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FACE TO FACE.

A Fact Related in Seven Well-Told Fables.

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FABLE THE FIRST.—CONTINUED.

"If I'd found things as I left them," said Stephen. "I wouldn't have said a word to Patience before speaking to you—though I've loved her all my days. But—I'm not much hand at a speech, yet—I wouldn't have asked her, nor you, if I couldn't keep her; but, thanks to you, that was the best father a fellow ever had, I can. I stand well with the firm I'm with; I've got a good salary, and Preston, our senior, was talking of a partnership only two days ago. I've had the best of good luck, and I've saved, besides; and as I owe everything to you I've got or ever hope for, whatever's mine's yours. Ah, sir, if you'll only give me Patience!"

Marrish glanced sharply at Farmer Blackthorn from under his brows, turned abruptly on his heel, and went a few paces off, though not out of earshot by any means.

Farmer Blackthorn, still armed with his walking-stick, held out his hand to Stephen feebly. "I'm glad to see you again, lad," said he, "and to hear you're doing so well. It's good to hear of somebody doing well these hard times, God knows. But as for my lass—you must put that fancy out of your head. It can't be."

"Can't be?" exclaimed Stephen; while Patience managed at last to free her hand, and nestling up close to her father, laid it upon his arm.

"Can't be!" repeated Farmer Blackthorn. The arm, conscious of his daughter's touch, trembled a little; but the voice was firm.

"I love Patience, and Patience loves me," urged Stephen, while Patience herself gave a little pressure of the fingers upon her father's sleeve by way of setting her seal to her lover's words; "and love her I shall till I die. I want no help to keep her; you shan't lose her; you'll only have a"—son, he was about to add, but checked himself, remembering what he had been warned; and so hurried on. "I love work; and for her sake and yours I'll work like ten. I'll either settle in Millport, if you like to come and live with us there, or I'll buy or make a business of my own at Hunchester, where there's a first-rate county opening, if you'd rather not come so far away—"

"Yes, father," whispered Patience. "It's all true."

"*I'll* tell you," said Marrish, coming forward, "why it can't be. No—don't look as if 'twas none of my business; it's as much mine as any man's, and more. Tom Blackthorn's just promised Patience to another man—never mind who."

"Father," cried Patience, starting from him, and with amazement in her eyes.

"Ay," said Farmer Blackthorn, "I've promised—to another man—never mind who!"

"Patience!" cried Stephen. "Do *you* understand?"

"Young man," said Marrish, "this is business, not sweethearting. She don't understand, but I do. She's got to save her father from ruination, like a dutiful daughter; and she won't do that by marrying a struggling young clerk that's got to make his way. Eh, Tom Blackthorn? That's how it stands?"

"That's how it stands," echoed Farmer Blackthorn, bringing his stick down on the ground.

Youth was not likely to suspect hard-featured and hard-fisted middle age of wanting to poach on what it fondly fancies its own preserves. That Enoch Marrish should be after Patience no more occurred to Stephen than that January should mate with May—forgetting that even that has happened now and again. Whether Patience had any inkling one can not tell, though one may guess; but it was assuredly not for her to say.

"Farmer," said Stephen to Blackthorn, and ignoring Marrish, "I've asked Patience, and she's said yes; so who's the other man? I've a right to know—and from you."

Farmer Blackthorn was about to speak; but Farmer Marrish broke in, in his overmastering way.

"'Tis enough for you, Stephen Harlow, that Miss Patience will know her duty and that Tom Blackthorn will keep his word. Never mind my business; I've known Tom Blackthorn before you were born."

"Good God!" cried Stephen, "has it come to this, that Patience is to be sold, like the cows? By Heaven, it sha'n't be!" He was forgetting himself; but who would not have thrown manners to the wind?

Farmer Blackthorn choked, gasped and was again about to speak; but again Farmer Marrish, ever on the watch, took the word.

"'Tis hard lines for you, Stephen. But would you have the heart to drag the man that's been more than a common father to you deeper down into the mire? Look here; Tom Blackthorn here must choose between losing Patience or losing Leys Croft. If Patience was to marry you, as sure as eggs Tom Blackthorn would have to quit Leys Croft, that's mortgaged stick and stone, over head and ears. 'Tis my business that Tom Blackthorn shouldn't be driven out of house and home at nigh threescore and ten. And I won't see it done, not for all the love nonsense in the world. Miss Patience is to marry money; and Tom Blackthorn is to keep the land."

Patience and Stephen, though their hands were now apart, held one another by the eyes. In hers was growing despair. It *was* her duty to keep the land at any cost—that, not even love could deny. But to learn her duty within the first minute of giving away her heart—that was hard indeed to bear. If only Stephen had never come back, then, indeed, she might have braced herself to her duty, thrown away her girlish dreams, and made herself a good enough wife to whomsoever her purchaser might be. But now!

