

Iron County Register

BY H. D. ABE.

IRONTON, MISSOURI.

OLD SAWS IN RHYME.

Living from hand to mouth; strong as an ox,
As weak as dish water; as shy as a fox.
The farthest way round is the nearest way home;
As bad as they make 'em; as tight as a drum.
A fox shouldn't be the judge be at trial of a goose;
He laughs in his sleeve; every thing has its use.
Misfortunes do never come singly; keep him busy;
Making a fist of it; under his thumb.
Diamond cut diamond; like father, like son.
No love lost between them; woman's words never done.
Biting your nose off to spite your own face.
Who chases a shadow has a wearisome race.
Don't step before breakfast or you'll cry before night;
As dead as a door nail; spoiling for a fight.
A penny worth of mirth beats a pound's worth of sorrow;
As dry as a fish; break to-day, buy to-morrow.
Be honest although in the poorest house you die;
God will let the trees grow up into the sky.
As proud as a peacock; as dull as a hog;
Bare foot can say Jack Robinson, O.
As meek as Moses; as innocent as a lamb.
Doesn't care a fig; not worth a tinker's dam.
Up-to-day, down-to-morrow; as cross as a bear;
As happy as a clam at high water; like air.
Who avants dead men's shoes may barefooted long go;
The wrongs do; the wrongs do; the wrongs do.
A diamond in the rough and a long row to hoe.
As pretty as a picture; as ugly as sin;
When good luck is knocking the door let him in.
The apple of his eye; fortune favors the brave;
Small gifts succeed to mountain size grow a close shave.
As heavy as lead and as light as a feather;
It's all in a life time; there's nothing like lether.
Business is business; the game's not worth the candle;
It all ends in smoke; flying off the handle.
—H. C. Dodge, in Detroit Free Press.

A CAUTIOUS CASHIER.

The Trick Played Upon Him by a Chance Resemblance.

On a certain dark night in October, two gentlemen might have been seen standing under a gaslight, at the junction of two business streets, engaged in close conversation. They spoke in low, cautious tones, and their faces, beneath the flickering light, were grave unto solemnity.

In the tall, slim young man, who leaned against the lamp-post in such a tragical attitude, and who seemed to be doing all the talking, almost any one might have recognized the cashier of the First National Bank, Mr. Cleveland B. Street, while the broad-shouldered, pleasant-faced gentleman, standing with folded arms and head bent forward to listen, was equally well known as Mr. George Lamoreaux, real-estate agent, and chosen friend of Mr. Street.

Past them in gay procession filed the people returning from the theater over the way; and more than one turned to comment curiously upon the untimely conference. But the two men heeded them not; and the pleasure-seekers, as they passed on to their homes, and straightway forgot all about the occurrence, little dreamed of the dark secret that was being unfolded beneath the gaslight.

For it was a dark secret. No wonder Mr. Street's voice grew deep and impressive as he proceeded to lay it before his friend.

"Six years ago," began Mr. Street, "I was teller in the Kerrin Savings Bank. One night it was broken into and robbed of fifteen thousand dollars. I slept in the bank at the time, and of course I tried to defend the property. I had an encounter with the burglar, but he was stronger than I, and I might have fared badly if the police hadn't come to my rescue. The robber heard them, and made his escape, and he has never been heard of since."

Here Mr. Street paused for breath.

"Well?" said the other, looking mystified.

"But," continued the cashier, "in the struggle, I got a good sight of the man's face, and I've always declared I should know that face if I ever saw it again."

"Well?" from his friend, still more mystified.

"Two months ago I saw that face; I met that man and talked with him. I meet him every day."

"At length Mr. Lamoreaux was interested.

"And you know him, too?" pursued Mr. Street.

"IP"

"Yes, you; every body knows him; he—"

"Oh! come," interrupted Mr. Lamoreaux, impatiently, "what's the man's name?"

"He is known here as Walter Hammond."

"Not the new partner in the Spring Works?"

"The same?"

Mr. Lamoreaux uttered a low whistle.

"Well, that beats me!" he ejaculated. "The high-toned Mr. Hammond that every body's running after! Why, Street, you must be mistaken."

"Mistaken! I know that face as if I had seen it but yesterday. Why, man, alive, if you had lain on your back, and looked up into that face bending over you, knowing that it might be the last face you would ever look upon in this world—if you had seen it under the circumstances I did, I think you would remember that face."

