Iron County Register

BY ELI D. AKE.

IRONTON, - - MISSOURI.

AFTER THE FAMILY REUNION.

The daylight has come again, Dorothy dear,
And last night seems so long, long ago,
It might be a dream but for mem'ries that come,
And—a troublesome *gout in my toe.*

Did I say I was gouty? Ah! well, then, let be;
The bandage and salves they can wait.
When clouds have rained sunbeams, who talks about pain
When he finds they have dropped in his plate?

Ah, then, how we danced! How the magical spell
Of Sir Roger de Coverley's tones
Swept the harp of my heart (held the gout, if you will),
And thrilled through and through my old bones!

And what though the turn of my toes (Charles remarked)
"Could not challenge a French dancer's art,"
I had the old tune, and I knew the old swing,
And I felt that I *must* do my part.

You won my old heart again, Dorothy dear,
As, with manner so stately and staid,
You wound through the minuet's mazes, serene
In the wealth of your damask brocade.

The times have changed somewhat since we were both young,
All the dances and dancers, too, dear,
But we played the old tunes and we sang the old songs,
And last night felt the old-fashioned cheer.

Who said we were old? Though Mehitabel teased
(She was always a mischievous elf),
And traced out the crow's-feet between your dear eyes,
Young Mehitabel's *fifty* herself.

And Charlotte peeped over her glasses to count
The gray hairs on these temples of mine;
And Charlotte, dear Charlotte, she laughed—though she took
To a brown wig at *forty-and-nine.*

But the dream and the picture fade, Dorothy wife,
And I look in those eyes, soft and blue;
Mine own eyes are blurred as I read on thy brow
A signature noble and true.

A laugh with the hearts *young* in spite of the years,
And a tear with the *old* hearts that pass;
There's many a poem unwritten, unsung,
Hid behind the gold rims of a glass.

—*Virginia Frazer Boyle, in Harper's Magazine.*

BARBARA'S IDEA.

The Happy Ending of Her Business Enterprise.

Barbara Bedford stood looking meditatively at an old rocking-chair that occupied the center of her dainty chamber.

The usual order of this pretty room was sadly disarranged. Bits of leather, pieces of an old comforter, and scraps of brown linen were strewn recklessly over the floor. That morning Barbara had been recovering this old family friend, and it was pardonable pride with which she now surveyed her latest triumph in economy and skill. But her satisfied smile was replaced by a faint sigh, not called forth by the piece of embroidered linen, gracefully tied with bright ribbon over the restored seat.

Many a girl besides Barbara has had to grapple with the perplexities that brought the frown to her fair brow. She had announced to the other members of her family, at the breakfast table, that the "exchequer of the house of Bedford" was deplorably low. Although she made her statement with a smile and jest, she was seriously troubled by the state of the household finances.

The Bedford family consisted of three others besides Barbara; her brother Jack, who obtained a small salary as a journalist, and Tom and Jean, two youngsters in school. Their mother had died three years previously, and she had been soon followed by her husband. Having ventured a small fortune in stock speculations, and lost it all, it seemed as if Mr. Bedford died simply because he was too discouraged to live. Since that time, the children had managed to exist on their elder brother's income, but the wants of Tom and Jean increased in alarming proportion to their size. Barbara felt that she had exhausted every means of saving money, and now she was resolved to try some other expedient.

"I am young and strong," she mused, "and it is not only my right, but I ought to earn some money, as well as Jack. But how? There's the rub."

Mechanically she wandered about the house, back and forth from room to room, as she vaguely soliloquized: "If I only knew enough I could teach school. But what wonder is it that I am a hopeless dunce, having given up my studies at the callow age of fifteen? I could not go into a store. Imagine a customer waiting for me to reckon her change!" And the little maiden laughed aloud at the absurdity of her thought. "I might have been an artist, if I could only have kept on with my lessons," and she paused at the drawing-room doorway as she mentally summed up her deficiencies. In spite of a certain degree of shabbiness, this was a charming room, and as Barbara's eyes rested on the artistic draping of a curtain in a particularly cosy corner of the apartment, she said to herself: "I do possess a certain knack of arrangement, and can make a room beautiful if there is any thing to it. I love to fix ornaments, dust books and give things an air."

