

WHITE BOYS IN BLUE. Objects of the Organization.

There is some misapprehension in regard to this organization, which has recently been organized in this state. Although exclusively composed of those who have been in the military or naval service of the country, it is not a military organization, or has it any other than a political object. It is not a secret or oath-bound society. Its plans and purposes are published to the world. Nothing is concealed, nothing is withheld from the public eye. By many it is thought to be an organization similar in character to the Grand Army of the Republic, but in antagonism to its partisan objects. The White Boys in Blue have but one object in view, and that is the political regeneration of the country. They stand now just where they did when they entered the service, and they are for maintaining the principles and the objects which were proclaimed by congress for waging the war and suppressing the rebellion. Their platform is brief, but comprehensive. They are in favor of the constitution of the United States, the restoration of the states (now excluded) to representation, and are opposed to the revolutionary action of congress. The whole purpose of the white boys in blue is happily expressed in one paragraph of their constitution: "That as soldiers in the field, true to the honor and the flag of our country in preserving our union against the assaults of rebels in arms, we shall be equally true and faithful at the ballot box, to save our country and flag from destruction at the hands of radicalism, and thus preserve and perpetuate in civil life, that restoration of the union which we believed we had achieved in military conflict."

While in direct hostility to the partisan character and schemes of the grand army of the republic, and believing that oath bound political organizations are dangerous to republican institutions, they make no personal war upon the members of that secret political society, nor will they assail or question their gallantry or integrity as soldiers, or the patriotism of their motives. A large number of soldiers who have no sympathy with the radical party, were induced to unite with the grand army, upon the ground that it was solely a charitable association, combined with the idea of keeping alive the friendship and associations formed during the war. In this they have been deceived. The organizers of the grand army had ulterior objects in view, and they were to use it as a means to accomplish their partisan and party ends. And the white boys in blue are organized to give all soldiers and sailors the opportunity to unite with an organization which reflects and represents their political sentiments, and at the same time helps to keep alive the attachments which the war developed and intensified.

While composed of soldiers the "White Boys in Blue," is a civic association. The members will not be armed and equipped as soldiers and they will only wear a badge to distinguish them from other political organizations. Soldiers can best appreciate the value of organization and discipline. In political warfare these qualities are as necessary to the accomplishment of the end as in military. But it will be an open organization, with its principles and purposes boldly emblazoned on their banners. Bound together by common political sympathies, they will keep step to the music of the union, and uphold the glorious old constitution, framed by the wise and patriotic men who achieved our independence as a nation, and established its foundation upon the great principles of constitutional liberty. And they hope to gather into their organization, not military or secret war again repeat, all soldiers who did not engage in the war instigated alone by passion or resentment, but for the purposes expressed by congress, not for conquest or subjugation, or to interfere with the rights of the established institutions of the states, but to maintain law and defend the supremacy of the constitution with the rights and equality of the several states unimpaired. And we are happy to state that under this broad platform of justice, equality and constitutional liberty, impelled by devotion to the public good, the organization is rapidly extending throughout the state.

A Ratty Article by John Billings.

Rats originally came from Norway, and I wish they had originally staid there. They are about as uncalled for as a pain in the small of the back. They can be domesticated dreadful easy—that is, as far as getting in cupboards is concerned. The best way to domesticate them that I ever saw is to surround them gently with a steel trap; you can reason with them to great advantage. Rats are migratorious; they migrate wherever they have a mind to. Pizen is also good for rats; it softens their whole moral nature. Cats hate rats and rats hate cats, and—who don't? I suppose there is between fifty and sixty millions of rats in America—I quote now entirely from memory—and don't suppose there is a single necessary rat in the whole lot. This shows at a glance how many waste rats there is. Rats enhance faster in number than shoe pegs do by machinery. One pair of healthy rats is all that a man wants to start the rat business with, and in ninety days, without any outlay, he will begin to have rats—to turn out.

