Iron County Register

BY ELI D. AKE.

IRONTON. - MISSOURI.

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Driven From Sea to Sea;

Or, JUST A CAMPIN'

BY G. G. POST.

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CHAPTER XVII.—CONTINUED.

"The young folks had best git married, though, ef they're goin' to; both of 'em. I've no fear fer Jennie an' Ensign. They'll git on all right, as far as they let folks git on that works for a livin', and if Lucy loves Mr. Annelsey I s'pose that's all right, too, and she had better write fer him to come and get her at once ef he don't want her to get tanned up with campin' out in the foot-hills."

Mrs. Parsons thought the whole situation over and over, again and again.

All night she lay awake thinking of their changed circumstances and of her husband's words, and in the morning she did substantially what he had suggested—she wrote her daughters, telling them the ranch was flooded and destroyed, that the cottage itself would be untenable before many days, but forbidding them to return home until they heard further from their parents.

"Your father and I do not yet know what we shall do," she wrote. "There seems no place for us to go to. Some of the neighbors, whose houses are on higher ground than ours, have offered to let us stay with them until we can find a place to rent, but we can not long be a tax on the hospitality of those who have themselves lost everything except the shelter over their heads, and who must, like us, soon seek other homes.

"We are talking of going down into the great valley and renting a place of some of the big landlords, but it is very hard to think of working all the rest of our lives without hope of ever having a place of our own again, and if we can find a little place anywhere that is for sale, if it is only a few acres with nothing but a shanty on it, we had both rather buy it than to rent, even if we go in debt for it; but we do not know of any such that is safe from the overflow of these terrible mines.

"You must not worry about it too much, dears; and you must not come home until you hear from us again, which will not be long, for we must do something, and that quickly.

"You could not help much if you were here until we know what we are to do, and would probably be more expense here than there, and we will write you again just as soon as we determine where we shall go."

Then she added, in a postscript:

"You know how much your father and I love you and how anxious we are to have you always with us; but this we know can not be, and if the men whom you are to marry urge you to a speedy union you have our consent, and it may be best so."

This letter John Parsons mailed at Phippsburg, a little town on the river ten miles above the landing where they usually did their trading.

When Johnny saw his father preparing to start he began to cry piteously, and begged him not to leave them to be swallowed up by the terrible flood.

The poor child was not only nervous, but actually frightened. He had sat propped up in his little wheeled cot at the low window and watched the slowly rising flood until it had grown to seem a thing of life, a frightful monster, such as he had read about in fairy stories, only a thousand times more horrible, ready to swallow them all alive; and his pale face grew paler still, and his eyes, large with suffering, grew larger yet with fear, and he would not consent that either parent should remain long out of the room, and at night went to sleep holding to his father's hand only to awaken when all was still with screams of fright at the things which he saw in his dreams.

Then John Parsons would arise and sit by his side and talk to him, and tell him stories, and soothe him until his sobs ceased and gradually he dropped off to sleep again, only to see once more the horrid shapes that peopled his sleeping fancy, and awake in an agony of fear and trembling.

And now he begged and cried until his parents feared he would go into convulsions at his father's leaving, but there seemed no other way, for they knew that the neighbors were either busy trying to save something from the general wreck, or absent looking for some place to move to. People who are so foolish as to build their houses where wealthy corporations may wish to empty the garbage from their back yards can not humor the fancies of their crippled children. They are like the birds that build their nests upon the ground where the farmer desires to sow his grain—whose nests are turned under by the plowshare with never a thought of the loss to the little bunch of brown feathers that cries so piteously and flutters about the spot where its little ones lie buried beneath the sod.

It was early in the morning when John Parsons started with the letter. He knew that he would be forced to follow a somewhat devious route in order to avoid the overflowed district, but he was on horseback and expected to make the canter of ten miles and back by noon at farthest, and so told his wife and Johnny.

But noon came and no father. Then one o'clock, and still he had not come.

Mrs. Parsons kept the dinner warm and waited. She had spent the morning in packing, as best she could, their household goods in shape for moving, at the same time amusing Johnny with talks of the new place to which they would go.

She did not know where it would be, yet tried, for the lad's sake, to picture it as pleasant as possible, and so half made herself believe that they might not fail in getting another home and being happy once more, and now while she waited she continued the preparations for moving; but as the hours passed and her husband was still absent, she became uneasy and fancied all kinds of evils that might have befallen him.

Had he attempted to cross some place in the road that was covered by the overflow, and miring down been unable to extricate himself?

The thought was horrible, and her brain reeled beneath it.