There was a painful silence, broken by Mr. Lamoreaux.

"Well," he said, "what are you going to do about it?"

"Goodness knows, I don't," returned Mr. Street, helplessly. "What would you do?"

Mr. Lamoreaux gazed reflectively out into the darkness.

"I'll tell you, Street," he said, slowly, "I wouldn't do any thing. I'd keep an eye on the man, and say nothing. You see, he's so prominent here, 't would make a terrible sensation. And if you have no evidence but your memory, you couldn't prove any thing, anyhow."

"Yes, and his accomplices might assassinate me, or something, too."

"That's so," promptly assented his friend. "It's clearly your duty to keep still."

At that instant a light flashed across the street. A man emerged from a doorway opposite, stopped a moment to light a cigar, then walked rapidly down the street. He was a little above the medium height, and slender. A heavy black mustache and square-cut chin were all that was visible beneath the soft cap he wore well over his eyes. He carried his head well forward and walked rapidly, with a light, noiseless step.

The two men under the gaslight ejaculated simultaneously:

"Hammond!"

"There is something queer about him," observed Mr. Lamoreaux.

"It's the shadow of a crime," said Mr. Street, solemnly.

The town clock struck eleven. And the two friends, by common consent, abandoned the lamp-post and turned their faces homeward.

Mr. Cleveland B. Street was conceded by every one to be a most estimable young man. The president of the bank spoke highly of him on all occasions, and he occasionally increased his salary. The old ladies approved of him, and the young ladies said he was "nice." He was a member of the Shooting Stars Dramatic Club, the East End Dancing Club and Musical Union. He sang tenor in the Presbyterian Church. He led the uneventful life of the average business man and was reasonably contented and happy.

There was, beside all this, another circumstance which conspired to make Mr. Street, in anticipation, a most enviable man. Miss Alice Wilson was a handsome, vivacious brunette, who, by her thousand winning ways, had completely ensnared the heart of the young cashier. Of late, she had been perceptibly more encouraging, and he felt serenely confident that when he urged his suit she would not say him nay.

Some such thoughts as these were flitting through Mr. Street's mind, as he stood behind the bank counter, a few days after the disclosure beneath the gaslight. And now, as his thoughts reverted to Mr. Hammond, he could not repress a feeling of pity for that unhappy man—for he must be unhappy carrying about with him such a memory of hidden crime. His ill-gotten gains might bring him influence, but they could never purchase him happiness. Mr. Street thought of Alice Wilson, and said to himself that he was sorry for the poor fellow.

One day a dashing equipage drew up in front of the bank, and a lady leaned out to speak to another on the walk. Mr. Street's quickened sight at once recognized the occupant of the carriage, Miss Alice Wilson. But who was sitting beside her and smiling down upon her with such confident gallantry? The cashier's eyes followed them far up the street, but that first look had been enough—it was Walter Hammond!

"It's queer, isn't it?" said the teller, at his elbow, "how that Hammond got right into society here. He shot right up like a rocket, and nobody knows a thing about him, either before he came here. Well, money'll take a body anywhere nowadays."

But the cashier was not listening. He banged the door together and went home to his tea, locking the door with such a forbidding face that a man who met him said he shouldn't wonder if the First National had sustained a loss; he met C. B. Street coming away from there with a face as long as your arm.

That was only the beginning. Mr. Hammond began to attend Miss Wilson's parties, and theater and church. By he ever so assiduous, Mr. Street always found his attentions to the young lady anticipated by Mr. Hammond. There was no pleasure in calling there any more. Mr. Hammond was sure to be there. Did he aspire to take her to a place of amusement, he only had the mortification of hearing that she was "so sorry," but had "just accepted an invitation."

And he would see her there with Mr. Hammond.

Meanwhile, the cashier's face grew graver and still more grave. The worried lines in his forehead settled into an habitual frown. The one little cloud which had sailed so unexpectedly across his sky had grown until it threatened to obscure the whole horizon of his happiness.

Sometimes, when he saw his mysterious rival hovering about Miss Wilson, he could not repress a feeling of exultation at the thought that with one word, he could banish him forever from her presence. He tried to rid himself of this feeling, which he knew was unworthy of him, but it would come at times in spite of himself.