Stephen read her heart more plainly than if it had put itself into words; and he returned her look bravely.

"A mortgage!" said he. "Ah, it's my business at Millport to know something about that sort of thing. Everything's all right while the interest's paid. What's due?"

"A hundred pound — there," said Farmer Blackthorn, angrily. "A hundred pound, and I can no more find it than—"

"But I can," said Stephen, eagerly. "I've got that laid by and more; and if 'twas thousands, what's mine's yours. And then—Leys Croft won't be mortgaged beyond its value, of course. I'll speak to my people; they'll only be too glad to pay off the incumbrance themselves; they badly want more mortgages for investment, and Leys Croft—I know it by heart, and it's the best pasture land in England, bar none—why, they'll jump at it; and as for the interest, they'll take my guarantee; especially when I'm one of the firm myself, as I'm going to be. There, farmer, you can keep the land and Patience, too."

Patience clutched her father's arm with both her hands, and looked up into his face, while her heart beat so fast that it gave her pain. He looked at Stephen wildly, as if his failing wits were struggling back again. "What's that? Is that you, Stephen? Who says the land's not to go?"

"I do. I'm not asking for Patience now. I'm only asking to do a trifle for you, that have done so much for me—ever since—always— There, farmer. You shall have the hundred, or whatever it is, as soon as the post can come back from Millport; and Prestons there will make the rest all right in the twinkling of an eye. It'll be a good bargain for them as well as for you. I'm doing a stroke of business you see; one for you and two for them; and they're Me. So there's no need for you to say so much as a thank you; I wish there were."

It was Farmer Marrish's turn to grow pale. What! this young fellow who had left the village without a penny of his own, coming back and talking about paying off the burdens of Leys Croft as though it were a mere bagatelle? But he could not doubt Stephen's good faith; the man of business saw only too clearly the feasibility of his rival's plan, and cursed himself for a fool for having, in his over-assurance, so rashly exposed his own. And then, too, he had been watching Patience; and jealousy, middle age's jealousy of insolent youth, was fermenting in his soul.

"Too late, too late!" he broke in, with the strength of concealed passion. "Tom Blackthorn has given his word!"

"But Patience Blackthorn hasn't," cried she, darting forward, and with eyes sparkling, "and Patience Blackthorn won't! I'll do my best for father, never fear! And as I'm to be bid for, I'll choose who's to buy. I don't know who's the other, and I *won't* know. Father, I'm going to marry Stephen. I'm going to marry him for the land and the money; but *he* knows I'm going to marry him for something else besides."

It is a startling thing to see a fawn stand at bay. Even Stephen, who thought he knew her, was taken aback, while his heart swelled with pride in himself and in her. Farmer Blackthorn raised his hat and wiped his brow.

"Enoch," said he, "you see—'tis not to be. I can't go against *her*. I always did think 'twas queer of Providence to part a Blackthorn from the land. And though a Harlow's no fit match for a Blackthorn, I'm proud of the lad I made, and I can't go against the lass, whose mother I wedded for true love—and needs must when the devil drives. You meant well, Enoch; but I did but give half a word, you know, and that must go. I didn't know, you see, she'd given her word before I'd given mine. Give me your hand, Stephen, my lad. How soon will you be hearing from Millport! Lord bless us, what a comfort it is to be able to hold up one's head again, to be sure!"

He was standing bareheaded, looking round at the beloved land, already, by anticipation, enfranchised; Stephen was absorbed in Patience; she was lost in her own thoughts, what ever they were. Else they would have seen a terrible sight which few of us, thank God, have ever seen: the first spasm of baffled passion and baffled greed on a face made to show it beyond the ordinary power of the transparent masks that cover human souls. That Enoch's was no ordinary soul was proved by the speed and force wherewith he suppressed an agony that must otherwise have betrayed him, once for all, to the very simplest eyes.

It was hard on him, hideously hard; but how hard has not even yet been told. And yet he, even he, contrived to quench the blaze in his own eyes, and to twist his lips into a curious kind of smile, as he came forward and shook Stephen by the hand.

"I wish you—joy!" said he.

FABLE THE SECOND.

WHAT HAPPENED TO HIM WHO HELPED A LAME DOG OVER A STILE.

Farmer Blackthorn was not the man to tell tales; and besides Marrish had made a special and most natural request that no word should be breathed of his having been a rejected suitor. So much was due, at least, by way of salve to mortified pride; and the debtor could afford to be even more than generous to the creditor from whom he was so soon to be free. Whatever Patience thought, she also held her tongue about her suspicions, even towards her now plighted lover; for she was a lady to the core, and was not the girl to make mischief between old neighbors and friends. As for Stephen, excellent man of business as he was, be no more, as I have already said, dreamed of a rival in "old" Miser Marrish than of—say the most impossible thing that can be named.

