

DIVIDING THE SPOILS.

The Republican Idea of Civil-Service Reform and Political Honesty.

It is very evident that the spirit which, in the days when Mr. Blaine was Speaker, appointed a committee with General Butler at its head, to execute a war dance on the principle of Civil-Service reform, is again at the helm in Washington. Within one month after his inauguration, President Harrison has completely set at rest all foolish forebodings that his was to be a namby-pamby, milk-and-water administration. It is already apparent that for the next four years this is to be a government of the boys, by the boys and for the boys, and that no one is eligible to share in its beneficence unless his Republicanism is of the Tom Platt and block of five brand. When that noble Sunday-School superintendent, Mr. Wanamaker, was appointed to the office of Postmaster-General it was universally conceded to be a business-like stroke of political sagacity, which liquidated a \$10,000 obligation on the one hand and promised a business-like administration of postal business on the other. And in this the President showed a very long head. Mr. Wanamaker's attention had been attracted to the expertness shown by one John S. Clarkson in handling the mailing lists of the Voice, the Prohibition organ in New York, which he obtained surreptitiously, and carried to the headquarters of the National Campaign Committee with the greatest celerity and without losing a piece of the precious mail matter. The Voice made a great ado over Mr. Clarkson's connection with its mailing list, and Mr. Wanamaker, being a prohibitionist, naturally accepted its eulogies of his expertness as a disinterested tribute to Mr. Clarkson's qualifications to hold any place in the Post-Office Department lower than the Postmaster-Generalship, for which he recognized the absolute fitness of only one merchant prince in the United States. Therefore, he named Mr. Clarkson as his first assistant, and gave into his hands the power of decapitation and appointment throughout the Union, reserving for himself the control of the post-office at Philadelphia, lest the business interests of Wanamaker, merchant, might suffer through the selection of some political hack to tend his mails. In this Mr. Wanamaker demonstrated that he possessed the capacity to look out for number one, with which the world that buys at his store has credited him.

Mr. Clarkson knew what the President and Mr. Wanamaker expected of him, and was too anxious to see the chips fly to waste time gawking the handle of the axe entrusted to his keeping; so he began laying about him with all the indistinct energy of a boy with his first hatchet. Wherever he saw a Democratic postmaster his little axe fell with unerring celerity. He never had to strike twice to sever an offensive partisan head from the office that supported it. Only one consideration restrained him from removing every Bourbon head with one fell sweep of his reeking axe. It was necessary to make out commissions to fill vacancies as rapidly as these were made, and so he is forced to prolong the agony. But with his enjoyment of the task this can not be considered uncongenial extension of his labors. How he performs his share in the glorious privilege of giving us a first-class mail service may be gathered from the following account of Congressman Owen of Indiana's visit to his shambles: "I went in the other day with a long list of Republican names I wanted favored and asked that as many Democrats be turned out. General Clarkson took my paper, and after running over it hastily said that a new rule had been established by which men in Congress would be required to set down opposite each name and post-office where changes are desired the amount of salary the positions pay. I replied that if nothing more was required I could soon comply, and stepping outside picked up a blue book, and within ten minutes filled in the twenty or thirty places where the amount of salary was required. Then I went back to General Clarkson, and he took a blue pencil and wrote across the back of each one, 'appointed.'" This is the way the thing goes from morning to night every day except Sunday. The clerks filling out the commissions and looking up the bonds are being overworked. There are no reports to the effect that his work has begun to tell upon Mr. Clarkson. "The labor we delight in physics pain."—Chicago America (Ind.).

THE TWINE MONOPOLY.

A Combination That Has Proved Itself a Thorn in the Farmer's Side.