Suddenly an idea seized Barbara, which caused her eyes to dance, and the decided little chin to elevate itself. Jack said he always could tell the state of his sister's mental atmosphere by the angle of her chin, and when that facial appendage was "up in the air," he knew something was about to happen.

Barbara walked quickly back to her room, under her new impulse, and threw down the duster she had been idly waving to and fro. Then she took the blue silk handkerchief from off her soft golden curls, unbuttoned the big white pinafore which had covered her trim little figure, and seated herself at a desk. She began to write something on a sheet of paper, pausing with her pen in mid-air as the appalling thought of "what Jack would say" arose in her mind. Just at this moment, Bridget's head appeared at the door.

"The butcher boy"——

"Steak," interrupts Barbara, without looking around.

"Excuse me, miss," says the long-suffering servant, "but he says his bill"——

"Tell him" (and the young voice rings clear with decision) "I will call at the store a fortnight from to-day and settle our account."

When Bridget's brown calico had disappeared, Barbara began to write again. This time more rapidly. And having finished her literary effort to her entire satisfaction, she put on her coat and hat and walked out of the house.

That evening consternation and amazement were produced in the quiet family circle of the Bedfords. They were grouped around a large table. Tom was busily conning his "*musa, musæ*;" Jean was alternately petting and scolding a diminutive white kitten; while Jack read the evening paper, wholly unconscious of the uneasy glances furtively directed toward him by Barbara, who was striving with the weekly mending.

The color rushed from her face when Jack sprang suddenly to his feet, and exclaimed excitedly: Barbara Bedford, what does this mean?" Then he began to read, in a wrathful tone of voice, the following advertisement.

Miss Bedford is prepared to take orders in house decoration. She will give her services by the hour or day, in arranging choice *bric-a-brac* or books. She makes a specialty of the artistic arrangement of draperies or furniture. Best of references given if required. 760 W. Buton street.

Having finished, Jack gazed speechlessly at Barbara, who was quaking inwardly; then, as soon as his feelings would allow, he broke forth: "Is it possible that you, Barbara Bedford, have come to this? The grandchild of an illustrious M. C.; the great-grandchild of a Colonial Governor; a descendant in double line from"—

"I can not help it," broke in Barbara upon this list of family grandees. "My 'great-great-seventy-times-great grandfathers may have been ancient and honorables.' If they had left us more money and less pride, however, it would be much more to their credit," she continued, vindictively. "Jack, dear, only think of the month's bills, and the things we need that we must go without. I am sure it is more honorable to earn money than to owe it."

This last remark was met by a prolonged howl from little Jean, whose infant mind had just grasped the enormity of Barbara's scheme, while the released kitten rushed madly from the room, possibly to conceal her emotions at this deplorable evidence of lack of pride in a member of the Bedford family. Tom, in the meanwhile, had preserved a stolid indifference outwardly. But the *musa* had died on his lips.

The elder sister quieted Jean at last, by promising her she might "go to visit grandma when Barbie 'goes out a-working.'" Then she proceeded to defend her plan to Jack, and explained that she hoped to be a sort of house-decorator. "Only, of course, I shall go much cheaper than the regular kind," she said. "There must be a lot of rich old people who want their drawing-rooms arranged in a modern and artistic manner, who do not know how to do it themselves. To the suddenly-become-rich sort of people, I shall be a perfect godsend, showing them how to make their houses stilishly æsthetic."

Here she paused for breath and that the last remarkable sentence might have its desired effect.

"I can arrange libraries," she continued, "for nice, scholarly old men, and perhaps some girl about to be married will want me to help her purchase the furniture and draperies for her new home. Wouldn't that be fun! You do not half understand the splendid possibilities of my plan." And the eager face was rubbed lovingly against Jack's bearded cheek.

Long and earnestly the elder brother and sister discussed this new plan, after the younger ones were safely tucked in their respective beds. Poor Jack had to acknowledge that he was having a hard struggle to meet expenses, and he told his sisters he was "a little trump to want to help," as he at last reluctantly consented to her enterprise. He thought, however, they need not worry themselves, for no one would answer such an advertisement.