It seemed as if he was at a sensational play, in which the deep-dyed villain stalks about in safe disguise, only the whole community were the ready dupes, and he alone was the enlightened audience. The hateful secret began to haunt him like a nightmare. Like an avenging spirit, it rose between him and the recreations of his leisure hours. It confronted him from the face of his ledger at the bank. It walked the streets with him and sat down to dinner with him. It whispered to him in his dreams. Every morning he awoke with the inquiry: "What ought I to do about it?" and every night he went to bed with the question still unanswered.

How he got off the train and over the distance to the court-house, Mr. Street never knew. He spoke to several persons on the way, but he couldn't have told, for his life, what he said to them. The first realization of his surroundings was when he found himself ascending the broad steps of the court-house, with a green baize door in front of him—and all hope behind him.

He hesitated a moment. That moment was decisive. The green baize door was suddenly opened from within, and he had no choice but to enter. The room into which he came was the court-room. Court was in session, and the room was filled to overflowing. Mr. Street's entrance was scarcely noted; every eye was strained toward the witness stand.

A man near the door made room for

une favored him; she was alone; and intent upon his purpose, he soon drew Mr. Hammond's name into the conversation.

"He's a peculiar man, isn't he?" said Mr. Street.

"I'm sure he's a very nice man," responded Miss Wilson, warmly.

"Yes!" said Mr. Street, with an interrogation of dissent.

"Why, of course he is! I don't see what you can possibly have against him," she added, reproachfully.

"I O! nothing, nothing," hastily disclaimed the cashier.

"Then, if you have nothing against him that makes you insinuate things against him?" urged the young lady, logically.

"This was not just the idea he wished to convey, so he made another venture."

"Haven't you observed something mysterious about Mr. Hammond?" she asked.

"He does look like a man who might have a history," admitted the young lady.

Now she was helping him on.

"Yes," he struck in eagerly; "some dark page in his life, some epoch of trouble, or—crime."

She caught at the last word.

"What do you mean by that?" she demanded.

Now the time had come, the cashier hardly dared divulge his secret. He coughed, hesitated, and finally stammered:

"Why!—I—that is—Mr. Hammond—in fact—six years ago, I was teller—"

The parlor door opened, and who should be ushered in but Mr. Hammond.

The gentleman insisted on shaking hands with Mr. Street, although the cashier frowned darkly upon him. Mr. Street, disregarding Miss Wilson's warning look, opened upon Mr. Hammond with the remark:

"We were speaking just now of some one who had a mystery connected with his life."

"Indeed!" returned Mr. Hammond, indifferently.

"How is it, Mr. Hammond," asked the cashier, "do you think a man could successfully hide from the world a dark secret, some terrible crime he had committed, for instance, and go on living, just as if it had never been done?"

Mr. Hammond shifted his dark eyes uneasily from the fire to Mr. Street, and back again to the fire.

"It would depend a great deal upon the man," he said, briefly.

"Well, take any man, take yourself, for instance."

Mr. Street tried to speak in a careless, theoretical tone.

"Since you insist on taking me as an illustration," said Mr. Hammond, with a forced laugh, "why I should think there was nothing else for a man to do. If he hadn't nerve enough to live it through, he'd better keep out of it."

"But might not the memory of the crime prey upon his mind till he felt compelled to tell it to some one else," persisted Mr. Street.

"He'd be a fool if he did," retorted Mr. Hammond.

And the cashier was stunned into silence at the remorseless practicality of this bold adventurer.

A few minutes later Mr. Street took his leave, with a baffled sense that Mr. Hammond still had the field.

But events were hastening to a close, independent of Mr. Street's intervention. One morning came the following dispatch:

BARRVILLE.

There is on trial a man who is suspected of being the robber of the Kerrin Savings Bank in '76. Could you identify the man? If so, come at once.

[Signed]

SHERIFF OF BARRVILLE COUNTY.

Mr. Street reached for a time table. His hands shook so that he could scarcely see the figures. The first train for Barrville left at 11:15. It was now 10:30.

He applied to the president of the bank for leave of absence. He showed the president the outside of the dispatch. That gentleman inferred from the cashier's pale face that it was probably a death in the family; and, as he always associated such events in his mind with bequests of property, he said, readily, that they guessed they could get along without him for a few days. Half an hour later Mr. Street was on the train, speeding along toward Barrville.

In that six hours' ride Mr. Street lived a month of suspense. The cars were no sooner in motion than he wished he had never started. If Mr. Hammond was convicted, let it be upon other evidence than his. He would never have resting upon him the responsibility of sealing the doom of a man who might, for all he knew, be honestly trying to blot out the past and lead an upright life. He called to mind every little act of kindness that Mr. Hammond had ever extended to him. His excited imagination magnified them into boundless obligations. And this was his return for them! Mr. Street would have given a year's salary to be back at his desk.

