

TOO LATE.

Too late, too late! The work is done, The deadly mischief wrought; The evil vast that was begun In one unthoughtful thought.

VIOLA

Thrice Lost in a Struggle for a Name.

BY MRS. R. D. EDSON.

CHAPTER V.—CONTINUED.

"Myra, you had ought to open an orphan's asylum," he replied, laughing. "But I must be off." Blanche expected me last night. I'm sorry about this thing, sis, but I wouldn't worry about it. It will all come out right, I guess.

"Father, aren't you going to look her up?" he broke out, impetuously. "Because it's a year ago, and somebody has a spite against her, is that any reason why we shouldn't love her just as well, and try to find her? May be she is in some place somewhere, and can't get to us. Let me go, father. I'm big enough to go alone now. I won't give up till I find her if she is in the United States."

Ralph's hurried speech was interrupted by the entrance of Ned Bradley, who had bought a quarter section of Government land a mile or so up the river, erected a log house on it, and lived, as he expressed it, in the "tallest kind of clover."

"Makin' a Fourth of July oration 'Squire' he cried out, "cos if you are, I want you to pile on something pretty steep about this 'great and glorious West,' with its stupendous pastures and its grain, and all that sort of thing, and heard a fellow dit down in Dixon last Independence, and I tell you, it was a leetle the sublimest thing I ever heerd. I had to stuff my handkerchief into my mouth to keep from shouting glory right straight along. 'Twas most equal to the way I heerd a fellow spread himself up to Boston once, 'bout the Pilgrims."

"We have had a letter from Gordon that has been a year on the way, and he says that Viola came back three days after we left, and he sent her right on after the next morning," Ralph said, excitedly, interrupting him.

"Sho, you don't say so. Well, if that ain't curis—well, I declare!" "And Uncle Tom thinks it's no use doing anything about it, just because it's a year ago! Suppose 'tis a year—'who cares? I guess if it was Blanche, he wouldn't mind if it had been half a dozen years," he cried, with rising color.

"Sotily! You're full of fire as a keg of gunpowder. Let's hear the story, neighbor," turning to Anderson.

"Well, it's the most unlikely thing that happen to common folks I ever heerd," he said, thoughtfully, when the letter had been read, and various comments and speculations had been made on it.

"It's almost equal to 'Lorenzo and Melissa'—I don't spose you ever read that, Ben? It isn't just your style, I'll allow, but it's powerful interestin'; beats Pilgrim's Progress ten to one, and I've an idea it's jest about as true. But that's neither here nor there. I say go after the gal, and if you want any help, there's a quarter section of prairie in Winnebago County that would jump at the chance to lay itself out in the cause, and here's my hand on it, neighbor—not a particularly handsome one, perhaps, but I know it's honest."

"And so do I, my old friend," Mr. Anderson said, smiling faintly; "but it is blind working now. If I had got the letter direct, the railroad men could have given me something to go by; but it has been too long to hope for that now. There's always been a mystery hanging about the child since her mother died, leaving her name, even, in doubt."

"Oh, that reminds me," interrupted Bradley, "who do you guess she seen down in the city to-day? But let's leave you saps' guesses, and mebbe you've forgot all about 'im. But I know him the minute I see him. You remember that tall, stylish lookin' chap who come down from Plymouth, and who was in the Le Brun, and—"

"What, DeVries?" exclaimed Anderson. "Yes, that is the name. I couldn't remember, though I knew it had a sort of ominous sound to it," he said, laughing. "But how came he here?" asked Anderson.

"Well, I don't remember as I asked him. I believe, though, he said something 'bout havin' been here night about two year. He seemed to feel bad enough when I told him about Humphrey Bird. He said he remembered what a pretty little thing she was, and he put his hand up to his eyes, and I wouldn't ha' believed he would be so cut up. He's a pretty nice sort of a feller, Treckon."

help, and the kneeling figure bending over it, and a faint dislike for this nice Mr. DeVries grew up vaguely in his heart.