Yet in his heart he hoped this prophesy would not come true. And it did not, for the next afternoon a turnout, whose gorgeousness brought wondering neighbors to their windows, drew up at the Bedfords' door, and shortly afterward the amazed Bridget announced to Barbara that Mrs. McStuffum would like to see her.

A little dismayed at the success of her own plan, Barbara entered the presence of a massive and richly-attired dame, who said she had called in reply to an advertisement her husband had seen in the paper of the previous evening. Then, in answer to a question from Barbara, she told her that "Mr. McStuffum wanted to entertain some friends from New York, very shortly; but he did not like the way the drawing-rooms looked."

"I am sure I don't know what ails 'em," said the aggrieved lady. "The oil paintin's are all lively lookin', and you wouldn't believe it if I should tell you what the carpets and furniture cost."

In short, she wanted Miss Bedford to "call around and fix things up in style."

How Jack would have laughed at the professional manner his sister assumed, as she made a pretense of consulting her tablets, and then found that she could spare the next day for the service of her visitor! Then the deeply-gratified McStuffum was bowed out of the room. I think that same individual would have been decidedly astonished, however, could she have seen the *pas seul* that Lady Barbara indulged in after carefully closing the drawing-room door. Her worthy ancestor of Congressional fame looked down from his picture-frame with dignified disapproval, as Barbara waved and shook the paper containing her advertisement in his very face.

The next evening, tired and happy, Barbara gleefully recounted her adventures at the McStuffums' to her brothers and sister.

She had found the drawing-rooms "such a chaos of gilt frames and crude colors, with a perfectly hopeless carpet." But she had tried to make the best she could out of things. Not without a struggle she had prevailed on Mrs. McStuffum to have some of the "lively paintings" hung in less conspicuous places, and engravings and etchings hung in their stead. Curtains had been redraped, and a few really choice books put where they could be seen, while various cheap and gaudy ornaments had been consigned to oblivion. She had pulled chairs around so that they would look as if intended to be sat upon, and, best of all, spread a beautiful Persian rug over the obnoxious carpet. In fact, it was impossible to describe all the changes she had wrought, or the delight of both Mr. and Mrs. McStuffum. They had engaged her to come every week "to see that things were kept all right." And then it was a proud little Barbara who exhibited a five-dollar bill to her admiring brothers and sister.

This engagement led to others. Barbara had a number of friends possessed of ample means, who were only too glad to avail themselves of her well-known taste and skill in house decoration. To be sure, they were a little shocked at first at her new departure; but this feeling soon gave way before her enthusiasm and success.

She entered into an agreement with several reliable business establishments, by which she received a commission on goods purchased, and in this way the monthly bills lost their terror for herself as well as for Jack.

Barbara had been engaged in her new enterprise for about four months, when she one day received an order for work in the library of a Dr. Worcester. He wrote that he had recently come into possession of a large number of valuable books, and, having had new shelves made, he wished to rearrange and classify his whole library.

Here was work after Barbara's own heart. She was passionately fond of books, and declared she always received inspiration from contact even with their covers. Her fertile imagination pictured to her mind the scholarly old gentleman whose acquaintance she was about to make, to their mutual benefit.

"I know by his letter that he is a delightful gentleman of the old school. Think what a chance I shall have for improving my mind!" she exclaimed rapturously to Jack.

But, much to Barbara's disappointment, on reaching the doctor's fine residence the next day, she was told by the comfortable, motherly housekeeper, Mrs. Boardman, that Dr. Worcester had been obliged to leave home unexpectedly. However, he hoped Miss Bedford could work without him, as he was extremely desirous of having his books arranged as soon as possible, and he had left full directions, as to the manner of classification, etc., in writing.

Having told her this, Mrs. Bordman led Barbara into a spacious, richly-furnished room, which our young friend inwardly pronounced "utterly perfect for a library." From the cheerful wood fire burning on the tiled hearth, to the rich Persian rugs on the highly-polished floor; the rare engravings and etchings on the wall, to the exquisitive draperies, or beautiful and unique objects of art and antiquity decorating various mantels and shelves, nothing was left to be desired—except order. For an endless array of books, piled in huge stacks on floor, chairs, and other available space, were waiting to be placed on the bare shelves. Many of these were curious old works in musty leather, and others in vellum that would drive a bibliomaniac mad indeed.