Then she told herself that it could not be; that instead he had been forced to go further around than he had anticipated, and so more time was consumed.

Then again, she feared that his horse had taken fright and thrown him, and she pictured him lying by the roadside dead, or with broken limbs, calling in vain for help, or carried to a friendly shanty as he had carried Johnny when the accident which made him a cripple occurred.

"They say it never rains but it pours," she said to herself. "Can it be possible that to all our other troubles is to be added an injury to John?"

She could not bear to think of it, and put the thought from her, and tried to keep from dwelling on it by talking to Johnny as he lay in his cot watching her pack the boxes and trunks with clothing and the various knick-knacks about the house.

Then a more hopeful thought came.

"May be father had heard of a place that he can get and has gone to look at it," she said to Johnny, and the thought gave her fresh courage. But as the day passed and night settled down upon the scene and still he did not come, hope turned to fear, and she grew sick at heart.

She attended to the out-door chores when she saw it getting late; fed the pigs and the chickens and milked the cows, and then went in the gathering darkness and noted the rise in the slow creeping flood, and estimated that in two days more it would enter the cottage.

Then she returned to the house, lighted a lamp and sat down by the cot of her crippled child, too utterly exhausted and broken in spirit to talk.

The boy seemed to understand, for he said nothing; did not cry nor moan, but lay with his large eyes fixed upon his mother's face with a look of wondering, helpless resignation, as if he saw the approach of the horrid monster of his dreams, but felt that now no cries for help could avail anything, until, unable longer to control herself, Martha Parsons sank upon her knees and buried her face in her handkerchief and sobbed aloud:

"My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me?"

CHAPTER XVIII.

DRIVEN TO THE MOUNTAINS.

For a half hour Martha Parsons remained kneeling by the side of her crippled child.

When she arose she was calm again, but neither the boy nor herself spoke, and finally sleep came and closed the lad's eyelids, and he lay quietly resting while his mother sat by his side as silent and motionless as he.

Her thoughts had gone back to the days of her childhood, and one by one she recalled all the incidents of her past life. She remembered the old church where she had been christened and near where she was born. In imagination she sat again in the straight-backed pew in company with the homely, old-fashioned congregation and listened to the preaching of the venerable, gray-haired minister whose words she had been taught were those of one commissioned to speak for God and Christ.

Again she heard the sermon in which all men were commanded to accept their lot, whatever it might be, as from the hand of the Most High, who gave to each of His creatures, as to Him seemed best, of the goods of this world; heard, mingled with much of sympathy for the impoverished and the outcast and the sinful, the poor bidden to be content with the condition in life to which it had pleased God in His wisdom to call them; and was dumbly conscious of feeling surprised at herself, and, may be, a trifle frightened at daring to wonder for the first time in her life if God ever authorized anybody to say such things in His name; if, indeed, it was not blasphemy to tell the poor, who were made poor by being robbed, and the rich, who were made rich by the robbery, that such was God's will, and bidding them to be content in the condition in which they were thus placed.

She recalled the talks which she and John had during the days of their courtship and after their marriage. What plans they had laid; how hopeful they had been of the future; how prosperous they had meant to be; and how much pleasure they had taken in thinking of the good they would do, and of the quiet old age they were to spend together after the hurry of life was over and their children settled comfortably near them, receiving and entitled to the respect and esteem of their neighbors.

They had worked hard; they had been honest; they had reared their children to be worthy members of society; they had done all they knew how to do to make the world better for their having lived in it; and now, their home lost, their children scattered, she sat by the bedside of her crippled child at midnight, waiting for the return of her husband, with a great fear at her heart that he, too, had been swallowed up by the terrible flood.

The moan which involuntarily escaped her lips as her mind returned to the present awoke Johnny; but seeing his mother sitting by his side he did not cry or speak, but lay quietly gazing into her face for a time and then his quick hearing caught a sound which had escaped the duller ear of his mother, and a look, half of inquiry, half of fear, passed over his face, but still he did not speak.

Again the sound, and now his mother hears it, too—the neighing of a horse upon the winding bluff road back of the house; then an answering neigh from the hill pasture, and both know that the husband and father has returned.

Hurrying to the door, Mrs. Parsons heard the pasture bars let down; heard the short whinny of recognition and welcome which the horses exchanged as the home-comer entered the field, then heard the barn door open as the rider went to hang up his saddle; then the footsteps turned towards the house, and a moment later John Parsons, weary and covered with mud, but sound of limb, entered and bending down kissed wife and child.

"I s'pose you an' Johnny hev been worried most to death about me, Marty," he said, "but I couldn't very well help it; leastwise I thought it best to do as I done."

