

## HAVE A POLITIC.

Bob Burdette's Advice to Young Men of Political Aspirations.

Be something, young man. If none of the existing parties satisfy you, organize one of your own, and go "sloshing around." But have a politic. Institute a war cry. View with alarm and point with pride on your own hook, but do view and point. If you are very vigorous you may also at times "recoil with horror." You will find this very affective toward the close of the campaign. If I had time, my son, I believe I could fit you out with a full and complete assortment of tools, weapons and armor for politics.

You should have, at the opening of the campaign, beside the matters already mentioned:

One dozen kegs of nails, wherewith to nail the enemy's lies. Shriek every time you nail a lie "Down with the Mormons."

A few judicious lies to toss around carelessly and not too early, just to keep them busy. Shout when you scatter them. Say something mean about the Mormons.

A few "demands" for things that we already have, and have had for fifty years. Nobody will notice this if you only yell them out lustily, and with the air of a man who is saying something new. The older the "demand" the louder you must yell when you make it. "Demand" especially that the Mormons be suppressed.

Some "pledges" more or less. Pledge yourself to something easy—the abolition of Mormonism, the abolition of slavery and unyielding opposition to the payment of the Confederate bonds of the State of Ohio. Roar about it, and give to the Mormons red hot.

Remember the soldiers. This is eminently proper, patriotic and cheap. "T'wont cost you a cent. Stand upon the house-tops, and in a loud voice call them "the defenders of the Republic," and declare that they shall have their rights. Along near the close of the campaign you might also promise them their lefts. That's what they'll get anyhow, but you needn't say anything about that. Keep as noisy as possible and howl: "The Mormons must go!"

Arraign the administration! Oh! every time arraign the administration. And a common arraignment will not do. If any platform contain not a scathing arraignment of the administration the same is a liar and a horse-thief, be the same more or less. If, unfortunately, you are on the side of the administration, then you must arraign the other party. But you labor under a great disadvantage if you are in with the administration. It is so much easier to stand in the street and throw stones at the window than to stand in the window and throw stones into the street.

Blessed is the opposition. Because why? You're liable to run out of stones. There are no stones in the house, whereas the street is full of 'em, and the man in the window can't throw until the man in the street has first fired a rock at him. And if it so be that the first dornick catches him in the eye his case is distressing; or if it be that while he is stooping to pick up the first stone the man in the street fires half a dozen more at his stooping figure then is the last state of the man in the house worse than the first. "Holler" as loud as you throw fast, and let the Mormons have it all the time.

For the reasons set forth above, never fight on the defensive. Always keep going up and down like a raging lion, seeking where you may investigate somebody. "You haven't taught me any of the parries," said a young soldier to an old Prussian fencing-master. "Parries be—" (I have forgotten the Prussian for that word) replied the old mustache. "You thrust; let the other fellow parry." Lay it on the Mormons, every lick.

By all means have a slogan. No party is equipped for contest until it has a slogan.

In some words you will want a slogan that holds a quart. Down with the Mormons, remember. And talk loud.

Pat civil-service reform on the back. Remember that, in the hands of the administration, it is a mere instrument of partisan tyranny and nepotism, an object of selfish ambition and base personal greed; but in your hands and those of your relatives, by consanguinity, marriage and adoption, public service would be a place of honor and honesty, capacity and fidelity, and constitute the only valid claims to public endorsement. And right here, oh how you can scath the Mormons!

In regard to the tariff, denounce Mormonism as a scandal and a reproach, that is breeding a demoralization from its foul and festering chaps, that is fetid with rank corruption, that threatens to pollute the entire system of the grandest Government on "God's green earth." This will catch the free pro-traditionists.

I think there's about all you need to start with, my boy, and the other things will occur to you as the campaign advances. It's always safe to let into the Mormons. They have no friends east of the Rock mountains, and very few west. Some of these points you may have to modify a little, but in the main you can use them as they are. They have been used by two parties during the past twenty years, and have come out radiant with victory and noble defeat every time.