He had his reward, even more than Patience herself could give him. It did his heart good to see how Farmer Blackthorn's back straightened itself; how his eyes brightened; how his voice recovered a note or two of jollity; how he began to swagger and patronize—how, in short, though with a certain touch of senility, he became Tom Blackthorn of Leys Croft in all his glory once more. One could see, from his behavior under hope, in what at least some of the characteristic causes of his ruin must have lain. For, of course, even though Stephen's plan should succeed to the uttermost, the burden on the land would not be wiped off, but simply transferred from Enoch Marrish to the land-agents and surveyors whom Stephen served. Still, it is no doubt better to be indebted to far-away, impersonal creditors than to a neighbor under whose eyes one has to live and look ashamed, and who knows the secrets of one's affairs; and then, in his heart, he did not like Marrish overmuch, while Stephen's only fault was that he had not sprung from land. For a yeoman of the Blackthorn caste would have looked upon marriage with an Earl as a *mesalliance* if the Peer in question could not find the root of his pedigree somewhere under a hereditary field.

Nor (so inconsistent is human nature) was this feeling on the part of Farmer Blackthorn a whit the less strong because he had himself committed a mesalliance; his dead wife having been not so much as a country-woman, but the daughter of a London tradesman with a wharf somewhere down the Thames. Moreover, the marriage under circumstances which, though discreditable to neither side, had brought about a lasting breach between the then wealthy yeoman and the wealthier wharfinger, which had never been healed. Till his unsuccessful attempt at begging by deputy, no word had ever passed between the two; there had clashed together equal obstinacy and equal pride. Not even Mrs. Blackthorn's death had made them so much as formal friends. It was the Cockney strain, no doubt, Farmer Blackthorn thought, bitterly, which had come out in his son Dick, whose name he had ceased to name, and who had gone away, his father and he knew why, and nobody else knew where. Whereas Patience was her father's child.

All such things had Stephen Harlow ample leisure to observe and to reflect upon, for his holiday had grown. The first post enabled him, after a trip to Hunchester, to transfer all his savings to his future father-in-law; not that he confessed that the very fairly considerable sum was his all, making light of the gift as a loan in the way of business, out of which he saw his own advantage; so that the farmer felt as if he were conferring a favor by taking the money instead of receiving one. Presently came a letter from Prestons', authorizing him to report on the land, the title, and so forth, with a view to their favorably considering what he had proposed. As that business could not be disposed of in a hurry, his holiday became a holiday, indeed, with pleasure enough to make the days well-nigh too short to crowd it all in.

In the first place, he had to busy himself with surveys, plans, title-deeds, estimates, and a hundred other delightful things of that nature. Then, these being not half enough, he threw himself zealously into the heavier work of bringing the farm back again into working order; and this alone took up the whole of one man's time. But a whole man of him seemed still to remain; and this he gave to the personal service of his old patron, doing his best to cheer him up, and to restore the farmer even as he had restored the farm. Then what time was left for his love-making? Just all — just as much as if he had nothing else in the world to do.

Under such circumstances Patience could not find it in her heart to play the coquette, even for fun. She felt as if she had just shaved the edge of a precipice; as if she had missed misery and found happiness by miracle; and, moreover, being used to such different ways, she regarded all this energy with wondering awe. Stephen going to be a great man indeed! Why, he was already a great man; there could be nobody like him in the world. She had always liked him, and had easily learned to love him; but who had looked for this from the drunken blacksmith's boy? It was as if their charity to Stephen, when he was a forlorn little waif, was being repaid them a thousand-fold; and she could only thank God for him on her knees, and then sit at his feet in admiration, and thank him for loving her. If poor Dick had only been half like Stephen! She did her best to help him, begging for sums to work and papers to copy; and though she hindered him a good deal by her blunders, there was the pleasure of setting them right again. What days those were! And if only poor Dick had been there to see! But even that must come right now. Had not Stephen taken everything in hand—so how could anything fail to come right or go wrong?

One evening she had a delightful surprise. Stephen, having been over on law business to Hunchester, asked her to come out for a stroll before supper. They passed through the yard gate, and were going, at snail's pace, along the quiet path that leads across the fields to the village, when Patience suddenly stopped and pointed.

"Stephen, look! If somebody's cows haven't got to our grass again!"

"Nonsense, Patience. Why, there isn't a broken hedge or a loose gate all round. Somebody's cows, indeed! Where?"

"Why, where *are* your eyes? No—they're not on my nose, Stephen. They're out there."

"Yes; I see some cows. Naturally, on a farm one does expect to see cows."

"Not on ours."

"Let's go a bit nearer, and see. Yes; I see them plain enough now. But fancy a farmer's daughter not knowing her own cows a hundred yards away!"

"Stephen, please don't joke about cows."