"Yes, dear, we have been fearful that something had happened you. Did you meet with an accident, or what was the matter? I know you must be tired and hungry, whatever it was, and I'll have a cup of tea for you just as soon as the kettle boils again. It won't take but a moment; it was boiling only a little bit ago."

"Wall, you see when I got to town I concluded to ask around an' see if I could hear of a place for rent or to sell on time, an' after inquirin' a spell I heard of a claim, mostly wo'thless, but with enough good land to make a livin' on, that was for sale or trade, fifteen miles further back in the mountains; an' as, ef I come home first I'd hev to go right back agin to-morrow, if I took a look at the place at all, I concluded to go right on an' see it, hopin' to get home, though, afore it was so late. But when I got back to town it was almost dark already, an' neither me nor the horse had et a bite since mornin', an' I was jest obleeged to stop an' let the animal rest a couple of hours. That gave me a dark ride home, an' the roads is purty bad over the hills since the rains come. What time o' night is it? Nigh on to midnight, I reckon."

"The clock struck twelve some time since," replied Mrs. Parsons. "But what about the place? Is there any house on it, or an orchard, or anything? And what does the man ask for it?"

"There's a bit of shanty on it," returned her husband, "an' a few scatterin' grape vines, an' a dozen or two peach and pear trees. The place is well up on the mountain an' is off of the main road, an' sort o' lonesome like; leastwise, I'm afeared 'twould seem so to you an' the lad. But there's a chance to make a livin' there even if it ain't a very good one, an' I s'pect may be grapes will do pretty well on part o' the claim. It's mighty rough an' broken, though, an' won't be so pleasant cultivatin' as this place used to be.

"There ain't no bottom land onto it, ner within ten miles of it fer that matter. An' there ain't many neighbors, an' such as there is is poor folks, that couldn't git claims nowher's else. I talked with one of 'em, an' he said he was satisfied they could raise as good fruit of most kinds as grew anywhere in the State; an' anyway there ain't any danger of their floodin' it from any mines; it's too far up on the mountains fer that, an' may be the best thing we kin do is to take it, 'specially as the owner, who lives in town, is willin' to take a pair of horses an' purty near anything else we have to turn out to him, I guess."

"Then we had better take it," replied his wife. "I had rather have a place of our own, however poor, than to be dependent upon somebody else and obliged to move every year perhaps, and never feel that anything is our own, as we would do on a rented place. But are you sure about the title, John? Don't for pity's sake let us buy a ranch to which there is not a good title."

"That's just what I told Mr. Blake, the man that owns it. I told him that if there was anything at all wrong with the title I wouldn't touch it with a ten-foot pole, but he says it's all right, an' he is to get an abstract of it from the recorder's office. The place has never had but two or three owners, an' it's clear outside of the land grant, so if there's no mortgages onto it I don't see how there can be any danger, an' of course the abstract will show."

"I almost wish you had told him we would take it. I'm afraid somebody else will step in and get it first, there are so many looking for places now. When did you tell him you would give him an answer?"

"He is to come over to-morrow and look at the things we have to trade. If we kin agree, then he is to get the abstract, an' if that is all right, it's a trade. I wish you could see the place, mother, before we decide about it, but I don't see how you kin, unless we take Johnny over to Ritchie's and leave him while you go an' take a look at it.

"What do you say, Johnny? Will you stay at Mr. Ritchie's while mother goes with me to see the new place?"

"Won't the water and mud rise clear over us and bury us?" asked the boy, in his weak little voice.

"Oh, no," replied his father, "Mr. Ritchie's house is higher up than ours, you know. There is not a bit of danger."

"Then I'll stay."

But Mrs. Parsons did not wish to go to see the place.

"It would be a hard day's ride," she said, "fifty miles there and back, and we would have to go on horseback, I suppose, for it must be awful slow getting along with a wagon, now; and besides it would make no difference any way. If you think we can make a living on it we had best take it, for we can't stay here many days longer. We have no other place to go to, and it will not be easy to find places that we can trade for."

And so they talked on while the tea was made and drank. Then they lay down, but it was almost day before sleep came to either of them.

About noon the next day Mr. Blake came as he had promised.

He was a man of medium size and pretty well built. He had a red face and a large mouth, and appeared about fifty years of age.

Certainly not a handsome man, he was yet not noticeably homely. In fact, there was nothing especially noticeable about him in any way. To all appearances he was an ordinary kind of man, who had doubtless mined some; been a farmer back in the States, perhaps, and at some period in his life had probably kept a hotel in a country town, or engaged in some other occupation which had given him a little more the air of a man of business, and a little less that of a day laborer.

