THE BARTON COUNTY DEMOCRAT.

WILL E. STOKE, Publisher and Propo DEWEY LANGPORD, Editor. GREAT BEND. - - - KANSAS

THE LOVED AND THE LOST.

The loved and the lost! Why do we call them Because we miss them from our onward road? God's unseen angel o'er our pathway crost, Looked on us all, and loving them the most, Straightway relieved them of life's weary load

And this we call a "loss"; oh, selfish sorrow Of selfish hearts! Oh! we of little faith! Let us look round, some argument to borrow Why we in patience should await the morrow

That surely must succeed this night of death Ay, look upon this dreary, desert path,
 The thorns and thistles wheresoe'er we turn
 What trials and what tears, what wrongs and

What struggles and what strife the journey

They have escaped from these, and lo! we

Ask the poor sailor when the wreck is done. Who with his treasure strove the shore reach, While with the raging waves he battled on, Was it not joy where every joy seemed gone. To see his loved ones landed on the beach?

. A poor wayfarer, leading by the hand A little child, had halted by the well To wash from off her feet the clinging sand And tell the tired boy of that bright land Where, this long journey post, they longed to

When lo! the King who mat, y mansions had Drew near and looked upon the sufferin twain,

Then pitying spake: "Give me the little lad: In strength renewed, and glorious beauty clad I'll bring him with me whos I come again."

Did she make answer selfishly and wrong Or, rather bursting into joyful song, Go on her way rejoicing and made strong To struggle on, since he was freed from care

We will do likewise; death has made no breach In love and sympathy, in hope and trust: If outward sign or sound our ears no or reach, There is an inward spiritual speech That greets us still, though mortal tongues be

It bids us do the work that they laid down-Take up the song where they broke off the strain;
So journeying till we reach the Heavenly town.
Where are laid up our treasuzes and our crown,
And our lost leved ones will be found again.

—Church of England Magazine. strain;

# Adventures of Tad:

HAPS AND MISHAPS OF A-LOST SACHEL.

A Story for Young and Old.

BY FRANK H. CONVINCE AUTHOR OF "PEPPER ADAMS," "BLOWN OU TO SEA," "PAUL GHAFTON," ETC.

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CHAPTER IX.-CONTINUED. Tad knew nothing about playing a trout, and if he had it would have made no difference, owing to his primitive fishing tackle. He pulled vigorously; so did the trout, and "snap!" went the end of the alder pole, leaving Tad in a mad frenzy of excitement, with threefourths of the rod in his hands, dancing madly on the rocks

Joe was equal to the situation. Dropping his own pole, he made a dive for the broken fragment, which was floating in sight. Gathering the slack line carefully in his hands, a vigorous tug landed high and dry the largest trout ever caught in Mill brook.

"There!" Joe exclaimed, as Tad regarded his prize in an amazement too deep for words, "you've caught the one real trout you've wanted to-now, I guess we'd better be getting home, without doing any more fishing.'

"All right," returned Tad, mournfully, "but you caught him, after all, Joe." But Joe stoutly asserted that Tad hooked him first, while he—Joe only helped to bring the big fish safe to land. And, in the discussion of the exciting episode, the walk home was accomplished in a surprisingly short time.

Tad's big trout was baked for supper, and it was generally agreed by the four who partook thereof that the flavor was particularly fine. 'Tad himself secretly thought be had never eaten any thing so delicious in his whole life. But it is not unlikely that the knowledge that he himself had furnished this important adjunct to the evening meal gave it an additional relish for Tad.

By this time Tad had begun to feel very much at ease with these quiet, home-like people. As they gathered about the open fire-place, with its smoldering back-log, after the teathings were cleared away, and the big kerosene-lamp was lighted, he opened his heart to their kindly questioning and spoke freely of his past life. There was really little or nothing to keep back, for, as I have said, thanks to the memory of his mother's teachings and a natural uprightness of character, Tad had escaped the evil ways which a homeless, friendless boy is so apt to fall into, and, though he had faults in abundance, he was, on the whole, a more upright young fellow than many whose surroundings and advantages had been far more favorable than Tad's.

"So you're to begin ship's duties to Miss Smith o' Monday-eh, Tad?" remarked the Captain, thoughtfully, to break a little silence which had fallen upon the group.

