

THE LOVED AND THE LOST.

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

Adventures of Tad; HAPS AND MISHAPS OF A LOST SACHEL.

A Story for Young and Old.

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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.

"Poh, that's all right," returned Joe, shrugging his shoulders carelessly; and a whispered conversation ensued, which was only checked by the entrance of the minister; whereat Joe, duly admonished by a poke of his sister's fan, and a glance of mild rebuke from the deacon, subsided into a temporary attention, with his hands being plunged deeply into his pockets and his eyes 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 unconsoling Samantha Nason—who sat directly 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 worshipped under the same roof, and Mr. Allen's words were but a plain and simple talk about the lessons taught by One who once walked upon earth, and spoke 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 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 arose 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 Tad, warned by the shadowy grin on Joe's features. And, following the direction of his friend's eyes, Tad's unspoken question was answered. Clumsily clambering over the back of the prim ruffe 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 itself, and, giving vent to a shrill scream that made the rafters of the house ring, she threw it violently from her, to the great consternation of every one in the house, many of whom imagined Miss Nason had discovered a 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 the door.



"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; the Captain remarked that he didn't know about taking such a dandified-looking chap to church along of such plain-dressed folks as the Flagg family; and Mrs. Flagg gave him a motherly kiss.
"That's so much like Joe," laughed Polly, as the display of the paper which Tad had found with his little gift necessitated an explanation of Joe's previous performances.
"Always remember, Tad," counselled the Captain, with a grave shake of the head, as they sat down to the table together, "what Solomon says about a wise son makin' a glad father—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 while, 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 filling 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 only by the slight partition between the pews.
Joe greeted Tad with a wink, and clasping his hands together, rolled his eyes upward, as though in rapturous astonishment at Tad's festive appearance.
"I think you're just as good as you can be, and I wish I had something to give you!" whispered Tad, warily.

that had a purplish tinge in certain lights, and the whitest and most even teeth that were ever seen outside a dentist's establishment; neither was the little blueish scar visible upon Mr. 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 city-bred gentleman, and was rather puzzled 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 traveling sachel 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 interesting incident in real life—come, 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 Tad, a little surprised at the unexpected question.
"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 that it would be just the right thing to do; and, moreover, he wanted to ask the advice of Miss Smith, in whose good judgment Tad had the firmest confidence, before taking any such decisive step.

DEPARTED GLORY.

The Glories, Power and Wealth of the Venice of the Past.
It is actually refreshing to turn aside for a moment from the decay and decadence 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 republics of the Old World. It was a little colony from Padua, driven from the homes of their fathers by the conquering legions of Alaric 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 Saracen monarch dared to interfere with her liberties. The son of Charlemagne crossed swords with her, but had to retire from her camps defeated and discomfited. She had no feudal laws or customs. Equality reigned here at the very time when such a thing was quite unknown from one end of Europe to the other. It soon became a great naval power, and its merchant ships swept the distant seas and called at every port. Bronzes from the East were wafted hither in their glowing 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 Odipus sanctified and protected the soil of Athens. Greek, Turk, German and Genoese bowed alike in those days to the power and magnificence of Venice.
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, however, a long and a prosperous one.
—Venice Cor. San Francisco Chronicle.

A PUERILE EXHIBITION.
An Episode Due to the Distasteful Talk of Tattling and Foraker.
A Wheeling editor, during the recent meeting of the Grand Army of West Virginia, flung to the breeze a banner with the pious motto: "God bless our President, Commander-in-Chief of the army and the navy."
The loyal if perversive sentiment, accompanied by what passed for a portrait of the present Chief Magistrate, was the signal for rebellion upon the part of certain Foraker-led members of the Grand Army who were parading the streets. To avoid passing under the flaunting banner they executed a flank movement, and the better to emphasize their dissent from the proposition that the President be blessed they trailed the colors which they had sworn by the God of Battles should never mingle with the dust. Other marching hosts having, it may be fancied, different party associations, pressed straight on, lifting their helmets in token of loyalty under the counterfeit, the very poor counterfeit, no doubt, of the President of the United States.
The episode is distinctly disgraceful, yet it would serve little purpose to waste epithets upon its blameworthy actors, for manifestly it but anticipates the inevitable in a Presidential campaign precipitated by the particular politicians who profess themselves guardians-in-chief of veteran interests. An organization designed for benevolent ends, social and benevolent, becomes, under the leadership of self-seekers, a rampant propaganda of partisan aims. The better to assure ascendancy over the membership the directory does not hesitate to appeal to sordid and degrading passions by promise of general aid to every soldier regardless of the length or merit of his service. Unmindful of the fact that, as in duty bound, the President has given full effect to liberal pension laws, he is charged by the manipulators of the organization as a foe to veterans. Self-respecting members of the Grand Army of the Republic, whatever their political affiliation, may resent the obvious making of the organization a cat's-paw to rake politicians' chests out from the fire, but the fact remains that as an organization west of the Ohio the army is in the grip of office-hunters using it for their own ends. The episode at Wheeling was the outcome of Tuttle prelections, and is the forerunner of the noisier demonstrations of detestation of the President which will be made a feature of the campaign next year.
Able manipulation of this class—a mere fragment, by the way, of the great body of electors, who are inclined to honor the veteran only as he respects himself—would have maneuvered to assign a more respectable motive for opposition to the President than his veto of a pension measure. The present management has succeeded in giving the petulant exhibitions of hatred for a vetoing President the aspect of malignancy from baffled mendicants. To this ignoble pass mischievous political management has led the Grand Army. From ignominy such as this the organization, if it possess the strength it claims, may find relief by entering politics with a vengeance. Three years ago some of its members proposed the nomination of one of themselves for the Presidency. The plan was thwarted. A civilian who, like Cleveland, had sent a substitute to the war, became the nominee of the party with which the bulk of the Grand Army membership allies itself. If they would now demonstrate a power to make and unmake Presidents, to be masters in politics instead of tools, they may inspire a respect which their present subservience to tuppenny schemers forbids by compelling the party of their choice to make a veteran its candidate. There would be virtue force in such a programme. When they will have made a candidate of their own they may have more heart in assailing Cleveland, and, possibly, a better method than the impotent and puerile demonstration at Wheeling.
—Chicago Herald.