At dinner, of which he was invited to partake, he asked a blessing. As they ate he commended the cooking; spoke of the great loss which his host had sustained from the destruction of his ranch by the overflow, and condemned in strong terms the outrage upon the rights of so good citizens as those at whose table he sat.

Then he passed on to a description of his own ranch, which he wished to sell.

It was well up in the hills, he said, but it was a fine place for fruit, and was out of danger from the overflow, and all it needed to make it a valuable property was the cultivation and care which Mr. Parsons knew so well how to give it.

He offered it for sale cheap because he was going back East, and wanted to clear everything up before he went, and get what he had together.

He would prefer to sell for cash, but if they could not do that, he would take a pair of horses and any other stock they might have to turn out. And if he could not dispose of them readily in the neighborhood, would drive them to Sacramento, on his way to New York, and sell them there.

After dinner he went out, in company with Mr. Parsons, and looked at the different animals and the things which the now nearly impoverished family had to offer. He readily agreed to take one pair of horses and a wagon and the top carriage, also three cows. But this still left a difference which he proposed should be made up by a note to be signed by Mr. Parsons and a couple of his neighbors.

To this Mr. Parsons would not consent. He doubted if any one would sign a note with him now, and he could not bear to think of asking and being refused, and preferred giving a mortgage on the place which he was to get of Mr. Blake.

Finally it was agreed to pay him the fifty dollars in bank, and in addition to the other articles named, to turn him out the six head of fat hogs in the pen and certain articles of household furniture, the most valuable in their possession, but for which there would not be room in the shanty to which they were going, and so the bargain was made.

The Parsons were to retain possession of all the property until they had moved on to the new place; then to put the goods and animals at the disposal of Mr. Blake and receive the deed.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SENATOR HOAR.

A Senator Who Is Familiar with the Business of Stealing States.

We have some further evidence that Senator Hoar is a political Tartuffe. It is contained in the speech which he made last Saturday at the meeting of the Essex Club. We can not congratulate that organization on making a good start for the season. Hypocrisy will never thrive, and we can describe Mr. Hoar's speech in no other way than as hypocritical. A political club does not do itself credit by applauding such remarks as its principal orator made at Saturday's meeting. Mr. Hoar condemned President Cleveland for appointing to office Mr. Pillsbury, who is, according to the Senator, "known only for the services he rendered to an attempted usurpation by a Democratic minority in Maine." Mr. Pillsbury differs from Mr. Hoar on this question, and his view is, on the whole, worthier the serious consideration of honest men. The old contention in Maine has been sufficiently discussed, and a good many rational and sincere men believe that Mr. Pillsbury's conduct was right. But we do not propose to be led into a discussion of this matter. It is settled, and besides, Senator Hoar knows that in attempting to make Mr. Pillsbury's appointment to an internal revenue collectorship the test of President Cleveland's Administration, he was guilty of a gross outrage on the intelligence of the State.

Senator Hoar can not look upon Saturday's speech without a wink of his eye and a smile of cunning on his lips. He must have had in mind the infamous Electoral Commission of 1877, of which he was a member, when he uttered the words: "We are not willing to submit to a rule brought about by the methods by which Pillsbury attempted to steal the State of Maine four years ago." Mr. Hoar is familiar with the business of stealing States. He has indulged in it, and he knows that the people of this country have submitted to a theft of much greatet importance than that of which he charges Mr. Pillsbury. And while Mr. Pillsbury was innocent of crime, Mr. Hoar is a successful criminal. It ill becomes a man with the Senator's past record to reprobate, in canting phrase, the profiting by "fraud upon the elections." A majority of his fellow-countrymen believe that George F. Hoar has connived in the greatest election fraud that was ever committed against a free people. He knew, when he spoke his hypocritical speech, that the verdict of his country was against him and his accomplices. He knew that he had defrauded the voters of the United States, eight years ago, of the President of their choice, and it doubtless occurred to him that he would sin again if the crime would again result in giving the Presidency to the Republican party. Mr. Hoar is a bad man, as bad a man as he accuses Mr. Pillsbury of being. He ought to be covered with shame and confusion whenever he thinks of the blackest spot upon his public career. His opera bouffe antics, in which he pretends horror at an offense which he really loves, are shocking. He is Senator of Massachusetts, and the Commonwealth are humiliated whenever he alludes, even incidentally, to his evil course.—*Boston Statesman.*

THEY WON'T TRY.

Mississippi Republicans Resolving Not to Elect a Ticket.