"The doctor never allows *me* to touch as much as a magazine in this room," said Mrs. Boardman. "I hardly understand how he came to engage you, although I do not wonder this prospect appalled him. Some thing in your advertisement took his fancy; but I suppose you are much younger than he thought you would be," she concluded, looking doubtfully at Barbara's trim little figure, and decidedly bewitching face.

Barbara hastily assured her that she was quite accustomed to this sort of occupation. And having carefully read her directions, she proved the truth of this statement by going to work so understandingly and energetically, that, after the housekeeper had watched her for a short time, she shrewdly decided she could safely withdraw, and left Barbara in proud and happy possession of the apartment. She flitted about the books, like a bee among flowers (to use a trite expression), smiling with satisfaction as she worked, and so absorbed did she become, that she did not hear a hasty step in the hall, or an exclamation of surprise from Mrs. Boardman. Nor did she notice the entrance of a rather good-looking young man, who, for his part, *did* notice the charming picture Barbara made, as she stood in her white dress with her arms full of books, in front of a hideous Eastern idol, who grinned malignantly at the shapely head, crowned with golden curls caught up with a silver shaft, and the big blue eyes fixed so wonderingly upon him.

Warmed by her work, she had opened a window that looked out upon a rare old garden, and a faint scent of apple blossoms and the hum of bees came into the room on the breeze, too gentle to move its heavy draperies.

Barbara's artistic talent made itself manifest in her attire, and the new comer found her quaint, white gown hanging in ample folds from her graceful figure, and the puffy sleeves, vastly becoming. Somehow, the admiration he felt showed itself in his eyes, greatly to their object's disapproval when she turned and met his gaze; and it was a very dignified and grave little Barbara who advanced toward him, and informed him that Dr. Worcester was out of town and would not be back for several days.

The ridiculous fellow seemed actually amused at this statement. But when she offered to call Mrs. Boardman for him, he hastily declared it not at all necessary. Then with a keen look from his dark eyes, he said, respectfully: "I suppose you are Miss Bedford, who is to bring order out of this chaos. The fact is, I came in to assist in this praiseworthy object."

On seeing Barbara hesitate, he continued:

"I assure you I am fully competent, and will put myself wholly under your command."

"Very well," said Barbara. "You may begin by finding a receptacle for the various pipes and cigars that are strewn around the room in such a reckless manner. Old gentlemen seem to find such solace in tobacco," she added, with a funny little grimace.

Concealing a smile, her visitor hunted about until he unearted a queer old bit of pottery from Peru.

"This is popularly supposed to be the place for those articles of vertu," he said, lovingly arranging the pipes

For a time Barbara was puzzled as to the disposal of this young man. But he was so evidently at home there that she finally concluded he must be some protege of the good doctor. "Though not a poor one," she thought as she took note of the well-cut, English-looking garments worn on his muscular and well-knit frame. After he had fixed the pipes satisfactorily, with a charming assumption of authority she put her new acquaintance to work in good earnest, and kept him carrying books in a most merciless manner, although she thought, ruefully, that her income decreased the more he helped.

She found him well acquainted with the doctor's treasures. Occasionally he would stop to give her an interesting account of how his friend came into possession of some rare work. Or he would read some passage that pleased him, as he placed this or that book in its place. And so the morning hours passed, and they made famous progress in their task, as well as in their acquaintance.

When Barbara thanked this self-sacrificing young man for his assistance, on taking her departure, he laughingly protested his enjoyment of the work, and declared she would see him again.

For several mornings after this Barbara held undisturbed possession of the library, though she once or twice thought she heard her "mysterious stranger" (as she called him to Jack) speaking in the hall with Mrs. Boardman.

"Of course, it makes no difference to *me* whether he comes again or not, but it is provoking that I did not learn what his name is," said Barbara to herself.

Mrs. Boardman had a delightful way of appearing about noon, with a tray laden with dainties in the form of the most delicious fruits or toothsome cakes, which were well calculated to tempt a far less healthy appetite than Barbara possessed.