THE PEOPLE'S PARTY.

An Irishman Editor Tells Why Democracy Was Victorious in 1876 and 1884.
Since its—under the circumstances—overwhelming defeat at the polls nearly 10 years ago, the Republican party has been trying to convince itself and the outside world that that defeat was the result of an accident, or accidents, and as a consequence the merest incidents, unimportant either in themselves or their relations, have been marshaled together and paraded as the causes of the party's disastrous defeat. In this way Brother Burchard's unfortunate altercation on the eve of the battle in New York has been made to do duty as one of the principal causes of Blaine's defeat. There are other incidents equally as trifling that have been used in the same way and for the same purpose. The closeness of the vote in certain localities like New York and New Jersey makes this theory seem plausible, and yet never was there a theory so unfounded.
The history of this country from its beginning shows that the sentiment of its people, when in a normal condition, is favorable to the principles underlying the Democratic party. If accidents have played a part in politics at all the Republicans have been the gainers by them rather than the losers. The abnormal has always been the beneficiary of accidents, not the normal. Had it not been for accidents and blunders the Democratic party would not have lost power in 1890, and had it not been for the abnormal condition of affairs allowing the suppression of the rebel-

lion the Democratic party would have been returned to power years before it was. The talk about accidents defeating the Republican party is the sheerest nonsense. The people had been ready to restore the Democrats to power long before Blaine's defeat, and were only prevented from doing it by systematic misrepresentation on the part of the Republicans. The war had left the public mind in an excited, abnormal condition that was easily affected by accidental or incidental causes. There is no doubt that at the close of the war the Northern people feared to trust the Democratic party with power. It was but a natural fear considering the abuse of that power that some of the party's Southern leaders, urged on by State pride, had but just been guilty of. That fear in the excited state of the public mind was augmented by the monstrous falsehoods concocted by the Republican press which invested incidents of Southern life, that now pass unnoticed, into outrages horrible, and new treasons. The Democratic party lived through it all, however, because it was founded upon principles that were undying, and lived down the errors of its leaders. The people, though they feared some influences in it, never wholly lost confidence in the Democratic party. The people were inclined to trust it long before the Tilden campaign and did trust it in some States, but blunders by some of its leaders exaggerated 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 baffled the fear and doubt of Democracy that yet remained in the public mind and he carried his party to success. The people believed he was stronger than any evil influence that might still reside in his party and they trusted him. Neither Brother Burchard nor Roscoe Conkling elected him. The people did it because they believed that the Democratic party, under a wise leader, was the best party to trust with the future of this Republic. The Republican party, apparently blind to the fact that it has been repudiated by the people, is laying its plans for 1888 upon the theory that the defeat of '84 was the result of accident. That that is not true seems evident to us; but it is probable our Republican friends will not realize the falseness of their theory until they have once more tasted of defeat.—Wabash (Ind.) Times.

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 it is 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-time Republican organ charges the Administration with making the public service as partisan as it was "in the days of Pierce and Buchanan." Why go back so far? Why not say Lincoln, Grant, Hayes or Arthur? Was not every office filled with a Republican partisan for twenty-four years?—N. Y. World.

Great Wrongs Righted.

This Nation, since its birth, has owned 900,000,000 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 gobble 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 of the land, held by various railroads, to be opened to settlement under the homestead law.
—Boston Budget (Rep.).

—Lady (jokingly)—"Tommy, when are you going to marry?" Tommy (eight years old and very susceptible)—"Well, I don't think I'll ever marry. I love so many girls, if I married one all the rest would be jeal."—The Epoch.
—A man out hunting, becoming angry because his gun kicked badly, his companion said: "Don't blame the gun. Like all human beings, it is almost sure to kick when loaded up."—too heavily.