☞All communications for this paper should be accompanied by the name of the author; not necessarily for publication, but as an evidence of good faith on the part of the writer. Write only on one side of the paper. Be particularly careful in giving names and dates to have the letters and figures plain and distinct.

SUNKEN GRAVES.

This summer eve I wander where the dead
Sleep out the centuries which roll o'erhead,
And question who they were that laid them down,
Unwakeful, at this last inn of the town,
Till an emotion, unexpressed as yet,
Swells in my bosom like a vast regret.

There was a day when all this church-yard street
Throbbed at the passing of the mourner's feet;
There was a time when every ended year
Brought unforgetful ones to drop a tear.
What now is left, save that the grasses grow
A little rankier since they dewed them so?

There is the sky; and just as faint and far
Swims through the twilight deeps the evening star.
And there the mountain juts into the night,
Mantled with green, and canopied with white;
While yonder orb, before it sinks to rest,
Slants these long moonbeams from the darkening west.

There too, a bird, upon a tree's long limb,
Has built her nest without a thought of him
Within whose grave the maple's spreading root
Unawed adventures to intrude its foot.
Above whose breast the summer's dewy tears
Have lightly sifted for uncounted years.

None live who knew him. There are none to say
Where lived, whom loved, what wrought, when passed away
This one who, doubtless, had the daily care
And hourly travail of his soul to bear,
But sleeps with none to marvel o'er him save
The stranger musing by his sunken grave.

Would *they* remember? Could I break their rest
Who sleep, far-scattered from the east to west,
And with such question from the earthly gloom
Could vex the dreamless slumber of the tomb,
Would they recall what pulseless lump of clay,
Void of the spirit, here was laid away?

Dead are the dead: nor could there come reply.
They could not answer to the call; but I—
I and the living answer! Breath by breath
Some hope we cherished trembles to its death;
Some fond illusion of the spirit dies,
And fades the glory of our summer skies.

The hope, the vision, lay we well at rest;
We scatter lilies on each quiet breast:
We say at heart, with mute lips stricken dumb
For grief of sad to-morrows ere they come:
"Within this grave our sun of life is set!
Never shall we this day or grief forget!"

Then go our ways. But when our spirits pass
Through glebes unconquered from their native grass,
And swift and sweet our quickened senses get
A perfume rarer than the violet,
We never dream that all this verdure waves
Above our hopes' long-lost and sunken graves.

—*Andrew B. Saxton, in Century Magazine.*

"MISS BETTY."

The Important Things That Happened to Her.

Of course I can't expect you to love Miss Betty as I did—beautiful little woman with her soft blue eyes, silver hair, and a smile as calm and sweet as ever graced the lips of a "maiden lady" who was far enough advanced in life to have left the tumult and restlessness of youth far behind her. After the confusion and bustle that always reigned in our household, with papa forever busy, the boys coming and going, and we girls, occupied first with school books, then with millinery, and all the interests that keep a family of young people constantly in a state of excitement and commotion, a visit to Miss Betty in her quiet home seemed like an entrance into some cool retreat, where peace and calm and comfort always dwell.

Only two things had ever really happened to Miss Betty, and it was not until the morning of her fortieth birthday that the second thing happened. Had not this great event occurred I should have had no story to tell—Miss Betty would have been an example of those lives, or is it nations? which people say are happy in that they have no history. But in this case the saying would have been untrue. Out of that second occurrence in her monotonous life, out of the tumult and trepidation ushered in with that fortieth birthday has grown—well, a love story, which I am determined to spoil by not telling it properly.

Miss Betty had, of course, been born like other people; she had struggled through the measles and the mumps, and, like so many of the bright, lank and scraggy daughters of our land, at the age of nineteen she had developed into a very pretty young girl.

It was at this stage of her experience that the first thing happened. Naturally, the event took the shape of a lover. John McIntosh, a manly, well-bred youth of twenty-three, the son of a neighboring farmer, had cast sheep-eyes at Miss Betty during a lively evening at singing school. Miss Betty had cast down her eyes and blushed furiously. But all the same she liked to have John look at her in that way, and John found it out. The result was that the two young people fell in love with each other.