The honest farmer is beginning to assemble in indignation meetings, where he discusses his wrongs and passes resolutions expressive of his outraged feelings. The twine monopoly is a great thorn in the honest farmer's side. It is not the only one, but it is the one that he is the most

conscious of, and he is getting ready to vigorously protest against it. He is not less the victim of the steel trust, the barbed-wire trust, the oil trust, the impending salt trust, the coal trust and the rest of the robbers who are entrenched behind our blessed high-tariff wall, but he is used to their exactions and rather likes them; in fact, he doesn't see how his grain could grow and his flocks multiply without the glorious stimulus of protection to the infant industries of Pennsylvania. But this twine trust in some mysterious way has chafed his sensibilities; it has galled him until he winces; it has got him as mad as a wet hen, and he is indignating and resolving with a fire and a copiousness which show that his spirit is not wholly broken, however much it may have been cowed by long-standing abuses not the less effective because they were unperceived by the deluded victim. For a wonder he has discovered that high-priced twine doesn't mean high-priced wheat; no, not by a jugful. He might have found out some time ago, if he had pleased to inquire, that high-priced lumber, iron, steel, woollens and cottons were equally ineffectual in making high-priced grain, but he has been so busy preserving his country from the hated rebel and the accursed Britisher that he really hasn't time to examine the facts. He has just voted to keep up his "home market" and to "enable" Mr. Carnegie to pay high wages, sweetly trustful in the gilded promises of the prophets of high taxes. It is a hopeful sign that he has at last opened his eyes and thrown off his lethargy. It bodes no good to the kings and barons. The enemy in sight is the twine trust, but the honest farmer will presently see behind that the serried ranks of the other trusts and combines and protects; and then will come the deluge. Meanwhile the honest farmer is doing some thinking on his own account. He is putting two and two together and finding out that the sum of the addition is four. When he has got far enough along in his practical arithmetic to determine that if he gives \$1,000 worth of wheat for \$500 worth of goods he is out of pocket the whole difference, whether that difference be collected by the Government for revenue or by Mr. Carnegie for protection, it will be just as well for statesmen of the McKinley and Randall school to take to the woods. The corn-fields will be too hot to hold them.—Chicago News.

DRIFT OF OPINION.

The colored man's mouth is open wide, but President Harrison puts no gun in his hand.—Norfolk Landmark.

If the Democrats do not win in Ohio this fall it will not be the fault of the present Republican Legislature.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Mr. Wanamaker has an eye for harmonious color. He is making his postmasters of the same shade as his postage stamps.—Philadelphia Record.

President Harrison has shown a decided decline of the Cleveland standard of civil service in New York by the prompt removal of Pearson.—Philadelphia Times.

There was great talk about high wages for labor when the Republican party got into power, but there is now no prospect of an increase except in the wages of Congressmen.—Atlanta Journal.

If Mr. Bayard, whose worst enemy never questioned his absolute integrity, had made his son Chief Examiner of Claims in the State Department what would the Republican press have said about it? This is what Blaine has done, and Mr. Blaine's personal reputation is as bad as Mr. Bayard's is good, while young Blaine is notoriously without qualifications for the office. We notice that most of the Republican organs are silent about the matter—and we don't wonder!—Indianapolis Sentinel.

If the New York post-office was to continue to be conducted on business principles, Mr. Pearson would obviously have been the man to conduct it. If it was to be converted into a political machine we know of no better man than Van Cott to take charge of it. He will make a very poor postmaster, and the deterioration of the service is inevitable; but the Administration is consistent; we know where to find it. There is no Civil-Service reform "nonsense" about it. Any pretense on that score hereafter can only excite laughter.—N. Y. Times.

November Fools Repent.

The farmers of the Republican State of Kansas are beginning to wipe the dust from their eyes, and their vision is better now than previous to the November election.

They have just discovered that trusts are the outgrowth of a high tariff, and furthermore, that they are detrimental to their interest.

At a public meeting held recently, they discovered the twine trust, and resolved to unite to crush it. All of which shows that there were November fools as well as there are April fools.—Harrisburg (Pa.) Patriot.

AFRICA'S SLAVE TRADE.