Rats, viewed from any platform you can build, are unspcakably cussid. A Yankee having told an Englishman that he shot on one particular occasion, 999 snipe, his interlocutor asked him why he didn't make it a thousand at once. "It's not likely, said he, I'm going to tell a lie for one snipe." Whereupon the Englishman, determined not to be outdone, began to tell the story of a man having swam from Liverpool to Boston. "Did you see him yourself?" asked the Yankee, suddenly; "did you see him yourself?" "Why, yes, of course I did; I was coming across and our vessel passed him a mile out of Boston harbor." "Well, I'm glad you saw him, stranger, 'coz yer a witness that I did it. That was me!"

THE BLACKSMITH OF ANTWERP. Or the Reward of Genius.

They were seated in a rich and shady arbor, over which the creeping vines wandered in every variety of curve suspending large clusters of precious fruits, while the atmosphere was laden with the mellow fragrance of the gorgeous plants which grew in wild untutored luxuriance about the shadowy retreat. The fading light of day yet lingered and gave a rosy hue to the face of the maid who sat therein, as she regarded with mournful tenderness the youth seated at her side. "Nay, Quintin," said she, "say not so; it is feeling which actuates me—it is feeling which prompts me to say—it must not be. Had I not feeling for my father, do you believe I would act contrary to my own desires—would cause you unhappiness?"

"Is this your love?" said the other, with a tone of fretfulness. "Methinks it cannot be a very ardent flame when it is so easily extinguished by the perverse and obstinate tyranny of a—"

"Stay your words," interrupted she, as she laid her delicate hand tenderly on his lips. "You will respect the father if you esteem the child." The noble mind of the youth was struck with the reproof, and although it was adverse to his desires, his filial obedience told of so much pure and holy excellence, that he instantly made reparation. "Forgive me dearest," he entreated; "I spoke hastily and unworthy of myself. But your words have crazed my soul, which builds its happiness on the possession of you. If it may not be that I shall not be your husband, oh promise me that no other shall!"

"I would fain do so," sighed the afflicted virgin, "but if my father commands can I disobey? I have had no mother's care since childhood, but I have scarce felt the loss; he has thrown by the coldness of a man and been a very woman in affection for me. Shall I repay his kindness with ingratitude? Alas! Quintin, if he tells me to love another, I cannot do so; but if he bids me wed—Quintin, you will not enture me?" The expiring rays of the setting sun fell on her features as she earnestly glanced upon her lover. "Ah," cried the youth with a sudden start, as he struck his hand upon his brow, "why that blush, that agitation! Deceive me not, Nellie, you are not supposing a case. This has already happened. I see it all. He has selected a bridegroom." The maid sank her head upon his bosom, and through her struggling tears she sobbed— "Quintin, thou hast said it." Desperate was the conflict in the bosom of the youth as he sat like one in a trance, his eyes fixed on hers, which, like the sun breaking through the clouds of the passing storm, gleamed from under their dripping lashes, and soon he saw the rainbow of hope.

"Who is my rival?" he asked with a voice scarce audible. "Van Deg," she answered sorrowfully. "Do you love him, Nellie?" "How can you ask?" "Will you marry him?" "My father's happiness is dearer to me than my own. Think you I would wantonly sacrifice it?" "But why Van Deg?" "Because he excels in my father's art." "Alas!" cried the despairing lover, "why had I not been a painter!"

The bed of Quintin was one of thorns as he threw himself on it and yielded to his agony of thought. How vain, yet how ardently had he loved; how industriously had he labored to procure her attachment, and just when he had achieved the victory over her conflicting heart, all that he had struggled for was lost—no not lost—he could bear the thoughts of her death, he could weep over her grave, he could nurse the vegetation above it—but to think that the prize must be torn from him to be given to another's embrace, there was madness in it. And then Van Deg, that rough, haughty, distant man, how unworthy he to possess a jewel of such value, how unfit to nurture such a tender plant, how unsuitable his unsocial spirit for the angel who needed some congenial soul to insure her felicity. "Will she not droop, wither, die in the cold atmosphere about him?" he asked himself, when at length exhausted nature yielded to weariness, and he fell asleep.

self on his bed, and when he next awoke the rays of the risen sun had glided his apartment.

