

PROCRASITATION.

BY SQUIRE HOBBS.

How prone we are to say forgive
And plight our faith to e'er no more,
Then o'er again the error live
And penitent the wrong deplore.

"Tis said 'tis human thus to err
And leave undone some wonted task;
And yet 'tis human to prefer
For wrong forgiveness thus to ask.

We fully think in earnest mood
To faithfully perform the trust,
But other cares and intrude
And from our minds the duty thrust.

Mayhap a letter long delayed
We owe some anxious, waiting friend;
But blame we hope to then evade,
And want of time to write pretend.

Vain hope! That very friend, in sooth,
Has pleased off the same excuse;
And, knowing well its want of truth,
He, smiling, labels it a ruse.

Full many a promise rashly made
Is fated ne'er to be redeemed;
Full many a duty long delayed
Has lost to us a friend esteemed.
OSGOOD, Ind.

TARRYING WITH FLUIDS

BY JOHN STEPHENS.

James Drummond sat at the dining-table of the Grand Pacific Hotel. His neighbors, two gentlemen of strikingly handsome appearance, made themselves particularly agreeable. A waiter brought a telegram addressed to James Drummond, the address on which he read in an audible voice. The two gentlemen exchanged significant glances.

One of them, Col. Lamont, a large portly man with a fund of anecdote and an unctuous laugh, renewed his attentions to Mr. Drummond, at whose jokes he gave the ready compliment of the laugh.

The other guest at the table was Charles Burrows, tall, thin, and refined, with a pleasant smile, though into his eyes at times would come a hungry, keen look that was not altogether pleasant.

Both gentlemen were evidently old friends, and judging by their conversation were capitalists who had many dealings together in cattle and real estate.

Whenever Drummond asked a question or made a remark they listened with respectful attention. He came to the conclusion that they were by long odds the most pleasant and well-bred gentlemen he had met since his arrival in the West.

After a cigar in the office a game of cards to pass away the time was suggested by the Colonel, to which proposition Drummond readily acceded.

It was a pleasant game, and after a few hours' amusement Mr. Burrows pulled out his watch and remarked:

"Colonel, business before pleasure. You know we are to be up early to-morrow to meet William-on at the stock yards and close that deal."

"Yes, I had forgotten about that. Mr. Drummond, we shall be pleased to meet you some other evening, when we have no early engagement in the morning, but you will have to excuse us now, and give us our revenge at some other time."

Drummond retired with his winnings, which were not very extensive, and left his card-table companions cogitating evidently over some important matter of business.

"Colonel, I think, by the looks of things, that the game is working to perfection."

"Yes, Charlie, and that was a good move of yours to dismiss him early. Business before pleasure, you know."

At this recollection the Colonel gave a hearty laugh, and, lighting a cigar, proceeded to deal from the pack of cards.

"I have got it at my finger-ends—can do it every time," he exclaimed.

"Yes," was the response from his companion, "you are all right if you keep sober; but you make a most bungling mess of it when you indulge in liquor."

The Colonel tilted his cigar and exclaimed, "Now, Charlie, give us a rest on lecturing. Didn't I tell you he was the man? You saw by the telegram that his name was James Drummond. He is the cattle-king of Montana and takes a pride in his prowess at the card table. Few of the men in the Rockies, I am told, can get away with him. But it's my opinion that with your aid, my dear Charlie, we will show him the higher mathematics of poker and give him college degree that will cost—well, considerable."

"There is one thing that struck me as unaccountable," said Burrows, "that when we got into a discussion on cattle, mentioned the stock-yards, and the deal we were having on hand, he took but little notice and conducted himself like a man who was in no wise interested."

"There he showed his shrewdness," said the Colonel. "You don't think he was going to enter into any discussion with us when he supposed by our conversation that we were in the same trade. These cattlemen are not in the habit of giving their business away."

Here a tap was heard on the door, and in response to the cheerful "come in" of Mr. Burrows the door opened and a beautiful girl of about ten came bounding in and threw herself into his arms.