How the Nefarious Traffic Is Carried On By Unprincipled Ship-Owners.

The Paris Temps published the other day a letter from Arabia giving some details in regard to the slave markets in Hodeida and other towns. It is said that the Turkish Government closes its eyes to the traffic, and that consequently slavery flourishes with little or no obstruction. The few vessels scattered along the great distance from Zanzibar to Suakim are utterly inadequate for the purpose of suppressing the trade. To exercise an effective surveillance a large fleet of cruisers would be necessary, involving, of course, an immense expense.

The captains of the slavers are thoroughly skilled in the methods of concealing their merchandise. For example, when a warship is approaching the slaves are thrown in the bottom of the hold, and barrels and bales and all sorts of things are placed over them, with little care for the danger of their suffocation. In this way many a slaver escapes as a vessel engaged in an honest business. In the Red Sea they employ other means to escape. They deal principally in children, and when there is danger of capture they put their captives in small boats and land them on some island, where they conceal them as best they can. One of the difficulties in the way of stopping this traffic is the consent of the slaves themselves. In liberty away from their own countries they see nothing but starvation before them, and the result is that many liberated slaves often resell themselves. Moreover, they have a dread of Europeans. The Arabs tell them that the whites eat the blacks.

The proper way to suppress the traffic would be to commence with the slave markets, which are the life of the protection, or at least the life of the Turkish Government. Formerly the markets were carried on openly, now they are operated secretly, and that is the only difference. The slavers land their merchandise upon some deserted portion of the coast, and from there it is brought overland to Hodeida. Every body is informed of the arrival. The Governor is the first to get the news. The slaves are placed with agents, who sell them either in the town itself or in the interior. Of course, the prices vary according to the quality of the goods; but of late years the prices have been considerably raised on account of the fees which the merchants are obliged to pay to the Turkish officials. Nevertheless, a good servant can be purchased for about \$100. The negroes from Zanzibar and the Sudan are generally employed as servants. The women from Djibouta and Abyssinia are high priced. They are generally pretty, with tolerably clear complexion, and features of the European type. They fill the harems of Arabia. A handsome Galla about twelve years old will sell easily for \$120, \$150 or even \$200. In Hodeida, where there are two European Consuls, this trade is carried on secretly, but in the interior it goes on openly. In Loheva, a little north of Hodeida, the slaves are sold at auction, and the Lieutenant-Governor receives \$2 for each slave that is sold. Moreover, he generally selects one or two for himself out of each new cargo. This functionary does not even know how to sign his name, and the Cadi of the same town deals in Gallas and Soudanese as the most legitimate business in the world.

All that the Turkish Government does against this traffic is to give a color of satisfaction to the European powers. Lately a Turkish war vessel seized two slavers with 160 negroes; but this is after all only a thin veil to cover the acts which are going on every day under the shelter of the Ottoman flag.

About 1,000 slaves are annually sold at Hodeida, and the trade is carried on at other points on a much larger scale.

"Would you like to retire?" asked a lady of her guest, a somewhat unsophisticated old gentleman making his first visit to the city. "Would I like to what?" he asked. "Retire—would you like to retire now?" "Would I like to which?" "Retire—that is, go to bed?" "Oh, yes; I believe I would like to go to bed. It's a little late to retire or do any other kind of sight-seeing to night, I guess, us country folks git to bed early, you know."

A colored speaker drew, "laughter and applause" from a large meeting in Philadelphia the other day by the remark: "There is no escaping the fact that the colored man has a monopoly of the labor of the South and will have for years to come. The negro can work more hours a day for less and wait longer for his pay than any other man living."

—Precocious offspring—"Mamma, when there is a new moon what have they done with the old one?" Mamma (aside)—"What a talented child! I never thought of asking what they do with the old moon!"

RAILWAY CAR ETIQUETTE.

An Observation of It Will Often Save One Not a Little Trouble.