"Heaven forbid; they're much too serious things, I know. Never mind, Patience, I'll never tell."

"Tell?"

"That Patience Blackthorn didn't know her father's cows."

"Stephen!"

"Why, darling, you look at me as if I were talking treason. Don't you like the look of the beasts? Is there anything wrong?"

"Beasts! They're beauties! I wish they *were* ours!"

"Then, Hey, Presto! yours they are. You've only got to wish, you see, you little witch, and the thing's done."

"Stephen, *you've* been buying those cows!"

"Take care, little girl, if you wrinkle your brows like that, or so much as say one word of money, the charm's broke, and you'll see those cows spread their wings and fly away—over the moon. You mind the milking; and never mind how things come. I wish you may never have a wish that doesn't come as quick and as easy as that one!"

"Stephen—"

"My darling?"

"Don't, don't be too good to us all! Don't ask me to thank you—"

"I'll ask you not to be a goose. There. Now that's settled, and I've got a kiss for nothing at all. But I didn't bring you out to talk of cows. I've been having a talk with father this morning, and I can't push out my holiday much longer now. I've got to go back to Millport, far away, and to get back into harness; and not much chance of another holiday for many a year. Patience, you'll come, too."

"Stephen! I!"

"Who else? Yes. We must make our plans, and I'll tell you what they're to be. I've been writing to Prestons', of course, every day. They won't hear of my leaving them and setting up on my own hook as a surveyor at Hunchester, as I'd have chosen to do; and sooner than that they've made my partnership a settled thing. You see what they think of me up there! That means our fortune's made. They don't want capital—they want *me*," he said, with natural and honest pride. "Prestons & Harlow will pay off the charges on Leys Croft, and become the mortgagees themselves, on condition that they manage it themselves for a year at least; that's but fair, for it's in as bad a state as can be, and father can't get it in order again all alone. I've talked it out with him, and he agrees.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE ADMINISTRATION.

Republicans Striving to Sow the Seeds of Discontent Concerning the Cabinet.

Some of the Republican journals are industriously at work attempting to sow seeds of discord and discontent within the Democratic party in relation to the Cabinet appointments. They dwell upon the fact that four of the appointments must be credited to the East and North, two to the South and one to the Northwest, and that the Western Democracy has not only not been recognized at all, but that it has received a rebuke on a matter of purely Western interest, viz.: by Mr. Cleveland's letter on the silver question. The answer to all this kind of talk is best made by admitting the facts and denying the conclusion sought to be deduced therefrom. It is true that none of the members of the Cabinet can strictly be classified as representing the West, and it is true that Mr. Cleveland's views respecting the coinage and free circulation of silver are not exactly in accord with Western opinion and Western interests. It does not follow, however, that the Democratic party in the West is at all disposed to quarrel with the President over the formation of his Cabinet. The announcement of the names was undoubtedly followed by a feeling of disappointment, as was the publication of his letter on the silver question by a feeling of disapproval. But on the one hand it is generally recognized and admitted that the President has a right to select his Cabinet in accordance with his own views and from among his personal friends, and men in whom he has special confidence; and on the other, that he has an equal right to his own convictions on the debatable points connected with silver. The seven Cabinet positions, no matter how allotted, need not interfere with a fair distribution of Federal patronage in the West, and the President's views on the silver coinage need not control the action of Congress on the subject. Nothing has been done of any moment against Western interests. We freely admit that in our opinion Indiana, Missouri, Illinois or some distinctively Western State was much more entitled to a representation in the Cabinet than Wisconsin, and that President Cleveland's silver letter had better not been written, but this admission involves no foundation for a quarrel, even of a trifling character, between Western Democrats and the new Administration. All sections of a vast country can not be exactly suited and represented in public acts, and the loyalty of the Western Democracy can not be shaken merely because the first act of the President appears to overlook their just claims. The Democrats of this part of the Union were well aware when they supported Mr. Cleveland for the nomination, or when they supported Hancock, Tilden or Greeley, that in the event of a victory at the election they would elect a man more or less dominated by Eastern influence, Eastern ideas and associations. They supported an Eastern man because, under the circumstances, it seemed to be necessary in order to achieve success, and they were not deterred by the prospect that, if elected, he might be more or less influenced by Eastern interests. The victory won last November represented the triumph of Democratic principles—a triumph that will probably be unreversed for many years. To Western Democrats it brought not only satisfaction, but strength, union, harmony. It improved the organization of the party and strengthened all its energies and agencies, and the mere fact that the President the party elected has chosen to select a Cabinet member from Wisconsin rather than from some strictly Western State will not be allowed to darken the hour of triumph in any way.