At every station he went out and stood on the platform, with a wild desire to get off and go—anywhere! away from Barrville. The people in the car began to look at him strangely and suspiciously. And, in the midst of his agonizing reflections, the brakeman dashed open the door and said: "Barrville."

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Mr. Street on the bench beside him. The cashier sank into the proffered seat. The buzz of voices in the court, room came to him in indistinct murmurs, like sounds of great distance away. And, all the time, the man at his side kept talking on in a desultory fashion.

"The fellow's up for larceny," he said. "Querer you hadn't heard about it. You're a stranger here, ain't you? He's the same one that robbed the Kerrin's Savings Bank in '76. P'raps you recollect. He owned up to it when he found they knew it. He's been on the stand all the morning. They're waiting for him now."

The loggia's stranger craned his neck around to get a better view. Mr. Street felt that he should faint or shriek if something didn't happen. Something did happen.

"There he is!" exclaimed the stranger; "that's him on the witness stand. He's a holding up his hand to be sworn. I guess you'll have to stand up to see him."

The cashier staggered to his feet. He looked at the people, the ceiling, the loggia's stranger, and raised his eyes to the prisoner—and—saw—

Not Mr. Hammond—but a man as like him as his reflection in a glass. Like him, but not he. There were the same piercing eyes, the same strongly-marked features; but this man's face bore the impress of a hard and reckless life. It needed not his confession of the crime, for Mr. Street knew, now, beyond peradventure, that this was the man with whom he had grappled on that eventful night, six years ago, and that Mr. Hammond was as innocent of the crime as the cashier himself.

For one moment Mr. Street stood staring blankly at the prisoner. Then, as the whole force of the revelation dawned upon him, with an indescribable look of horror and remorse, he seized his hat and dashed frantically from the building.

The night train bore away from Barrville a man who sat bolt upright in the corner of the seat with his hat crushed down over his eyes. He neither spoke nor stirred. He had seen the phantom which had pursued him for the past year, until it had come to seem a living reality, dissolve and vanish before his eyes. And it had left him dazed and bewildered. He no longer tried to reason it out. He doubted his very senses, and grasped the arm of the seat firmly, to make sure that he was not dreaming. The romance of his life had departed. He was no longer the mysterious emissary who craved in his breast a consuming secret, but a commonplace business man, whose thoughts any one might read.

But commonplace people sleep soundly. That night not a dream disturbed his slumbers, and the next morning he went to his desk, a matter-of-fact cashier.

Mr. Hammond married Miss Wilson. Mr. Street never told her his secret. She asked him about it once, but he evaded her question. When Mr. Street congratulated Mr. Hammond, the latter said:

"D'you know, Street, I used to fancy you had something against me. It made me positively uneasy at times."

But the cashier drew himself up with dignity, and said:

"Do you take me for a fool, sir?"—*Hermits Cove, in The Epoch.*

A DISGUISED GROCER.

An Austin Herring-Monger's Experience With an Educated Clerk.

One of the wealthiest and most intelligent ladies of Austin entered Mr. Conover's grocery establishment, on Austin avenue, and, pointing a jeweled finger, said to the new clerk:

"Send me home a bushel of them porters."

"I suppose you mean a bushel of potatoes," said the clerk, smiling in a supercilious manner. "Them porters' is hardly good grammar."

The lady frowned out of the store gritting her teeth. When the proprietor of the store heard that he had lost one of his best customers he, too, gritted his teeth. At first he thought that he would discharge the clerk, but on reflection, as clerks were scarce, he contented himself with telling him that his business was to sell goods, and not to correct mistakes in grammar.

"I shall not seek to enlighten your ignorant customers again."

After that things went smoothly. The proprietor noticed customers just flocked to his new clerk. He was kept busy all the time. The customers did not care to have any but that particular clerk to wait on them. At the same time, he could not help noticing that the amount of cash taken was not as large as the run of customers seemed to justify. One morning the proprietor seated the clerk at a table, and responded to the reading of a paper. A colored woman came in and made some purchases. When it came to settling, she counted up:

"Ten pounds of coffee at twenty cents a pound make forty cents; ten cents for soap, ten cents for blueing, and thirty cents for starch makes fifty cents; and putting down a dollar, asked for thirty-five cents change which the clerk promptly gave her."