## A Magazine of Teapots.

It is upon record that the largest collection of tea-pots known, was the much-prized possession of Mrs. Hawes, an English lady. Three hundred of these frail, beautiful memorials of an honored past were bequeathed to her daughter; under her artistic eye, a room has been devoted to them, where they are arranged with great effect. Among them are several once the property of Queen Charlotte—some with two divisions and two spouts, for the comfortable accommodation of both green and black tea.

Great variety in size is seen, and pleasant is it to note that the gradual enlargement of these "sacred household vessels" from the diminutive creations appropriate to the times when the fragrant herb was sold in small parcels at the apothecary's shop, to those of ample proportions to such capacious

receptacles as were essential to the comfort of that prince of tea drinkers, Dr. Johnson. It is said that he owned one tea-pot holding two quarts, and another, once owned by Mrs. Pioggi—"a three-quart measure of delight." This last is described as "of old Oriental porcelain," much painted in quaint device, and richly gilt.

George IV. had, it seems, a passion for similar "relics of pleasure," and had his royal collection "piled in pyramids" in the pavilion at Brighton.

## The Editor's Indian Fight.

"Whoop!" sang out the boy, as he came bounding into the room, with his sun-kissed golden locks disheveled and a splash of mud on his nose. "Did you see the Sioux Indians in the circus parade?"

"Circus parade!" sneered the exchange editor. "Do you suppose that a Sioux brave would allow himself to be pulled around the country on a Dutch metal band wagon for the sake of a few dollars and an occasional drink of whisky? Those fellows you saw weren't Indians."

"Well, I don't know," said the boy thoughtfully, the varying expressions of doubt, diffidence and desire to drop a cockroach down the exchange editor's neck chasing each other fitfully over his mosaic features. "They were the color of a half-burned brick, and they had hen's feathers sticking in their ears, and they smelt like a cow-house. If they weren't Indians they were a very good imitation, seems to me."

"Ah!" said the exchange editor, a far-away look in his eyes and his right hand unconsciously clutching the boy by one of his shell-like ears. "You should see the noble red man as I have seen him when I ran the *Weekly Scalper* in Wyoming Territory. There was no circus parade about him there. His splendid physical proportions, his graceful ways of steaming whisky and horses, and above all, the unerring certainty with which he would get drunk every time he showed up at the agency for supplies, were enough to make a man wish he was one of the tribe himself."

And the exchange editor shook his head until he loosened his store teeth, and knocked all the stiffening out of his stick-up collar.

"Did you ever see the Indians fight?" asked the boy, as he pulled himself loose, and looked admiringly at the diamond in the bosom of the editor's dirty shirt.

"Did I? Well, I should say so. Look at this deep scar on my head."

"Do you mean that crack on the top, where all the dust has settled?" inquired the lad, innocently.

"Never mind about the dust. That scar is a memento of a combat I had with Perspiring Horseshoe, a Sioux chief, who wouldn't pay up his subscription for the *Scalper*. We fought for three hours, and I wore him bowie-knife down nearly to the handle by hacking him in different parts of the body. Just as I gave the last stab that finished him he drove his tomahawk into my skull so that the two halves fell apart like leaves of a photograph album."

"You got well, though, didn't you?"

"Oh, yes; you couldn't easily kill me," assented the exchange editor, with a condescending sneer.

"No; I heard that the policeman who banged you over the head the night you went to the Press Club banquet was going to make you pay for the splinters you knocked off his club. He said that you had a head like a leather-covered trunk, and if he hadn't known you all your life, and that you were never outside of Pittsburgh, he'd have taken you for a Mississippi deck-hand."

"You young scoundrel!" howled the exchange editor, sputtering around for something to throw at the evaporating lad.

"Good-by," chirped the boy through the chink of the door. "I shouldn't wonder if some of the splinters from the hickory club was to take root in that crack in your head. There is plenty of real estate there, and if a tree was to sprout up good and strong you wouldn't have to use any more hair restorer."

The exchange editor was so sardonically mad that his weird "Ha, ha!" pursued the boy like an avenging spirit all the way down stairs to the front door and induced him to get into a fight with a bootblack before he was five minutes older.—*Pittsburgh Sunday Traveler*.

