

Entre Nous.

It strikes me, Mr. Editor, your contemporary at Yorkville, the Record man, is not being "roiled," as it were. In the first place, he has the temerity to say that Mr. Plumb has made no decided mark at Washington and that he has no further claim on the "market," and secondly, that he believes he has the right to say so, notwithstanding the sulphurous racket raised by the Plumb organs immediately after he had done so. Perhaps he has the right; but it was hardly necessary to allude in that connection to the innocent Col. Globe Stevens as standing with Mr. Plumb and the rest "right out" in the shower, hoping republican lightning will strike him as a candidate for sheriff, and fearing "he will lose position as an organ unless he vies with them [Plumb's personal organs] in vituperation." The special reason for the Globe's existence (which "combines several new features of journalism") which the Record says "no fellow can find out," is not, at least, to pump at the streator congressman's barrel. Oh, no; and when Mr. Record, your ally, tells the Plumb organs such irrelevant remarks as "keep cool," "don't disturb your linen," etc., don't look at the Globe, sir; it's impudent, sir, d—d impudent.

THE LABOR QUESTION. By Col. Ralph Plumb. The evening Augustus George Leonard was a man of letters, and the science rivaled that of the Sphinx. Avastina suggested, "Ah, suppose we change the subject?" An "Avery Buntenden Chestnut," 16 no. Washington, Wash. D. C., Franked.

I see Colonel Plumb has "changed the subject." Having finished at least the first volume of his "Complete Letter Writer," which certainly amused if it did not irritate an admiring constituency, he has dropped into the poetic, and issues (at government expense) a short love story, 16 pp., with the above title, complimentary copies of which I find in my summering mail among the newspaper offices of this "republic." I would advise nursing mothers not to attempt its perusal without previous medical advice. The reading of less dry books has been known, as Lamb informs us, to compel an immediate weaning of a child, and a brick just out of the kiln is a wet sponge compared with this document. It gives one cracked lips only to read the title, so I have been told; and I am confident its perusal has relieved my drooping tendencies.

But the Colonel has changed the subject, anyhow. That magnificent silence surrounding his seat since his famous specialty act in the congressional oleo(margarine) has been broken. That was a little episode (not to say soda, for there was a soda water to it) that pleased the Colonel. I have reason to know that when the thunders of the applause of the House died away in the dim distance on their reverberation "down the corridors of time," the Colonel felt pleased,—more so even than did the flask manager in the play who had wiped the floor with a pugilist and his bull pup. The brave and manly stand he there made for butter on both sides of his bread, and the scorching sarcasm heaped upon the case imitation, he knew would double the festive farmer, who doubtless doubted his head on the strength of the Colonel's speech, for after this speech nothing of sense could be said for the oleo fraud.

Now, as Garfield once said, "This is really a great time to live in if any of us can catch the cue of it." When the Colonel had delivered himself of his bread and butter speech, he thought he had the cue and also the innings for a big run, to discount Vindex. But now he discovers he has put his foot in it,—that the outraged ghost of a butterine bull has kicked him, for to his amazement he discovers the Knights of Labor don't care a cuss for butter on both sides of their bread—are quite content with it three times a day on one side only, and not particular whether it comes labeled "Elgin dairy" or "Coleman gerine." In truth, they objected to the dairy holding a monopoly and have asked for the oleo article a fair show and for themselves the privilege of buying whichever they wish or can! Now that is a situation the Colonel had not anticipated. That the Knights should exhibit such amazing stupidity as to ask for a wholesome article of oleo when good dairy could be had at twice the price he could not understand. But the cue lay there before him. Grasp it he must. And he tackled it again. He puts water on the second shoulder and starts out to "play" the Knights or bust the cue. No spots are barred.

This little love story ought to be entitled, "I love the Laboring Man, and I want them to know it." By Ralph Plumb. And when he had written the title he should have stopped. That was all he had to say. It is a long time since Pope said: Words are like leaves, and where they most abound Much of fruit of sense is rarely found.