Then came the Squire to the front. The Squire was Miss Betty's father. Just what had gained him the title it would be difficult to say. He owned a few more acres than any body else within the township, and had once come very near being made Justice of the Peace. The distinction really fell to a retired physician living in the same village, but the title that had grown out of the prospective dignity clung to Squire Perkins. He himself valued it as a Duke does his strawberry leaves.

When the Squire learned that John McIntosh had actually had the audacity to fancy that he might be allowed to marry Miss Betty, his wrath was beyond control. He stormed and he pounded, he stamped and he roared. There threatened to repeat itself in the old mansion the scene that had taken place in Miss Betty's teething days, when the Squire's only son George had asked permission to marry a dainty little blue-eyed girl, the daughter of a seamstress. George had stood his ground, pocketed his father's curse, and gone proudly forth never to return. Miss Betty was made of different material. She wept, accepted the inevitable, and sent two dried rose-buds and three little ill-written notes back to John McIntosh in a sandalwood box. He put the box in his pocket, went to the nearest seaport, and shipped for Shanghai. Then peace returned to the Squire's mansion, and Betty settled calmly down into the business of becoming an old maid.

The years came and the years went. Her features grew sharper, and her hair thinner; there was even a suspicion of rheumatism swelling her finger joints. Betty grew old; nothing happened, and she had begun to fancy that nothing ever would.

There was a slight break in her life one day, when a party of neighbors came in and carried the old Squire to the churchyard, and laid him by the side of the wife he had worried out of existence three months after Betty's birth. In many homes a death makes a great overturning. But in this one the current of life was scarcely disturbed. The old Squire had been practically dead a good many years before they laid him in the grave. His iron frame had outlived his mind. Paralytic and helpless, Betty and her one maid-of-all-work waited on him like a child. He had fallen out of his place in life; so when his helpless body finally disappeared nobody missed him much. Betty had less work to do, and so had Maria; but otherwise her life flowed peacefully on. She only became a little thinner, her scant locks a little more sparse, and the rheumatism in her joints a little more indisputable.

Now the second event had arrived. Betty gasped and trembled. After all these years of absolute peace and quiet, to have an occurrence like this come to overturn all established things! She wrung her hands, and wept. Then she sent for her faithful friend and henchman, Maria, and handed her a letter she had just received.

"Read it, Maria, read it!"

Maria, who, like most New England servants, was as well born and as accomplished as her mistress, took the document, and read:

Miss Elizabeth Perkins:

DEAR MADAM: I write to tell you that your brother George died here at seven o'clock yesterday evening, leaving a young daughter seventeen years of age. Miss Perkins is, I fear, almost without means. It was her father's wish that she should go to you. She will leave here, therefore, after the funeral, and arrive in America in two weeks' time. The young lady is overwhelmed with grief, and I write in her stead.

Most sincerely yours,
MARTHA ROBINSON.

PENSION ABBETI, Siena, Italy.

The letter was dated March 15. It was now the 1st of April. May Perkins would be here, then, in a few days.

"If any thing had ever happened to me before," sighed Miss Betty. "If any thing had ever happened before!" Then she turned to Maria.

"What shall we do, Maria, what *shall* we do?"

Maria must have been some relation to Mr. Dick, for she immediately replied:

"Clean house."

This practical turn certainly gave great relief to Miss Betty's mind. It was something to do, and action would, better than any thing else, relieve the tension of her nerves.

Within twenty-four hours the house was overturned—that is, not the building itself, but its contents. Curtains came down, carpets sprang up, chairs located themselves on tables, women armed with pails appeared, men with whitewash brushes followed. Miss Betty directed and Maria acted as aide-de-camp. Confusion reigned everywhere. From peace and order there was a relapse back into original chaos.

It was when things were at their worst that Miss Betty stood gazing out of an upper window. Her glance fell on the mill-dam just above the house.

"How set father always was!" she mused to herself. "How he always said there wasn't any danger from that dam! Everybody told him it would give way, and wash us all out some day, but he wouldn't pay any attention. It's lucky he isn't here now," her mind passing to more important matters. "What would he do with a strange young girl in the house? He never could get along with young people, anyway." Miss Betty sighed. How should she get along?

