

NOTHING IS CHANGED.

BY ALMA M'KEE.

From Oxford at length I returned,
With head full of blackstone and Coke;
My valet I met on the way,
With a smile and a well-meaning joke.
"And the folks,
How are they?"
Said I, as we entered the lane.
"Any chance to speak of?" Quoth he:
"Sir, everything here is the same."

"But why is my pet crow not here?"
I queried with chagrin, I must own.
"He was ever the first one to greet,
The moment I landed at —"
"My dear sir,
Jim is dead!"

Pardon the interruption, I pray."

"Oh, who could have shot him? The knave!

I swear he shall answer this day!"

"Alas! 'twas no shot killed the crow;

"But when the old mare died, you see,
He ate too much of —" "Great Scott!

"My good old mare Meg, it can't be!"

"Yes, the same!

"Sir, she's gone!"

While her bones are now whitening yon moor;

"She hauled so much water, you know

When the old house burned down, to be sure."

"So the old homestead's gone, did you say?"

"Zounds! How did it happen? do tell!"

"Why, Bill, he was careless, you see."

The night Master fell in the well."

"Master fell

In the well!

Not my father? Most assuredly, not he!

Speaks idiot! Whom do you mean

By master? It's speaking to me!"

"Yes, your father, dear sir; but don't fly.

I swear to you I'm not to blame!"

You see, he's been out of his mind

Ever since Mistress died of the shame!"

"Heavens above!"

Mother dead?

Speak, man! What shame was't broke her

heart?"

"Why, your sister, you know, had eloped,

And then for New Orleans did start."

"Oh, would I had died ere this day!

So nothing has been you said?

My sire harmed in body and mind,

While mother this three minutes is dead;

And the mare?"

And J.M. Crow?

While my sister or all is to blame!

And nothing has happened, you say?"

"Sir, everything here is the same."

GOING A-FISHING.

BY LIGE BROWN.

Some people would rather stay at home and handle money than go fishing, but I am not so constructed. Money, of course, has occasional attractions, even to a man who lives mainly on moonshine; but there frequently comes a time when I am overcome with a desire to go where pell-mell waters gurgle, and for a day or two relapse into barbarism and eat with my fingers. As Sam Jones says, I am down on piscatorial diversions, but, brethren, I do love to fish. I never baited a hook in my life, if we rule out the pin-hook period of existence; but for all that, I love to lie in the shade on a hot day, and watch somebody else having good luck and a splendid time.

Any man who has the use of a brain that is always on the go, like a young chicken in quest of bugs, will find that not ing so lulls it into the holy calm of perfect repose, so necessary at occasional intervals to robust mental health, as reclining in a hammock in the breezy shade on a hot day and watching somebody trying to catch fish. The eyes may remain open, and the body wide awake, but the soul will slumber, and when aroused to duty afterward it will spring up refreshed.

One of the ways to get all the enjoyment of the circus, without the crowd and bad breath you are obliged to endure in order to harvest hilarity under canvas, is to make up a little party of friends, and go forth in picnic style to spend a day killing mosquitoes and eating pickles and jelly on the bank of some placid stream, where it meanders through a forest which drapes the earth in cooling shadows so intense that ants on the biscuit are not observed.

I have in mind an excursion of that kind which occurred this season. A small party of kindred spirits was made up, and a day appointed for the picnic. It was agreed that everybody should take something, so I took a camp cot and a fan, in addition to a fly lemonade before starting. Others, more keen-sighted, took substantials that came handy in the course of the day, but nobody had the foresight to think of bait. Bait is the allurement placed on the hook to beguile the fish to its ruin, and is a matter of some consequence, if you expect to have good luck and catch many fish, though some are foolish enough to bite at the bare hook, as you sometimes see people do in real life. My wife took a freezer of ice cream, a jug of milk, and every precaution to get her refreshments to the rendezvous in safety. She also took a lady guest from the city who was afraid of snakes and something of a gusher on poetry. It might also be remarked that she had a good mouth for pie and abhorred a pig.

We started early. My costume was cool but impressive. It consisted largely of blue cotton pantaloons, straw hat, and a shirt without a collar. I also wore a cigar the greater part of the time, in addition to the blue goggles which are my constant stay and comfort in hot weather. The women were dressed with scrupulous care in Mother Hubbards, wide-brimmed hats, and full-grown umbrellas. Our coupe for the time was a lumbering spring wagon, drawn by a horse who resembled myself in one marked particular. He was fond of the shade, and narrowly escaped upsetting the wagon several times in his frantic efforts to get to it when we passed a tree by the roadside.