The Mississippi Republican Committee have held a meeting and formally resolved that, as they can't elect a ticket in that State, they won't try. "Organized opposition to the Democratic party in this State is useless," they say, "because of the impossibility of securing at the polls an honest election."

And yet the Republican leaders claim that there are more Republicans in Mississippi than Democrats. There are 650,000 colored people and 479,000 whites—a majority of 171,000 blacks—and it is asserted that all the blacks are Republicans. If this be true, then, either the blacks do not care about voting or the State presents the puzzling and insoluble problem of a large majority which can not, or will not, assert its rights.

If, in Mississippi and South Carolina, where the negroes are in a majority, and in several other Southern States where the negroes largely preponderate in districts, the white minority rules through superior address and intelligence—what is the remedy? Senator Sherman, of Ohio, says the Repualicans must be recalled to power at Washington to protect the colored majorities in the exercise of their rights with the Federal power. But if the Republicans could not or did not do this when they were in power, of what use would it be to recall them? Does Senator Sherman expect that the people of the Northern States will, in addition to the duty of maintaining their own rights, voluntarily assume the perpetual task of protecting the rights of the negro majorities in the South who will not protect themselves? The Republicans were in power in every Southern State, at one time, and had a Republican Administration at Washington behind them—and yet they lost their hold and fell to the ground. Would they do any better on a second or third trial? Besides, negro rule in the South was an era of perpetual disorder, strife and official corruption—and would it be reasonable to ask the people of the North to exert their great power to restore such a state of things?—*St. Louis Republican.*

DECIDED IMPROVEMENTS.

The Good Work Done in All Departments of the Government.

It is perfectly evident to all observers that in every department of government at Washington a decided improvement in the modes of doing business is noted since the new Administration came into power. Those who have transactions with the Government feel that the various departments are run on a business basis. Postmaster-General Vilas' absolute mastery of every detail of his office and his successful efforts to cope with those who have heretofore had things their own way in the department, has won for him unstinted praise even from his adversaries.

Congressman Hill, of Ohio, in the course of a campaign speech at Defiance, last week, made some apt allusions to the prosperity of the country under a Democratic Administration. He alluded to the wild charges of the Republican orators last year, that all sorts of calamities would come upon the country in the event of the election of a Democratic President. Nothing of the kind has come to pass. On the other hand, business is steadily improving. No rebel debts have been paid, no negroes sent back into slavery, but the country is moving along safely and prosperously. The Democratic Administration has instituted reforms, stopped stealing, cut off extravagant expenditures and instituted business methods.

Then, under the heading of "What has been done" during the six months' existence of the Admistration, he epitomizes as follows:

It has resisted all pressure for the appointment to responsible positions of men believed to represent great land or railroad corporations.

It has saved many hundreds of thousands of dollars to the Government in the matter of contracts for the coming year.

It has saved more than $100,000 in the contract for Indian supplies for the present fiscal year, as compared with the last year's expenditures.

It has adopted the policy of strict adherence and construction as regards Indian treaties, and proposes to hold the Indians to their contracts.

It has banished or begun to banish all interlopers from the Indian reservations, and in the execution of this policy will make no distinction between the vagrant frontier brawler and the herders of hundreds of thousands of cattle.

It has restored, and is restoring millions of acres of public lands that are now covered by fraudulent entries or distorted claims.

It has proclaimed the public lands the heritage of the people, and ordered the removal of the fences that enclose millions of acres of the Government domain in the interest of vast monopolies, cutting the settlers off from the courses, ponds and best cattle pasturage.

Here is only a partial record. It is only the beginning of the service which a Democratic Administration hopes to give to the people during its existence.—*Exchange.*

THE UNION HATER.

The Man Who Is Not Wanted to Raise the Flag of Sectionalism.

Judging from recent expressions, it is quite evident that the "bloody shirt" issue was placed in the Ohio Republican platform at the instance of Senator John Sherman. The Senator is a candidate for re-election, and his interests are regarded as paramount in the Ohio issue. Just after the holding of the convention General Grant gave utterance to those noble sentiments in his interview with General Buckner which have made such a deep impression upon the country, and have made General Grant's name to be revered and honored at the South as well as at the North. One of the chief glories that clustered about the obsequies of the lamented hero was the fact that two of the most distinguished Generals who represented the vanquished were among the bearers at his funeral. Johnson and Buckner did not play an isolated part. They were not exceptional characters. They were the representatives of States numbering several millions of people. They were not only conquered by Grant's sword, for the greatest conquest was made by Grant's magnanimity. And that is what made the victory complete.