One of the most fruitful themes of contention in railway carriages undoubtedly arises from the tendency of travelers to occupy more seats than rightfully belong to them. On this point, however, the law is very clear. Each person has a right to one seat—that is, to one-half of the double seat with which our cars are usually furnished, and no more. Where the car is not fully occupied, a passenger may, of course, fill up the vacant half of his seat with packages and may naturally consider that he should not be disturbed until the car begins to fill up, but he must remember that he has no real title to more than half of the settee. The disobedient spirit which many persons show when they are politely asked to remove their bundles, is often very annoying to the new comer, who feels that he has paid for a seat and has a right to occupy one. Still more unreasonable are the people who turn over a seat and expect to occupy four places for two or three passengers when the rest of the car is full. They thus compel later comers to take their choice between standing up and enduring the double discomfort of riding backward and of intruding themselves into a group of friends—into a sort of private box, as it were. A quarrel arose out of just this state of things in a railroad car near Boston some twenty years ago, and the unpleasant result of it was that one gentleman lost his temper and struck another in the face, for which offense he passed three months in the State prison.

Although new comers who take unoccupied seats have right and justice on their side, they are certainly bound to treat those already in possession with civility. No one should sit down beside another in a railroad car without first asking courteously if the empty seat be engaged or without allowing the first occupant an opportunity to remove his or her parcels. Few things are more irritating to a lady than the behavior of a man who plants himself abruptly in the seat beside her—perhaps sitting on her bundle or her dress—without a word of preface or apology. Where a seat has been reversed in order to make a resting-place for bundles or for the feet of travelers on the opposite seat, a new comer, if he can find no other unoccupied place in the car, would certainly be justified in restoring the seat to its natural position and taking possession of it, after apologizing politely if it were engaged. It is customary to respect the rights of an absent passenger who leaves his valise or umbrella to guard his seat, but, per contra, it is neither fair nor just that a man should expect to occupy two seats on a crowded train—one in the smoking car and one in the ordinary car. Thus, a gentleman who observes that a seat reserved by a valise remained empty for quite a length of time would be justified in taking possession of it (the seat, not the valise), but it would be polite for him to offer to vacate it when the first occupant returned, and he could certainly offer to do so when he perceived that the latter was acting as an escort to a lady sitting on a neighboring seat.—Good Housekeeping.

TRIFLES IN PROVERBS.

Characteristic Proclamations of Truths Old as the World Itself.

"By coming and going, with a straw in its beak, the bird builds its nest," says the Oji proverb. "A penny hained (saved) is a penny clear," and "A preen (pin) a day's a groat a year," say the canny Scotch. "Patching makes a garment last long," says the Yoruba proverb; "He who does not attend to patching will come to want clothes." Again, "The mother of mischief is no bigger than a midge's wing," says the Scotch proverb; and "Little sticks kindle the fire, but great ones put it out." Dean Swift says wittily: "The slitting of one ear in a stag hath been found sufficient to propagate the defect in a whole forest." And Dr. Johnson characteristically proclaims the same truth thus: "All knowledge is of itself of some value. There is nothing so minute or inconsiderable that I would not rather know it than not." When we read that there is "something to be learned from the merest trifle," that is but another way of saying "Take care of the pence, and the pounds will take care of themselves;" or, "Care for the moments, and these will take care for the years." Franklin's words further may well be quoted here: He that wastes idly a groat's worth of his time per day, one day with another, wastes the privilege of using one hundred pounds each day. He that spends a groat a day idly, spends idly above six pounds a year, which is the price for the use of one hundred pounds. A small leak will sink a great ship," and "Little strokes fell great oaks." "Constant dropping will wear away stones;" and, "By diligence and patience the mouse ate the cable in two."—Way to Fortune.

CHING-ING SURPRISED.

A Chinese Man Tells What He Knows of Eastern Women.