Republicans need not base any hopes upon assumed Democratic jealousy or disappointments. The party is all right in spirit and organization—satisfied with the President it has given the country and quite confident of holding on to the Government through the terms of half a dozen administrations. By the time the Democratic party accomplishes its mission and closes its great work of reform, Republicanism, in a party sense, will be but a reminiscence.—*St. Louis Republican.*

THE EX-PRESIDENT'S FAME.

Mr. Arthur Commended Not Because He Has Done Any Great Good, But Because He Has Done No Great Wrong.

There is a good deal being said in an indefinite sort of way about the great credit with which Mr. Arthur retired from the Presidency. An amiable disposition has cropped out almost everywhere to award him praise for having been an excellent President, and yet it would bother any one to mention in what particular line of administration the excellence was shown. It may be that the retiring President proved himself to be so much better in the Presidential office than his previous political course gave reason to expect that he would be, that his not turning out as was expected is entitling him to the credit of having done exceedingly well. The credit is the result of surprise and the merit to which it attaches is more of a comparative than of positive character.

The commendation that rightfully belongs to the Arthur Administration is not for anything particularly good it did, but for its not having done anything very wrong. In considering what great damage the Garfield Administration would probably have done the country if it had lived out its full term under the directing influence of James G. Blaine, the public readily conclude that President Arthur, if he did nothing else, still did the country great service in abstaining from adopting the Blaine policy of the previous Administration.

But he retires from the Presidency without having made a distinct impression except in a social way. The success of no great public measure marked his Administration, nor was there any reform of existing abuses wrought out during his term to make it distinguished. But among society people he shone as the greatest President this country has ever had. In this respect his admirers have great reason to be proud of him. Other Presidents have had distinguishing qualities of different kinds, but Mr. Arthur, in addition to his being the best dressed President of the whole lot, will always be distinguished as the Chief Magistrate who could receive and entertain with the greatest ease and most polished manners blue-blooded visitors from the effete monarchs of Europe.—*Exchange.*

—The North Carolina House of Representatives on Saturday last adopted a design for a new State flag. The design is as follows: A white bar and a red bar run horizontally, the red bar above the white. Near the staff the color is blue to a depth of one-third of the flag. In the center of this blue portion is the coat of arms of the State in gold.—*Raleigh (N. C.) News.*

THE INFAMY OF IT.

An Infamous Act Perpetrated by the Republican Party.

We are gradually getting more light on the last act of infamy of the Republican party, perpetrated as it was stepping down and out of power. "The ruling passion strong in death" has had one more dazzling and brilliant illustration. We refer to the last land steal of 700,000 acres of Government land. The Washington correspondents are gradually getting at the true inwardness of the big $3,000,000 swindle. We published a dispatch last Saturday from the Chicago *Tribune*, which gave out the impression that the matter was all right; quite innocent, in fact; the usual thing expected, of course, from a party that had piled up monuments of big and infamous swindles. The New York *World's* correspondent has been looking the affair up, and he uncovers some very interesting details. According to this account, it seems that several weeks ago a large additional force of clerks was put on for the purpose of making out these patents, so that they could all be signed and issued before the change of the Administration. These patents were all signed. There never has been, in the history of the Department, any patents issued for lands where Congress had assumed jurisdiction to raise the question of the propriety of the title. This backbone grant has been one of the most notorious of all the isolated grants. It was passed by Congress in 1871, and was originally made to the New Orleans, Vicksburg & Baton Rouge Railroad. The condition was that this road should be completed within five years. This company never turned over a spoonful of dirt, and never did anything beyond the issuing of some bonds, which were palmed off on a confiding public.

This railroad on paper transferred the grant to the New Orleans and Pacific Road, and here now is where Jay Gould comes in. This road then sold its charter rights to the Texas Pacific, but reserved the assigned grant and transferred it to "the American Improvement Company." Gould and others owned nearly all this stock, which was a sort of a Credit Mobilier affair. The *World's* correspondent concludes his investigation as follows:

The Backbone grant is upon exactly the same footing as the Texas Pacific, which was forfeited by the Senate the other day. For a number of years the people who held this Backbone grant have tried to get Congress to confirm it. The grant has been rejected a number of times and no Secretary of the Interior before Teller would ever consider what was practically a proposition to help steal these lands for the benefit of the railroad lobby. Whether there is an investigation of this or not, Mr. Teller will be called upon to explain on the floor of the Senate his extraordinary course in this matter. There is not much doubt that this Gould and Huntington conspiracy also contemplated the theft of the Texas Pacific lands. If it had not been for the Senate action the other day in forfeiting this unearned grant there is reason to suppose that the Interior Department would have issued patents for the fifteen millions of acres of these lands.

This outrage was perpetrated by the last Republican Administration the day before Cleveland's inauguration. It was the culmination of a giant conspiracy and a colossal swindle all along the line. What an appropriate capstone to the monumental infamies of the Republican party! And they hope to get back into power at the end of four years. Not if the American people are awake.—*Indiana State Sentinel.*

UNSOUGHT ADVICE.