## Not a Fashion Editor.

Somehow a fellow will get himself into trouble when he least expects to. The *Rural Post* says: A young lady in the rural districts wrote to us asking advice about how to have a dress made. Now, we didn't know any more about a dress than a single man ought to, and didn't know what to say. But we wanted to accommodate her, so we got a fashion magazine, copied a description of a dress, and sent it to her. Yesterday the queerest creature we ever saw bounded into our office. "Do you see this dress?" she demanded; "I've worn it in here to let you see it. This is the thing you advised me to make; look at it." Then she went on. She had caused the dress to be made up, and worn it to the city, expecting it to be right in style, and found it to be a terror. Investigation showed that the magazine was of 1847. We hadn't observed it before. Then there was only one thing for us to do. We told her that we were not the editor who wrote the article, and took her to the office of the literary editor, whom we pointed out as the man. Then we fled the office. We hope we shall not see the literary editor for a few days. He is a man of violent impulse, and somebody might get hurt.

## A Nebraska Sharper.

A Nebraska thief devotes his time entirely to the larceny of hogs, and with great success. He goes forth by night armed with a long stick, to which a sponge is fastened and a bottle of chloroform. The porcine victim is lulled to rest by the anesthetic, and then born silently away. One night one of the slumbering hogs rolled out of the thief's wagon. A kind-hearted farmer who came along the road assisted the thief to load up again, amid profuse thanks. When the farmer reached home he discovered that the pig was from his own sty.—*Omaha Herald*.

## Why He Wept.

In justice to ourselves we desire to state that the Cheyenne *Sun* has vilified us and placed us in a false position before the public. It has stated that while at Rock Creek station we were taken for a peanutter and otherwise ill-treated at the railroad eating-corral and omelet emporium, and that in consequence of such treatment we shed great scalding tears as large as watermelons. This is not true. We did shed the tears as above set forth, but not because of ill-treatment or the part of the eating-house proprietor.

It was the presence of death that broke our heart and opened the fountains of our great deep, so to speak. When we poured the glucose syrup on our pancakes the stiff and cold remains of a large beetle and two cunning little cockroaches fell out into our plate, and lay there hushed in an eternal repose.

Death to us is all-powerful. The king of terrors is to us the mighty sovereign before whom we must all bow, from the mighty Emperor down to the meanest slave—from the railroad superintendent, riding in his special car down to the humblest humorist—all alike must some day curl up and die.

This saddens us at all times, but more partularly when death, with his remorseless lawn-mower, has gathered in the young and innocent. This was the case where two little twin cockroaches, whose lives had been unclouded by wrong and selfishness, were called upon to meet death together. In the stillness of the night, when others slept, these little affectionate twins crept into the glucose syrup and died.

We hope no one will misrepresent this matter. We did weep and are not ashamed to own it. We sat there and sobbed until the table-cloth was wet for four feet and the venerable ham was floating around in tears. It was not for ourselves, however, that we wept. No unkindness on the part of an eating-house proprietor ever provoked such a tornado of woe. We just weep when we see death and are brought in close contact with it. And we are not the only ones that shed tears. Even the butler wept. Strong as it was, it could not control its emotions.

We don't very often answer a newspaper attack, but when we are accused of weeping till people have to take off their boots and wring out their socks, we want the public to know what it is for.—*Laramie Boomerang*.

## Where Gath Gets His Facts.

Beyond all this power of memory and facility of expression Townsend has a very systematic method of doing what he is about. In one room in his house he has the walls lined with scrap books, which are indexed thoroughly. If a man comes suddenly into prominence, or anything happens to draw him before the public, Townsend takes down the book which is indexed with the letter beginning this man's name, and finds all he has accumulated there concerning him. As he reads every newspaper that comes along, and clips out all personal matters, or matters bearing upon persons, he has drawn together a tremendous amount of information about everybody who has been in the papers at all since he began this sort of thing. I suppose his scrap-book system is the most complete thing of its kind in America or in the world. When he reads over his book, he sits down and telegraphs all he can find or invent that makes good reading. He seems to have taken the clipping notion from Charles Reade, who is well-known to have conducted operations on this line ever since he was a youngster. Reade, however does not go in for personal information, of course, because he is not in journalism.—*New York letter*.

