

Iron County Register

BY ELI D. AKE.
IRONTON, MISSOURI

THE HAMMER AND THE SAW.

LABOR SONG.
There's the music of the birds,
And the music of the forests,
There's the music of the sea,
And the music of the breeze,
And the music of the wind,
And the music of the rain,
And the music of the sun,
And the music of the moon,
And the music of the stars,
And the music of the earth,
And the music of the sky,
And the music of the world,
And the music of the universe.

HER LIFE'S SECRET.

BY JENNIE DAVIS BURTON.
Author of "Stagnant Well," "The Thornbush Mystery," "The Maddest Marriage Ever Was," "Cecilia's Secret," "A Mermaid's Kiss," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XVII.—CONTINUED.
"Leave them for those who need them more. They will do me no good. Listen to me, doctor. I shall save her and die, do what you will. Here is her purse, which I have found, with money in it. Send her away when she is able to be moved. There is no safety in this roomed air. For me, I neither fear death, nor would I avoid it; I only wait for my release."
"Holy mother! it is the priest she needs more than me," muttered the doctor, angrily. "Let them believe they are going to die, and they will die in spite of us."

He saw his successors had promised and urged his interest in these two cases, but with victims multiplying with every passing hour, with the bravest flying from the stricken city, with the death-cart rattling all night long through the streets, and only a handful of devoted men and women to minister to overwhelming numbers, it is not surprising that those two were forgotten. When, days later, the new physician came opposite the house, and suddenly changed the charge he had received, the death-cart stood before the door.

"A priest came down the stairs as the door ascended."
"It is the nurse who is gone," he said, in answer to the latter's inquiry. "Found dead at her post by the lady's bedside. The Señora Oliphant will live, so far as I can judge, but I will wait for your opinion and report it to Señora Alvarez."
"Were you here while Almedi attended them?" Dr. Flores inquired.
"Twice. He gave me a charge to have the Señora removed as soon as you thought it advisable."

If news travels apace, but the second week was well advanced before the fatal sweep which the epidemic was making came in vague rumors to the ears of that party in the interior of the island. Power Oliphant, assailed by the sharp anxiety on account of his wife, left them immediately, and attended by a native servant, sat out on his return to Havana. The road was the merest bridle-path through a hilly wilderness, and on one of the steep descents, a stone turned under his horse's hoofs the beast stumbled and came to his knees, pitching his rider over his head upon the rocks which lined the way, where he lay a bleeding and unconscious heap, with no bones broken or fatally, but a dislocated shoulder, bruises and loss of blood from a small artery which was severed, made it five long weeks before he reached the hacienda where the Señora Alvarez had meanwhile rejoined his family.

Here he was informed of his wife's favorable condition. She had pined for the little Dana, and Father Nicola had himself come for the child a few days before. He was strongly advising her to leave the island without awaiting her husband's return, the time of which was uncertain. Power pushed on with all haste after hearing this, quite unmindful of a package of letters and papers which had been given him at the hacienda but which he had not time to learn that his wife had already departed by the steamer to New Orleans.

He followed by the next, which started that same evening, and when he was alone in his state-room examined the package of mail matter he had thus far neglected. There was sorrow in store for Rose. A black-bordered missive announced the death of both her parents, one sorrowful event succeeding the other by a very short interval. He must be more than ever a tender and devoted husband, Power thought, with increasing impatience to be at her side once more.

It was an impatience which turned to wonder and anxiety when New Orleans was reached, and he found no trace of his wife at any of the lead hotels, but an address which had been found in a note-book belonging to the nurse, returned to him. He called a carriage, drove to the place, and sent in his card. A moment later he was admitted and ushered into a spacious drawing-room, where a woman in a black dress turned to meet him, with a look of apprehension in her haggard eyes.