His first object was to seek the mural picture, and he trembled lest it had all been a dream; but there it stood, as if executed by a magic power. "If this is the result of an effort with charcoal," cried he striking his breast in a delirium of joy, "what might I not effect with other means; what might be my reward?"

As daylight sought its slumbers in the bosom of night, the lovers were again together. "I am doing wrong," murmured Nellie, "in meeting you again, since I am affianced bride. This night must be our last. It is a sad thing to part with those we love, yet I act as virtue dictates, and we must meet no more as—"

"Say not that we must meet no more as lovers. Say that we shall meet no more; that will be sufficiently severe, for, Nellie, could we meet but to love, to up-braid fate which so cruelly divides us?" "I must away," said the girl; "if Quintin's affection is pure, he will condemn me for tarrying." "Farewell, then, sweetest! If I lose thee I will wander to some distant clime, and strive to bury my regrets in new scenes and amid new companions." He imprinted a kiss upon her willing lips. He watched her retiring form as it appeared and disappeared amid the foliage at intervals, till it was finally lost to his anxious view, and then turned slowly and sadly away.

Never did father love his daughter with more fondness than Algina his child Nellie. Her good was his great aim; and as he was an enthusiast in the art the pencil, he deemed that one of that profession would be most worthy of his child. These two passions of his soul mingled together in such a manner that they became but one. He considered the canvass as a lasting monument for genius, and that he would best consult his daughter's happiness by uniting her to one who would be alive to all posterity by his works. Van Deg had been therefore selected, as he was the best of his country, and the figures of his creation wanted nothing but motion to make them such as their originals. Besides, he was wealthy, and would add to the affluence of the family. Finally, his daughter was not old enough now to choose for herself; and though she had confessed that she was prejudiced against her proposed husband, a few years of conjugal intercourse would overcome that, and that she would ultimately be benefited.

Just as he was at this point of his reflections on the ensuing day, a letter-carrier entered his apartment and handed him a letter, saying he would wait without for an answer, and been bound by an oath not to disclose who had commissioned him to deliver the communication. Algina was astonished at these words and as soon as the other retired, broke the seal and read— "If the parent consulted the child's happiness would he not seek from her if she does not love another?" I think she does. But if Van Deg is to possess the fair being, may I be mistaken. May her marriage to the man of your choice not hurry her to another world! Her obedience causes her to submit. I lay claim to her affections; but with these do not pretend to alter your determination. You have the reputation of patronizing merit as it appears in painting. Defer the nuptials to this day twelve-month, and let Van Deg on that day place his *chef d'œuvre* on the left of the altar. If the one which appears on the right does not tell of a more skillful master, I abide the result. If it does, then it is but fair to leave to your daughter the privilege of choosing her partner from the two."

The father was delighted with this proposition, as it suggested a trial of skill in his favorite study. He accordingly returned word of his acceptance of the terms specified, and notified Van Deg thereof. A year passed away during which the lovers never met. Nellie had lost sight of Quintin, and in answer to her inquiries concerning him, all she had been able to learn was that shortly after their last interview he had left the city, and gone no one knew whither. The day was now arrived when she was to become a wife. Sad to her were the kind offices of the bridesmaids who assisted at the toilet; yet she sustained a smile upon her face, although her soul was weighed down by grief. The chapel was thronged by people anxious to view the ceremony, as the bride, richly clad was led to the altar by her father, the latter announced that her hand was to be bestowed on the artist whose skill was the most undeniable, to be determined by the merit of the pictures which stood veiled on either side of the altar. Van Deg glanced triumphantly around at this proclamation, and striding to the picture he had painted, he uncurtained it to their view. A burst of applause rose from the audience as he did so, and well merited was that cry of approbation. The scene of the piece was the chapel in which they stood, and the whole presented to life. There was the priest all but breathing, white bride and groom and their friends appeared as if in the full flush of joy. Algina was about to speak in raptures of the performance, when suddenly the other curtain was drawn aside, and a cry of horror burst from the multitude as they pressed forward to behold. Van Deg gazed in breathless wonder, and Algina uttered a wild shriek of despair—"My daughter!" It was the delineation of Quintin's dream; each countenance in the picture was easy to recognize, except that of the youth, which was buried in the bosom of the bride. But ere, with wondering eyes, they had fully scanned it all, it was thrust aside and another appeared in its place. This represented a lovely arbor in which Algina was, advanced to old age, dangling a beautiful infant on his knee, which bore an expression on its face of Nellie, who sat

