Depeew, and incidentally to ruin Sessions. If Bradley's story is established, the presumption that Mr. Depeew himself was a party to Sessions' crime will become very strong, though not overwhelming. On the other hand, if Bradley's story is shown to be false, the presumption will be equally strong that persons much higher and more important in the Republican party than Speaker Sharpe were engaged in the conspiracy to defeat Depeew by suborning Bradley to swear falsely that money had been paid him to vote for Depeew. That is to say, it is almost certain either that a Republican candidate for the United States Senate and a Republican State Senator conspired to commit bribery, and that the Republican State Senator perjured himself rather than confess the bribery; or that a Republican candidate for United States Senator and the Republican Speaker of the Assembly conspired to suborn a Republican Assemblyman to commit perjury. As the latest development of a party of great moral ideas this display is equally edifying, whichever theory we adopt.

As a matter of evidence the probabilities are in favor of Bradley's story against the story of Sessions. Bradley appears to be a decent sort of man as Republican Assemblyman. "Now Barabbas was a robber." Moreover, Bradley is not at all the sort of man who would be put forward to carry out a conspiracy of the kind of which he is accused. He is not a hardened politician, and it would seem quite out of the question that he could or would be relied upon to take a false story before a committee and maintain it under cross-examination. Of Speaker Sharpe also it is bare justice to say that there is nothing in his career which gives any color to the charge that he would be guilty of a conspiracy, not merely to defeat Depeew for the Senate—which he would no doubt conspire to the limits of the statutes and the Decalogue to do—but to defeat him by bringing a false accusation of bribery indirectly against him and directly against a Senator of the State. The improbabilities against the theory that Bradley's story was concocted between Speaker Sharpe and himself amount to flat incredibilities. The attempts to show that the Speaker's testimony is unlikely to be true are simply silly evils. The objections are, first, that it is unlikely that such a story could have been told, for the first time, in five minutes, and next, that it was unlikely that the Speaker should have taken a memorandum of the number of the notes unless there had been some previous collusion between himself and Bradley. Neither of these objections has any weight. Much less than five minutes would have sufficed to put the Speaker in possession of the facts and to enable him to count thirteen bank notes. The making of the memorandum was an ordinary precaution such as any honest person of business habits would have taken on receiving a deposit of the amount which Bradley handed to Sharpe, for whatever purpose it had been handed to him.

On the other side there are no such difficulties. In the first place there is no difficulty whatever on the score of character. Nobody has suggested that Mr. Sessions is an unlikely person to bribe his fellow-legislators. His familiarity with the verb "to bribe" both in the active and the passive voice is not disputed. In fact, the argument that is most relied upon is that it was precisely because his familiarity with bribery was so great that he would not have been likely either to bribe the wrong person or to vote a bribe before the delivery of the vote which he had bought. There is no doubt some weight in this argument. It is surprising that such an expert should so have bungled such a job. But the evidence that he did bungle it is so complete and conclusive that an antecedent improbability that he should have bungled it cannot be pleaded against such evidence. Painful as it is to have to impute perjury either to Bradley or to Sessions, it is proper to bear in mind which of them is apparently the more likely person to commit perjury. It is also proper to bear in mind the difference between perjuring yourself in order to injure another, and perjuring yourself in order to get yourself out of a scrape, and how much stronger a temptation would be required to the former offense than to the latter. The conclusion of all impartial men who read and consider the testimony that has been taken must be that Bradley told the truth.

All these things increase the moral pressure upon decent and self-respecting members of the Legislature, who wish neither to bribe nor to be bribed, to go home and leave the Senatorial vacancies to be filled by the people of the State. Only in this way can they make sure that any candidate who may have tried to bribe his way into the Senate of the United States shall not secure the votes which he has purchased.

—N. Y. World.

—It is the suggestion of a Cincinnati paper: "General Hayes is 'thighing' at Versailles. The general should hasten home to fill the vacuum in politics made by the retirement of Dorsey." The retirement of Dorsey? This is much too previous. The great Dorsey, the inimitable organizer, the savior of Indiana, the lauded and dined and sainted Dorsey, is still Secretary of the National Republican Executive Committee. The section of the old guard known as Dorsey dies; it doesn't retire.

—Chicago Times.

—The New York bribery business does not yet emerge from the mist of uncertainty, but enough has been shown to put the Republican party of the Empire State in an exceedingly unpleasant predicament. One of two things is certain. Either the "half-breeds" resorted to bribery or the "stalwarts" engineered a nefarious scheme to make it appear that there had been bribery when in fact there had been none. As the "half-breeds" and "stalwarts" are both Republicans the party is badly hit either way.

—Senator Conkling says that there are "more gentlemen" and "fewer hogs" in the Democratic party than in the Republican. Correct. The Senator guessed right the first time.