"You have come for my baby?" she said, in a quick, startled way.
"I have come to make inquiry regarding my wife. I have reason to suppose that she would call here after arriving at New Orleans. She—and I owe a debt of gratitude to one who was a member of this family, one Rose Mignon Almont, lately a nurse in Havana. Perhaps you do not know that she was in attendance upon my wife when she died, that she saved Mrs. Oli-

phant's life at the expense of her own, it may be, though the doctors seem to have had no hope of her from the first. If you are her sister—"
A change had gone over the woman's face. Awe and shrinking, she had stood listening to his eager explanations, but now as he half-paused she looked at him sadly, and spoke:
"You did not receive the letter then which I left with the Consul, Mr. Oliphant? There was a mistake made; it was the nurse who lived, and I am she. Heaven knows, I would rather have died, but Death passed me by and took your wife. It is very hard for me to deal you such a blow as I must do in telling you this. I did not mean that you should be deceived, and thought I had guarded against that by leaving a simple explanation with the Consul to be delivered on your return."

"I did not see him," said Power, too bewildered yet to half-realize the truth. "I do not understand. Why should you wish to deceive anybody?"
The woman drew in her breath with a half-sob. "Oh, my baby, my baby!" she murmured to herself. Then aloud: "Mr. Oliphant, you do not seem to know me as Mignon Almont. Perhaps you will understand better when you know that I am Mrs. France, and that Dana is my child—mine—and more lost to me than if she had died. Oh, I know I gave her up willingly, but it was harder for me than any one knew. I would not have troubled you if your wife had lived, but when she died I could not leave my baby to fall into other hands. Her father would never have asked that. It seemed such an easy way to reclaim her when they made the mistake of believing me Mrs. Oliphant. She was dead and buried, remember, before I knew, and it seemed no great harm to wear the name for a little time, after word came of the accident which was detaining you."

There was an indescribable pathos in her low, broken voice, in the great, mournful eyes. Power, who had never seen Mrs. France, had a sudden conviction that she had been a much-wronged woman; but over other thoughts came the sudden, desolating sense of his own great loss. He felt dizzy and confused, the shadowy room grew dimmer, his head fell back, and with a low wailing cry Mignon rushed to his side. His wound had burst out bleeding afresh and Mr. Oliphant had fainted.

A long season of prostration followed, and though it Mignon was his unwearied nurse. The summer passed; the bright, clear weather of the Southern winter came, and still he lingered in the house on Esplanade street, not yet restored to full health and vigor.
Dana's little feet pattered in and out of his room, her lisp-tongued called him papa, and as Mignon saw how fond he was of the child, a lot of pang passed to her heart. Some day he would go away and want to take her baby with him; she was sure of it then as she would be when the time came. The mother-nature rebelled. She had given her up once, she could never, never give her up again.

Power left them in December for a trip to Cuba, and while there, a simple tablet marked with the name of Rose Mignon Almont was replaced by a marble shaft—dedicated to the memory of Rose, dearly beloved wife of Power Oliphant, aged nineteen.
He did not seek out any of his former friends. Those business acquaintances with whom he was brought into contact knew nothing whatever of his private life. His object was to effect a transfer of his services to some other place, to remain in Cuba now he felt to be impossible, and after some discussion, he was appointed by the company he served to a place in Spain. Pending the final arrangements relating to this change, he went upon a cruise among the smaller islands. Touching at Kingston on his return, he was surprised to find himself accosted by a familiar voice, to see Trodegar Almont before him holding out a friendly hand.

"This world isn't big enough to run away from one's friends, I find," said the ex-gambler, resignedly. "Mignon might as well have waited for you in New Orleans."
"Is she here?" asked Power, eagerly.
"And little Dana? And running away from me? That is hardly kind."
"Not kind to whom?" asked Mr. Almont, calmly. "If you mean to myself, I agree with you perfectly. It can't make any great difference to you, with a keen glance, and Mignon has never been particularly indulgent to herself. You know her sad history, I believe? She is super-sensitive on that score, has never allowed that mistaken idea of her death in Havana to be contradicted, and contemplates burying herself from the world and living only for her child's sake. She credits you with having designs on the little one, you see."
"I must reassure her as to that," said Power, and the way he did it was very much as the sharp-sighted Almont expected, and to Mignon he said:
"I do want Dana, but I want Dana's mother with her. I must have told you so, soon, for I could not sail without knowing my fate. I love you, love you as I never loved woman before."
It did not need to him any disloyalty to the dead to tell her this. His love for Rose had been greater by far than Rose's love for him, yet that love had been