on an opposite seat with her head resting on the bosom of a young man, whose arm encircled her waist.

Every one was charmed and delighted beyond measure, and as they beheld the youth they recognized him in a moment, and every tongue cried— "The blacksmith!" "Blacksmith no more," said Quintin, stepping from behind the canvass. "But the artist, who demands his reward!" It is unnecessary to say more than that genius was rewarded; and to the happy husband, Quintin Matsys, the blacksmith of Antwerp, the world owes some of its finest relics of art, and among the rest, the inimitable painting of "The Misers," now at Windsor Castle.

Butler and the Deaf Witness.

Butler's impudence is certainly without parallel, and in his examination of witnesses, as well as his treatment of the chief justice and the court, exhibits a brutality which shows that the title of "beast" is not a misnomer. It occasionally happens, however, that Butler finds a witness who is not so tractable as he wished. This was the case a few days ago, when Mr. Henry Zider, a St. Louis newspaper reporter, was upon the stand for the defence. The counsel having got through with the witness, Butler took him in hand and proceeded to preponnd inquiries to him as follows: Q. How long have you been troubled with your unfortunate affliction? Witness—To what do you refer? Q. I understand you are a little deaf. Is that so?

A. I have been sick a great part of this year, and was compelled to come here a month ago, I have not been in my room, and I have not got well yet. Q. Did you hear my question? How long have you been deaf, if you are deaf at all? A. I have been deaf for the last two years. Q. About what time did it commence? A. I do not recollect. Q. You know when you became deaf, do you not? A. I know I was not deaf when you made your St. Louis speech, in 1866. Q. That is a very good date to refer to, but suppose you try it by the almanac? A. That was in October, 1866. Q. How soon did you become deaf after that? A. Probably about a month. [Laughter. Q. You are quite sure you were not deaf at that time? A. I am quite certain, because I know I heard some remarks which the crowd made, and which you did not hear. [Laughter.] Q. I have no doubt you heard much better than I did, but suppose we confine ourselves to this matter? You say that about a month after that you became deaf? A. Partially. I recovered from that again, and took sick again. Here Butler got tired quizzing Mr. Zider about his deafness, and proceeded to another branch of the subject. He had evidently met his match for once, and was glad to play quiet.

The Other Trial and Judgment.

The senate tries Johnson. The people try the senate. The public conscience sits in judgment upon every step that is taken, every movement that is made, every decision that is rendered, every vote that is given. If justice is perverted, if an unfair advantage is given to either side, if mean tricks and subterfuges are permitted—all are estimated as they occur, and finally form the basis on which the verdict is pronounced. This is a very different thing from party terrorism. Its effect is directly opposite to that of party terrorism. The one seeks to carry out its ends without regard to justice. The other simply seeks the administration of even-handed justice. We have no doubt of the influence which this power has exerted over the senate. We often hear of the moral force of public sentiment over the conduct of individuals in society. Senators are subject to this moral force precisely like other men—they are in fact even more sensitive to it; and in proportion to its strength and closeness is its power over them. We have no doubt, for example, that public opinion had a good deal to do with the senate's final decision to admit the testimony of General Sherman the other day. When it was excluded on Saturday, there was throughout the country such a deep sense of the unfairness with which the defense had been treated, that the senate was forced to revise its conduct or stand condemned in the eyes of justice and decency. It soon became evident, moreover, that if the exclusion were attempted for party purposes, the attempt had defeated its own end. The people are competent to try the senate because they know the evidence on which it acts. The testimony and the arguments are presented to the two parties almost simultaneously. And if, in the final judgment the senate deviates from the standard that is erected in the public conscience, it will in turn be condemned by the tribunal which ultimately pronounces the verdict upon all.