The Colonel evidently wrote the touching little tinkle-me on the coast with a strong wind blowing off the sea. The ideas have a salty flavor. They taste as though they had just come from pickling brine, into which they had been plunged when a little too ripe. The Colonel ought not to expect, as some one has said, to mould public opinion with ideas so mouldy as these. Smell of some of them: "The power to labor and the necessity for it came to man as a part of his inheritance." That was a chestnut to Adam's first born. It was, in fact, the original chestnut, preserved as a relic in the Adam family and accompanied Noah on his famous voyage. Or this: "To each individual labor is his capital." Whew! Or, "Mr. Speaker, it is useless to deny the existence of widespread discontent among laboring men." &c. It is gratifying to know he has made so profound a discovery, but it is a rare exhibition of gall to accuse Caribbe of denying it. But now we get at it: "What, then, is the

cause?" There are too many millionaires, to infinitely too few are running for congress," he says (though he listens to the same old, same old, who got their wealth (1) because the laboring men didn't know enough to prevent them; and (2) by watering railroad stocks. [The Colonel as a railroad man—watered stock, of course.] That accounts for the whole business! New York's "exquisite" Jean Paul (reuter says) "a great deal goes to the grave with a whole library of unpublished thoughts." What a pity the Colonel doesn't let himself out during his lifetime and stock the Reddick library, say. The heirs might then consent to donate the building without a lawsuit!

But now we come to the remedy. Now, surely, he will let himself out. He must feel the inspiration of greatness and rise to it. He says, "The first to consider is the action of the laboring man." He must win for himself the crown that he must wear." That is, in other words, he must go to work, "cooperation will secure to those who labor under it profits now enjoyed by others." So far for the man himself. Now what must the government do? He says congress must "protect the weak and rebuke the strong." It must "regulate arbitration; shorten the hours of labor, maintaining as far as possible the principle of the eight-hour day." It must "regulate the employment of a fair wage." [My Italian. Why this ominous reservation? Why say as far as possible? Is it not always possible for the U. S. government to pay fair wages? If not, what is the fair wage?] Further he says the Knights of Labor ask for ample currency; internal improvements; protection; pauper labor prohibition prohibited [this part of his book will be omitted when read to the Hungarian miners at home]; the building of our own ships; the steamship companies [which I doubt]; that law and order be maintained; that the public domain be placed beyond the reach of land grabbers, and that congress shall remember that these are "the piping times of ease."

Mr. Editor, do you ever read such twaddle? If a man can escape a sick stomach after reading the work of his hired editors, he must needs cast up when he reads this congressional "recondite effort," remembering it is written and alleged to have been declaimed in congress by the representative of the 8th congressional district of Illinois, which contains more working men than any district in the state, some Cook county districts excepted! What can the Colonel take the Knights for? Why, Mr. Editor, any man who propounds to an intelligent people such rot as the underlying causes of our differences between capital and labor or presumes to offer such remedies for a cure of the trouble, is too unworthy to have a seat inside an hermetically sealed of brass. In his thinking he has not yet reached the close of the last half century, much less reached the level of thought on this momentous subject exhibited by a backwoods school master educated within the past 20 years. Bah, it makes one sour stomached. I never so keenly felt life a burden as now. I can truly sympathize with the man who wished he were a turkey for then he wouldn't have to be stuffed with chestnuts until he were dead.

"The most unknown cut of all" that the sitting member of congress from the Eighth District of Illinois has received, comes from Mr. A. Means, of the republican county central committee. In a letter to the chairman of that committee, as published in the Republic of yesterday, he says: "As the methods adopted in the succeeding campaign [of 1884] were not only unfair, but, as I think, dishonorable, I withdrew from the committee, not being willing to lend my name, even remotely, to such methods, or aid in the election of any candidate who secured his nomination in such a manner." Now, Mr. Editor, I call that hitting a man in the short ribs in a manner scandalous to any Christian Statesman—g-o-m. Now ain't it!

From Paris to Venice.

A Letter from Edward S. Cameron.

The afternoon of Ascension Day found us (two art-students) in Paris, with our baggage packed and convinced that we were shortly to start for Venice in search of the picturesque. We had not, however, troubled ourselves to ascertain either the hour or the station of our departure. We preferred to have our leaving come upon suddenly—to surprise us if possible—for we were both loath to leave our adopted country.

The afternoon was passed at the studio of a friend, in company with a band of fellow art-students, who were all on the point of a more or less immediate departure for the summer. When we had become somewhat stupefied with discussions on five o'clock tea, art and other subjects and cigarette smoke, it was decided to take some fresh air and a farewell stroll about "the Quarter." The crowd and military concert naturally attracted us to the Luxembourg Garden. Here the Latin Quarter students come to pass an hour before dinner when their day's work is done. But as it was a fete day on this occasion, the students were lost in the crowd of bourgeois. There was still that gaily and breezily which characterizes a Parisian crowd. The band played popular and lively music to its audience. The students were standing about in groups, chaffing each other and the passers-by; children were running about or amusing themselves with shovels and pails in the sand, and their nurses waddling amongst them with long streamers of bright ribbon flying from their caps, introducing agreeable notes of color in the scene. In the seats along the promenades the mums, with marriageable daughters, were displaying their stock in trade, and the us-

marriageable daughters, and companies by their numbers, contributed to make the scene a gay one with their brilliant and tasteful costumes.