"as moonlight unto sunlight, as water unto wine" in comparison to the all-absorbing passion which held possession of him now. Mignon trembled before it.
"You love me—me?" she cried, incredulously. "Ah, if you knew all you would hate me, despise me, pity me, and—leave me."
"I do know all," declared Power, confidently. "Rose had no secrets from me. Knowing all, I love you, I love you—I love you."
She gave him one glance. Ah, no, he did not know all. One part of the secret known by Rose Sangerford had never been told him; if it were told to him now, Mignon knew that he would turn from her, leave her at any cost to himself. He must leave her, she said to herself, and tried to utter a firm refusal of his suit, but her tongue faltered, her eyes fell; her conscious heart quailed before the truth, that her own heart had gone out to him against her own will.

"I must refuse him—I must!" she said, but she did not. She yielded, as a loving woman—always yields, before a man's stronger will.

They were married a month later, and sailed for Spain via Panama. Power had observed before this a shrinking horror for everything which connected her with her past life.
"If I could blot it all out I could be happy now," she said to him, and he began the blotting-out process by giving her the name which always came most readily to his lips. She was Mignon no longer, but Rose.
There had been no intentional deceit at first, but two years later they met Señor Alvarez in Spain, and he greeted them without a suspicion that this was other than the girlish Madame Oliphant he had known before, with complexion spoiled by Yellow Jack and figure changed by time.

Her hair, which came out after the fever, had come in in snow-white rings, blanched by trouble and remorse greater than Power Oliphant knew, and it had been her caprice from the first to color it golden, the one vanity, her husband laughingly said, of Mrs. Oliphant's life.
As years went on, the tide of travel brought quite a number of persons who had known Power Oliphant's first wife across their path, and no one fathomed the fact that this was not Rose Sangerford. They had never met one who had ever known Mignon Almont, and there in the secret lay. Fair, gentle Rose Sangerford's pretty features were soon forgotten, but the looks of the siren, La June, lingered too forcibly to evade the memory.