Horrible Accident at Manistee, Michigan.

MANISTEE, Mich., April 22.—About 4 o'clock this afternoon the steam saw mill of Green & Bro., of Chicago, was seriously injured by the explosion of the boilers and eight of the workmen were instantly killed. The mill had stopped for a few minutes to clear away the lumber and put the saws in order, and as the day was cold most of the men had congregated around the boilers. When the mill was again started the explosion took place, wrenching the boilers and shattering the whole structure. Of those who were standing around it eight were instantly killed and four severely wounded. The explosion is supposed to have been caused by low water. —Queen Victoria is looking thinner than of old, has a somewhat red face, and dresses in plain black. —Mr. Stanbery's illness is occasioned by an obstinate attack of pleurisy.

Free Masonry Exposed by a Victim.

I have joined the Masonic fraternity, Mr. editor. I am a free and accepted son, a brother, or whatever it is, of that ancient and mysterious organization. I have belonged to many secret societies in my time; I have been an Orangeman, and a Son of Temperance, and a Fenian, and, if I remember aright, I once belonged to a lodge of coiners; but this Masonic arrangement, this institution of the compass and square, distances them all. I have often wondered in what respect he differed from the ordinary human being. Time and again I pumped persons who I thought knew what was what, with a view of finding out something regarding these remarkable men, but it was no go. Mum was the word. Those who could tell wouldn't, and those who would couldn't; for further information I was advised to go and find out. I had a vague idea of my own that a Mason was a sort of supernatural being, a regular ring-tailed roarer, with horns and hoof to match, who could come down the chimney or get in the key-hole, and disappear like a flash of lightning—a chap that could knock blazes out of a fellow wink of his eye, and of whom the devil himself was afraid.

There is one singular thing connected with Masonry, of which perhaps you are not aware, and that is, a mason never dies. Occasionally it is given out that a brother has departed this life, and the fraternity is respectfully summoned to do honor to his remains, but it is all a sham, a big swindle gotten up to throw dust in the eyes of the uninitiated. The coffin is stuffed full of bricks, and deposited with due solemnity in the cemetery, while the brothers and friends are blubbering their eyes out over the grave of the dear departed, and the dead departed quietly enjoying himself in the back room of some hotel, preparatory to leaving for parts unknown. It is a fact, Mr. editor, Masons never die. They may change their appearance and move off to other spheres; but as for dying, they don't do it. It is supposed by some that after they have transacted wickedness enough on earth, they are transformed into comets and meteors and go wandering through space, kicking up shins, and raising the devil generally; and a great many people suppose that the last meteoric display was nothing more nor less than a free fight between some rival lodges that had crossed each other's path; the different colored lights betokening in the different degrees they had acquired while they were in the flesh.