The next morning Tom Arnold brought Blanche down to spend the day. She was growing very graceful and lady-like, and Ralph felt a faint sense of awkwardness in her presence, and was uncomfortably conscious of blushing when she looked at or spoke to him.

"You awkward, Cousin Ralph!" lifting her eyes in beautiful surprise to his face, two years, isn't it, since the Montfords came here?"

"Yes, two years this spring, papa." This brought Viola to Ralph's mind, and he said: "Father has concluded to go in search of some traces of our little Viola. I suppose Uncle Tom told you about the letter?"

"Yes, I think he mentioned something about it. Miscarried didn't it? I wonder why you trouble yourself so much about that strange child, all of you. Of course it was splendid in you trying her mother and herself. I don't know as I would mind being shipwrecked if I was, sure some nice, brave, handsome young fellow would rescue me just at the right moment."

When she first began Ralph felt half vexed at her careless tone, but the compliment, spoken and implied, mollified him immediately. And even while he was speaking of Viola, he was wondering if Blanche thought he was brave and handsome, and vaguely wishing she might fall into some little peril from which he might rescue her.

"You see, Blanche," he said, "she was so alone in the world, so utterly friendless, that we couldn't help caring for her, and loving her. You know I had a little sister once, and I think we all loved her more for that reason. I know mother did."

"But she wasn't your sister. May be she was some miserable convict's child; there seemed such a mystery about her name, and her father. People—honest people—are never ashamed of their names. There must have been something wrong about them, and father says, though he's sorry because auntie feels so bad about it, he believes it is just as well if somebody else has looked out for her."

"I don't believe she was to blame, anyway," Ralph said, stoutly, "and I'd give a dozen farms like this, if I had them, to find her again."

"What a splendid Don Quixote you would make, to go out to the defense of distressed damsels!" she cried, with a little rippling laugh. And then she clasped her pretty white hands about his arm, and tossed the rippling hair back from her white shoulders, and looked up in his face with a little quick, admiring glance, that was altogether irresistible to poor, unsophisticated Ralph.

The farm work waited as a week went by, waited more patiently than Myra, Anderson or Ralph—and still no word came from Ben Anderson as to the success of his search. Every night Ralph went to the office, but nothing came to them. Ned Bradley ran down every evening, to "stretch his legs," he said, not quite willing to own how nervously anxious he was to hear if there was any news from Ben—or rather, from the lost girl.

But all waiting comes to an end at last, and the tenth day from that of his departure, Ben Anderson walked into his house as he had went—alone. His wife saw the grave look in his face, and her heart sank like lead. Unreasonably as it was, she had cherished a strong hope that he would find the child, and that very day she had taken the pretty dresses, and dainty ruffled skirts from their resting-place in the hair trunk, and spread them out where the sunshine and soft wind could touch them, wondering the while if she had grown much, and planning how she could make them larger and longer.

There was a little moment of suspense—a little dreading to ask on their part, and a little dreading to tell on his; then he said, in a low, husky tone: "Our little girl is dead, Myra, we will never worry about her any more."

Then in the faint light of the soft May gloaming, with slantwise beams from the young moon in the west, falling across the floor till it touched the smouldering coals on the hearth, Ben Anderson told the story of his ten days' search.

First he had gone to Detroit to see Gordon; but Gordon did not keep the house now, and had moved out of the city, and no one seemed to know just where, though it was somewhere near Lake Huron. After two days of delay and inquiry, he found out that it was Saginaw, and was not accessible by rail, so he went up the lake in a boat, and reached it in that way. Of Gordon he learned the particulars of Viola's return. It was just at dusk, and the boarders and guests were seated at the supper table, when a little figure dashed through the door, and stopping, panting and breathless, before the table, ran her eyes up and down the long line of faces.