"Yes, sir," was the reply, and I do hope she'll like me."

"She'll be hard to suit if she don't," returned Mrs. Flagg, clicking her needles emphatically together as they flashed in and out of the meshes of a blue yarn sock that she was knining for the Captain. For the good lady, whose heart was large enough to take in at least half a dozen motherless boys and girls, had begun to regard Tad with considerable favor.

fascinating pages of "Little Women," which she was reading for the first time, while Bounce slumbered peacefully in

"You just go on and do your duty unto Miss Smith accordin' as you'd ished by a poke of his sister's fan, and nave it done to you, Tad," remarked a glance of mild rebuke from the deathe Captain, oracularly, "and you needn't have no fears. Miss Smith," continued Captain Flagg, with upraised deeply into his pockets and his eyes finger to command attention, "is a female that's had a tempestuous v'y'ge in life, as it were, a-losing of every relation she had, which has gone to make her a bit cranky; but she's good-hearted and God-fearin', and once you get into her good books, you're always there.'

"They say she's got a han'sum property that her folks left her-somewheres nigh ten thousan' dollars," Mrs. Flagg observed, in a voice indicative of considerable respect for the possessor of such wealth. For in Bixport the person with an unencumbered estate and a thousand dollars was "well-todo"; he who had five thousand was well off; while the owner of ten thousand dollars was regarded in the light of a millionaire.

CHAPTER X.

On the following morning, when Tad, having opened his eyes to the glad sunlight which streamed in at the east window of his little room, began to pull his drowsy ideas together, he remembered that it was Sunday.

"They'll want me to go to church, and I don't look decent," thought Tad, disconsolately, with a glance in the direction of the chair where he had placed his threadbare clothing the night before.

But what was this? A partly worn suit of serviceable tweed cloth—the very counterpart of that in which Joe Whitney was arrayed when he sprang aboard the "Mary J.," hung over the chair-back. And that was not all. In the chair itself lay all the other essentials of a boy's toilet, neatly folded, even to a coarse white linen collar, a whisp of black neck-ribbon, a pair of but little used lace-up boots, and a 'second-best" straw hat.

Scarcely able to believe the evidence of his astonished eyes, Tad slipped out of bed and proceeded to investigate. On the top of the pile was a bit of paper, whereon, in an irregular, boyish scrawl, were written the words: "to Pay for makin' Miss smith think you was deef and playin i was a bare.—J. Whit-

After Tad had gone to bed on the previous evening, Mrs. Flagg slipped over to Dencon Whitney's, and ably seconded by the special pleadings of Joe, succeeded in enlisting the full sympathies of the family in behalf of shabbily-dressed Tad. Joe's wardrobe was overhauled, and a selection made, resulting in the surprise to Tad which I Joe's features. And, following the overhauled, and a selection made, rehave mentioned.

"Well, he's what I call a nice-look ing boy," was Mrs. Flagg's inward



WELL, HE IS WHAT I CALL A NICE-LOOKING BOY."

combed and face and hands scrubbed till they fairly shone, came shyly downstairs dressed in his new suit.

Polly smiled upon him approvingly; know about taking such a dandifiedlooking chap to church along of such plain-dressed folks as the Flagg family; and Mrs. Flagg gave him a motherly

Polly, as the display of the paper which | their season with a liberal hand. Tad had found with his little gift necessitated an explanation of Joe's previous performances.

"Always remember, "ad," counselled the Captain, with a grave shake of the head, as they sat down to the table together, "what Solomon says -and-and he that is not warned thereby is not wise," concluded Captain Flagg, who was sometimes a little hazy

in the correctness of his quotations. After breakfast, the Captain read a chapter from the New Testament aloud. making comments upon the text, for the edification of Tad and Polly, who listened with respectful attention. And then, after awhile, at the summons of the rather unmusical church-bell, the whole family decorously made their way to the meeting-house, close by.

The Bixporters were, generally speaking, a church-going people; and, on the pleasant April morning of which I speak, the church was well filled.