On the fourth morning of Barbara's work, her "mysterious stranger" came in with the housekeeper, and begged in most supplicating tones that he might share in the lunch. He was in a very entertaining mood, and delighted Barbara with his really brilliant conversation all the rest of the day. But he seemed less inclined for work than formerly, and she was obliged to protest several times that she should not allow him to remain if he did not devote himself better to his assumed duties

After this, it became the regular thing for him to make his appearance with the lunch. Mr. Coleman, as the housekeeper called him, was evidently a prime favorite with that worthy soul, and seemed to have the freedom of the whole establishment.

He used every art to draw Barbara's history from her, and the young lady was never tired of sounding the praise of dear brother Jack, or of telling of Jean's funny sayings, and of Tom's wonderful progress in his studies. But the greatest delight of Mr. Coleman was to hear Barbara's witty descriptions of various places in which she had been in her professional capacity—determined to form no acquaintance on a false basis, she had declared herself to be "in business" at an early stage of their friendship. In fact, she had represented herself as a much more humble and obscure personage than her noble ancestors would have approved. But these statements had not seemed to detract from the charm of her acquaintance. The fact was becoming apparent to the most casual that her new-found friend had succumbed to the inevitable, and was hopelessly ensnared by fair, dainty little Barbara. But whenever there became the least suspicion of tenderness or sentiment apparent in his manner toward her, she snubbed him in a wholly unfeeling way that brought despair to his very soul. One morning as they sat at lunch, he began quoting that well-known verse of Omar Khayyam:

A book of verses underneath the bough,
A loaf of bread, a jug of wine—

but Barbara would not let him go on with the "thou beside me singing in the wilderness." "You would have to get some one else, for I do not sing," she said, coldly.

That night Barbara's family found her in an astonishing mood, alternating from mad gaiety to gloomy silence, and Jack sent her to rest early in the evening, declaring she was overworked. To her room, but not to bed, did the lady go. For a long time she sat by her open window looking out into the darkness, lost in deep thought. But although she called herself various uncomplimentary things, among which were dolt and idiot, she could not have been so very much depressed by the discovery of these tributes to her character, if we may judge of her state of mind by the sweet realms with which she finally sank into calm repose.

The morning that was to witness the final completion of the library found Mr. Coleman strangely silent. Indeed, he seemed several times on the point of making some startling revelation. Barbara, too, seemed to be possessed with a feeling of regret; probably at the non-appearance of Dr. Worcester, of whom she had anticipated learning so much about the books with which she had been occupied. However that might be, she bade Mrs. Boardman good-bye and pocketed the generous fee that lady gave her with unusual soberness. On turning to take leave of Mr. Coleman, she found that gentleman prepared to accompany her homeward. What could he have been saying as they walked down the broad, elm-shaded avenue, which brought such a color to Barbara's face, and an indignant sparkle to her eye? Evidently Mr. Coleman was confessing something which required much supplication for forgiveness. A forgiveness which must at last have been granted, or why the ecstatic look on his countenance, as he took leave of his fair companion? And why her expression of rapture, if it was not brought to that fair face by the virtuous consciousness of having pardoned another's trespasses. Nothing could equal Jack's astonishment when, shyly and blushingly hesitant, Barbara told him Dr. Coleman Worcester had asked the hand of his eldest sister in marriage.

So that was the end of Barbara's business enterprise. But she left a very wide field for some other energetic girl who wants to help herself to a good income.—*Margaret Moore, in Woman's Journal.*

MAKING THE BED.

A Household Art Which is Not Understood by All Women.

A smooth, clean, well-made bed is an attractive sight to most people, and all good housewives take pride in seeing that this work is done as well as possible. No matter how poor or cheap the furniture of a chamber may be, if the bed is clean and smoothly-made, it will go a great way toward making the room attractive. No room looks well, even though the furniture be of the richest, with an ill-made bed in it. It doesn't take any more time to make a bed neatly than it does to do the work carelessly. Some women are satisfied if the outside coverlet is put on nice and smooth, and give very little thought to the rest, throwing the inside covers on any way, thinking that the outside spread will conceal any deficiency. It is impossible to have the top coverlet smooth when the inside clothes are put on carelessly, for there are sure to be hills and hollows in some part of the bed. It doesn't take a housewife of much experience to see at a glance that the spread on the outside of the bed is used as a cover for a good deal of shiftless work. No woman likes to be thought shiftless in her housework, and usually when a bed is made in this way it is owing to being in a hurry to finish up the work. Sometimes, to be sure, this may be excusable owing to the housewife being crowded with work, but generally, if something must be slighted, let it be any thing but the bed.