The circumstance at once directed attention to the Ohio Republican platform, and all patriotic people looked upon the raising of the sectional issue as most unfortunate. But not so Senator John Sherman. He wants the strife between the North and the South to continue and rankle until it brings forth more bitter fruit. And that very fact demonstrates of itself that John Sherman is not a fit man to represent a State in the Senate of the Nation. Men are not wanted there who are constantly disposed to raise the flag of sectionalism. Sherman approves of the Ohio platform, and takes every opportunity in his speeches to keep alive that bitter sectional feeling which can only be looked upon as the last resort of a thorough-going demagogue.

Mr. Sherman has had his eye on the Presidency for years. In 1880 he had the delegation from his own State, but Garfield carried off the prize. In 1884 the wires were cunningly laid for Blaine in spite of him. It is said that Blaine's defeat caused few tears to trickle down his cheeks. Now he is on the war-path for the continuance of his political life. If he succeeds himself to the Senate, he will loom up as a probable candidate in 1888. If he fails now his political sun will go down probably to rise no more. It does not look as though the dying embers of sectionalism could ever be fanned again into life by any set of demagogues. Let the leaders of the crusade be frowned down by all patriotic people, and let our country be in reality what it is in name, the United States!—*Albany Argus.*

IDEAL REFORM.

The Real Meaning of Honest Civil-Service Reform.

Mr. Everett P. Wheeler, of New York, Chairman of the Executive Committee of the Civil-Service Association, has written a letter in reply to the one of Mr. Lynde Harrison, Chairman of the Republican State Committee of Connecticut.

He believes "the removal of or failure to reappoint competent Republican officers" by the President has not injured the cause of Civil-Service reform, because one of Mr. Cleveland's duties was to "redress the wrong that had been done to one-half the people of this country by their uniform exclusion from holding office under the Federal Government." Mr. Wheeler, in this statement, shows himself to be a man of large common sense, as well as an honest Civil-Service reformer, the last, unfortunately for the good cause, not always being the first also.

There are a class of Civil-Service reformers who contend that in reforming the civil service no attention should be paid to the fact that for twenty-four years all the offices, with trifling exceptions, have been held by Republicans, a fact which more than any other determined the necessity of genuine reform. For the last generation one-half the people have been excluded from office for no reason other than they were Democrats. Because they were Democrats they have been branded all these years as unworthy to hold offices of trust and honor under their own Government.

There could not have been a more deadly assault upon a fair and honest civil service than this, and yet there are a lot of fantastical reformers who would have had President Cleveland accept the civil service precisely as he found it, and so carry it on that, thereafter as theretofore, Democrats should be barred out. There could have been no exception save in case of death, the same theory which forbade the removal of Republicans compelling their reappointment if competent. The President did not feel disposed to allow all his party friends to wait for dead men's shoes, but proceeded to redress the wrong done them, but in so moderate a manner as to surprise his opponents and annoy some of his friends.

After the civil service is reformed it will be no difficult matter to keep it so, but there could be no reform in it so long as Democrats were practically excluded from office.—*Washington Post.*

—The last words of General Grant were a request for water. The man who had gathered all the honors of the earth asked, in his extreme need, for that which it was the easiest to give. As the rich and the poor, the glorious and obscure, journey toward the leveling place of death, they travel for a time in close company.—*Chicago Current.*

FEEDING SWINE.

Facts Leading to the Belief That Food Should Be Cooked.

The advocates and the opponents of cooking food for hogs are by turns in the majority. The practice of cooking most kind of food for hogs has always been general in New England and some of the other Eastern States. Many circumstances favored the practice there. There is a disposition to make the most out of everything that is produced on the farm. Mills for grinding grain are common, and the amount of toll exacted is small. In most places wood for fuel is abundant and cheap. In almost every farm-house or outbuilding is a large boiler, set over an arch, which is often used in making soap, and which serves a good purpose in cooking food for hogs. On Eastern farms there is more help kept than on farms of the same size in the West, and accordingly the time spent in cooking food for hogs is scarcely considered. In a part of the country where there are extensive old orchards very many apples are raised, and the poorer ones, including the windfalls, can not be disposed of in the market. Potatoes are one of the leading crops, and they are largely depended on for fattening hogs. Many pumpkins and squashes are also raised. All of these make excellent food for hogs, if they are properly cooked, but are of comparatively little value if fed in the raw state. The practice in the East is to boil these fruits and vegetables, to mash them, and to add corn meal, ground peas, and bran and shorts. Most Eastern farmers think it a great waste to feed raw food to hogs. The only time in the year in which swine are kept on raw food is summer, when they live chiefly on grass, clover, weeds and milk. The farmers believe that growing pigs and store hogs can not get along well enough on raw food, but when they desire to fatten hogs they cook almost all the food they give them. During quite cold weather they are particular to have the cooked food warm when they place it in the feeding-troughs.