Immediately on leaving home my wife began to enjoy herself and add to the pleasure of the company—which was myself and the woman who abhorred snakes—by worrying about the cream and its chance of getting there in anything short of a sloppy condition. It is a peculiarity of this good woman to take an interest in everything she has anything to do with. Her interest in that cream was continuous and full of solicitude. The

journey was about six miles, and from notches cut on the wagon-box by way of membranda—for I like to be accurate about such matters for the sake of argument afterward—I discover that I was obliged to stop, alight, and overhaul the tub in which the freezer and jug of milk were packed in the fragments of an iceberg of no insignificant size, fifty-three consecutive times, in response to the calls of that woman's abnormal zeal toward promoting the pleasure of the party in the sizzling hours of the day. About the time I would get back into the wagon and become comfortably fixed in my seat, she would begin to brood on terrible consequences sure to happen a little farther along, and it wouldn't be a minute until she would be about ready to break down with a presentiment that the cork had already come out of the jug. So I would have to climb down again, and prove by personal observation that she was wrong, as is generally the case in the clash of intellect between man and wife. But it was not until we finally drove into camp, and she had satisfied herself by overhauling the cooling apparatus in person that my numerously repeated statements were correct as usual, that anything like tranquillity of mind or placidity of demeanor was possible to the woman who had such an important responsibility resting on her delicate shoulders.

Most of the party were equipped with poles and lines, and expected to dip a hook for the fun of the thing, but two men had come to fish in the literal meaning of the term, and after spending an hour in scouring the country in search of bait, they secured a limited supply, and, finding a place where the sun could pour down on them without hindrance, they spit on their hooks and commenced business in scientific earnest.

I took a position on my cot in the thickest shade I could find, and prepared to enjoy myself without unnecessary fatigue. In fifteen minutes the camp was thrown into most intense excitement. The red-headed man had a bite! Everybody held his breath and stood on tiptoe to wait the result. It weighed three pounds, according to a rumor that diffused itself through the community next day, but if you insist on scriptural accuracy in such matters, divide by three and let it go at that. Of course the lucky man was not troubled with solitude for some time afterward. Everybody else brought his pole and got as close to him as possible. His society was in demand from that moment, but he lost his luck and his jaw dropped until the solemn-faced man's cork began to bob. The crowd then went over to him in a body, and his bones were blasted. The man with the flaming ringlets pulled out another bass, and the crowd stampeded back to him. The sad-faced man readjusted his bait, spit on his hook, tossed it back into the water, and sat motionless for two hours.

Just as I was beginning to feel myself borne by angel hands to the land of dreams, a new diversion aroused me. It was a female shriek of most robust amplitude and unmistakable earnestness, followed by a rush of air near me, and a resounding splash in the water that threw a cloud of spray several feet above the river's bank. A female shriek is something to which I generally pay more or less attention, depending somewhat as to whom the shriekiest may happen to be. When it happens to be the companion of my woes, as it generally is, I never excite myself with precipitate rashness. I take things cool and look around for something on which to base a conjecture before sweating myself without urgent cause. When a man has his blood brought to a standstill more times than a six-year-old can count, by a wail from the wife of his bosom over nothing more terrible than the unexpected appearance of a spider, or at most a mouse, he will learn to keep his coat on and wait for developments of a more dreadful nature. When the screamer is young and fair, and has taffy-colored hair banged in both hemispheres, it alters the case, and I go to the rescue at once, without caring a noodle for particulars.

When the aforesaid shriek struck me my first impression was that the partner of my triumphs had made the awful discovery that the cream jug was corkless in spite of all my efforts in its behalf, but a moment later I saw that I was mistaken. The gusher from the city had sat down on a log and was trying to compose a poem to nature when she espied a small snake, and at once became so demoralized with fear that she instantly became as crazy as her own poetry, and jumped into the river for want of knowing what else to do. Being the only man in the party at leisure at that moment, of course I had to jump in and pull her out. The complexion of the poetess and my own raiment were a good deal the worse for the ducking, but it took all the nonsense out of her for the remainder of the day, and I had reason to feel grateful to the serpent who had slaughtered the muse, for the misguided woman had somehow become impressed with the delusion that the greatest pleasure I could know was in listening to the reading of her own sad, sweet melodies.