"It is Anderson's lost girl!" was the simultaneous exclamation from a score of lips. "Where is he? I want my father Anderson!" she cried, bursting into passionate weeping. He led her to the parlor, and she grew suddenly quiet and listened, with great solemn eyes, while he told her that her friends had gone on, after waiting for

her a long time and thinking she was dead. At first she declared that she would go "right off," but after explaining to her that she could not go till morning, she sat down content. But when he proposed writing to me to return for her, she grew wild again, and they were glad to pacify her by promising her she should go on the first train west.

Her account of her absence was vague and confused. Somebody, she didn't seem to know who, had promised to tell her something she wanted to know if she would go to walk with him. They hadn't gone very far when they came to a dark, dirty street, and somebody opened a door and caught her away from the side of her friend into a damp, cold place, where there was no windows, only two little panes of glass up high like a cellar. She thought she cried and screamed, but she couldn't really remember, she grew so sleepy ever since, till that night. Then she had opened her eyes and looked about and there was nobody in sight. She thought if only she could get away before any one came! She sprang off the bed and to the door but she could not reach the latch. She moved up a block of wood, and by standing on tiptoe unlatched the door, and without waiting an instant she darted out and ran as fast as her feet would carry her. She remembered the name of the house, and after coming by a good many streets she asked a lady, who pointed out the house, which was just in sight, and so she had come to it.

Mr. Gordon had blamed himself very much for letting her go as he had. But he had thought she would come through safely, she seemed so bright and fearless, and independent. He had said her fare out of his own pocket as far as Chicago, and given her money to pay the rest of the way. He had also given her in charge of the conductor, and then not quite satisfied had written that letter, and thought everything was all right and straight.

Then, taking Gordon with him, he had returned to Detroit to find the conductor. But he had been dead six months. Then he had stopped all along the route until at last he reached Michigan City, the terminus of the road. It was a miserable, straggling little place, his long pier laid with railroad track, running far down the river, and in the city, and he had to look for the boat that was to take them across was nowhere in sight, and he went back to the hotel where they had taken supper a year ago when they came on. He related his errand to the landlord, and some way changed to mention the child's name.

"Viola!" exclaimed a gentleman, looking up suddenly from his paper; "why, Reeves, that is the name on the little wooden cross old Brierly put up over the child that died at his place last summer. I noticed it because the name was odd and rather pretty."

Well, the result of it was he did not take the boat, but went out to see this Brierly, who lived about two miles away. He said he had found the child in the street, crying and being dead, just after the boat had left one night. He took her home with him, where she was sick a good while and "crazy as a bear." She kept saying her name was "Viola, and nothing else," and so when she died he cut that name on a bit of wood, and put it up so as to show her friends if they ever came.

"But it may have been some other Viola," said Ralph, unwilling to believe that the bright, spirited little creature could die, as perhaps some other Viola had done.

"I think there is no 'doubt' about it whatever. This Brierly is an old, eccentric, miserly fellow, who lives quite alone in a little hut near the lake, but, though he hears a rather bad name in the neighborhood, I think he did as well as he could by her, and I could forgive him a great deal for that," Mr. Anderson said, in a faltering voice.

"If only we had waited a little longer, Ben."

"Yes, but we did not know. For some reason God saw fit to take her from us in this sad way, but He knows best, wife, and all His ways are right."

And so the thought of a simple cross bearing the dear name, by the far-away, lonely lake shore, fell into their hearts a sad, and tender, and sacred memory, to be cherished and talked of, and remembered forever. But now a new trouble—rather an old trouble renewed—came to haunt Myra Anderson's heart. Ralph declared his resolution to go to sea. This name, monotonous farmer's life, fretted him more and more every day and week. All through the summer he dwelt upon it, and not even the graceful fascinations of his beautiful cousin could drive it away.

"Let the boy go," Tom Arnold said; "one voyage will cure him. It's as natural for a Massachusetts boy to want to go to sea as it is to take to the girls. I don't believe in trying to force a boy to stay at home if his heart is set on going."