In the first place, if there are springs on the bed these should be covered with some stout, unbleached cotton to prevent their rusting or wearing the mattress. This may be removed at any time, washed and replaced on the springs. It should be made in the form of a large sheet, to cover all the springs, and fastened at the sides and top of the bedstead. The mattress should be turned frequently so that the wear of the springs may not come all on one side. If there are two mattresses change them about often, so that one may not become hard and lumpy from being always at the bottom. It is a good plan when making the bed to turn the mattress over from side to side one time, and from head to foot the next, so that it will wear even.

Before leaving the room in the morning take all the coverings from the bed, shake out each one and put them on chairs near the windows to air. Remove the pillows in the same way, and if there is a feather-bed shake it up well, but do not turn; open the window, go out and close the door, and let air an hour at the least. Do not, as many do, put the bed-clothing out on the window sill; it doesn't look nice, and will not air as well as though placed on the chairs. Never put a feather-bed at a window to air, for it will not air as well in any way as though left on the bedstead. If the bed is in such a position that the sun shines on it, move it from the window or draw the shade down while the sun is on that part of the house, for never on any account should a feather-bed be put in the sun. The sun draws the oil out of the feathers, making them soggy, so that they mat together. A bed put out in the sun will soon lose any lightness it may possess, and become hard and lumpy. Go into the room once or twice while it is airing, and turn the covering so that every part of it may get the air.

When ready to make the bed, turn over the feather-bed, afterward working the feathers back and forth, up and down, until the bed is even. Now smooth all over with the hand. If the bolster has not a case, for some women do not think it necessary, place it at the head of the bed, but if encased it does not need to go on until after the first sheet. Put on the under sheet, with the deep hem at head, right side up, tuck all around smoothly under the mattress. Put on the upper sheet, deep hem at top, wrong side up, so that when turned down at the top the right side of the hem will be seen. Put on the blankets if double with open end at top. The quilts and comforters put on next, and last of all the spread. Tuck all the coverings in neatly around the bed, smooth the top of the bed with the hand until it is level, turn down the top sheet the depth desired, tuck it in at both sides, shake and smooth the pillows, put them on, and the task is completed.—*Boston Budget.*

—An Omaha couple had to be married away from home because the groom was the one person in the county who could issue a marriage license, and so found he must either resign his function, go elsewhere, or remain a bachelor.

—A New England constable, who has had great experience with tramps, says that he has never yet seen one with a bald head.

SOUTHERN ELECTIONS.

A Wholesome Lesson Taught by the Recent Louisiana Victory.

One of the staple Republican cries is that the South maintained its solidity against the Republican party because there is not a free and fair vote in that section. They assume that the number of colored votes in a Southern State represents the number of the Republican votes, and that a relatively light vote is indicative of a suppression of Republican votes. Mr. Vest, in the United States Senate recently, showed, by comparison of the vote with the whole voting population in a number of specially-selected Southern and Northern States, taking in the whole range from the lowest to the highest percentage of vote to voting population, the Southern States chosen outranked, one by one, the Northern States with which comparisons were instituted. As Mr. Vest explained, the comparison was not wholly fair, but it was in keeping with the Republican line of argument. Comparing the general average of the vote in Northern and in Southern States, and there is an excess in favor of the former of about six per cent.

The fullness or want thereof of the vote in any State, be it Northern or Southern, depends upon the earnestness with which the political contests in such State are waged. Michigan was more hotly contested in 1884 than in 1880, and the vote in comparison to population was therefore relatively larger in 1884. Ohio has a voting population but little in excess of that of Illinois, yet the popular vote of the former was 110,000 larger than that of the latter in 1884, and there has been as great or greater disparity at every election in recent years. According to the Republican theory, as applied to the South, this would indicate a terrible suppression of Democratic votes in Illinois. It simply indicates, however, that Illinois has not been in recent years canvassed from end to end with the vigor and persistence that have been shown in Ohio.