Whether she was ever a happy woman may be fairly doubted. There was a secret in her life which poisoned all happiness; and under her passionate love for her husband and her daughter, was a bitter depth of undying remorse which was never wholly forgotten.
CHAPTER XVIII.
"GOOD-BYE, AND GOOD-BYE FOREVER."
Some small portion of this story Mrs. Oliphant told to Launt Farrington before they parted.
"I tell you what my husband would tell you if you were to go to him," she said, in a constrained yet impassioned way. "He never knew the real truth of my earlier life—never knew that your father's ruin and death were laid to my charge. We will not discuss that. Think of me as you like, it matters very little now, but spare him, it will not be for long."
Launt's heart hardened toward her. "You ask what is simply impossible. It strikes me, Mrs. Oliphant, that you are only anxious to spare yourself. I can not consent to appear in the light of a coward or a villain for the sake of shielding you from the consequences of your sins. To know what you have been may lower you in the estimation of your husband, but I see no way of sparing you in justice to myself. I shall write to him my reasons for breaking my engagement to Dana. Tell her what you will—what he may think best. Better for her to believe me false than to know her parents for what they were. I will write also to Killuth asking him to bring my grandmother and rejoin me; it is not necessary that these explanations be made to her while she is beneath your roof. I can not promise more than that."
"One thing more, please. Only that you will not send that letter to my husband until morning. I have a reason for asking it."
Launt hesitated. He was averse to having his grandmother remain one instant longer than necessary in the same house with the woman who had wrought the desolation of her life, but he remembered that a woman's preparations can not be made in an hour.
"Be it so," he said. "I will return to the city and send a dispatch to Killuth; it will reach him in time for his departure to-morrow. My letter to Mr. Oliphant will arrive later by mail."
"Thank you," she said, constrainedly, and then they parted, Launt to walk back over the glistening sands to the little station with his heart full of bitterness toward the woman he had left. Heartless and selfish and bad to the core! Surely she was all these. To spare herself she had kept silence, when a few words from her would have saved Dana and himself both in finite pain. He could not forgive her that. She had known from the first what his action must be, if the truth were told, and she had not spoken.
Mrs. Oliphant reached the cottage as she had left it, unperceived, just in time to dress and appear in the drawing-room before dinner was served. Meantime there had been another arrival, another passenger had alighted from the afternoon train, unobserved by either Launt or herself, and Mr. Quest was back, a hidden sneer curving his lips as his eyes rested for a moment upon her face. He made a shrewd guess at what had taken place.
"The jig's up with young Farrington. It was him after Mrs. Hickett, just as I thought. Rather hard on the governor, after coming down on the nail as free as he did, but we'll call that an installment on another account."
He had a report to make to Mr. Oliphant, and the two were closeted in the library after dinner was over. Mrs. Oliphant found it impossible to sit down and talk commonplace to Madame Farrington and Miss Power. Dana was dropping a disappointed face over a book of engravings—the last train was in and Launt had not come. Signaling to Alexia to cover her absence, Mrs. Oliphant passed out upon the verandah. She descended the steps and crossed the strip of lawn, passing where a fountain sent up its silvery spray against a background of canna and other tall, tropical-looking plants. She could see the library window from this spot. It was wide open, and while she watched, her husband appeared at it. Even at that distance she could see that he looked pale and disturbed. A great pain caught at and held her heart. At last, at last, she felt her hour had come!

Standing by the open window, Mr. Oliphant caught sight of that lingering figure, and spoke over his shoulder to his companion.
"What a moment, Quest. I don't feel able to talk to you just now. I see my wife out there, and I will ask her what it means. Remain, if you please, until I return."
Mr. Quest sent a doubtful look after him.
"If you are given to having that sort

of turns, Mr. Oliphant, I've not set the time of telling my secret any too soon," he said to himself.
Mrs. Oliphant shrank at her husband's approach.
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"Power!" she cried out next instant. "Oh, my husband, what is it?"
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"I wonder if you can forgive me, Power, when you are called upon to suffer for my sins?" she said, in a low tone.
"—I think I can safely promise that." He was turning to go, but she still detained him.
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Why No Water-Rats, Snakes, Etc., Are Found in Ireland.
In an interesting article of the vole or water-rat, by Mr. Grant Allen, in the English Country Gentleman, the writer discusses the question why certain animals, such as snakes, vipers, water-rats, etc., are not found in Ireland. For the resolution of the problem, he says, we must go back to the time when England, Ireland and the continent were united by a broad belt of land across the beds of the English Channel, St. George's Channel and the North Sea. It is now an ascertained fact that in the very latest geological period, known as the glacial epoch, the whole surface of the British Islands (except an insignificant strip of the south coast) was covered from end to end with a deep coating of glaciers, like that which now envelops all polar lands, and while this condition of things prevailed there were, of course, no animals of any sort in all Britain, or at any rate, none but a few Arctic types. After the ice melted, however, the existing British fauna, such as it is, began to occupy the land, and the fact that it did so is one proof, though by no means the only proof, that a communication with the continent then existed across the bed of the North Sea. Now, the animals only pushed their way very slowly into the newly-cleared region as the ice melted away, and the consequence is that only some forty kinds of mammals out of the whole European fauna had penetrated as far as England before the gradual submergence of the low-land belt separated it from the continent by forming the inclosing arms of the sea. But Ireland lies even further west than England, and there is reason to believe that St. George's Channel had all been flooded before the waves of the Atlantic broke down the last link between Dover and Calais. Accordingly, Ireland never got her fair share of land animals at all, for though the wolf and fox and Irish hare and many other quickly migrating creatures had time to cross the intervening belt before the submergence, several smaller or slower creatures, including the vipers, did not get over the ground fast enough and were thus shut out forever from the Isle of Saints. Among them were the whole race of voles, and that is the reason why Ireland to this day has no water-rats.