To Tad's secret joy, Deacon Whitney's pew was next Captain Flagg's, and soon he had the extreme satisfaction of seeing Joe filing in ahead of his sister, followed by Mrs. Whitney and the deacon. Joe sat at the extreme end, and thus the two boys were divided

"I think you're just as good as you confidently, as she looked up from the give confi whispered Tail, warnely.

a whispered conversation ensued, which was only checked by the entrance of dentist's establishment; neither was the the minister; whereat Joe, duly admon- little blueish scar visible upon Mr. ished by a poke of his sister's fan, and con, subsided into a temporary attention, with his hands being plunged fixed steadfastly upon good Mr. Allen. But, I am sorry to say, Joe's thoughts were by no means in keeping with the place. He was cherishing, and even planning, a dire revenge on unconscious Samantha Nason-who sat di-rectly in front of him, in Miss Smith's pew-for what he called her "tattling" of the previous day.

The service proceeded in the good old-fashioned way peculiar to country churches. All denominations wor-shipped meder the same roof, and Mr. Allen's words were but a plain and spake as never man spake. There was very much in it that Tad perfectly understood, and, as he listened, a dim desire to fashion his young life after the teachings of the great Master began to take form in his mind. True, it was only embodied in the simple thought, "I'll try to be a better boy," yet from such beginnings oftentimes comes the real success of a true Christian life. And when the sermon closed Tad felt that he should never be tired of listening to a minister who made things as plain as did Mr. Allen.

Now, it was Samantha Nason's invariable habit to sit through the singing. while the others rose. "I work hard all the week, and I'm going to make Sunday my day of rest," said Samantha once, a little defiantly, "an' I guess I can worship the Lord as well settin' down as standin' up."

As the closing hymn was being sung, Tad noticed that Joe, who all through the service had kept his right hand interesting incident in real life-come, persistently in his pocket, slowly withdrew it, though without removing his eyes from the pages of the hymn-book, and, seemingly holding something in his grasp, slipped his closed hand gently along on the ledge of the pew before him, till it was in close proximity to the back of Miss Nason's neck. Then he stole a sly glance in the direction of his father and mother, who were too intent upon following the words of the hymn (in which their daughter Nellie's voice uprose as clear and sweet as the notes of a woodland bird) to notice the movements of their son. Slowly Joe's fingers unclosed, and after a moment his hand stole back to a place beside its fellow.

"Now what is he up to!" thought direction of his friend's eyes, Tad's unspoken question was answered. Clumsily clambering over the back of the comment, as Tad, with hair neatly prim ruffle about Miss Nason's neck was a brown wood-beetle, as big as the end of Tad's little finger. But before he could decide what to do Miss Nason bounced to her feet with a stifled exclamation, and clutched frantically at her back hair. Unfortunately she caught hold of the innocent beetle itimagined Miss Nason had discovered a step. mouse in the pew.

Mr. Allen pronounced the benediction and dismissed his congregation. And naughty Joe Whitney, holding his cap before his face, choked and gasped, in the agonies of suppressed laughter, all the way to . . door.

CHAPTER XI.

The promise of April had given place to the fulfillments of June, filling the air with summer sunshine and beauty. Tad, under the supervision of the Captain remarked that he didn't Miss Smith, whose angular features were shaded by an immense gardenhat, was weeding the pansy-bed in the front yard. Miss Smith, who was a great flower-lover, made somewhat of a specialty of cultivating sweet-peas "That's so much like Joe," laughed and pansies, which she gave away in

You would hardly have recognized Tad in the brown-faced boy, in blue overalls, bending lovingly over the quaint, upturned flower-faces that peered into his own. He had taken to his new vocation with surprising readiness, and Miss Smith secretly congratabout a wise son makin' a glad father ulated herself on having at last found a boy after her own heart, though she seldom allowed her satisfaction to show itself in the form of words.

again," muttered Miss Smith, discontentedly, as she glanced toward an to the other. It soon became a great claborately-dressed young man who naval power, and its merchant ships was sauntering along the elm-shaded swept the distant seas and called at street; "I wish he'd kept away about every port. Bronzes from the East his own business, and not come idling were wafted hither in their glowing round, taking your attention off'n your work.