A traveler Chinese mandarin who has lately communicated his impressions of the West to his countrymen, deals with great particularity with the position and treatment of women in Europe. These surprised him beyond measure. Thus the notion of husband and wife walking arm in arm in public places fills him with amusement. "Nobody smiles at it," he says, "and even a husband may perform any menial task in his wife's presence, yet no one will laugh at him." Then, again, the notion of men standing aside to let a woman pass, and the code of politeness which requires men to make way for a woman, are to him incomprehensible.

In China when the men are gorged the women dine off the scraps; but in the West "at meal-time the men must wait until the women are seated, and then take one after another their places, and the same rule must be observed when the meal is finished." Western women have curious notions about dress and appearance. "They set store by a large bust and slender waist, but while the waist can be compressed, the bust can not naturally be enlarged; the majority have a wicker contrivance made which is concealed under the bodice on either side, and is considered an adornment. If a woman is short-sighted, she will publicly mount spectacles. Even young girls in their teens pass thus along the streets, and it is not regarded as strange." As for low dresses, he observes in bewilderment that women going to court regard a bare skin as a mark of respect. He is greatly exercised how to describe kissing; the thing or word does not exist among Chinese, and accordingly he is driven to describe it. "It is," he says, "a form of courtesy which consists in presenting the lips to the lower part of the chin and making a sound"—again, "children, when visiting their seniors, apply their mouth to the left or right lips of the elder with a smacking noise." Women as shop attendants, women at home, women with mustaches, then engage the writer's attention, and he passes on to "at homes," and dances. "Besides invitations to dinner there are invitations to a tea gathering, such as are occasionally given by wealthy merchants or distinguished officials. When the time comes invitations are sent to an equal number of men and women, and after these are all assembled, tea and sugar, milk, bread, and the like are set out as aids to conversation. Males particularly are these invitations to skip and posture, when the host decides what man is to be the partner of what woman, and what woman of what man. Then with both arms grasping each other they leave their places in pairs and leap, skip, posture, and prance for their mutual gratification. A man and a woman previously unknown to one another may take part in it."—London Times.

Female Farmers.

Will the coming young woman be a farmer?

Scattered over all the broad prairies of the Northwest are hundreds of self-reliant, true blue young heroines, living in small, isolated cabins called shacks, proving up claims, entering homesteads and making money.

It is lonesome, dreary business, this living alone on a wild, unsettled prairie, without a face or human form to welcome one or cheer one's solitude, but there seems to be a good many young women who have the grit to hang to this solitary life long enough to prove up a claim at last.

Four young ladies in Dakota last year put their heads together and hit upon an ingenious plan, whereby they could each secure a claim and yet all live comfortably together in one house and each be upon her own land. Instead of building four shacks with one room each, they constructed one shack with four rooms, but so nicely planned that each room of the square building was on a different quarter section. Each had her own bed in her own room and in that way each claimant at night slept upon her own land.

Society ladies of the city will wonder, not so much how these young lady settlers got along without social privileges, as how they dared live so far away from the doctors. Why, bless you! they never thought of being sick. Doctors are not half so much of a household necessity as city people are in the habit of thinking.

For all the ordinary ills of life, the old-fashioned roots and herbs remedies are more effective, and much safer in results, than modern doctors' pills and potions. These latter are so radical in their effects that, while they may better most the modern desire for quick results, they frequently permanently injure the system, nature rebelling against the unnatural methods employed.

It is always safest to follow natural methods in treating disease. The old time roots and herbs remedies, which our good old log-cabin grandmothers knew so well how to prepare, were the best medicines the world ever knew, because they were nature's remedies.

The modern world needs them. In Warner's Log Cabin Remedies, and especially such as Warner's Log Cabin Sarsaparilla and Warner's Log Cabin Cough and Consumption Remedy, the people of to-day have an opportunity to secure the healthy medicines which our rugged ancestors used with such splendid results.

—Dreadful—"It was an awful sight," quoth Mrs. Spriggins. "It was just like one of those horrorscopes you dream about."—Harper's Bazar.