We wandered about until the music had stopped, the crowd had commenced to disappear, and with it all the gaily movement and color. We remained until there were left only the grey old palace, the dark green trees and a few stragglers. These were our last impressions of the Latin Quarter. As soon as there was nothing amusing to hear or see, our appetites asserted themselves and we were reminded that it was the dinner hour. On our way to the restaurant we stopped at a cafe to consult a time table. We found that we would have time to eat dinner comfortably, take cafe, say goodbye to our friends, and drive to the Gare de l'Est and leave Paris at 8:40. We would dine in France, take cafe en l'air the next morning in Germany, breakfast in Switzerland and dinner in Italy, and on the following morning we should be in Venice. At half past eight we had our baggage checked, had found a compartment where there was but one passenger, and after having spread our coats and bundles about in such a way as to make it appear as if every seat was to be occupied, were promenading the platform. We started on time, and Paris was soon behind us. The acquaintance of our fellow-passenger was soon made. He proved to be a Swiss artist of considerable reputation, and although his French differed somewhat from Parisian, he proved a most agreeable companion. He knew the route and promised to point out places of interest. He was going as far as Milan, and advised us by all means to see that city. We discussed the Salon, Daubet's "Tartaran des Alps," French painting and Italian dialects until overcome by sleep, we arranged ourselves in a manner as to occupy the ten seats of the compartment, bid good-night to our fellow-passenger, and good-bye to France.

In the morning we were awakened on the frontier of Lorraine at Alt Munster, and invited to step down and show our baggage to the custom officials. We escaped with our French cigarettes, devoured a sort of French omelette and washed it down with a glass of the national beverage, at the buffet of the station, and remounted the train. Lorraine was, perhaps, the dreariest of the countries we passed through. It seemed to be neither French nor German, but 1870 had left its mark upon it.

At Bâle, where we crossed the Swiss border, we passed through the custom office and changed cars. It was not long before we commenced to climb the hills; at about nine o'clock we saw the first of the Alps, and from this time the grandeur of the scenery steadily increased as we ascended. Lake Lucerne was the first object of great interest. It is good sized lake, with the mirror-like surface mentioned in the guide books, surrounded by mountains, some of them snow capped. Its borders, as well as the slopes of the mountains, were generously sprinkled with Swiss cottages, with projecting eaves, and stones on the roofs to hold them down. That is all. Our curiosity was satisfied, but we were not otherwise emotioned. In fact, as with most Swiss scenery, it is too ultra picturesque, and we have all seen too much of it in chromos to be greatly moved by it. It is of a style of beauty which might be termed wholesome.

After we had had a certain amount of jumping from one window to another to see some new peak or cascade, and slamming them up and down at each tunnel, it became wearisome, and we closed them and commenced to look for other distractions. There was one young lady in the car. She was apparently alone, and there was a single seat in front of her, occupied by a small basket. At intervals, when the scenery was least interesting, several pairs of eyes—male eyes—would be fixed upon this basket, but it remained upon the seat notwithstanding. At length, when the young lady was struggling with the window, one of us—one art student—stepped up and assisted her, and on receiving her thanks, picked up the basket, sat down and made some insignificant remark about the scenery. The young lady was agreeable and talkative. In less time than it takes to write it, he had elicited the information from her that this was her second voyage over the route; she was Italian, was travelling with her aunt across the alps, who was not only deaf but asleep, she had lived in Paris, was going to Milan, and that she liked Americans, and artists, and blondes. What more he would have learned can be but surmised, for at this point he was interrupted by the other of us, who entered first into conversation with him and eventually with the young lady, whose attention he secured, as well as the seat and basket.

All this time we were rattling along, winding our way around the summits of the Alps. The ascent is chiefly made in the valley of a small torrent, which is not long enough to permit of its being made in one continuous grade up the valley, but can only be accomplished by running up a certain distance, turning by means of tunnels into the mountains or by running around a peak and retracing our way higher up the sides of the mountains. We thus passed one small village seven times. A map of the route resembles one of a moth about a candle.