"Oh, papa!" she exclaimed, breathlessly. Mrs. Randolph has asked me to go to the matinee to-morrow afternoon. May I go?"

"Yes, you may, but don't let your foolish little tongue run away with your good sense, and you mustn't let late hours and dissipation take the bloom off your cheek which you acquired on our ranch in Montana."

"Our ranch in Montana!" exclaimed the girl, in astonishment.

"Charlie," said the Colonel, in a disgusted tone, "that game won't work. There is too much truth in those eyes."

"You were too young, my dear, to remember," continued Burrows, taking no notice of the Colonel's remonstrance, "but you had many happy days in the fair West on our ranch, where the cattle, like those of Scripture, were on a thousand hills. If Mrs. Randolph asks you any questions about me, say that your father is a large dealer in cattle, and what I tell you is so, because I say it's so."

The girl looked incredulous, but kissing her papa good-night, said, artlessly:

"I don't recollect, papa, of being on a ranch, but I know I was there because dear, kind old papa knows best where I was long ago."

After she was gone the two men put on their overcoats and left the hotel by the Jackson street entrance.

Next evening at dinner Drummond found himself in the company of the interesting companions of the previous evening, and, after cigars, accompanied them to their rooms.

The game was a little more interesting

to him, and about nine o'clock he found himself about \$250 out of pocket, but fortunately a waiter brought a telegram which required his immediate presence at the Sherman House on a matter of business.

He arose, and explaining that he could not afford himself the pleasure of spending a longer time in such agreeable company, but promising to take his revenge next evening, bowed himself out.

"Deuced unlucky," growled the Colonel. "I was in the best possible shape and could deal out any hand to order. I could see he was getting hot at losing, and I was on the point of proposing in a careless way to double the stakes."

"We have got him fast," responded Burrows, "and to-morrow night we will open the game in good earnest. Funds are getting short, as I have some bills to meet, and we must replenish our bank account. Suppose you let me have \$200?"

The Colonel consented, and Burrows, after placing it in the bureau drawer, put the key under a mat on the mantelpiece.

"Guess I'll go down to Jim's, on Clark street," yawned the Colonel, "and try my luck."

"See that you let the fluid on the sideboard alone and you will be sure to come out all right."

"There, you are lecturing again," pettishly responded the Colonel. "Don't you suppose that I'm man enough to do a thing when I say I'll do it?"

"Give me your hand on it and I'll go with you."

This the Colonel did, and after a lengthened period the two men returned with considerable winnings, and to the \$200 in the bureau over \$700 as Burrows' share was added.

"Now," he soliloquized as he retired for the night, "I have enough to send Ada to school and pay her bills. She won't have to live longer with her crabbed aunt whom she detests. This is great relief to my mind. Now I'm in magnificent shape to tackle the cattle king to-morrow night. I hope the Colonel will keep to his promise, but I didn't like the longing looks he cast on the sideboard this evening."

After transacting business Drummond returned to his hotel and turned into bed sincerely hoping that luck would befriend him when next he played with his interesting friends.

The Colonel, who had all his life indulged in stimulants, felt their need. He awoke about noon and after breakfast strolled down to the gambling den where he had spent the previous evening.

Luck favored him at first, but he soon lost heavily. The tempting sideboard allured him. He drank. Kept on drinking and losing. His was a temperament that one drink acted on him like a lighted match to a hay stack. Soon every cent was gone. After watching the other players gloomily for some time he sprang up with a frown, as if he had formed a disagreeable resolution, returned to the hotel, passed Drummond, who was standing in the porch, with a hurried bow, went to Burrows' room, unlocked the bureau and took \$500, leaving but \$450 in the drawer.

Drummond stood watch at the Post-office in a contemplative mood, and in an abstracted way gazed at a girl figure crossing over. She looked up and waved her hand gracefully to some one in the hotel, and while so doing did not perceive the rapid approach of a team driven by a man evidently in an intoxicated state.