In most portions of the West the conditions are less favorable to cooking food for hogs. Less help is kept on farms in proportion to their size. There are fewer custom grinding mills, and the amount charged for grinding is greater. It is not common to find large kettles suitable for cooking food for hogs in any building belonging to farms. Nearly all farmers buy the food they use, and do not like to spend money in keeping up fires to cook food for hogs. On new farms there are no old orchards, and all the apples that are raised command a good price. Comparatively few western farmers raise pumpkins and squashes as field crops, and potatoes are not generally raised for stock food. On many farms where quite a number of cattle are fattened for the market little or no corn is fed directly to hogs. They eat the grains that pass through the organs of digestion of the steers and become fat on them. They are in nearly the same condition they would be if they were steeped in warm water. In some sections it is the practice to turn hogs into fields of grain that has been beaten down by storms, or to allow them to glean corn-fields. There is a disposition among western farmers to save all the work possible, and they are generally quite ready to be convinced that there is the reverse of economy in cooking food for hogs.

During the civil war pork and the grain used to produce it were very high, and farmers were desirous of making as many pounds of pork from a bushel of corn as possible. Experiments made by some noted feeders apparently demonstrated the fact that corn ground and cooked and fed to hogs ready to fatten produced nearly twice as much pork as that which was fed on the ear. On the publication of these reports in the newspapers there was a great demand for farm-mills and cooking apparatus. Manufacturers were not slow to meet the demand. They put on the market and displayed at fairs a great variety of boilers, steamers and cooking-tanks, and disposed of them at very high prices. In the course of a few years there was a great reaction. Many who had purchased apparatus for cooking food for hogs declined to use it. Some declared that hogs were more healthy that ate raw food, while they gained quite as fast. Some experiments were reported that went to show that such was the case. It is certain that the practice of cooking food for hogs was generally abandoned throughout the great corn-growing regions of the West, where the largest amount of pork is produced for the market.

This season there is a revival of interest in cooking food for hogs. It is now admitted that many of the experiments which showed unfavorable results, especially in the cooking of corn, were never half made. The grains of corn, or the meal made from it, was boiled, but not properly cooked. It was heated, but not kept at the boiling point of water sufficiently long to make it readily digestible. Every housewife knows that corn meal must be cooked a long time before it is in a condition for the table. While it may not be advisable to cook corn for feeding to hogs in all stages of their growth, there is doubtless economy in both grinding and cooking it before feeding it to hogs that are in the last stages of the fattening process. In many cases their teeth become sore after they have eaten raw corn for several weeks. Their digestion also becomes impaired, while they show little disposition to eat food. A change from raw corn to that which has been ground and cooked, or cooked without having been ground, is followed by an increase of appetite and a rapid gain in weight. This is especially the case when the hogs are very heavy. In the absence of milk or kitchen slops cooked corn or oat meal made thin like gruel is one of the best kinds of food for young pigs. The change from mother's milk to raw corn is too great.

In those parts of the country where large crops of corn can not be raised on account of the shortness of the season, and where hogs are largely fed on potatoes, pumpkins, squashes, peas and oats, cooking is almost indispensable to the economical production of pork. A few potatoes fed in connection with grain are relished by store hogs, but their feeding value is greatly increased by cooking them. When fuel is moderately cheap, pork can be economically produced by feeding boiled potatoes and ground oats, barley and peas. When the number of hogs to be fed is large, it will pay to make a cooking tank of planks, fastened by iron rods, as drinking-troughs frequently are, and provided with a bottom of thick sheet iron. This, when furnished with a cover of boards, and placed over a fireplace made of brick or stone, furnishes a cooking apparatus which is very cheap and which requires but a small amount of fuel. The larger the vessel in which the food is to be cooked the smaller will be the amount of fuel required. A wooden vat will retain heat much longer than an iron kettle, while its cost will be much less.—*Chicago Times.*

SHEEP FOR THE MARKET.

Proper Preparation of Mutton as a Source of Income.