We reached the summit about one o'clock in the afternoon at St. Gothard, where there is the celebrated tunnel which requires 22 minutes to pass through. Just before reaching it we stopped 20 minutes for breakfast. We had an excellent spread, to which neither of us did justice, as we wished to secure the seat vis-a-vis to the young lady. The one who did not get it was forced to console himself with the fact that the lamps were lit before entering the tunnel. As soon as we had passed the tunnel and commenced our descent, the character of the country seemed to change—the style of

buildings, the style of the people, and names of stations were Italian, although we were still in Swiss territory. When we had completed the descent we were on the shores of Lago Maggiore. At Chasso, where we had to pass the custom officers again, we noticed that flowers were not permitted to pass the Italian frontier. We learned that it was because the phylloxera is feared.

With the exception of Lake Como, which was made interesting by a superb cloud effect on the mountains, the Italian lakes did not interest us. It was as we were nearing Como that the young lady remarked that Milan was a beautiful place, and expressed her surprise that we did not intend stopping. The artist who had accompanied us from Paris, and an agreeable and travelled Swiss gentleman also advised us to stop. There were blanks on our tickets, for designating any station at which we wished to stop over, which were required to be stamped at some preceding station. The Milan cathedral is a superb piece of architecture, and there are many "old masters" in the city; so, taking one consideration with another, we concluded that the idea was not a bad one. At Como we descended, accompanied by the Swiss gentleman, who kindly translated our wishes to the chef-de-gare who held the train for a moment. But the official who wanted to do the stamping was old and somewhat befuddled, and took so much time, that when we walked out of the station to re-mount into our train it had gone, and with it valises, overcoats, French tobacco, young lady and all. For an hour and a half we gave vent to our feelings in Italian. By telegraphing it was arranged that our baggage should be put off at Milan. We took the next train, which proved to be a slow one, and the cars leaky and not over clean. The beautiful cloud effect we had seen at Como had developed into a thunder storm, consequently our clothing, as well as our spirits, were dampened. At last we arrived at Milan, which proved to be a flourishing, modern city. Her citizens resemble Americans in their dress, light complexions and business-like air. We had time to see the cathedral, eat an excellent dinner, and take a walk about the city before taking the train for the last night of our journey. It was so dark when we started that we could not see much of the country near Milan, and so late that we were soon asleep. During the night we were awakened by the stopping of the train. Upon looking out we saw no indications of a station. We stared into the darkness as it gradually decreased until there was a faint, rosy streak along the horizon. After two hours another locomotive arrived and we proceeded. This interruption proved a fortunate one for us, as it gave us the opportunity of seeing the elegant cities and beautiful landscape of Lombardy. There is nothing grandiose or coarse about the scenery, but a refinement and ripeness which is undoubtedly the effect of long civilization. The great plain spread out before us with the uneven contour of the Alps dimly visible at the horizon, broken by the towers, roofs of buildings and the tall dark green poplars. The other trees were usually low, but graceful in form and of a luxurious solidity of foliage—a fit setting for the buildings, which are white and warm yellow or red. All this, under the rosy and violet tones of the early morning sky, produced a panorama of most superb effects as we rode along. Verona was the city which most charmed us, and had we not feared an other such fiasco as our visit to Milan we should have endeavored to stop. Padua also pleased us much, but we could see but little from the cars. Gradually the land became lower and more marshy until it finally disappeared, and the dead lagoons (where the water is not changed by tides) stretched out on both sides of the viaduct which connects Venice with the main land. In front of us the towers and domes of the city rose out of the sea. We at length arrived, secured our baggage and embarked in a gondola for the palazzo, where we intended to stay during the season. For several minutes we gazed along the Grand Canal, taking in the ancient water-soaked palaces in silence. It was still early in the morning and few people were stirring. The stillness was oppressive, but we should not have been astonished at its being occasionally broken by the falling of a palace; they are so delapidated. One of us finally remarked, "What a fine old relic of former fecundity!" "Yes, ———, and we have left Paris for this." Considerable time has elapsed since that morning, and the more we become acquainted with Venice the more we like her, but like many others who are gay and brilliant, Venice is not best seen so early in the morning. E. S. C.

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WALLACE LIBBEY & CO. BREEDERS AND SHIPPERS OF Clyde, English & Norman HORSES, HEREFORD CATTLE. Poland-China and Berkshire SWINE. 100 POLAND PIGS. For this season's Trade now ready for the above breed of all ages and both sexes, either whole or through broods, always on hand for sale. Inspection of stock desired. Farm, one mile south of OTTAWA, P. O. Box 458, OTTAWA, ILLINOIS.

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