## A City Moving Off on Wheels.

I arrived at Bartlett, D. T., about the middle of the afternoon of a beautiful day. I found some stir and activity among the people of the city, but it seemed to be the excitement incident to the emigration of a city on wheels.

The people generally had abandoned all hope of the city, and were moving their houses bodily to Devil's Lake and other places. The houses were first lifted on to large timbers of sufficient size and strength to bear the weight of the house. These timbers were then suspended under two monstrous freight wagons on either side of the building; four large horses or oxen were then hitched to the wagons on each side, and the road to Devil's Lake being across a smooth prairie, the teams were able to move along easily with a fair-sized building.

Some of them, with the teams attached, presented to my mind sights most magnificent. It was the first time that I had ever seen a city moving on wheels. I had seen people moving on a large scale in their so-called "prairie schooners," but the sight was tame compared with this. I thought of a remark I once heard to the effect that "the approach of a train of cars drawn by a powerful engine was a magnificent sight to behold," and I thought to myself a road lined with two-story houses, moving to the music of the steady tread of teams of eight powerful oxen, was a sight equally magnificent. And such was the fate of the once proud city of Bartlett.—*R. Noble, in McGregor Times*.

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## St. Jacobs Oil

## THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY FOR PAIN.

Relieves and cures RHEUMATISM,

Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago,

BACKACHE, HEADACHE, TOOTACHE,

SORE THROAT, QUINSY, SWELLINGS,

SPRAINS, SORENESS, BUMPS, BRUISES,

FROSTBITES, BURNS, SCALDS, AND ALL OTHER BODILY ACHE AND PAIN.

FIFTY CENTS A BOTTLE.

Sold by Druggists and

Doctors. Directions in 12 languages.

On the pain in his hip,

St. Jacobs Oil got the grip.

He calls it the all-healing lotion.

WHEN Swedenborg died in 1772 he had twenty-five followers. These have increased till they now number 12,000.

SILENCE never shows itself to so great an advantage as when it is made the reply to calumny and defamation.

—Addison.

## After Meals. Torture.

Such is the lot of the dyspeptic. Prevention, where indigestion has not assumed the chronic pose, is a thorough cure; where it has, it is possible of attainment by those who resort to Hostetter's Stomach Bitters—a remedy of established reputation, botanic origin and rare purity. Heartburn, flatulence, pain in the abdomen, after eating, and a sinking sensation in that region between the navel and the umbilicus, are entirely removed by it. Lack of vigor, loss of flesh and want of appetite are usually troubles which contribute to the discomfort of sufferers from indigestion; but for these, as well as other complaints of the stomach, Hostetter's Remedy is a recognized specific. While it regulates, it strengthens the system. Fever andague, rheumatism and nervous ailments are effectually relieved by it, and it is an incomparable sustaining cordial for infirm persons of advanced years or weak constitution.

A LONDON occultist says that culture diminishes the size of the eyes. Now, just listen to that! Everybody knows that small's are a sign of the entire absence of culture.

The use of iron cannot increase the running qualities of a dog, but tin can.

AN ENRICHER of the blood and purifier of the system; cures lassitude and lack of energy. Such is Brown's Iron Bitters.

Food for thought ought always to be wed with brain-sauce.

KETSEY, W. Va.—Dr. W. D. Ewin says: "Many esteem Brown's Bitters as an excellent lotion."

A BURST OF confidence—Failure of a savings bank.

MRS. COLE, of Windham, N. H., declares that her life was saved by Hood's Sarsaparilla. She had 37 terrible Scrofulous sores.

"Now let's make tracks," remarked the rail road contractor to a section gang.

PERSONAL!—To Men Only!

THE VOLTAIC BELT CO., Marshall, Mich., will send Dr. Dye's Celebrated Electro-Voltaic Belts and Electric Appliances on trial for thirty days