"But father—Tom," she faltered. "Yes, Myra, but his ship went down, it's no sign Ralph's will. You and I can never forget that: it weaned me from the sea—I never want to look on its treacherous face again!" he stopped abruptly and leaned over and drew his sister's face to his bosom and kissed it.

"O Tom, I cannot let him go!" she moaned. "But he will, Myra; you may depend on that. The lad has got a will of his own, may be you know."

Ralph was seventeen in October. He had worked faithfully all the summer, but when the harvest was all gathered, he said, firmly: "I am going to sea in the spring, father. I want you and mother to consent. I want to go away man-fashion, but one thing, I shall go. I am sick of this prosy life,—why, sometimes I long so for the spray breaking over the rocks, for the swash of the waves, the roar and tumble of the surf, and the scent of the salt breeze coming up from the strong lungs of old ocean, that it is like a sharp pain, and I cannot help crying out, and catching my breath as if I was falling from some dizzy height!"

"How dare you talk so to me, boy?" "I only said the truth, father. You always brought me up to speak the truth, and to avoid hypocrisy and deceit. I'd soon go to any unwholesome place, and make believe I didn't mean to go, for I do; and I tell you so openly and plainly—I shall go if Heaven spurs my life!"

"You shall not!" Ben Anderson's face was alight with sudden fire, and there was a hard ring in his usually quiet voice. "We will wait and see," Ralph answered, unflinchingly.

The winter slipped away and the matter was not again referred to between them. Ralph was apparently contented and happy, joining with eager zest in all the winter sports gotten up by the young people, entering with his characteristic impetuosity into both work and play, and his father congratulated himself on having conquered the rebellious spirit of the boy. "There is nothing like unyielding firmness in dealing with one of these passionate natures," he said, with a feeling of intense self-satisfaction.

It never occurred to Ben Anderson that the boy had his own stubborn will. His theory was that obedience was the first law of a child. The natural instincts and intuition were to be crushed out, if they run counter to the judgment and wishes of the parent. Years and experience fitted him to judge what was best and most proper for the child, and he considered it his solemn duty, assigned him by Heaven, to thus bend and control the future life of the child by deciding for him. With his rigid idea of "responsibility," it will be readily seen that Ralph's chance of choosing for himself was extremely small, unless his choice chanced to coincide with his father's plans. Ever since the morning, when, after a night of feverish anxiety, his mother had stolen softly out and whispered with a proud smile that "Myra had got a fine, great boy," had his resolution been taken as to what that boy should be if God spared him to grow up. While he lived East it seemed sometimes as if he might be dooming the lad to a hard life, and he sometimes feared necessity would force him to abandon his long-cherished plans, but now there was no necessity. It looked to him as if Providence had led him hither expressly to open the way for the realization of his desires. And if sometimes a faint longing for the land of his nativity stirred vaguely in his heart, and old memories came, this thought comforted and strengthened and encouraged him: Ralph could be a farmer without sacrificing his chances for comfort and independence, for the home in the West gave promise of at least that, if not of extravagant wealth.

One gusty March night he came home from Cherry Valley, and though it was dark, and had been for a good half hour, there was no light anywhere visible in the house, and no sign of life about the place. A vague sort of presentiment seized him, and he hurried into the house. His wife sprang up hastily as if from sleep, and called his name in a quick, startled voice.

"Why Myra, why are you sitting here in the dark? I feared something had happened," he said, in a relieved tone.

She came forward through the dim, uncertain dusk, and laid her hand on her husband's arm. "O Ben—where has he gone?" she cried, in a faint, dry whisper, that sounded strange and unearthly in the solitude and gloom.

He caught her arm in a grasp so fierce that a slight cry of pain escaped her.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Ancient English Oaks.