The recent election in Louisiana is noteworthy as having brought out by far the largest vote ever polled in the State. If fullness of vote is representative of freedom and fairness, it was exceptionally free and fair. The vote is from 60,000 to 70,000 heavier than it was in the Presidential election of 1884, and 40,000 to 50,000 heavier than that cast at the election for Governor in April four years ago. The Democratic vote in the State is nearly, if not fully, twice that given for Cleveland, and 30,000 to 40,000 more than McEnery polled for Governor in April, 1884. The Republican vote in a number of parishes is heavier than it was in either April or November, 1884, and the aggregate in the State will be as large as at either election. The greater fullness resulted in an increase of the Democratic majority from 16,000 for Cleveland to 80,000 for Nicholls.

One of the parishes most conspicuous for the increase in vote was that of Orleans, containing the city of New Orleans. The vote of this parish for President in 1884 was: Cleveland, 14,336; Blaine, 6,828. The New York *Tribune* is authority for the statement that the election in New Orleans was absolutely free and fair. There was an exciting contest for municipal officers, which had the effect of bringing out a vote nearly twice as great as that cast in November, 1884. There was the greatest vigilance on both sides. What was the result of this full, free and fair vote? Warmoth received 4,500 more votes than were polled for Blaine, but the total of Nicholls was 14,000 in excess of that for Cleveland, and his majority of nearly 17,000 is larger by nearly 3,000 than the entire vote cast for Cleveland in the parish. A full vote, it will thus be seen, is even less conducive to Republican happiness than a light one.—*Detroit Free Press.*

TARIFF EXTORTION.

Some Interesting and Important Matters for Home Consumption.

Starting with the admitted fact that the average tariff tax on imports is not less than 41 per cent., and that the list, according to the report of the Secretary of the Treasury in 1885, comprises 4,182 articles, let the intelligent voter consider, as he looks around his home, what part of the list interests him. He can sit by his kitchen fire and find the following which have drawn money from his pocket and the tax on each:

The iron in the stove	45
Pots and kettles	53
Copper and brass utensils	45
Crockery, commonest kind	55
Glassware, cheapest kind	45
Table cutlery and spoons	45
Pickled or salted fish	25
Salt	83
Saltpetre	111
Vinegar	36
Pickles	35
Rice	112
Foreign fruit	20
Carpet, if made of druggets	74
Carpet, if made of tapestry	68
Furniture	35
Wall paper	25
Window curtains	45
Looking-glass	60
Men's clothing of wool	55
Woolen hosiery and undershirts	75
Cotton ditto	45
Woolen hats and caps	75
Woolen shawls	58½
Wife's black silk dress	50
Gloves	60
Blankets	70
Alpaca dresses	63
Any other woolen dresses	70
Brass pins	30
Scissors, razors, hair pins, steel pins	45
Penknives	50
Needles, ink, paper	25
Castile soap	50
Epson salts	30
Insect powder	20
Salad oil	34
Window glass, commonest kind	80
Paint, white lead	54
Bricks	35
Spool thread	60
Bags and bagging for grain	40
Combs and brushes	30
Alpaca umbrellas	50
Any iron or steel, average of	45
All tinware	42

The list might be extended, but enough are given to furnish food for thought. If this heavy burden were necessary to support the Government no patriotic citizen would object to the tax thus imposed, but the truth is it is not necessary. By the maintenance of this tariff money is being drawn from the people that is not needed and can not be used. The injustice of such a system is too evident to need discussion, and the suggestion that the injustice be done away with and the taxes reduced to the actual needs of the Government is the cause of all the howling about free trade and dangers to American industries. There is still a greater injustice in that the tariff does not bear equally upon the people. The Democratic policy is to readjust the tariff so that the burden may fall upon the luxuries of life and not upon the necessities, and the idea is equally abhorrent to the protectionists. Shall the tariff be reformed and taxation reduced to the necessities of the Government, honestly and economically administered, is all the tariff issue there is before the country to-day. This is to be the issue in the next campaign. We ask every man to consider it fairly and to read for himself.—*Manchester (N. H.) Union.*

THE NEW CHIEF JUSTICE.

A Man of Whom the Country, as Well as His Party, May Be Proud.