For Mr. Paul Forrest was one of John Doty's city boarders, who had scraped an acquaintance with Tad very soon after coming to Bixport. He seemed to take a singular interest in Tad, and Genoese bowed alike in those days which, as he explained to Miss Smith, to the power and pagnificence of arose from the boy's strong resemblance to his youngest and only brother, who had died a year previous-"the last one, excepting myself, of a family of seven," he said, with a sad smile For Mr. Forrest did a great deal of only by the slight partition between smiling, first and last; and, curious however, a long and a presperous one enough, Tad, in some vague way, was Joe greeted Tad with a wink, and reminded by it of the genial Mr. Jones, clasping his hands together, rolled his whom he had met in Boston, before eyes upward, as though in rapturous coming to Bixport. Of course, this married to Dick when I grow up? astonishment at Tad's festive appear- was simply an absurd fancy on his Mamma-"Why, I suppose so, pet, ii part. The fraudulent Jones was a you want to." smooth-faced young man, with gold- plan." "Why?" "'Cause we can get "I know she'll like you." said Polly, can be, and I wish I had something to tipped teeth-while Mr. Paul Forrest all our quarrelin over while we's litisported a lery glossy black named

"Poh, that's all right," returned Joe, that had a purplish tinge in certain shrugging his shoulders carelessly; and lights, and the whitest and most even Forest's white forehead, that Tad had noticed upon the intellectual brow of Jones. Yet, all the same, he often unconsciously connected the two in his mind, even while he laughed at his own folly in so doing.

"Miss Smith, good-morning-Tad, my boy, how are you?" exclaimed Mr Forrest, with his effusive smile, as he lounged idly up the garden-path, and, with a coolness peculiar to himself, sat down on the edge of the garden piazza.

Miss Smith stiffly acknowledged the greeting, and Tad, glancing up shyly, said he was pretty well. He was a little flattered by Mr. Forrest's evident interest in himself-though he was not quite sure that he liked it, after all. He had nothing in common with the citysimple talk about the lessons taught by bred gentleman, and was rather puz-One who once walked upon earth, and zled to know what Mr. Forrest could have in common with himself.

"Come into the house after you get through weeding, Tad; I want you," said Miss Smith, stalking past the unabashed Mr. Forrest, who sat quite at his ease, with the ivory head of his cane between his lips.

"Yes'm," was the meek reply, and Tad silently continued his work, wishing that Mr. Forrest would go, for he was very well aware that Miss Smith did not at all approve of the gentleman's frequent visitations.

In a small village like Bixport, where every body's business is public property, the story of Tad and his travelingsachel was generally known, as was also the fact that no attention had ever been paid to Captain Flagg's advertisement. So it was not strange that Mr. Forrest should be in possession of the same knowledge. He had referred to the matter casually in conversation with Tad, declaring that it was a mighty now!

"So you never opened the little alligator-skin sachel, to see what was in it-eh, Tad?" suddenly asked Mr. Forrest, after a short pause.

"Why, no, sir! I haven't a key and, if I had, I don't think it would be just the thing, either,' replied Tac, z little surprised at the unexpected ques-

"Oh, I don't know," remarked Mr. Forrest, coolly; "there might be something in it that would give you a clew to the real owner.'

"That's true," murmured Tad, who

had never thought of this before. "I think it's your duty to try and open it," continued Mr. Forrest, seeing the impression he had made.

"But I couldn't without breaking the lock, and I should not like to do that." Tad answered, with a perplexed look.

"I suppose you keep it in your possession?" inquired Mr. Forrest, carelessly; and Tad nodded. "Then, why not bring the bag over to my room this evening-I dare say some of my keys will unlock it," suggested the gentleman, blandly.

"I'll think about it, sir," replied Tad, cautiously, for he was not quite sure self, and, giving vent to a shrill that it would be just the right thing to scream that made the rafters of the do; and, moreover, he wanted to ask house ring, she threw it violently from the advise of Miss Smith, in whose her, to the great consternation of good judgment Tad had the firmest con-every one in the house, many of whom

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## DEPARTED G'.ORY.

The Giorles, Power and Wealth of the Venice of the l'ast.

It is actually refreshir g to turn aside for a moment from the Jeeav and deendence of the Venice of the present and dwell on the glories of the Venice of the past. What strikes one particularly in contemplating the checkered career of her who was once mistress of the Adriatic is that, after the fall of the Roman Empire, she was the only city that remained free, and that continued for thirteen centuries, amid her lagoons, the traditions and the regime of the republies of the Old World. It was a little colony from Padua, driven from the homes of their fathers by the conquering legions of Alarie and Attila, that first founded the republic of Venice. Slowly but surely did it rise to the giddy height of its greatness and prosperity. No German King, no Saracer monarch dared to i terfere with her liberties. The son of Charlemagne crossed swords with her, but had to retire from her canals defeated and discomfited. She had no fendal laws or customs. Equality reigned here at "Here comes that Forrest chap the very time when such a thing was quite unknown from one end of Europe argosies. The body of the Apostle Mark was seized on by the Venetians at Alexandria and brought here to sanctify the fatherland, just as that of Œdipus sanctified and protected the soil of Athens. Greek, Turk, German Ventee.