Free Masonry is of ancient date, as proven by the fact that during the wet season Noah used to hold meetings in the corner of the ark. He was obliged to give it up, however, owing to the curiosity of Mrs. Noah, who, notwithstanding that her husband placed a couple of lions and a big crocodile at the door as outside guard, came pretty near finding out the secret and starting a female lodge on her own hook. I must tell you of the perils and trials I had to undergo to become a mason. On the evening in question I presented myself at the door of the lodge room No. 66,666, sign of skull and cross-bones. I was conducted to the ante-room, where five or six melancholy chaps in sashes and embroidered napkins were waiting to receive me. On my entrance they all got up and turned back somersaults, and then resumed their seats. A big fat fellow, who sat in the middle, and who seemed to be the proprietor, then said: "Sinners from the outer world, advance!" I advanced. "Will you give up everything to join us?" "Not if I know it," I said. "There's my wife and fourteen fine —" Another party here told me to say yes, as it was a mere matter of form. So I said "yes, I will give up everything." The fellows in the towels then groaned, and said, "it's well." Do you swear never to reveal anything you may see or hear here this evening to any human being, nor your wife?" I said "you may say I will not." Then they examined my teeth and felt my muscles, and made me put out my tongue and then groaned and sighed. I said, "If you don't feel well I have a bottle here that will —" The fat man here took the bottle from me and told me to shut up. He then in a voice of thunder, said "Bring forth the goat." Another fellow then came up with a big cloth to blindfold me. "No you don't Mr. Mason," said I; "no tricks on travelers, if you please, I don't believe in playing blind man's bluff with a goat. I'll ride the devil if you like, but I don't go to blind. Stand back, or I'll knock you into smithereens." They were too much for me, however, so I had to submit and be blindfolded. The goat was then led in, and I could hear him making an awful racket among the furniture. I began to feel that I was urgently wanted at home. But I was in for it, and could not help myself. Three or four fellows then seized me, and with a demoniacal lurch pitched me on the animal's back, telling me at the same time to look out for squalls. I have been in a good many scrapes, Mr. Editor; I have been in a election fight; I've been pitched out of a fourth story window; I've gone down in a railroad collision, and up in a steamboat explosion; but this little goat excursion was ahead of them all. The confounded thing must be all wings and hors.

I bumped me up against the tables and chairs, and the stove and the ceiling, but I hung on like a Trojan. I turned front somersaults, and rolled over till I thought it was all over with me. I was just on the point of giving up, when the bandage fell from my eyes, and the goat bounded through the window, with a yell like a Cavanaugh Indian giving up the ghost. I was in a lodge of Masons. They were dancing a war dance around a big skull, and playing leap-frog, and turning hand-springs, and the big fat fellow of the ante-room was standing on his head in the corner, finishing the contents of my little bottle. Order was soon restored, and I was now led up to a desk and told to stand at my ease. The chief engineer of the establishment then put his thumb to his nose, and stretching out his fingers in the shape of a fan toward me, commanded silence. The rest of the brethren did likewise and were silent. The governor then addressed me: "Brother Knobb you are now one of us. You are now a

member of an institution that has lasted over ten millions of years. From this time forward your constitution is sound. You are impervious to light and heat, or any other atmospheric influence. You are water-proof, fire-proof, and over-proof. With impunity you may walk through the lake, or sit on a red hot stove; with impunity drink aquafortis, rye whisky, Wahoo bitters, or any other poisonous substance. You are free from rheumatism, dyspepsia, whooping cough, or the measles. The sheriff dare not seize you for debt, not the policeman arrest you for misdemeanor. You are one of us, and you are safe. Here is the pass word; with that and a big club you can get into any lodge in christendom." I then took the oath on a pack of cards, stood the whisky and water all around, and I was a Mason.

A Head Exposed to the Ku Klux Klan.

CITY HOTEL, (Which is in New Orleans,) April 11, 1868.

I have joined 'em. I am K. K. K. fellow. I run the risk of dying some day (or night), but I am going to unbosom myself and make a public expose of the K. K. K's. Once upon a time when night had spread her sable mantle over the earth, and pinned it with a moon, I went to bed. People often go to bed at night, with the exception of the K. K. K's, who never go to bed and who never sleep. They have ears but they see not; they have eyes but they hear not. The clocks on the cupola of the Crescent office had tolled the hour of twelve; the stuffed owl in the Crescent City museum had gone to rest; the statue of Henry Clay reposed in silence in a perpendicular position; the snakes had ceased their croaking, and the frogs their biting, the musquitos had begun humming, and "all went merry as a marriage bell"—to her hash! I was sleeping in my couch of couches, like a June bug in January, but I did not snore. I never snore. Everybody would do it, I presume, if it was fashionable. But to resume.