The household had not more than settled back into its normal condition when, one day, the village carry-all drove up, and out of it stepped a blooming damsel of seventeen. She was followed by a middle-aged man, and by seven trunks. Miss Perkins might be penniless, but she had a wardrobe.

"Oh! Aunt Betty, how do you do?"

It was pleasant to feel that blooming cheek pressed to hers, and to know that this new-comer was her own kith and kin.

Miss May Perkins turned to the gentleman at her side.

"Aunt Betty, this is Mr. McIntosh."

Poor Miss Betty! Had not enough happened without this? In a moment she recognized the lover of her youth. Of course she did. What woman would not? But it was hard to have him come in the way—to come in the train of this blooming damsel, with her bright youth to act as a contrast to her aunt's faded features and tremulous middle age.

There is no use in discussing the matter. Women will cling to the romance of their lives. Is there a faded spinster any where who does not fondly recollect some hour when the world seemed a glorious place and the future full of bliss, simply because some specimen of the other sex has looked fondly into her eyes? If so, Miss Betty was not the one.

I am not going to betray the number of hours that Miss Betty had spent dreaming over the possible return of John McIntosh. He might come in this way, he might come in that. He might be old and gray, and feeble and infirm, in which case she would see him just as he was in youth, and in old age they would renew the romance of their early days. He might come with a wife and family of children; in which case she would be the particular friend of the woman who had supplanted her, and the maiden aunt to all the little folk. But she had not planned to have him come in the train of her own niece, and that niece a handsome young woman, with cheeks like peaches, a foreign education, and gown copied from those that English tourists procure in Paris. O, no, no! Ten thousand times no!

But Miss Betty was a genuine New England woman in the control she exercised over her own feelings. It was a warm welcome she gave the travelers, and neither of them noticed that her hands were cold, and her voice trembled the least bit when she drew them into the house and made them welcome to all it contained.

O, how much there was to tell! Aunt and niece had to become acquainted. John McIntosh had to relate the history of his sea-going years, and the later ones, when, after having secured a competence, he determined to explore the land as well as the sea, and, attracted by the name of Perkins, had made the acquaintance of May and her father. When he learned that the latter was from his own native town, and was indeed the playmate of his childhood, nothing was wanting to open the way to a warm intimacy. But then had come the illness and death of George Perkins, and now John McIntosh had brought his friend's daughter home.

Was there, or was there not, a love affair going on between John McIntosh and May Perkins? This was the question that agitated Miss Betty day and night.

The young girl was all that was frank and sweet, and devoted to her aunt. She indulged in no foreign airs, she spoke no strange tongues, her manners with Mr. McIntosh were free and cordial as with her father's friend.

Miss Betty thought the matter over morning and night, and in the watches of the night, but could come to no conclusion. But then, why should he not love her? Was she not young and beautiful? Miss Betty looked at her own hollow cheeks and sunken temples, counted the few straggling ringlets that framed her care-worn face, and decided that of course he must be in love with May.

Why is it that women are always sure that physical beauty exercises supreme influence over a man? They see enough to teach them otherwise, but they refuse to be taught.

The summer passed along, and what a glorious summer it was! The roses bloomed, the harvest ripened, the tasseled corn grew straight and tall. John McIntosh called nearly every day. At one time he brought a book, at another he proposed a walk, at a third he invited the ladies for a drive behind the high-stepping pair of grays he had purchased.

Poor Miss Betty! Sometimes she excused herself from joining in the excursions the other two took such delight in, sometimes she went with them. But, oh! it was very hard! John was so strong and tall, and, in her eyes, so handsome. May was so young, and fresh, and beautiful. They were a fine couple to look at, but for all that Miss Betty did not like to look at them.

Summer drifted into autumn and autumn into winter. Nobody minded. Winter has its pleasures as well as summer. May had become the favorite of the village, and Miss Betty enjoyed her popularity. Sleigh rides were plentiful; there was a singing-school that reminded Miss Betty of her youth, and sociables and candy pulls. During the evenings May spent at home the wood fire blazed, the ladies sewed, John McIntosh called, and when conversation flagged amused himself with a book.