The greatest prize of the legal profession, the richest jewel in the crown of professional labors, has been awarded, and justly awarded, to our distinguished townsman, Melville W. Fuller. A more fitting selection, or one that would better command the respect of the bar and the country, the President could not make.

Rich in the acquirements essential to the judicial character, Mr. Fuller also possesses the firm and just mind and the courage necessary to him who would worthily fill the seat made illustrious by Jay and Ellsworth, by Marshall and Taney.

A lawyer in the very front rank of his profession, thoroughly versed in the wide and varied learning of American law, he is also a scholar, and a ripe and good one. The law is a jealous mistress, and exacts from her devotees the most unwearying allegiance, yet while giving this mistress all her due, Mr. Fuller has found time to stray at times in the alluring fields of literature, and to cultivate and widen his mind by liberal studies. This has, indeed, made him all the better lawyer, and will make him all the better judge. Few of his predecessors have been more excellently equipped in these respects.

As his practice for many years has been confined largely to the Federal courts, he possesses all that special knowledge in Federal procedure which his immediate predecessor did not have when he took his seat on the bench. He has, too, a profound knowledge of constitutional law, gained from a study of the fathers of the constitution and from the best expositions of the Federal courts. Reared politically in the school of Jefferson, he is a strict constructionists, and in accord with that theory of government, the foundation of true Democracy, which insists on the largest personal liberty commensurate with justice to all. He believes that this is better promoted by the local governments than by the central power. He understands the just relations of the people to the States and to the National Government, and holds that the States are as indestructible as the Union. Thus he will hold with even hand the scales of justice on all high constitutional questions. The Democracy of the Union are to be congratulated upon this wise appointment. It gives the promise that their equal voice will have weight in the Amphictyonic council of the Nation.—*Chicago Herald.*

EXCHANGE OPINIONS.

——In an aguish State like Indiana it is an unusual thing for a man to get the shake.—*W. Q. Gresham.*

——Judge Gresham has many active friends, but his name is not a magnetic one with which to rally that great multitude of political what-are-we-here-fors that control the action of his party.—*Chicago Herald.*

——Mr. Sherman is nearing the top of Pisgah and catching another glimpse of the Promised Land. So great a man as Moses had a similar experience, yet never got there.

——Senator Spooner shakes the bloody shirt in the Senate, while Judge Kelley pleads for free whisky in the House. After next November we will hear and see less of these twin relics of Republicanism.—*St. Louis Republican.*

——The Democrats are willing in deference to the Republican Senate to admit Dakota as a whole and thus give the railroads and the trusts two more Senators, but are not willing to divide the Territory so as to give them four more. They have too much power in the Senate already.—*St. Louis Post-Dispatch.*

——The Republicans needn't worry themselves about the President's "shocking inconsistency." The President has merely said that he regretted the absence of a law limiting a President to a single term. He can not make such a law, and while none exists he has no right to resist a popular demand for his continuance in the Presidency—*Chicago Herald.*

——Rhode Island has been famous, or infamous, for bribery in elections for many years. But it is a new thing, and really interesting, to have the only influential Republican paper in the State bringing the guilt of bribery home to the doors of the bribers and making some of the most influential citizens of Rhode Island appear to honest men as persons out of place so long as they are outside of the penitentiary—*Washington Post.*

Ingalls' Ungraceful Retreat.

Senator Ingalls consumed considerable of the time of the United States Senate while, with many a snap and a snarl, he retreated from his charge that Generals McClellan and Hancock were allies of the Confederacy. He pulled himself out of the fix he had got himself into by declaring that his charge against the two Generals was meant in a political sense. He modified his sneer at McClellan's military loyalty while reiterating it against his personal disposition towards Lincoln's Administration. He tried to make a eulogy of Hancock's military fame atone for his former attack against his personal allegiance, but coupled it with as disengenious a misrepresentation of Hancock's conduct during the campaign of 1880 as even the ultra-bilious Senator from Kansas ever uttered. Perhaps, when Mr. Ingall's sees how his retraction strikes the public mind, he will conclude that, when a man makes a fool of himself, the best way out of the scrape is to let the public forget it.—*Chicago News (Ind.).*