As I said, it was past midnight, and I was dreaming of my country seat, (a stool with three legs) when I was startled suddenly by a cold, clammy, shivery hand upon my forehead; I awoke and rose up in bed to discover a figure clothed in white sitting upon my bed. He (I suppose he was a he) held in his right hand a Roman candle burning blue and in his left a sky-rocket; his eyes were glaring balls of red fire, and two horns in his forehead, beside several which he had taken in his mouth. As I awoke he waived the torch three times around his head, and beckoned, like Hamlet's ghost, for me to follow him. I arose from my bed and followed, entirely in the white! He led me through winding streets, up dark alleys, and finally brought me to a graveyard. All this time he had never for a moment taken his eyes off of me. Arrived in the center of the graveyard, beside an unburied skeleton between two thorn bushes, he shot off his rocket, and glaring upon me, said: "Mortuary mortal, I come from the den of the bob-tailed scorpions. I am the chiefest among 10,000, and the 1 altogether lovely." You see before you the speaker of the great tribe of democratic deathly dragons. I am sent to warn, to defy, to drag you to danger. See the scorpion's tongue has hissed; see the dirge of death is done; see the bloody grave has gaped! Behold!

I looked, and saw in letters of blood upon the skeleton before me, and surrounded by letters of fire: "I AM DEAD!" (Untranslated by coffins and daggers.) I gazed in horror, and exclaimed, in petrified accents: "I believe ye my boy!" and fainted.

When I recovered myself (and my wallet I found that I was transported to a subterranean dungeon beneath terra firma. It had all the appearance of a place that was worse than *The Place* itself! There were blue lights, blue fellers and blue flames! Even "the lights burned blue." The 'fogging paragraph states that. Any paragraph going might state the same thing. Brightly the taller-tip candles shone o'er (through) fair woman and brave men. When I had been taken inside the dungeon, I felt that I was done. I was introduced to a hard crowd in hard times. They formed around me (the crowd and not the shoes), and in a deep sepulchral tone that shook the cave, said: "Whence comes this mortuary mortal, and is he truly rural?" My conductor answered for me, and said in tones of thunder (and lightning): "He can keep a hotel; he can sing like a martingale, swim like an angel, gamble on the green, and is loil to the corps!" "Let him pass," said the tycoon, who thought I hadn't a "full hand." I passed, and found myself in the inner chamber, where I saw nothing but thunder, the yells of demons and the rattling of chains; I heard nothing but lightning, the flash of gunpowder and the last ditch, and I dreamed the dreams of the d(unc)reary. A mangled corpse stood upon a pyramid of skulls, and holding in his hand a coffin and in his left hand a (pristine man) coughn' two, he exclaimed: "Mortal! I am the bloody butcher of the bogus blunderers of Babylon. Swear to keep our secrets, or dye."

As I didn't care to dye, I swore. Then I was totally surrounded by demons as looked like devils, not one of whom bought their shirts at Moody's, who shrieked: "He swears by the fiery flagon found in ferocious furnaces by feller from Felician that he does not, never did, and never will again, so help him Felis." I was then stabbed by a small sword, which was held in the hands of every demon in pantalons around me, then dragged, boiled in a cauldron, set upon a hot gridiron, slid down a gang plank, walked over cakes of ice, mutilated in the hair of my head, and finally tattooed and scalped to the tune of the "Boogie's March," stripped to the suit of clothes in which I was born, powdered to atoms, and told that I had a mission to perform to all outside bar-

barians—which it was to annihilate every living thing, and kill every decade member of society. I act-seeded. "Do you swear?" "I swear." "I was then clothed with habiliments of woe, thrust into a den of worms with only one bottle of Mrs. Winslow's soothing syrup, and told to await the action of the impeachment committee.

A Suggestive Dialogue.