Presently signs of spring began to appear. The air grew warmer, the snow began to melt on all sides, the trees began to bud.

It was one day in April when John McIntosh, gazing out of the parlor window, inquired suddenly:

"Miss Perkins, is that dam secure?"

"Father always said so," answered Miss Betty."

"Yes, I remember. He said so twenty years ago. Nothing would make him change his opinion. Why did he build this house so that in case it did give way you'd be sure to be drowned out? I believe a good freshet would carry every stick and stone of it away."

"But we never have freshets in this little river."

"We might have one, though, this season. They say the accumulations of ice up to the northward are fearful. These soft skies have come too suddenly. They are what farmers call 'a weather breeder.' Let the ice get pretty well melted and give us a good rain storm to send it down, there'd be trouble, sure."

Miss Betty did not believe in the freshet. Her mind was occupied with other matters. John and May were certainly coming to an understanding. The other day she, Betty, had been alone in the room with him, and he had been talking about May. Suddenly Miss Betty had fancied he was going to say something about marrying her. It was too much. Miss Betty made some trifling excuse and fled. Then she sent May into the room. Of late she had taken to leaving them alone together. If it was to be, it must be, but John should not consult her first. If he had no memory, she had. Let him speak to May.

"There certainly is something queer about the river," urged John the next evening as he took his departure. "It's six inches higher than usual, and look at the mud. I don't believe in that dam either."

"The dam will last till morning, won't it?" asked May, mischievously.

"I don't know whether it will or not. It might not if we had a heavy storm. It looks like one, too. Does anybody remain awake in this house all night?"

"Not usually."

"Let some one do it to-night then, and to-morrow we'll have things seen to."

But even this warning went unheeded. May was not timid. Miss Betty, though naturally so, believed in the dam. When bedtime came she read her usual chapter in the Bible, said her prayers, tied the strings of her night cap into an irreproachable bow and went to bed to sleep the sleep of the just.

At what time could it have been that she was awakeded so rudely? Was it raining? Yes surely. There was the distinct sound of rain drops on the roof. But the rushing sound that came from so far off—what was that? Miss Betty went to the window and looked out. There was something strange in the landscape—what was it?

What Miss Betty saw might well seem strange. Instead of her familiar garden, the picket fence and the grassy lawn beyond, there in their place was a watery waste. All manner of small things were floating about—flower pots, sticks, Miss Betty's garden hat, inadvertently left on the porch. All small things that could float were having a regatta.

Hark! what was that? A repetition of the sound that awoke her some minutes ago—a bursting, crashing sound—a rushing sound, a sound of huge timbers tearing themselves from their fastenings, a swelling, dashing, roaring sound!

"Help!" shrieked Miss Betty, "help!" In a moment she had seen what the matter was. The dam had given way, the waters were rising. Presently they would overwhelm the house.

Miss Betty did not wait to see if her appeal was heard. Who was there could hear it. There was no one near but May and Maria. Opening her door with trembling fingers she sped into the passage. There she met two flying figures, white-robed like herself.

"To the roof! to the roof!" she screamed, and seizing the nearest garments they could find, to the roof the three terrified women fled.

Fortunately for all, the old house was not very firmly set upon its foundations, or else old age and decay had loosened it. At any rate it floated, and as the waters rose it rose with them.

But what a predicament! Three half-clad shivering women perched on top of a floating house, in the middle of a wild April night—the wind roaring, the rain falling, all wild fury of the elements let loose.

"We shall die, Aunt Betty, we shall die," moaned May.

"Courage, May!" came from Miss Betty's white lips. But in reality she was suffering more than either of the other two. May was young and healthy, and exposure did not affect the good Maria's coarser frame. Miss Betty was not young; she was not well. Suspense and unhappiness had made her even feebler and frailer of late than usual.

Oh! how wearily the hours passed. The old house shook and trembled as it was tossed here and there by the turbulent waters. Great logs from the dam struck it and it quivered at each blow.

It must have been fully an hour before the wretched women, clinging to each other in their misery, heard the sound of voices and the grinding of a boat as it came alongside the spot where they were huddled.