By this time the solemn-faced man came into camp, looked at a dinner basket and sighed. Whether this signal had been previously agreed upon or not, I don't know, but at all events the women took the hint and began to spread out the dinner, having some time before commenced the preparation of coffee on a small coal-oil stove in a very large boiler. The stove had seemed discouraged from the start at the size of the job, and took its own time to bring the water to the boiling point. Everybody stood around watching the coffee and wondering why

it didn't boil. I suggested that matters might be hurried a little by hanging the boiler on the limb of a tree and getting the red-haired man to stand under it, but he didn't seem to take kindly to the proposition and it was not adopted. When it was discovered that the light in the stove had died out probably an hour before and somebody had put a chunk of ice in the boiler, the wisdom of my view was at once apparent. It was also strengthened in due course of investigation by the revelation that the stove was like the lamp of a foolish virgin, and no one had thought to bring a cruse of oil for its encouragement. An old-fashioned fire was then set going by the sad-eyed man, who had served in the army and knew more about cooking than his own mother or anybody else's wife, and in a very little while the odor of good cheer pervaded the camp. The table was spread on the ground, and we squatted about it in Oriental fashion.

If you don't believe that man is still a savage at every favorable opportunity, go with him to a picnic and watch him eat. The bottled-up instincts of a thousand generations of life in cave and forest break out in him then, and for the time the polish of education is observed. He don't care a fly for appearances, and has no use for a knife and fork. He dives in with both hands, and keeps his mouth too full to talk until everything in reach has disappeared, and then he begins to forage on adjacent territory, and steals pie from the near-sighted woman at his elbow. If my gifts were of the kind that find expression in marble, and I wanted to picture famine in permanent form, I would sculpt the solemn-faced man as he looked with a roast chicken in one hand, a little of everything else in the other, and a good deal of miscellaneous nutriment piled up in front of him, as he sat with a stony stare straight ahead, and jaws going like a quartz-crusher in a busy season. The picture will long occupy a well-lighted nook in memory as about the most energetic tableau of earnestness I ever stumbled against. I very much doubt whether the sad-eyed man would have quit eating chicken at that minute to listen to good preaching.

The red-haired man was also busy, but his face contained rather too much of sunlight to make him available for allegorical purposes of a dreadful character. Though he probably managed to conceal from view more provender than any one else in the party, there was nothing so very depressing in the sight of him as he did it. He looked as if he enjoyed the feast, and didn't act as though he was doing it on a bet, but managed somehow to keep his conversational works and laughing machinery going at the same time his masticating apparatus was in most hurried operation. If you want to have a good time at a picnic, you will miss it if you don't take a sorrel-top along.

A woman is always a woman, but more especially so at a picnic dinner. In the unequal race of life the fragile creature may not be able to hold her own at all times, but she does it at meal time, no matter where she is or who is present. I don't mean to say that she gets her full share of the eatables, in the strict sense of the word, but she maintains the characteristics of her sex, and never for one instant forgets that she is dressed in petticoats. When a man gets beyond the restraints of a drawing-room he ceases to be a human being, and gnaws a bone with as much delight as a jackal; but on the other side of the house it is different. A woman never forgets that she has a complexion that should be guarded or a tongue that can gallop unbridled wherever it will. Instead of grabbing everything that comes handy, and putting it out of sight as soon as possible, without any regard to whether her face is frescoed with jelly, her nose blossoming with jam, or her cheeks glowing through butter, she minces a morsel of this, bakes off a piece of that, takes a mere taste of the other, and tries just the smallest fragment of something else, saying all the while how dreadfully soggy her own cake is, as she knew it would be, and told Henry so a dozen times before they started, and how deliciously good everybody else's provender is, and what a shame it is she should have spoiled the feast by bringing a lot of trash nobody will eat; but then she might have known it, for she never did have any luck with this, that, or the other when she was hurried.

And so it goes. Every woman runs down her own truck as the vilest of the vile, and lauds that of everybody else to the highest pinnacle of perfection. And did anybody ever see such heavenly this, or such ecstatic that, and for mercy's sake did anybody ever see anything so grand as something else, and how in this world was it ever made—so splendid every way; do tell, Mrs. Topnotch, for goodness' sake? And pshaw! you don't say! that's exactly the way she made it herself; but did anybody ever see such a scandalous difference? And while all the feminine tongues are rattling in their strategic effort to pull in compliments, the men eat up everything in sight except the custard pie Claybank's baby fell into face down, and every woman on the ground goes home hungry that night, and one of these days will most likely tell somebody in confidence there wasn't a thing fit to eat except what she took herself, and of course that was eaten up at once by those wretched men before she could get a taste.—*Chicago Ledger.*

He who suffers keenly has great capacity for enjoyment. There is no keen sense of delight except to one who has a keen sense of sorrow.

LEAVES BAD COMPANY.

A Prominent Ohio Republican Deserts His Party and Joins the Democratic Ranks.

Because the Republican Party Leaders Are Trying to Maintain a Barrier of Sectional Hate.

[Toldeo (Ohio) special to Detroit Free Press.]