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[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Why No Water-Rats, Snakes, Etc., Are Found in Ireland.
In an interesting article of the vole or water-rat, by Mr. Grant Allen, in the English Country Gentleman, the writer discusses the question why certain animals, such as snakes, vipers, water-rats, etc., are not found in Ireland. For the resolution of the problem, he says, we must go back to the time when England, Ireland and the continent were united by a broad belt of land across the beds of the English Channel, St. George's Channel and the North Sea. It is now an ascertained fact that in the very latest geological period, known as the glacial epoch, the whole surface of the British Islands (except an insignificant strip of the south coast) was covered from end to end with a deep coating of glaciers, like that which now envelops all polar lands, and while this condition of things prevailed there were, of course, no animals of any sort in all Britain, or at any rate, none but a few Arctic types. After the ice melted, however, the existing British fauna, such as it is, began to occupy the land, and the fact that it did so is one proof, though by no means the only proof, that a communication with the continent then existed across the bed of the North Sea. Now, the animals only pushed their way very slowly into the newly-cleared region as the ice melted away, and the consequence is that only some forty kinds of mammals out of the whole European fauna had penetrated as far as England before the gradual submergence of the low-land belt separated it from the continent by forming the inclosing arms of the sea. But Ireland lies even further west than England, and there is reason to believe that St. George's Channel had all been flooded before the waves of the Atlantic broke down the last link between Dover and Calais. Accordingly, Ireland never got her fair share of land animals at all, for though the wolf and fox and Irish hare and many other quickly migrating creatures had time to cross the intervening belt before the submergence, several smaller or slower creatures, including the vipers, did not get over the ground fast enough and were thus shut out forever from the Isle of Saints. Among them were the whole race of voles, and that is the reason why Ireland to this day has no water-rats.

A scientist says that a discord struck violently on the piano will kill a lizard. That may be, but every one is not good pianist enough to make a discord on a piano.—Yonkers Gazette.

An Amusing Feature of It.

The most amusing, if not the most instructive, feature of the Dorsey-Barker revelations is the new light thrown upon two important political events: the nomination of Garfield at Chicago and the Republican victory in Indiana at the election in the following October. The contemporary historians of the great moral idea party have "spread themselves," so to speak, in describing the "Providential circumstances" which led to the defeat of Grant and the selection of a candidate who had never been seriously thought of in connection with Presidential honors, and who was as much surprised when they were thrust upon him by the Convention as was Cincinnatus when summoned from the plow to the dictatorship of imperiled Rome. Who can forget, or remember now without a burst of laughter, the accounts of Garfield's behavior on that immortal occasion?—how he was "completely overwhelmed" when his name was mentioned; how he "vainly endeavored" to decline the coming event in favor of John Sherman; how he "insisted that consent was impossible;" how "terribly confused" he was, and how "the blushes of modesty and embarrassment mantled his cheeks" when the result of the final ballot was announced; and how he "tried to escape from the ovation of congratulation" which closed the pretty piece of business. The picture drawn by Republican pencils was so graceful and attractive to the unsophisticated popular mind, that the artist engaged in the preparation of the Garfield National monument might have incorporated it in the forthcoming marble or bronze, and so transmitted to admiring posterity the edifying spectacle of a Presidential nominee who did not want to be nominated, had not the slightest expectation of being nominated, and would not have been nominated if he could possibly have helped it. Alas for the design of the artist! Remondel, Dorsey and Barker sat down upon both and flattened them out forever. The world now knows, beyond all reasonable doubt, the real facts in the case; knows that Garfield knew all about the plans of his friends for springing him upon the Convention; knows that he was consulted in regard to the matter, and gave his consent with the utmost promptness and pleasure; knows that he had no more intention of nominating Sherman than of doing the same for General Jackson or Julius Caesar; knows that all his confusion, surprise and modesty was only a neat bit of acting, and that he must have smiled in his sleeve at the game so successfully played. Thanks to Dorsey and Barker—unimpeachable Republican witnesses they are, too—one more Republican historical blunder has been exploded, and vanishes out of sight leaving behind nothing save a bad smell.