"Betty, Betty!" a voice called above the storm.

In spite of cold and darkness a vivid blush overspread Miss Betty's pale cheeks. Why had he called her Betty?

"Where are you? Where's May?"

"Oh!"

Pallor succeeded the rose as Miss Betty answered:

"Here, John, here." Catching his arm as he sprang to the roof, she pushed May toward him.

"Here she is, John! Take her; save her! Never mind us!"

"What!" He was so near that Miss Betty fancied she saw the angry gleam in his eyes.

John might be slow, and he might be stupid; but he could act quickly when he wanted to.

With a decided movement of his right arm he pushed May aside, and Betty felt herself in his clasp. A heavy overcoat was wrapped round her shaking form, and she was quickly passed to other hands, who placed her in the bottom of the boat. To her amazement John McIntosh followed.

"But May, John! May and Maria!" she shrieked, rising to her feet.

A strong hand held her back.

"They're all right. This boat is small. The others will take them off. *I've got you!*"

That last sentence! What did it mean?

Why, it meant that things had really got the habit of happening to Miss Betty.

They happened and they happened. Miss Betty passed the rest of the night of the great storm at Squire Appleby's, where she was dressed in a whole suit of Mrs. Appleby's. Everybody said the experiences of those dreadful hours had not hurt her one bit—that not in years had she looked so well and so young.

Some weeks later Miss Betty wore another unaccustomed dress. This time it was a wedding dress. Then a new house was built and she became it's mistress. One thing happened and another thing happened, until she declared that she lived in a whirl.

Among the many things was May's engagement to a young Frenchman, who followed her over the seas.

It was on the evening of May's wedding that Mrs. McIntosh said to her husband:

"John, why didn't you marry May?"

"I did come near it, when you forced her on to me so."

"But I thought you wanted her."

"That chit of a girl!"

Mr. McIntosh's expression was contemptuous in the extreme. All his wife replied was:

"Oh!"—*Mary E. Vandyne, in Christian Union.*

—To make calicoes wear well, infuse three gills of salt in four quarts of boiling water and put the calicoes in while hot and leave them till cold. In this way the colors are rendered permanent and will not fade by subsequent washings.—*Rural New Yorker.*

IMPOTENT WRATH.

An Episode Due to the Disloyal Talk of Tuttle and Foraker.

A Wheeling editor, during the recent meeting of the Grand Army of West Virginia, flung to the breeze a banner with the pious motto: "God bless our President, Commander-in-Chief of the army and the navy."

The loyal if perfervid sentiment, accompanied by what passed for a portrait of the present Chief Magistrate, was the signal for rebellion upon the part of certain Foraker-led members of the Grand Army who were parading the streets. To avoid passing under the flaunting banner they executed a flank movement, and the better to emphasize their dissent from the proposition that the President be blessed they trailed the colors which they had sworn by the God of Battles should never mingle with the dust. Other marching hosts having, it may be fancied, different party associations, pressed straight on, lifting their helmets in token of loyalty under the counterfeit, the very poor counterfeit, no doubt, of the President of the United States.

The episode is distinctly disgraceful, yet it would serve little purpose to waste epithets upon its blameworthy actors, for manifestly it but anticipates the inevitable in a Presidential campaign precipitated by the particular politicians who profess themselves guardians-in-chief of veteran interests. An organization designed for beneficent ends, social and benevolent, becomes, under the leadership of self-seekers, a rampant propaganda of partisan aims. The better to assure ascendency over the membership the directory does not hesitate to appeal to sordid and degrading passions by promise of general aid to every soldier regardless of the length or merit of his service. Unmindful of the fact that, as in duty bound, the President has given full effect to liberal pension laws, he is charged by the manipulators of the organization as a foe to veterans. Self-respecting members of the Grand Army of the Republic, whatever their political affiliation, may resent the obvious making of the organization a cat's-paw to rake politicians' chestnuts from the fire, but the fact remains that as an organization west of the Ohio the army is in the grip of office-hunters using it for their own ends. The episode at Wheeling was the outcome of Tuttle preachments, and is the forerunner of the noisier demonstrations of detestation of the President which will be made a feature of the campaign next year.