Among the ancient oaks of England few are more interesting than the gigantic ruin now standing in an arable field on the banks of the Severn, near Shrewsbury. It is the sole remaining tree of those vast forests which gave Shrewsbury its Saxon name of Schoboburg. The Saxons seized this part of the country A. D. 577, when they burnt the Roman city of Uricornium, where Wroxeter now stands, four miles from the village of Cressage; and underneath his now decrepit dotard it is said that the earliest Christian missionaries of those times—and possibly St. Chad himself—preached to the heathen before churches had been built. The Cressage Oak—called by the Saxons Criste-ache (Christ's Oak)—is probably not less than fourteen centuries old. The circumference of the trunk was about thirty feet, measured fairly at a height of five feet from the ground; but only about one-half of the shell of the hollow trunk now remains. It still bears fifteen living branches, each fifteen or sixteen feet in length. A young oak grows from the center of the hollow.

The noted oaks of England, thanks to those who have preserved them, thanks to the universal veneration for timber, and to a stirring and lengthened history, are innumerable. Windsor Forest is particularly rich in historic oaks, and Sherwood Forest, though disafforested, still contains some memorial timber, like Needwood, once a crown forest, now a fine estate of well-farmed land. Dryden's

"Three centuries he grows and three he stays, supreme in state, and in three more decays" is a poetical statement, and some of the dates on trees cut down in Sherwood Forest, and marked 600 years before, in the time of King John, prove that it is an under-estimate. The great Winfarthing Oak, in Norfolk, was called the "Old Oak" in the time of the Conqueror, and has been supposed to have attained the age of 1,500 years. The King Oak in Windsor Forest is upward of 1,000 years old.—Gardener's Chronicle.

—At the Alexandria Palace, in London, an American gentleman looked at some stereoscopic views of this country, and was somewhat surprised to find one labeled "View of New York City from the Illinois shore.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

—A newly-arrived cook, engaged in a Philadelphia family, opened a watermelon the other day for the first time in her life. Two minutes afterwards she was seen vigorously dusting the inside with roach poison.—Philadelphia Press.

Simon Cameron's Prediction.

Our Washington special recently contained a dish of interesting gossip in regard to a political programme said to have been evolved from the fertile brain of that lively octogenarian, Simon Cameron. This programme sends Secretary Lincoln to England as the successor of Lowell, makes Hartman the successor of Lincoln in the War Office, retires Bradley from the Supreme bench for the benefit of Brewster, and puts "a Western Republican," whoever that may be, in Brewster's shoes. The object of these changes is, according to "an intimate friend" of the venerable Simon, "to prepare the way for the nomination of Lincoln for the Presidency in 1884." While it is hardly necessary to attach much, if any, credit to the afore-said gossip, the candour of Lincoln—as the situation now stands—is quite within the range of possibilities, and even of probabilities. When his appointment to a seat in Garfield's Cabinet was first rumored the Republican pointed out its availability, and intimated that if the feud between Stalwarts and anti-Stalwarts continued until 1884, and Lincoln maintained "a wise and masterly inactivity" meanwhile, the Republican National Convention might agree to disagree with him as a compromise nominee. His chances are better now than they were then, for the two factions are further apart now than two years ago, and the prospect of thorough reconciliation and reunion within the next two years is exceedingly small, while as Secretary of War he has committed no very bad blunders, and what is of more importance to him, has taken no part in the family fight. Let us briefly examine why he may be called his "stock in trade." First, and by long odds foremost, he is the son of his father, and his father has the highest seat in the Republican pantheon. This, of course, gives him a claim upon Republican sympathies and support which can not consistently be repudiated. The fact that he is immeasurably the inferior of his father, except in the education derived from books, counts for nothing in the case. Then as Garfield's Cabinet colleague, he has a claim upon the friends of the late President, while his share in "whoooping up" the third term business and his retention by Arthur entitles him to a warm place in the Stalwart heart. Finally, he is a negative character, with no record worth mentioning and a fine talent for concealing his deficiencies by keeping his mouth shut.