Mr. Blaine Taking a Lively Interest in Mr. Cleveland's Administration.

Really it would seem as if Mr. Blaine is taking more lively interest in the Administration of President Cleveland than he would in his own had he succeeded in getting into the White House. His organ, the New York *Tribune*, has been freshly tuned and his fingers are constantly going over the manuals and his toes over the pedals to the one tune of advice to Mr. Cleveland. He tries all sorts of combinations of stops, from the Reid mixtures to the Star Route diapasons. Yesterday he turned on the silver vox humana, and attempted to connect it with the Ku-Klux trumpet, but the combination did not appear to work. Although Mr. Blaine displays much zeal and industry as an organ-grinder, he should try his skill on a less dilapidated instrument than the *Tribune*. It is terribly cracked, and the very bellows has become wheezy. It is as much out of place in the present era of harmony and reconciliation as a Highland bagpipe or a Chinese tom-tom in a Beethoven symphony. With all respect to Mr. Blaine's industry and persistency in offering advice, we would gently remind him that this is a Democratic Government, and that a much-enduring country's patience is getting exhausted by his ill-advised efforts to emerge from the comfortable and quiet oblivion to which he was charitably consigned. Of course, it is pretty hard on him, after all the wasteful expenditure of cash and elaborate plan of campaign so ingeniously constructed of lies and misrepresentations, to be left out in the cold, without being able to provide even a word of cheer to his deluded and disappointed followers. But prowling around the White House grounds, turning the crank of a cracked organ and hoarsely shouting advice to President Cleveland is not going to mend matters for him. It rather exposes him to fresh derision and makes him the butt of all the boys of the press. Some considerate friend of Mr. Blaine should take care of him, and induce him to give up organ grinding as an occupation, putting the wheezy old instrument by which he has been afflicting the public into some convenient lumber room. It would be well, at the same time, to withdraw his misguided friend, Chandler, from wasting his time on such a notoriously ill-tuned organ as the *National Republican*, which has an unfortunate knack of breaking down just when the player is preparing for a grand outburst of discord. Let those two gentlemen become reconciled to their obscurity, which is, after all, more friendly to them than they are now willing to admit. Organs are mighty uncertain instruments to handle by unskilled performers.—*Albany Argus.*

—The proprietor of a skating-rink in Sing-Sing lately adopted an ingenious way of hoaxing the public. He offered a prize for the first successful attempt to give the meaning of the name "Belvonia," which he had applied to the rink. The local editor, school-teachers and others puzzled over the name, and finally declared that it was of Italian origin and meant "place of beautiful resort." They were highly indignant when informed by the proprietor that the word had been coined by his wife, and had no meaning.—*N. Y. Mail.*

—During the first nine months of 1884, twenty-four horses, twenty-five beasts and cows, 107 sheep and five donkeys were run over and killed on the English railways.

VERY LIKE WAR.

The Preparations in England—Shipping Arms to India—The Regular and Militia Reserves Called Out for Permanent Service—Excitement in England—The War Spirit Rampant.

BRINGING OUT THE DOGS OF WAR.

LONDON, March 26.—Active war preparations throughout England continue, and not since the days of the Crimea has the excitement been so great. The belief has rapidly grown within the past few days that war with Russia is unavoidable, and the war fever is now strong upon the people. The activity at the arsenals and dock yards is almost unprecedented. Large forces of men are employed both day and night filling heavy orders already sent in by both War and Admiralty Offices.

This morning the officers of the Ordnance Department at Chatham received imperative orders to ship immediately to Bombay, all the Martini-Henry rifles in store in that department. Already the Government arsenals are taxed to their utmost, and so urgent are some of the orders that contracts have been made with private firms.

At the dock yards vessels are being fitted for instant departure, some of them not having been placed under sailing orders before for years. Among those which are being rapidly fitted out for sea are the men-of-war Mercury, Devastation, Colossus and Bacchante, and the troop ship Orontes.

THE RESERVES AND MILITIA CALLED OUT.

LONDON, March 26.—A Royal message has just been read in both Houses of Parliament calling out both the regular army and the militia reserves for permanent service. This news has greatly intensified the excitement throughout England, which is now at fever heat. The announcement of the absolute rupture between England and Russia is looked for at any moment.

THE LION RAMPANT.

LONDON, March 26.—In accordance with the Royal message read in both houses of Parliament, orders have been issued by the War Office calling out the reserves of both regulars and militia. Regiments that have not been called on for active service at any time during the past ten years have been summarily ordered to prepare for immediate departure for foreign service.

The streets of London this morning are dotted with excited groups discussing the situation. The verdict is almost general that a formal declaration of war can not be much longer delayed. At all the newspaper offices and news centers great throngs are anxiously awaiting the latest information in regard to the doings of the Ministry and Parliament. Some of the journals have issued extras which are bought with avidity. Many admirers of the Jingo policy are parading the streets shouting for war and singing war songs. The war spirit is rampant.