In preparing sheep for market, says an English paper, the object should be to have them look to the very best advantage, and any extra work incurred in this not only pays but affords an opportunity for displaying skill and taste in sheep management. The more equal in size, type, color and age a lot of sheep are the better they will sell. Of course the sheep can not be made—the aim is to make the most of them. In the case of fat sheep the best of the lot are frequently picked out week by week, and sold as they are ready. But take the case of a large lot to be cleared out at once. Having brought the sheep together into a large pen or yard, commence by catching out the worst ones. It can then be seen if what remains are fit to go on or not. If they still appear unequal it is often better to divide them again, making a top lot, a second and a third. There are buyers for all the classes, so that each lot will sell for what it is worth, and the average price obtained in this way will generally be better than if the whole had been sold in one lot. After the lots are arranged, any superfluous wool on the head or legs is cut off to give the sheep a more uniform character. Formerly ewes and wethers were sent to market with the wool in its natural state of growth, but now almost all of them are trimmed or dressed with the shears the same as show sheep. The wool on their backs is cut level, and their sides are nicely rounded, so as to give them a trim appearance. This does not, of course, benefit sheep that are to be kept on for further feeding or for breeding purposes. Clipping the ends of the wool on the back, making it stand erect, is not what nature intended, for naturally the long ends hang over and carry the rain off the sheep's back, whereas by clipping the back wool short the rain goes straight to the skin. Whatever pecuniary advantage it may bring to the seller is certainly at the buyer's expense, except, of course, when the sheep are sold for slaughtering, and even in the latter case there is a damaged fleece.—*Exchange.*

SOFT CORN.

Pigs More Easily Fattened on New Than on Old Corn.

Now is the time when pig-feeders may avail themselves of corn in the most digestible condition. Some erroneously suppose that old corn is better for fattening than new corn. If weight for weight of corn only is considered, this would be true, but that is not the question. On which will pigs fatten the fastest? When will an acre of corn, of any certain yield, make the most pork? Will fifty bushels, harvested last year, and now thoroughly dry, make more pork than the same corn would have done when in the milk or dough state? Many, perhaps, would answer yes, but the answer would be wrong. When corn is in the thick milk, it is certainly more easily digested, and a greater percentage will be digested, and consequently an acre of corn in that condition will make more pork than afterward, when the corn becomes fully ripe and cured. This has been proved by experiment, and this is quite reasonable, for the more completely it is digested the more pork it should make. The argument for cooking is, that this process renders it more soluble, and thus more digestible; but corn in the thick milk is quite as soluble as when well cooked, and must be equally digestible. When in this condition, the cob is soft, and the pigs will eat much of the cob with the grain. When pig feeders have tested this way of feeding they will never require an argument in its favor afterward. This is also a saving of labor to those who get corn ground, for in this succulent state it is more digestible than any meal. Judgment must be used not to overfeed, for pigs are very fond of the green corn. Commence moderately, and watch the effect upon the pigs, giving only what they can properly use. Cattle will also fatten faster upon corn in the milk than when it is ripe.—*National Live Stock Journal.*

SERVIA'S QUEEN.

A Witty and Religious Woman With English Notions.

Through her paternal grandmother, Mme. Balsa, the Queen of Servia is descended from one of the most remarkable families in Europe. Historical research has proved beyond doubt that the Roumanian Balsas are direct descendants of the Servian Balsas, who were in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries ruling Princes of Montenegro and North Albania. The Servian Balsas were a branch of the Provencal family of Les Baulx, of which several members accompanied Charles I. of Anjou to the conquest of Naples, and established themselves there under the name of Balza, whilst some of their numerous representatives crossed the Adriatic to Servia, where at that time Helene de Courtnay was the Queen. The Provencal Baulx were pre-eminently distinguished for love of poetry. Some were themselves poets, and many a troubadour has sung of the wit and beauty of their women and of the generosity and valor of their men. Adelais de Baulx was sung by the famous troubadour Pierre Vidal, and Laurette and Phanette de Baulx inspired some of the most beautiful of the troubadour lays. Petrarch's Laura was herself a descendant on one side at least of the Provencal Les Baulx. The picturesque ruins of the old Castle le Baulx are still to be seen in the neighborhood of Arles.

Queen Natalie of Servia has inherited, with the traditional beauty of the Les Baulx women, their wit and their religious fervor. Her Majesty has had the good fortune to be educated by an English lady, and, as a consequence, speaks English fluently, and has imbibed what some people call "English notions"—viz.: she is indefatigable in all sorts of charitable works, educates orphans, helps poor women, supports schools and encourages National literature and industry. In fact, almost all charitable institutions of Servia are under her special protection. But even in recreation she evinces her English taste, having a passion for garden parties, including croquet and lawn tennis.—*Chicago Tribune.*

—In Cape Colony, South Africa, there are now 125 postal savings banks, which have a total of 27,461 depositors, with balances due them of $994,180. The system has been in operation there only eighteen months.