A worse smell, however, is left by the second exploded blunder, the October election in Indiana. The Republican press declared at the time, and have been declaring ever since, that the Republican victory was due to "a grand uprising of the people in behalf of Republican principles;" that it was "a moral work of political conversion;" "a moral tidal wave," "a special providence for the salvation of the Union and the results of the war." The world now knows that Garfield's bargain and sale produced \$2,000,000 for campaign purposes; that \$400,000 went to Indiana "in crisp two-dollar bank notes;" that this money was used in the most unscrupulous fashion, and that the result of the election no more represented the true sentiments of the people of Indiana than it did those of the people of Dahomey. No such scandalous and shameful transaction as this is recorded in our political annals, the Presidential conspiracy of 1876 always excepted; and both are fragrant flowers in the bouquet of Republican rascality and rottenness. We can not help pitying those honest Republicans who voted for Garfield in 1880, believing him to be a champion Civil-service Reformer and as free from all complicity with corruption as an unborn babe. How their eyes and mouths must open in utter amazement as they read of his share in the Indiana performance, and how utterly disgusted they must be at their own innocent gullibility! For sweet charity's sake we will say nothing of the biographies which will have to be revised to meet the demands of the Dorsey-Barker documents; the funeral orations which must undergo the same process for the same reason; the complete demolition of the idol which Republican hands erected for the Republic multitude to adore. Enough to say that biographers, orators and idol-makers have a undant cause to curse Dorsey and Barker with the most ingenious and profane profanity, and that if the Star-route trials have done nothing else they have contributed largely to the stock of popular information upon certain sub-jects heretofore enveloped in a thick cloud of sensational romance and impudent falsehood.—St. Louis Republican.

The Dorsey Scandal.
The early telegraphic reports as to the Dorsey scandal were misleading. The impression was conveyed that the Star's publication was a letter from or interview with Dorsey. It was no thing of the kind; no letters, nor anything purporting to be letters; and no documents of any kind are produced. It does not purport to be written by Dorsey. Nor does it purport to come from him. Dorsey may not even have instigated it in its present form, though there can be no doubt that it takes its present shape from matters that Dorsey has previously charged either disjointedly or as a whole.

The Star, whose editor was branded a liar by Garfield, and proved to be such, pursued him living, and his memory since dead, with a malignity such as can only be entertained by small and mean spirits, and it is quite probable it needed no prompting from Dorsey to devote so much space to flinging its stings at the grave of the dead President.

Apart from its hatred of Garfield there lies back of its attack the hope that a controversy may grow out of this assault which will revive within the Republican party the factional contests of two years ago. If such hope is entertained it will fail. The brutality of the attack will unite rather than

divide. It so shocks decency that it carries with it its own corrective, and Galvairt and Half-Breed, instead of being prompted by it to sharpen daggers for each other, will feel more like loading their boots for the authors of the grossest political indecency of the century.—Detroit Post and Tribune.