Abler manipulation of this class—a mere fragment, by the way, of the great body of electors, who are inclined to honor the veteran only as he respects himself—would have maneuvered to assign a more respectable motive for opposition to the President than his veto of a pension measure. The present management has succeeded in giving the petulant exhibitions of hatred for a vetoing President the aspect of malignancy from baffled mendicants. To this ignoble pass mischievous political management has led the Grand Army. From ignominy such as this the organization, if it possess the strength it claims, may find relief by entering politics with a vengeance. Three years ago some of its members proposed the nomination of one of themselves for the Presidency. The plan was thwarted. A civilian who, like Cleveland, had sent a substitute to the war, became the nominee of the party with which the bulk of the Grand Army membership allies itself. If they would now demonstrate a power to make and unmake Presidents, to be masters in politics instead of tools, they may inspire a respect which their present subserviency to tuppeny schemers forbids by compelling the party of their choice to make a veteran its candidate. There would be virile force in such a programme. When they will have made a candidate of their own they may have more heart in assailing Cleveland, and, possibly, a better method than the impotent and puerile demonstration at Wheeling.—*Chicago Herald.*

THE POPULAR PARTY.

An Indiana Editor Tells Why Democracy Was Victorious in 1876 and 1884.

Since its—under the circumstances—overwhelming defeat at the polls nearly three years ago, the Republican party has been trying to convince itself and the outside world that that defeat was the result of an accident, or accidents, and as a consequence the merest incidents, unimportant either in themselves or their relations, have been marshaled together and paraded as the causes of the party's disastrous defeat. In this way Brother Burchard's unfortunate alliteration on the eve of the battle in New York has been made to do duty as one of the principal causes of Blaine's defeat. There are other incidents equally as trifling that have been used in the same way and for the same purpose. The closeness of the vote in certain localities like New York and New Jersey makes this theory seem plausible, and yet never was there a theory so unfounded.

The history of this country from its beginning shows that the sentiment of its people, when in a normal condition, is favorable to the principles underlying the Democratic party. If accidents have played a part in politics at all the Republicans have been the gainers by them rather than the losers. The abnormal has always been the beneficiary of accidents, not the normal. Had it not been for accidents and blunders the Democratic party would not have lost power in 1860, and had it not been for the abormal condition of affairs following the suppression of the rebellion the Democratic party would have been returned to power years before it was. The talk about accidents defeating the Republican party is the sheerest nonsense. The people had been ready to restore the Democrats to power long before Blaine's defeat, and were only prevented from doing it by systematic misrepresentation on the part of the Republicans. The war had left the public mind in an excited, abnormal condition that was easily affected by accidental or incidental causes. There is no doubt that at the close of the war the Northern people feared to trust the Democratic party with power. It was but a natural fear considering the abuse of that power that some of the party's Southern leaders, urged on by State pride, had but just been guilty of. That fear in the excited state of the public mind was augmented by the monstrous falsehoods concocted by the Republican press which invested incidents of Southern life, that now pass unnoticed, into outrages horrible, and new treasons. The Democratic party lived through it all, however, because it was founded upon principles that were undying, and lived down the errors of its leaders. The people, though they feared some influences in it, never wholly lost confidence in the Democratic party. The people were inclined to trust it long before the Tilden campaign and did trust it in some States, but blunders by some of its leaders exagerated by the old fear, which was kept alive by Republican falsehoods, succeeded in defeating it in Presidential contests until 1876. Tilden's well known wisdom and conservatism allayed doubt and fear and restored faith in the party. That he was elected and defrauded of the prize he had won is known to the whole world. Eight years later Cleveland's conservative common sense banished the fear and doubt of Democracy that yet remained in the public mind and he carried his party to success. The people believed he was stronger than any evil influence that might still reside in his party and they trusted him. Neither Brother Burchard nor Roscoe Conkling elected him. The people did it because they believed that the Democratic party, under a wise leader, was the best party to trust with the future of this Republic. The Republican party, apparently blind to the fact that it has been repudiated by the people, is laying its plans for 1888 upon the theory that the defeat of '84 was the result of accident. That that is not true seems evident to us; but it is probable our Republican friends will not realize the falseness of their theory until they have once more tasted of defeat.—*Wabash (Ind.) Times.*

A MERITED COMPLIMENT.