"Hold on there! That's all wrong!"

"Of course it's all wrong," responded the proprietor, calmly; "but I don't consider it my duty to teach your customers arithmetic. I did start out to teach them grammar when they asked for 'them porters,' but you told me if you are not going to let me correct their grammar, I ain't see why I should correct their arithmetic."

"That'll hire for a clerk," remarked the proprietor, when he got through putting the ex-clerk out into the street.—*Tezas Siftings.*

Judge Hare, of Philadelphia, recently gave his advice to a wife-beater who was discharged upon the appeal of the abused woman: "When you find yourself getting angry again fill your mouth with war and keep it shut till you cool off."

TRIUMPHANT DEMOCRACY.

A Summary of General John C. Black's Speech at the Iroquois Club Banquet at Chicago—An Eloqueut Exposition of Democratic Principles and Democratic Aspirations.

Chicago, April 24.—Last night the Iroquois Club, the most influential Democratic organization of the West, and a number of invited guests, met in the banquet hall of the Palmer House to celebrate Stephen A. Douglas' anniversary and to discuss appropriate topics of the day.

The remarks made by Pension Commissioner John C. Black on "Triumphant Democracy" were received with unbounded enthusiasm, as they deserved to be. After eloquently sketching the misrule of the Republican party for a quarter of a century, the General said:

"At the call of the people for relief arose Democracy, at last triumphant, and addressed itself to the restoration of power to the people. No greater task was ever laid on a human organization. Every avenue to ascendancy was obstructed by trickery, by the fears of timorous allies, and the salient inaction of its defeated opponents. All the machinery of Government was in hostile hands; the plainest outlines of public affairs had to be studied and mastered by the men of Democracy. Unused to the situation into which they were suddenly called, they bore into the labyrinth of officialism in one hand the lamp of the explorer and in the other the scourge of the reformer."

"About to be summoned again to the bar of public opinion, a Triumphant Democracy presents the record of its brief term of reformation, and challenges your calm review of its accomplishments."

"It has restored many million acres of the public land to the use of the common people; it has reopened the trial of the great and made the American citizen welcome to his own; it has wrested from the hand of giant corporations and unbalanced 'combinations' the plunder which they had accumulated; it has reformed the processes of law; it has torn their illegal privileges from private syndicates, and is dragging the giant robbers to the bar of justice. It has lessened the many millions the annual expenditure of the cost of Government. It has shorn away a myriad of needless offices, and is at this very day in the United States engaged in the great task of cutting down excessive taxation and of leaving the surplus wealth of the country at home with the plain people of the land."

"The Triumphant Democracy has shown that it is competent to administer the affairs of the people in their interests; it has dissipated the prejudices which obscured the judgment and the fears which terrified the people. It has demonstrated that the American citizen, from what section soever of the country he may come, is able and fitted to participate in his own government. It has banished the gigantic phantoms which arose in the mirage of war, and in place of hate, revenge and fury, has substituted a reign of peace, of common interest, and of fraternal regard. It has destroyed the dominance of section and brought the American people to the consideration of common interests; it points them to the common possible activities and glories of the future. It has turned absolutely from the things that were sorrowful and blood-stained, and has advanced to those where the heart and brain of the American people may find the highest fruition of renewed affection and of maturing judgment. Away from the Red Sea, where our beloved perished, and the wilderness where God's wrath smote, it leads to a shore of a nation's Jordan, and points to a land of promise, where our children will find the temple of concord, and our sons eat the bread of peace."

"The Democracy has held sacred and has far advanced the claims of the pensioner as the common debt of the common people to the soldiers, sailors and marines who have paid. Never since the tender hand of peace first bound up the wounds of rugged war; never since the awful fruit of battle came to the hearth and the mother's arms, and women wept, and children sorrowed, has greater manhood or more eager willingness been manifest than has been shown by the pensioners by the Triumphant Democracy—which, God willing, shall for many years pour the Nation's reviving streams by the stricken and desolate."

"From the general sum of public taxation the honest and law-abiding citizen has demanded by the war, and holds secure every substantial fruit of victory. It is driven from places and the hundreds of thousands of the unworthy, the corrupt, the extravagant, and is placing in charge of the Government men drawn fresh from the people, and who are animated by the desire to do for the aspirants of the new generation whose tide of young life sparkle in the sun of our new heaven; yet in its vast sweep it leaves unscathed all achievements of righteous victory, and the fruits of National triumph. It leaves to history to gather 'sacred ashes into sacred urns,' and addresses itself to the living needs of the American citizen."