Farmer—Well, now, Jane, what's the use? You know you must support the government, and it is our duty to do it. Wife—I know it, John, but just look here! The harvest is over. We have sown, gathered, thrashed and cleaned up, and this little bag full here is all ours! We have a good crop, I helped to clean up—I shoveled in, you turned and little Billy zaked away. And we have put the crop in bags. This big one is for New England and tariffs; then this big one is for bonds to support the bondholders; then there is one big one for the niggers, and one so big we can't stand it up for taxes. And we have cleaned up, and this little sack is all that is left for us—all there is of ours! Farmer—Well, I know; but you know we must support the government which protects us. Wife—Protects us? Oh, John, how you talk! Is it protecting us to make us support bondholders, niggers, New England sharks, army speculators, and all the crowd who eat up all our earnings in taxes? Is this the way a government protects its supporters?

We raise the grain, and hard work it is. We have no bonds, no money to buy them. If we had—if we had stolen from the government and invested in bonds exempt from taxation, other poor folks would have had to work to pay us interest. It is pretty bad, John, when this little sack holds all there is of ours, and the left of the crop goes to fill them big bags there. You know John, that in democratic days this little bag held all we had to sell for taxes, and we had all the big bags full to sell to fix up the house with. Farmer—But, Jane, we have had a big war, and we had to whip the rebels to save the country. Wife—Yes, we had a war, and our two boys were killed. We supported the government. Mr. Bondholder did not go to war—now the government supports him. The negro did not fight more on one side than the other, nor the government protects him. The nabobs of New England, who made the west do the fighting, did not spill a drop of blood, but they had army contracts, got rich, bribed congress to tax us in the west to benefit them, and now they are protected, while you and I, John, who lost our big boys in the war, must support the government and the drones too.

Farmer—Well, well, we had to do it; you wouldn't let a democrat rule, would you? Wife—Yes, I would. They never robbed us to benefit the negroes, bondholder, freedman's hearo agents, tax-collectors and shoddy makers. Democracy cares for us—republicans care for only negroes and aristocrats. I tell you, John, it makes me feel bad at times. All our work is for others. We can't fix the house, the barn, the shed, or the fence. I can't get a new dress this year as you promised I should. You need shoes, a vest and a new coat, and some shirts, and lots of things; and John, when this little sack holds all there is of ours and we put the rest of the crop in theirs, it makes me feel discouraged. I worked hard, harder than you wanted me to, once, John, and harder than you thought when you come to ask me to marry you. But I worked willingly—I did work to have a home. I get up, John, before you do, and I work long after you are in bed, too, for there is much to do. I mend, and patch, and darn, and save all I can, but we are growing poorer and poorer, and older and older, and more tired every day.

When the government called for men our boys were freely given. We did not give them to destroy but to save the government which protects us, John, and this is all the thanks we get for it. And here is little Billy, who has no education yet and I don't know that he ever will have any. There is something wrong—and if you love me, John, as I love you, you would not be willing to work all your life for bondholders and niggers, while your wife is often hungry and tired and hungry and heart sick. It may be all right; but if I was a man I would vote for democrats, and that democracy which protects us and ours, as much as theirs. Farmer—Well, Jane, I believe it is time to have a change, and if I can get a news paper devoted to principles and white folks, I will read it, and see if there is any better way than this; if so, try it.

Hints to Farmers.

A writer gives the following advice, which we fully endorse: Don't buy a piano for your daughters while your son needs a horse. Don't let your horse be seen standing at the tavern door. It don't look right. Don't give the merchant a chance to dun you. Prompt payments make independent men. Keep good fences; they promote good feeling between neighbors. Decent and substantial clothing for your children makes them think better of themselves, and keeps the doctor away. Don't stare your land; if you do you will grow lean. Don't buy patent rights to sell again. Don't become surety for him who waits for the sheriff. Buy a farm wagon before a fine carriage. If you have a yoke of oxen, don't be ashamed of them, and give your note for a span of horses. Keep your sons away from horse races; they are the highway to ruin. Don't run for constable; you may get it and let the plow stand. Teach your boys to look up and forward, and never down or backward. Don't leave to memory what should be written; it makes lawsuits.