Loyal Grand Army Men Unite in Honoring a Conscientious Official.

Among the officials of the Government who have distinguished themselves by the magnificent record they have made in improving the efficiency of the service and introducing much needed economy in management is General John C. Black, Commissioner of Pensions. Since he has been at the head of the Pension Bureau, more work has been done than ever before in the same length of time; applications have been more promptly considered and acted upon, and notwithstanding the great addition to the labors of the bureau the clerical force has been materially reduced under the present Commissioner. It is the fashion on the part of the Republican organs and stay-at-home patriots generally to sneer at the work done by General Black; but it is very warmly appreciated by the soldiers.

A pleasant exhibition of the feeling of the soldiers toward the Commissioner was shown in Brooklyn the other evening on the occasion of a reception given to General Black, under the auspices of the Grand Army of the Republic. The veterans gave three rousing cheers for him, at the suggestion of the chairman, as "the man who always gave the soldier the benefit of the doubt." In his speech the General spoke of the fact that even in foreign countries veterans to the number of 1,700 are drawing the reward for their service to this country, and said that the Republic does not ask where a veteran goes, but what he may suffer. "If the time has come," continued General Black, "for rewarding those who had fought and escaped injury, then the laws must be passed in moderation. I do not, however, believe that the Republic would reward persons who had obtained honorable discharges on mean grounds, or those who had been considered as bounty jumpers. The Grand Army of the Republic is received everywhere with honor, and their organization is a church teaching the truths of a common religion, in which all the virtues had a prominent place."

Noteworthy speeches were made by General Daniel E. Sickles and Corporal Tanner. The former said: "His (General Black's) presence here calls to my mind the fear that I had when there was a change in the Administration. Three years ago this was brought about, and not only myself but others feared that the pension laws would not be administered with that sympathy or cordiality which had been previously done. I have been thoroughly convinced that whatever party may be in power the claims of the veterans will always be recognized. It is gratifying to know that the party in power to-day has just as much sympathy with the veterans as its predecessor. I do not believed that any name should be placed on the pension roll—the roll of honor—unless he has done faithful service."

Corporal Tanner, whose Republicanism will not be questioned anywhere, showed by his remarks how silly the Republican organs are who carp at the commissioner. Said he: "I am glad to be one of the persons to welcome John C. Black to the city of Brooklyn. I honor him as a soldier, his work as a man and his record as a Commissioner of Pensions. He is the best we ever had."—*Detroit Free Press.*

POLITICAL NOTES.

—It is a harsh word, but is it not true that the Northern Republican leaders are traitors to the Republic?—*Richmond Dispatch.*

—"In order to make the old soldiers vote the Republican ticket, let us get up a new war between the North and South."—*J. B. Foraker.*

—The pomatum on Mr. Conkling's curl froze solid when he heard that "Sherman and Conkling" had been proposed by some Republicans.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

—Riddleberger says he was as much at home in jail as ever he was in his life. It should be borne in mind that Riddleberger is a genuine Republican.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—Findlay, O., can boast of the only mask factory in the United States. This factory shipped 120,000 masks during one month recently.

—Most of the southern iron shipped north is carried in schooners. Cotton manufacturers, it is said, may save money by forwarding their products in the same way.

—Peat fiber, after being divested of the mud by heat and water, is being used for the manufacture of paper. The sweepings of a house, cobwebs and dust are being utilized for the same purpose.

—The National Toothpick Association, of Maine, expects to manufacture enough wooden toothpicks the present year to load a train of fifty railway cars. The number of toothpicks to make up that amount is placed at 5,000,000,000. Most of the toothpicks used in this country are made in Maine.