"It has faithfully collected the revenues of the Nation; destroyed the scandals in the customs service; broken up the under-valuation systems, and made the customs of the United States the clean outposts of clean men on all our shores."

"It has preserved the Nation's faith and peace with the Indian; removed the ulcerous and irritating planders, who brought their nefarious practices under Government contracts in the midst of the tribes; and in its three and a half years has led the Nation to a new era of peace and decent relations with their white brethren; it has re-awakened the trust that was dead in the savage bosom; it has taught him that the cross of Christ does not under-batter a flowery orator; with a rough and ready tongue which the Republican faithful both in and out of Congress have on various occasions greatly admired and enjoyed. Mr. Ingalls, too, had a promising boom. Where is that boom to day? Killed by that unfortunate speech aspersing the memories of McClellan and Hancock. There are more flies on Ingalls than ever can be brushed off."

Ohio has another ambitious son, Congressman McKinley, a man of solid parts and a showy orator into the bargain. But Mr. McKinley is one of the highest of high protectionists and it is now developed as a positive feature of the situation that the Northwestern Republicans will not swallow high-protection of this radical type any longer, and can not be relied upon to support a candidate of that complexion. So that McKinley is another case of flies.

Senator Ingalls, of Kansas, is a brilliant man in many ways, a sharp debater, a flowery orator, with a rough and ready tongue which the Republican faithful both in and out of Congress have on various occasions greatly admired and enjoyed. Mr. Ingalls, too, had a promising boom. Where is that boom to day? Killed by that unfortunate speech aspersing the memories of McClellan and Hancock. There are more flies on Ingalls than ever can be brushed off."

Coming East the sad story of flies is continued. Chauncey M. Depew appears to be a prime local favorite in New York. A right smart man he is, too, with abilities second to none of the men already mentioned, and superior to most of them. But the Republicans outside of New York, and many of the more thoughtful of them inside as well, are feeling and saying that it never will do to make the Vanderbilt power, and all that it represents, the standard-bearer of the party in a National appeal to the masses of the people. The point is well taken. The time is not well-chosen for challenging the popular verdict in favor of the standard and allied monopolies. The flies on Chauncey M. Depew are not thick, but this one alone is fatal.

New York has another candidate in the person of Congressman Frank P. Hiscock. His boom is not vigorous, and is not likely to become so. Mr. Hiscock has a record. He was a Greeley man in 1872, and a prominent anti-stalwart in the 1880-82 period. Those are flies enough to settle his case.

Vermont has Edmunds, but nobody dreams of urging his name seriously again. Aside from his lack of nearly all the qualities that make a Presidential candidate run well with the people, Edmunds sulked in his tent while Blaine was being beaten in 1884 and indulged in some icy chuckles over that event. That will never be forgiven

COVERED WITH INSECTS.

Weak Spots in the Careers of the Crop of Republican Favorite Sons.

There is no lack of candidates for the Republican nomination for the Presidency. The crop of favorite sons was large to begin with, and grows larger every day.

When the National convention meets in Chicago it will be embarrassed by the number and variety of the big booms and little boomlets that will there and then rival and compete with each other for the headship of the ticket. In spite of the fact that within the past three months more eminent Republicans have declined to allow the use of their names in this heretofore much-coveted connection than are recorded to have run away from a possibility of a Presidential nomination in the whole twenty-five preceding years, there still remains a host of available men ready and eager to have the mantle of Blaine descend upon them.

But the trouble with the descent of Blaine's mantle is that not one of these expectant statesmen appears to have shoulders to which it can be fitted. Some of the Republican brethren are only just waking up to the fact that Blaine was, after all, a large-sized man politically, with an ample chest measurement, and quite spacious between the shoulders, and that the hole he has left in the leadership of the party is standing on one side as too large to be filled up by any of the ambitious gentlemen who are volunteering for that service. Now that Blaine is out of the field they are able to realize that there were certain popular fascinations about his remarkable personality, and certain political weights and values to his peculiar influence over large classes of voters, which it is difficult to duplicate and reproduce in naming his successor. It may prove by and by that it is not only a difficult but an impossible thing to do. As the weeks slip by and the Republican National convention approaches it grows to look more and more as if there was not a single leader left in the party whose name, let it be shouted never so loud and boomed never so zealously, could arouse it to half the enthusiasm or stimulate it to half the effort which it put forth in 1884.