THE SITUATION ON AFGHANISTAN.

LONDON, March 26 (evening).—The excitement increases hourly, and people seem to have gone mad over the prospect of a conflict between England and Russia. Fresh orders are constantly being sent out to military and naval centers for the immediate dispatch of munitions of war to India. An order has been given for 5,000,000 cartridges to be immediately packed for shipment to Bombay. Relations between the two countries are momentarily becoming more strained, while Afghanistan advices are anything but encouraging.

A dispatch just received from Bombay states that the Russian forces on the Afghan border are becoming very aggressive, and it is with great difficulty a conflict between them and Afghan tribes is averted. It is reported that two members of the party accompanying Sir Peter Lumsden as English commissioners, have been killed by the Russians.

IMPORTANT DISPATCHES.

LONDON, March 27.—Just as yesterday's Cabinet Council had adjourned, a special messenger arrived in haste from the War Office, bringing further dispatches. After Mr. Gladstone had glanced over the papers, he summoned his colleagues to another conference, which lasted several hours. The nature of the additional information can only be conjectured, but from the circumstances there is no doubt that it was considered unusually important.

WHY THE RESERVES WERE CALLED OUT.

LONDON, March 27.—It is believed that Earl Dufferin threatened to resign the Viceroyship of India unless the Government honored his requisition for 25,000 men from England, and that this accounts for the sudden calling out of the reserves.

A STARVINGS PEOPLE.

The Terrible Straits to Which the People in Portions of West Virginia are Reduced—Destitute and Starving, Cattle Dying—Terrible Suffering and Sickness.

WHEELING, W. VA., March 27.—The condition of affairs in the foodless counties of the interior is growing desperate. The frozen streams and hard roads render it almost impossible to afford aid with any speed. The people of the State are earnestly at work and will render abundant relief as soon as the destitute can be reached. In many instances the whole bill of fare for three months has only been parched corn and sorghum molasses. The Parkersburg papers recite instances of terrible suffering and sickness, and state that a traveler counted in one day's journey thirty head of dead cattle, a mortality that is frightful for the number owned. Kanawha, Ritchie, Pleasants, Wirt, Nicholas, and Braxton County Courts have all met in special session to provide means of relief.

A Victim of Strong Drink.

CHICAGO, ILL., March 27.—A well-dressed stranger, evidently suffering from the effects of a prolonged debauch, registered at the Davis House, on Clark street, last evening. He had no money, saying he had been robbed of over $300 during the day, and left his overcoat in the office as security. About 8:30 o'clock, while suffering, it is supposed, from delirium tremens, he leaped from his window, on the third floor, to the street, and was killed. Letters found on the body were addressed to Andrew Reddy, Quincy, Michigan.

Could Not Stand Being Found Out.

WHEELING, W. VA., March 27.—Last evening W. D. Cushing, book-keeper at the Belmont Iron Works, this city, was arrested for embezzlement of the Company's funds, amounting so far to $2,100. He was held for examination next week in the sum of $3,000. At eleven o'clock the city was shocked by the report of the suicide of Cushing. He was a young man, well thought of in the community, and held the confidence of his employers. Cushing was taken before a Justice at six o'clock last evening, and gave bail for his appearance next Tuesday. He went home and shot himself, and died a short time afterward.

ST. JOE'S COURT HOUSE BURNED.

A Fire Breaks Out in the St. Joe Court House, and It is Completely Destroyed.

ST. JOSEPH, March 28.—At 3:30 o'clock this morning a fire was discovered in the court house, which occupies a full square, bounded by Fourth and Fifth and Jule and Farone streets. The wind was blowing fresh from the northwest and the smashing of the windows created a suction which soon carried the flames through the entire interior. The walls throughout the building are of brick and stone and consequently partially fire-proof, but the flames seemed to find no hindrance in their mad career. The late hour of the morning delayed the giving of the alarm. Before the department arrived on the scene it was almost a hopeless task. From the fact that the flames had spread so rapidly through the entire place, and the large stairways which run from the basement to the dome, that ornamental top, the pride of the Missouri Valley, was wrapped in a winding sheet of flames. Despite

THE EFFORTS OF THE FIREMEN

the flames spread foot by foot until the entire structure was ablaze, and before the end was reached the building was in ruins, entailing a loss of $175,000 with only $98,000 insurance. As to the origin of the fire nothing is definitely known. It broke out in the law office of Vouls & Vouls on the ground floor, and must have been slumbering for several hours. The court house was finished in 1873, and was looked upon as fire proof. It cost $173,000 and was considered the finest building in the Northwest. Chief McNutt, of the fire department, was struck on the head by a falling brand, and it is feared his skull is fractured. The only other person injured was William Johnson, of the Schuster, Hax & Co. bank, who sustained a fracture of the right thigh by jumping from the second story window. This is the most destructive fire St. Joseph has ever known, and even at this hour it is impossible to obtain important details.