—An instance of the value of photography in detecting the relative motion of stars is given by M. de Gothard. Comparison of a recent photograph with measures recorded by Vogel in 1867-69 appears to show that cluster 4411 G. C. contains an eleventh magnitude star which has changed its position relatively to the other stars to the extent of 2.3 seconds a year.—*Boston Globe.*

—In his recently published notes of a naturalist in South America, Mr. John Ball says that at Tocopilla, on the rainless west coast of the continent, about latitude 22 degrees south, he found what he had often heard of, but almost ceased to believe in—a land absolutely without any trace of vegetable life. He could not even detect a lichen, although he examined the rocks with a magnifying lens for the purpose.

—It has been asserted by physiologists of repute that the nutritive value of mushrooms was equal to that of butcher's meat. This view, however, is not sustained by the investigations recently made in Vienna by Dr. Stromer, who declares that fresh mushrooms do not possess very valuable nutritive properties, and are difficult of digestion; that dry mushrooms are only slightly preferable, and that both correspond most nearly to cabbage in usefulness as food.—*N. Y. Ledger.*

—The production of locomotives in Europe during the year 1886 amounted in England to 2,200; Germany, 2,000; France, 1,000; Belgium, 500; Austria, 400; Switzerland, 120; Italy, 70; Sweden, 50; Russia, 40, and Holland, 20; in all 6,400 engines. The largest works in the world is the Baldwin Locomotive Works, in Philadelphia, which is capable of turning out 600 per year. Borsig in Berlin can produce 300 in that time.—*Public Opinion.*

—A French physician announces that distressing or excessive palpitation of the heart can always be arrested by bending double, the head down and the hands hanging, so as to produce a temporary congestion of the upper portion of the body. In nearly every instance of nervous or anæmic palpitation the heart immediately resumes its natural function. If the movements of respiration are arrested during this action, the effect is still more rapid.—*The Farmer and Manufacturer.*

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS

—He has the best education who best knows how to find out.—*Springfield Union.*

—Some men vas always like der key hole on der back of a clock. They vas behint time.—*New Age.*

—Never rashly precipitate yourself into a position you may find through maturer experience you are unfit to fill.

—Flippancy is a spurious form of wit that is made to do service for the real article in this country.—*Mobile Register.*

—There are two things which a man is bound to take on faith—his wife's private opinion of him and what sausages are made of.

—The cares which are the keys of riches hang often so heavily at the rich man's girdle that they clog him with weary days and restless nights, when others sleep quietly.—*Izaak Walton.*

—"I do believe," said a lawyer, glancing at his opponent, "that my learned friend has been inoculated with stupidity." "Perhaps so; but the general belief is that you have it in the natural way," retorted the learned friend.—*N. Y. Ledger.*

—Mrs. Young (to friend seeking one dollar for aid society)—"I can't afford to give you much, for I have a large family to support." Friend—"Why, you are just married." Mrs. Young—"Yes, but our servant has a mother and eight children depending on her for food."—*Judge.*

—The Picnicker.—

Every picnicker hates,
With a hatred intense,
The man who put up
That barbed wire fence.

—*Washington Critic.*

—First Omaha Girl—"Dear me! the paper says Miss Ramsey, a girl of twenty, who goes to Cambridge University, beat all the male students at the recent examinations." Second Omaha Girl—"Well, well! Took all the prizes?" "I suppose so." "Poor girl! She must be terribly homely to be so smart."

—In climbing the ladder of fame, my son, you must not look for unmixed pleasure; the man just above you will be continually treading on your fingers, but then you have the satisfaction of stepping on the fingers of the fellow just beneath you. It is only he who is at the foot of the ladder whose state is wholly unblessed.

—"Can't somebody stop that runaway?" yelled a stranger in Detroit, excitedly, as a cab came tearing down the street at break-neck speed, driver and passenger both apparently frantic with terror. "That ain't no runaway," said an old resident carelessly; "it's the umpire getting away from the base ball grounds. The boys must have got beat."—*Indianapolis Sentinel.*

—Stranger (at ticket office window)—"When does the next train West start?" Unintelligible grunt by ticket agent. "Is it a through-train or way-train?" Grunt. "Young man, I am the new superintendent of this road and am delighted with the evidence you give of long experience in your position; your salary shall be raized at once."—*Omaha World.*

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The Horse-fancier needs it—it is his best friend and safest reliance.

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