Struck 'Em Like a Cyclone.
The astonishing statements attributed to Mr. Dorsey have struck the Republican press like a cyclone. The attempt is being made to discredit the story, but it will hardly succeed. Who is Dorsey? An answer to that question will throw some light on the probability of the story. Stephen J. Dorsey came to the political surface during the "reconstruction" period, being sent by the negro Legislature of Arkansas as a Senator to represent that State at Washington. Of course he was a staunch and stalwart Republican. He was so familiar with corrupt and desperate political measures that he was soon placed on the Republican National Campaign Committee and eventually became its Secretary. During his term as Secretary he became familiar with the methods of getting and carrying out the contracts for carrying the Federal mails. He engaged, in that business and invented, the scheme for robbing the Treasury commonly called "the Star-route robbery." By this means he accumulated a large fortune, a part of which he has invested in cattle ranches and silver mines in New Mexico. When the Presidential contest of 1880 opened it was speedily discovered, through the Republican defeat in Maine early in the summer, that the general Marshall Jewell, of Connecticut, Chairman of the Republican Committee, was wanting in something, and that their cause was lost unless the most desperate measures were resorted to. In this dire emergency the Republican leaders instinctively turned to Dorsey, gave him the management of the remainder of the campaign and begged him to save the grand old party. Dorsey accepted the task and went at it with characteristic ardor and unscrupulousness. The keystone of the contest was Indiana. If he could wrest that from the Democratic ranks the Republicans might elect the President. This he succeeded in accomplishing. Hancock was defeated, Garfield was elected.

Every intelligent politician was aware that Indiana had been carried for the Republicans in October of 1880 by the lavish use of money. Indeed, Vice-President Arthur, at the famous Delmonico's banquet in New York, given in honor of Dorsey, openly and shamelessly lauded Dorsey for the exceedingly able manner in which he carried Indiana by the use of "documents and soap." When Garfield was elected he offered Dorsey the position of Secretary of the Interior, but Dorsey declined. He had a "better thing" in the postal-route frauds. All he desired was to shape the Administration so that he would be "allowed to steal with impunity." This it was agreed should be done. But to Dorsey's great disgust, President Garfield attempted to take care of Dorsey and at the same time play the part of a great reformer. He put James and McVeagh into his Cabinet, hence they prosecuted Dorsey, the savior of the Republican party, for the Star-route frauds. Garfield was shot by a Republican statesman named Guitteau. James and McVeagh were put out of the Cabinet of President Arthur to make the task of saving Arthur easier. But there was the Star-route prosecution, like a white elephant, left on Arthur's hands. Arthur found himself in an embarrassing position. He became seized with the desire of being elected President. He tried to carry water on both shoulders. He determined to be a reformer—just a little one for a cent—and he ordered the prosecutions against Dorsey to proceed. Of course Dorsey was to be saved in the end. The trials ended in Dorsey's acquittal by the jury. Before the bar of public opinion, however, he was found guilty. The trials cost him a great deal of money. The Star-route stealing was broken up. Dorsey was out of a job. He felt that the Republican press, in its anxiety to shield the party from responsibility for Dorsey, had dealt severely with him. He doubted the fidelity of Arthur, though his acquittal ought to have saved him that suspicion. He became sored and angry and determined that in his fall he would, like another Samson, drag down the pillars of the Republican temple. So he has told the story revealing the inside plottings of the Republican campaign of 1880. The story hurts a great many Republican leaders. It is unfortunate, for Garfield is dead and can not answer for himself. But Dorsey could not leave Garfield out of his story for the reason that he was the central figure around which the drama revolved. It is not necessary to go into the details of Dorsey's exposures. We published the main facts of the case yesterday, not with the purpose of maligning any person, whether he be dead or alive, but because this story is a part of the political history of the country which every citizen ought to be informed of. The story is not a Democratic campaign "lie." No campaign is in progress. The story does not originate with Democrats. It is told by Dorsey, erstwhile a Republican Senator, and but a few weeks ago the Secretary and general manager of the Republican National Committee. If it is not true, let the Republican leaders who are living disprove it. For the sake of the National credit we earnestly hope it may be completely refuted. But that refutation should come speedily. Delays are dangerous. Dorsey's story tallies well with the known facts of the late Presidential campaign. It will take very strong evidence to overturn its inherent probabilities. It will not do for the Republican press to dismiss it with assumed contempt and to call it a piece of "Democratic malignancy." The story has nothing of that nature about it. It is an official statement by a leading Republican of things that he saw and helped to perform. It is very dangerous for the Republican party. Unless it is absolutely annihilated by irrefragable evidence, the people will believe it, and many thousands of Republicans will refuse to vote with a party whose managers are capable of such daring crimes against the Republic.—New Haven Register.