Drummond at once saw the danger, and, da hing over, felt the hot breath of the horses in his face, but was just in time to seize the girl and drag her out of the way, but not before the muddy wheels had scolded her dress.

He bore the terrified child into the hotel, and at the ladies' entrance encountered the pale face of Mr. Burrows, who, exclaiming, "Thank God, my girl is safe!" turned to her rescuer and was profuse in his thanks.

"Yes, and a capital idea, too, but in my heart—way down in my heart of hearts, I could not place such restrictions on you."

"No restriction, I assure you."

"Oh, in your generosity you deny it, of course, but—oh, by the way, now that I have thought so much upon the subject, I remember a restaurant down at Drexel Boulevard."

"My friend, I have not, for many years, come upon so many odd coincidences. Believe me, I am now on my way to Drexel Boulevard. Come let us take a car."

The tramp sighed, and then the humiliated look of suffering faded from his face. "I care," said he, "I simply throw up my hat and care. Let me know when you are to deliver your next temperance sermon, and I will come around to Central Music Hall and give you a lift. So long."—*Arkansas Traveler.*

Some afternoon he saved my child. I saw you were intoxicated to-night, and worked your combination in his favor. My act and your breach of promise has left me but \$200 to face the world on; but I would do precisely what I have done to-night if it left me penniless."

Will Give Him a Lift.

A tramp stopped the Rev. David Swing, who, with a meditative air, was walking along Michigan avenue, and said:

"My dear sir, you look like a benevolent man."

"I hope so," Mr. Swing replied.

"Ah, I feel that you are." He tried to make one leg shorter than the other, and then, after giving to his face that humiliated look of suffering which is the tramp's greatest accomplishment, added:

"Would you mind helping me a little?—just a little. I am almost famished. I haven't had a bite to eat for four days."

"Well, come over to this restaurant," Mr. Swing replied. "and I will get you something to eat."

"My heart flutters with thanks, noble sir, but the truth is, I am a victim of dyspepsia, and beset by the peculiar fancies of the dyspeptic. I can eat only at a certain place. The only place in this town where I can eat is a modest little restaurant away out on North Clark street, near Lincoln Park. Give me twenty-five cents, please, and let me hasten out there ere it be too late."

"I am going out that way," said Mr. Swing, "and shall take pleasure in seeing that you get enough to eat."

The agony on the tramp's face deepened. "It is a long way from here, sir," he mournfully answered.

"I know that, but I have business out there."

"How fortunate; how exceedingly fortunate. Let me see, now. I am a comparative stranger in this howling turmoil of a city—wait a moment. I have made a mistake. The restaurant is at a certain place. The only place in this town where I can eat is a modest little restaurant away out on North Clark street, near Lincoln Park. Give me twenty-five cents, please, and let me hasten out there ere it be too late."

"That is still more fortunate," Mr. Swing replied, "for your mention of it reminds me of the fact that I am almost at this moment due in that neighborhood. Come, let us hasten."

"Yet—er—that is—say, I don't really feel able to go away over there, that is, not in company with any one, for if I am in company with a man whom I admire I am compelled to talk, and my physician has warned me that talking is positively dangerous to my nervous system."

"Well, you get on one car and I will get on the one immediately following. Thus, you see, we shall be separated."

"Yes, and a capital idea, too, but in my heart—way down in my heart of hearts, I could not place such restrictions on you."

"No restriction, I assure you."

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Some Figures by a Reporter.

One of the problems with which a reporter on a morning newspaper has to deal is the probability of finding at home men whom he is assigned to interview after 8 o'clock in the evening. Long experience teaches him that the vocation, age, and social position of the person sought will enable him to estimate the chance very accurately. Assuming 100 to represent the certainty of finding his man, the probabilities will run about as follows: Clergymen on Monday and Saturday nights, 86; other nights, 40. Old lawyers, 75; young lawyers, unmarried, 25. Capitalists and bankers, 75. Politicians, between campaigns, 5. Clerks, living at home, 20; clerks, boarding, 10. Physicians, 50. Merchants, 60. Mechanics, 70. Young women, unmarried, 50; married women in society, 60; married women without special aspirations, 80. Old people, past 70 years, 59. After 10 o'clock at night the chances of finding middle-aged people at home are double the 8 o'clock chances, while the younger ones on the average usually come strolling in about 11 o'clock.—*Buffalo Express.*

How We Are Made.