CANADA EXCITED.

War Commenced in the Northwest—Crozier's Party Fired on and Twelve Killed.

OTTAWA, March 28.—In the House of Commons last night the following telegram from Lieutenant Colonel Irwine to Sir John Macdonald, dated Fort Carleton, via Winnipeg, March 27, 1885, was read by the Premier: The party under my command has just arrived at Fort Carleton. I found that Major Crozier with a party of one hundred had gone to Duck Lake to secure a large quantity of supplies there stored. They were met by some hundred rebels who had an advantageous position at Beardy's reserve, and who endeavored to surround Major Crozier's force of police and civilians. The rebels fired first. The firing soon became general. Major Crozier, owing to the disadvantage at which he was placed, retreated in good order, arriving at the fort at the same time as my party. Ten civilians of Prince Albert and two policemen were killed and four civilians and seven constables wounded. The number of rebels killed is not known. The police and civilians acted with the greatest bravery under the heavy fire. The killed are: Constables T. J. Gibson and G. P. Arnold; civilians Captain John Meriton, W. Napier, James Blakely, S. Elliot, Robert Middleton, D McKenzie, D. McPhail, Charles Newett, Rudolph Anderson and Alexander Fisher. The wounded are: Captain More, leg broken. A. McNabb, W. R. Markley and Alexander Stewart; Northwest mounted police, Inspector J. Howe, Corporal Gilchrist and Constable Garret, S. J. Gordon A. M. Smith, J. O. Moore and A. Miller. The reading of the dispatch caused intense excitement. Detachments of A and B batteries of Kingston and Quebec, the Queen's Own and the Tenth Royal of Toronto and the infantry school under the command of Colonel Otter have received marching orders and will proceed via the Canadian Pacific Railroad to the northwest without delay.

APPROACHING A SETTLEMENT.

Two Plans Proposed for Settling the Status of Oklahoma.

WASHINGTON, March 28.—Secretary Lamar said to-day that two plans were now under consideration regarding the Oklahoma matter. One was the appointment of a commission to investigate, and the other was to declare it a public reservation. He did not know what action would be taken in the matter, but that it would be settled in the course of a week or so. Messrs. Clark and Weaver, representing the boomers, had a long interview with the Secretary in connection with this matter, during which they gave a number of important facts as to the present occupants, which will be laid before the President. One thing is certain, and that is that no commission has yet been appointed, or even agreed upon, and all talk that Senators Ingalls, Morgan and Dawes have been selected is based upon rumors.

A Frightful Explosion.

LONDON, March 28.—A dispatch from Vienna says: While the men in the mines owned and operated by the Baron Rothschild at Ostrou, Moravia, were at work yesterday opening a new vein of coal a hidden fissure was opened and large quantities of fire damp rushed forth. The mines had been considered remarkably free from any such gases heretofore and some of the men had grown careless and worn lamps not properly protected. The gas struck the flame, a terrible explosion followed and the roof of the main gallery was torn in pieces and precipitated to the floor, blocking the entrance. One or two men who were near the entrance to the mine managed to escape, though they had been knocked down and bruised by the force of the explosion. They brought news that fifty-six miners were imprisoned and probably killed. Rescuing parties were sent below. After nearly twelve hours of hard work a body was uncovered, then another and another was found until the whole fifty-six had been recovered. All were dead.

A Deplorable Accident.

ST. JOSEPH, March 28.—A deplorable accident occurred ten miles south of St. Joseph yesterday afternoon about two o'clock, resulting in a young man's death. Howard G. Devorss, aged nineteen years, son of Mrs. M. A. Devorss, who lives seven miles south of the city, a short distance west of Walnut Grove, was engaged in hauling logs to a saw-mill, and was riding on a green oak log, sixteen feet long and three feet in diameter, chained to a wagon, when the wagon overturned, Devorss falling underneath the log. His half-brother, James H. Bates, was with him, and did all in his power to ease his suffering, but was powerless to remove the log.

Cubeb Cigars to be Taxed.

CHICAGO, March 28.—J. D. Harvey, Collector of Internal Revenue for the First District of Illinois, received a communication yesterday from J. S. Miller, Commissioner at Washington, in reply to two queries which he had received from the Wheeler Chemical Works, 25 Michigan avenue, and T. C. Ballard, 52 and 54 Lake street, in regard to the liability of taxation on cubeb cigarettes. They were formerly sold and stamped as patent medicine, but at present there is no tax being paid upon the article, notwithstanding the fact that they are used for smoking like ordinary tobacco cigarettes.