The political sensation here is the publication of an authorized interview with Capt. P. H. Dowling, in which he renounces allegiance to the Republican party and anchors himself safely in the Democratic ranks. Capt. Dowling has always been one of the leading Republicans of the State, was Postmaster under Grant, revenue agent under Hayes, again Postmaster under Arthur, and one of the leaders of the larger faction of the Republican party in the State. Last June a *Post* reporter interviewed the Captain just after the Republican State Convention, with this result. He said:

"The platform is made up of a bundle of inconsistencies. The attempt to force a false issue by raising the cry that the rebels have taken charge of the administration of the affairs of the Government exhibits a degree of demagogism unparalleled in the history of the nation."

To-day he was shown this paragraph by a *Blade* reporter and asked if it was correct. After reading it he said:

"Yes, that is substantially correct."

"The platform of the Republican party then is not in harmony with your views?"

"No, it is not."

"Will you vote for the Republican candidate on the State ticket?"

"No; I decided at that time not to do so, because such action would be an endorsement of sentiments not in harmony with my conviction of duty, and subsequent events have only strengthened me in the belief that it is not only unwise, but unjust and unpatriotic, to co-operate with a party whose acknowledged leaders are attempting to carry on by appealing to the passions and prejudices of people residing in one locality with a view to create bitterness and hostility against those in another locality in the same country. The brave and patriotic men who were instrumental in organizing the Republican party, and who were the exponents of the principles of that party and controlled its actions during the days of its purity and usefulness, do not now and never did share in this feeling, but the men who are now assuming the leadership of that once honored and useful party announce to all who march under its banner that the first test of a good Republican is to assist in building up a barrier of sectional hate between the States of the North and those of the South. The Republican party in Ohio this year is seeking success at the polls upon the assumption that more than one-half of all our American citizens are enemies of the Government awaiting a favorable opportunity to overthrow it. The cry that Democrats, because they are Democrats, are dangerous citizens, should be rebuked by all patriotic citizens. The cry raised by the Republican leaders in the Springfield Convention that the administration of the affairs of the Government has fallen into the hands of its enemies demonstrates that the leaders and managers of that convention, in their zeal to promote party interests, disregarded every rule of rectitude and honor."

"I do not understand your reference."

"Well, to make myself clear, and in order that there may be no misunderstanding, I will say that the Republican party of Ohio, for some years past, has been slowly drifting into the hands of men who have been using it to advance their own ends. Gen. Grant expressed my meaning when he said that the men who did not get enough of fighting during the war are doing the fighting now. Why, just look for a moment at the course of some of those men. The very fellows who were undermining General Grant, when he was doing all in his power to carry out the reconstruction policy and secure a lasting settlement of affairs, are the men who have been the most rampant for a fight whenever they saw their own personal advancement depended upon it. But these are not the days when men are driven like cattle or led around with hooks in their noses, and the intelligent voters of Ohio are not going to be deceived into believing that another rebellion is brewing when the very air is vocal with a jubilee of peace and good-will."

"But, Captain, is there not a good deal of emotional sentiment in all this?"

"No, sir. The men who fought great battles, both North and South, are heartily in accord in desiring that the issues that have so long divided the country be forever settled. Trade and commerce, the development of a mighty country, all combine in asking for living legislation and a grand advance movement. For many years the platforms of the Republican party, both State and national, have rung out for economy and purity of the public service, and yet when a man has been found who, like President Cleveland, makes vital the very principles that they have been maintaining they turn around and denounce him as an enemy of the Government. The truth of it is that in one of those strange evolutions of American politics the Democratic party has swapped principles with the Republican party, and a Democratic President is doing for the country to-day

what would have been accomplished years ago had the professed principles of the Republican platforms been adhered to. It was just so after the revolutionary war when the Federalists and the Tories changed places entirely. The fact of it is, this is a democratic government, as Lincoln said, "of the people, by the people, and for the people," and if one set of men fail another set will be found to do the work."

"Captain, do you think there has been any real change? Has there not been a show of doing much, but in reality doing little?"

"I believe much has been done. President Cleveland's course as Governor of New York is simply being repeated on a grander scale as President. Every branch of the public service has profited by the reforms inaugurated, and the result will be the saving of millions of dollars to the people and a better civil service than has ever been seen in the country."

"Do you think the Republicans should have indorsed this administration? That seems to be the drift of your conversation."

"I most certainly think the Republicans should have given President Cleveland full credit for the good work he has done. It has been for the best interests of the country as a whole, and not for any particular clique, faction or even the Democratic party as a separate organization. President Cleveland deserves the support of every thinking American citizen, irrespective of party, in what he's doing. Those who denounce him are recreant to the common principles of patriotic duty, and are not fit to be intrusted with official place or power. Holding the views I do, I most emphatically decline to march in the so-called Republican procession this fall. I