One or two Republican papers of some prominence are, we observe, naming Lincoln in connection with the Vice Presidential nomination, but he is, we think, much too shrewd to sell his ticket in the political lottery for that price—notwithstanding what Guiteau has done to enhance the value of the tail of the kite. He sees that a combination of circumstances may assign him the first place, and is therefore likely to decline the second with thanks—unless convinced by events as yet undeveloped that it is "half a loaf or no bread." Two years ago we thought and said that Lincoln's prospects were brightened by Logan's well-known and active friendship for him, but now Logan himself is bitten by the Presidential tarantula and is dancing merrily to that same old tune. Hence he is not so much for Lincoln as he was, and will not hesitate to put a spade in his protegee's political dumping if by so doing he can help himself. Still, if Logan finds the coveted prize beyond his reach—and from present appearances his legs are very much to short—he will "boost" Lincoln rather than anybody else, and his boosting would be by no means ineffective in a close race. Altogether Lincoln has more than an average chance for the nomination if he behaves with discretion until the convention meets, and the Republican quarrel then remains unsettled. If old Cameron has concocted the plan attributed to him, it is evident he thinks the wind may blow from the same quarter in 1884 it did in 1860, and is trimming his weather vane so as to catch it. He was paid for his work in 1870 by Secretaryship of War, which he utilized in such a way as to necessitate his dismissal after very brief term of service. Such deep interest in the son indicates that the ancient "boss" of Pennsylvania has forgiven the father the "grand bonnie" so justly administered twenty-one years ago.—St. Louis Republican.

An Enlightened Public Opinion. The recent elections show an enlightened and virtuous public opinion, which is the safety of our free institutions. The River and Harbor bill swindle, the shameless assessments to raise money to corrupt the elections, the base prostitution of the powers of the Government to partisan purposes, the countenance and aid given to reputation of State indebtedness, and even to final and conclusive awards and judgments of international tribunals, destructive of all confidence in the public faith, the bribery and corruption of the trial by jury by the Department of Justice itself; in short, the general demoralization and extravagance in the administration of the General Government alarmed and roused the people, and they have rebuked the rankling corruption of partyism in high places. Intelligence and public virtue among the people constitute the only safe reliance for the public welfare and liberties of the country.

Our political system, truly said to be the fairest fabric of civil government that ever rose to animate the hopes of civilized man, is vulnerable to be corrupted and destroyed by the wranglings and commotions of partisan leaders. The history of popular government in other ages and countries has shown the dangers arising from the partisan struggles and devices of ambition and cupidity. Forewarned by the examples in other countries, our people will be found to earnest against the dangers which beset their Republic.—American Register.

—B. D. Godfrey, of Newtonville, Mass., signalled the New York by purchasing and sending to a list of twelve gentlemen as many handsome pocket Bibles, with the name of each in gilt on the book, and with each he has sent an explanatory letter and appropriate verses for their special study. The list of recipients of these favors is as follows: General B. F. Butler, Jay Gould, W. H. Vanderbilt, Senator Hoar, H. B. Claflin, Governor Long, Mayor Palmer, Lieutenant-Governor Oliver Ames, John M. Forbes, George W. Johnson and Aaron Claflin.—Boston Journal.

Republicans and the Spoils.