Venice, however, fell much like ancient Rome did. Purple robes stilled the force of muscle, and luxury gave her over eventually into the hands of her enemies. Her age of luxury was, - Venice Cor. San Francisco Chroniele.

-Little Dot-"Mamma, can I get "I fink it will be a good A PUERILE EXHIBITION.

An Episode Due to me Distoyal Talk of

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 por-trait 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, new treasons. The Democratic party no doubt, of the President of the lived through it all, however, because 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 selfseekers, 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 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 fee 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 eat'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 officehunters 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 classmere fragment, by the way, of the great body of electors, who are in-clined 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. 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 PEOPLE'S PARTY.

An Ir sinna Editor Tells Why Democracy Was Victor ous in 1876 and 1884.

Since its-under the circumstancesoverwhelming defeat at the polls near-· years ago, the Republican s been trying to convince itself and the outside world that that defeat was the result of an accident, or accilents, and as a consequence the merest neidents, unimportant either in themselves or their relations, have been narsha'ed 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 to duty as one of the principal causes of Blaine's defeat. There are other ineidents equally as trifling that have been used in the same way and for the same purpose. The closeness of the rote in certain localities like New York and New Jersey makes this theory seem plausible, and yet never was there theory so unfounded.

The history of this country from its beginning shows that the sentiment of its people, when in a normal condition. s favorable to the principles underlyng the Democratic party. If accidents tave played a part in politics at all the Republicaes have been the gainers by hem rather than the losers. The abformal has always been the beneficia y of accidents, not the normal. Had not been for accidents and blunders the Democratic party would not have ost power in 1860, and had it not been for the abormal condition of affairs almost sure to kick when loaded up ellowing the suppression of the rebel- too heavily."

been returned to power years before it The talk about accidents defeating the Republican party is the sheerest nousense. 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 af fected by accidental or incidental causes. There is no doubt that at the close of the war the Northern people feared to trust the Democratio 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's 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 passunnoticed, into outrages horrible, and new treasons. The Democratic party 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 bas-ished 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 a 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 vas 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.

lion the Domocratic party would have

#### PRESS COMMENTS.

-Let us have peace. It is the demagogue who seeks to fight the war over .- Cincinnati Enquirer.

-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.

-The Democratic party is allied to the cause of labor, devoted to it and ruled by it, and at the same time it believes in our American institutions and is capable of both defending and developing them .- N. Y. Star.

—A Columbus (O.) paper says -that the issue involved in the proposed return of the rebel flags is "a test question of patriotism" in that State. If this is true, and the paper in question seems ordinarily truthful, there is mighty little patriotism in Ohio. - Chicago Herald.

-A one-tune Republican organ charges the Administration with making the public service as partisan as it was "in the days of Pierce and Bu-chanan." Why go back so far? Whyo not say Lincoln, Grant, Hayes or Arthur? Was not every office filled with a Republican partisan for twentyfour years?-N. Y. World.

## Great Wrongs Righted.

This Nation, since its birth, has owned 900,000,000 of acres of available public land. Nominal settlers have only had one-third of it, though about 160,000,000 acres have been turned' over to the States. The railway kings have gobbled more than one-third of this magnificent domain, mainly through corrupt legislation. We are glad to note the determination on the part of our present Government to right at least a small percentage of these wrongs. Secretary Lamar has already ordered the restoration of nearly 30,000,000 acres the land, held by various railrodas, to be opened to settlement under the homestead law. -Boston Budget (Pep.)

-Lady (jokingly)-"Tommy, when are you going to marry?" (eight years old and very susceptible) "Well, I don't think I'll ever marry. I love so many girls, if I n ried one all the rest would be jealt Epoch.

-A man out hunting, becoming angry because his gun kicked badly, his companion said: "Don't blame tag gun. Like all human beings, it is