"Hello, Billy," shouted a Norwic public-school boy of the primary division to a parochial-school chum, "I'm studying hygiene and phizzerology now! Don't teach 'em in your school, does they? They tells yer all about yourself, just how many insisters and molers yer have in yer mouth, and how yer all tied together with ligaments.

"His condition chimes in excellently well with my plan. I shall now have no difficulty in carrying it out," he said to himself.

The Colonel took a hand and intimated that the time had come for business. Somehow his combination failed to work, and Drummond was soon a winner to an amount equivalent to his previous losses.

The Colonel, with an oath, threw down the cards and staggered to his room.

This broke up the game and Burrows, after again thanking Drummond for saving his child, bid him a kindly good-night, remarking:

"My dear fellow, we must not play any more. The Colonel and I can afford such trifling losses, which only tend to make the game interesting, but you are not in a position to take such risks."

Drummond retired, feeling the force of the remark, and after his departure Burrows examined the bureau-drawer and found that he had but little over \$200 left.

He rushed to the Colonel's room and demanded an explanation.

The Colonel confessed that he had fallen from grace, but tried to soothe the matter by informing Burrows that they had work Drummond next evening for a big stake.

"Look here, Colonel," said Burrows, in a hoarse voice, "all connection with us ceases from this time. You go your way and I'll go mine. That man is not a cattle king but a commercial traveler. This af-

PLUTOCRACY REIGNS.

THE REPUBLICAN PARTY THE BULWARK OF MONOPOLIES.

A Cabinet Selected Because It Controls Millions of Shekels for the Corruption Fund—Facts Which Recall the Manner in Which the Positions and Then the Victory Were Purchased.

[From the New York World.]

The Republican party returns to power as the bulwark of monopolies and the chosen agent of the money power. It has placed in the second office in the Government a man who owes his elevation solely to his pocket-book. The accession of Levi P. Morton to the Vice Presidency may well serve as an illustration and a warning of the steady growth of a plutocracy in the United States. The day of Mr. Morton's inauguration sees boodle first openly triumphant in the nation. It is the beginning of an oligarchy of wealth. It signifies that the scepter of power has passed from the citizen to the check-book.

That this characterization of Mr. Morton is borne out by facts the history of his career will amply prove. That money was relied on and used to carry the election this concurrent evidences will demonstrate:

1. When the Republican National Convention was in session at Chicago, Acting Vice President Ingalls wrote from Washington to a Kansas delegate in that body advising the nomination for Vice President of "some fellow like Phelps of New Jersey, who could get contributions from the manufacturers and Wall street." Mr. Morton was the "fellow like Phelps" who was nominated. And there is no doubt that he did the work expected of him. For his services in raising the \$400,000 corruption fund which "saved Indiana" in 1880, as certified by Dorsey, the "savior," Mr. Morton received the French mission as a decoration. For a similar service this year he receives the office once filled by Adams and Jefferson.

2. In the circular letter of President Foster, of the National Republican Committee, in his letter of instructions to the Chairman of County Committees in Indiana, said: "Your committee will certainly receive from Chairman Huston the financial assistance necessary to hold our floaters and doubtful voters, and gain enough of the other kind to give Harri-on and Morton 10,000 majority." And then followed the famous direction in this matter of bribery—to "divide the floaters into blocks of five, and put a trusted man with necessary funds in charge of those five, and make him responsible that none get away, and that all vote our ticket."

3. John Wanamaker, who is to receive a Cabinet position as his reward for raising the largest contribution to the corruption fund, lately said to a friend: "Quay urged the matter, and told me why he had sure of carrying the election if he had money."