Many Republican Civil-Service reformers who are Republicans first and Civil-Service reformers afterwards have tried to persuade themselves and other people that if President Garfield had lived a fatal blow would somehow have been struck at the spoils system. In point of fact, there never was a President who took office, not even excepting Mr. Rutherford Hayes who was not elected President, who was more completely incapacitated than Garfield from attacking the spoils system or reforming anything. Hayes paid the people who helped thimbling him into the possession of an office to which he was not chosen by giving them offices. But Garfield would have had to do and did do precisely the same thing by the people who gave time or money to elect him. It is as much an axiom in economic "politics" as in political economy that a man can only pay with what he has. And Garfield had only the appointing power and the pardoning power with which to pay his political debts. Garfield's letter to "dear Hubbell" about Brady was as distinct a pledge as the nature of the case admitted, that if Brady subscribed liberally of money which it was at the time strongly suspected that Brady had stolen from the Treasury, Garfield would see that he was not molested on account of the stealing. And the whole tenor of Garfield's correspondence with Dorsey, who was similarly under suspicion, shows, now that the World has brought it into the daylight, how perfectly preposterous would have been the subsequent appearance of Garfield as the prosecutor of Dorsey or as a director of the prosecution. Garfield in fact gave certificates of honesty to Dorsey and Brady before he was inaugurated in return for their contributions to his election. Paint an inch thick and you will not cover this fact. Throughout the whole correspondence this notion of the relation of the victors to the spoils is always assumed as a fact not to be questioned, except by the persons whom Garfield describes as "our independent allies," and whom he did not wish to alienate by coming openly to New York to arrange the trading of the reversion of public offices for money to be used in his canvass. Mr. L. F. Morton appears as one of the chief contributors to the Garfield canvass. He was entitled under the spoils system to a reward, and he got it. Mr. Morton has made a very good Minister to France, though Blaine, whom he helped in his "distress," did turn upon and try to snub him. But the readers of the Garfield correspondence will be inclined to believe that Mr. Morton paid more for the French mission than the French mission was worth. Still, if Mr. Morton was willing to pay a fancy price for the French mission, he had, under the spoils system, as good a right to it as to any other piece of bric-a-brac to which he had taken a fancy and for which he could afford to pay a fancy price. Only it must not be pretended that a President who dealt in blank pardons and foreign missions for money advanced to elect him was engaged in a "crusade" against the spoils system, or that if he lived he would have done anything whatever except to utter generalities in behalf of Civil-Service Reform.—N. Y. World.

Retribution. The very highest authority assures us that "whatsoever a man sows that shall he also reap"—and the Republican party is just now in a condition to appreciate the eternal applicability and fitness of this inexorable truth. Its crushing defeat in New York is attributed to "Federal interference and dictation." The Administration, we are told, neglected its own proper business and went out of the domain of National duties to manage the local politics of a State. It imposed on the people of New York candidates not of their own choice, in spite of their vehement protest, and there was nothing left for the party but to resent this dictation by defeating the Administration on its ticket.

This is not the true explanation of the New York defeat; a sufficient proof that it is not that it leaves the similar defeats in eight other States unaccounted for. Still, as the Republicans themselves affect to find in Federal interference the cause of the New York catastrophe, let us admit it. But did not the Administration come honestly by its habit of interference? Is it an essential and inseparable part of Republicanism? Historians tell us that the Roman pro-consuls and generals learned and practiced in the provinces, with the hearty approval of the senate, the lawless tactics which they afterwards brought to the capital and employed with such effectiveness against the senate and its patrician supporters. Do not Republicans recognize the fitness of the retribution, and the signal exhibition of the law of it in their own case? Federal interference and dictation in State affairs is no new thing. It was practiced in the Southern States with brutal disregard of the wishes of the people all through the Grant Administration. And it did not limit itself to nominating tickets; it elected them, and installed them by force. It made and unmade Legislatures, Governors and Governments—all with the shouting approval of the whole Republican press and party of the North. It is not strange that a practice so well learned, so heartily indorsed and so effectively used in one section of the Union, should invade the other section; for what a party sows that will it reap. The harvest of disasters gathered by the Republicans in New York was, themselves being witnesses, the product of the seed sowed in the South from 1869 to 1876. It was the Grant Republican Administration that set the example of Federal interference and dictation which the Arthur Republican Administration imitated. The dictation in New York was the legitimate progeny of dictation in Georgia and Louisiana—the only difference being that the authors in one case are the victims in the other.—Exchange.

—Two Brooklyn engineers got to arguing about the force of steam and carried it so far that one had his nose broken and the other was struck in the side. They might better have waited for a boiler explosion.—Brooklyn Eagle.

—Desiring money to complete a spree already begun, a watchmaker in Springfield, Mass., pawned all the watches he had in hand to repair.