There is John Sherman to begin with, who is industriously picking up delegates all over the South, and threatens to turn up at Chicago as the first choice of all the States which have not a single electoral vote to give to any Republican nominee. "We like John Sherman," say the friends of other candidates, "but he has no magnetism and can not carry New York." True, enough, he can not. John Sherman is covered with flies, but this one is enough to settle the matter. He is not available.

Senator Allison has a well-developed Western support, but the friends of the other aspirants have found the flies on him. He is identified with the Iowa Prohibitory policy, and the big German Republican vote would be alienated by his nomination. There are other flies on Mr. Allison, but this one is enough. He can not safely be taken.

General Harrison, of Indiana, looked at one time like a judicious selection, but Indiana is not united for him to begin with, because of the Gresham man, and besides that it is now remembered that Harrison has a bad record on the Chinese question, and would certainly lose all the Pacific States. The flies on Mr. Harrison are too thick.

Indiana's second entry, Judge Gresham, is a man with strong points, but he has a fly-blown record in the matter of the historic shindy between the stalwarts and half-breeds. Gresham was a stalwart of the stalwarts, a Grant, Conkling and Arthur man. This is not the kind of man to rally a united party, three-fourths of whose rank and file are worshippers of Blaine. The flies on Gresham can not be brushed off.

Ohio has another ambitious son, Congressman McKinley, a man of solid parts and a showy orator into the bargain. But Mr. McKinley is one of the highest of high protectionists and it is now developed as a positive feature of the situation that the Northwestern Republicans will not swallow high-protection of this radical type any longer, and can not be relied upon to support a candidate of that complexion. So that McKinley is another case of flies.

Senator Ingalls, of Kansas, is a brilliant man in many ways, a sharp debater, a flowery orator, with a rough and ready tongue which the Republican faithful both in and out of Congress have on various occasions greatly admired and enjoyed. Mr. Ingalls, too, had a promising boom. Where is that boom to day? Killed by that unfortunate speech aspersing the memories of McClellan and Hancock. There are more flies on Ingalls than ever can be brushed off."

Coming East the sad story of flies is continued. Chauncey M. Depew appears to be a prime local favorite in New York. A right smart man he is, too, with abilities second to none of the men already mentioned, and superior to most of them. But the Republicans outside of New York, and many of the more thoughtful of them inside as well, are feeling and saying that it never will do to make the Vanderbilt power, and all that it represents, the standard-bearer of the party in a National appeal to the masses of the people. The point is well taken. The time is not well-chosen for challenging the popular verdict in favor of the standard and allied monopolies. The flies on Chauncey M. Depew are not thick, but this one alone is fatal.

New York has another candidate in the person of Congressman Frank P. Hiscock. His boom is not vigorous, and is not likely to become so. Mr. Hiscock has a record. He was a Greeley man in 1872, and a prominent anti-stalwart in the 1880-82 period. Those are flies enough to settle his case.

Vermont has Edmunds, but nobody dreams of urging his name seriously again. Aside from his lack of nearly all the qualities that make a Presidential candidate run well with the people, Edmunds sulked in his tent while Blaine was being beaten in 1884 and indulged in some icy chuckles over that event. That will never be forgiven

by the controlling Blaine men. Edmunds is buried in flies.

Connecticut has a favorite son in General Hawley, a man of great merits, both personally and politically. But then General Hawley's record includes among other things, a fatal stand on the Chinese question. The Pacific States will never ratify such a nomination at the polls. General Hawley, too, is mortally afflicted with flies.

The whole list of Republican entries can be gone over without disclosing the names of any man who has the power to draw votes to any considerable extent, and who, at the same time, is not handicapped by some weakness, either of personality, position or record.

There are flies on them all.—*Boston Globe.*

DAKOTA'S DIVISION.

Senator Spooner's Self-Evident and Highly-Transparent Hamburg.

The humbuggery of partisan politics is well illustrated by the speech of Senator Spooner on the question of Dakota's division into two or three Republican States. Mr. Spooner spoke for the Republican party—the same party whose spokesmen for fifteen years past have held up as one of the bugaboes of Democratic success that Texas would be cut up into four Democratic States. Contemplating the self-same scheme by the