

## PROCRASTINATION.

BY SQUIRE HOBBS.

How prone we are to say for-give  
And plight our faith to err no more,  
Then o'er again the error live  
And penitence the wrong deplore.

'Tis said 'tis human thus to err  
And leave undone some wanted 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 can 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 pleaded 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 a 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 far 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 side-board 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 a 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 befriended 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 girlish 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, daunted 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 maddened wheels had soiled 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.

Speaking to the clerk shortly afterward, he mentioned the occurrence, and asked the official if he would mention the affair to the reporters, stating in effect that James Drummond, the great Montana cattle king, had rescued the daughter of Charles Burrows, a prominent ranchman of the same State, from being run over, and that both were guests of the hotel.

"James Drummond, of Montana," said the clerk, "left here two days ago. We have a James Drummond stopping here but he is a commercial traveler who represents a New York iron firm. There he is coming out of the waiting-room."

Mr. Burrows was dumfounded at the information. The game of fleeing a cattle king could not be played, and all he and his partner had accomplished was to get \$250 out of a drummer, who could ill afford such a loss, and who had rescued his child from a horrible death.

"The strong hours conquer us," said Schiller. Reparation must be made, and he quickly devised a plan to accomplish his object. He had nearly \$800 in the bureau, and the Colonel had almost as much. He had sufficient to pay his bills and send his daughter to school. He determined to invite Drummond up that evening and by methods at which he was an expert allow him to win back the \$250 he had lost.

He noticed at dinner that the Colonel was very flushed and uneasy, and showed evident signs that he had been indulging. "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 would 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-

ternoon 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 on West Madison street, away out near Garfield Park."

"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."

"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 cave," said he, "I simply throw up my hat and cave. 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 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 who 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.

"Hullo, Billy," shouted a Norwich public-school boy of the primary division to a parochial-school chum, "I'm studying hygiene and phizzierology 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. If these teachers tell the truth, Billy, we're dun up just as carefully as a bundle o' dried apples is."—*Norwich Bulletin.*

## Satisfaction Wanted.

Magistrate (to Mrs. Con Kelly)—You claim, Mrs. Kelly, that Mrs. O'Toolihan gave you that bruised and blackened face?

Mrs. Con Kelly—She did, yer Honor, or I'm not Irish born.

Magistrate—And what you want is damages?

Mrs. Kelly—Naw, sir; I want satisfaction. I have damages enough.—*Harper's Magazine.*

## 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 these 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 League, to the rich manufacturers who, as a Republican Senator privately wrote, "get practically the sole benefit of the tariff laws," the burden of the appeal was: "We want money and want it at once."

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 felt sure of carrying the election if he had money."

4. Colonel W. W. Dudley, Treasurer 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 Harrison and Morton 10,000 majority." And then followed the famous direction in this manual 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."

5. Colonel Elliott F. Shepard's *Mail and Express*, in a flush of Pharisaic anger and chagrin at having contributed money to buy votes which were not delivered according to promise, blurted out the fact that to the personal knowledge of its editor \$150,000 was placed in hands outside the regular Republican committees, to "purchase the three movements" organized in this city by Coogan and the two O'Briens.

If anything were needed to show that these enormous sums of money were actually used in corrupting the elections and bribing voters, the *World* supplied the proof in the investigations made by its representatives after the election. In this State, in Indiana, in New Jersey, and Connecticut a shameful and startling story of the wholesale and organized purchase of votes resulted from the investigations. So detailed and corroborative was the evidence unearthed by the *World* that it has never been denied, and was accepted by Judge Holman—mistakenly, we must think, and to the lasting disgrace of the House—as doing away with the necessity of a Congressional investigation.

Notorious and scandalous as these facts are they are not so amazing as is the apparent indifference of the people to them.

Can it be that intelligent American citizens do not remember the warnings of history? Have they forgotten that the failure and fall of the republics of the past were due to the corruptions of wealth and the usurpations of a plutocracy? Compared with the evil and danger of a purchased suffrage and the rule of a selfish money power all other wrongs in our Government are trivial. These strike at the root of democracy. They destroy the political equality of citizens. They substitute the cunning and self-interest of the few for the will and welfare of the majority.

The moral effect of this corruption is quite as bad as its political injustice. Our best elements are our worst elements. The self-styled best elements of society furnish the means for most of the corrupt on in elections and in the Government. As Judge Gresham pithily said: "It is men of prominence and respectability who raise these large sums of money knowing the use they will be put to—men who deal openly in corruption one day and go to church the next."

The evil is comparatively a new one in this country. Writing of his observations of "Democracy in America" in 1831, De Toqueville said: "In the United States I have never heard a man accused of spending his wealth to corrupt the populace." Even thirty years ago the use of campaign corruption funds was practically unknown. There were corruption and malfeasance in office, but great public positions were not sold to the highest bidder, nor did the national committees of parties undertake the wholesale debauchery of States.

But to-day the Government in this country is gravitating rapidly toward the state from which DeToqueville thought the young Republic was guarded. "In aristocratic Governments," wrote that astute observer, "the individuals who are placed at the head of affairs are rich men, who are solely desirous of power. And, as the number of persons by whose assistance they may rise is comparatively small, the Government is, if I may use the expression, put up at a sort of auction." If this had been written as a prophecy,

would we not see its fulfillment in America to-day?

Prof. Bryce, that second and better-equipped DeToqueville, perceived as a tendency what is now an accomplished fact, and in his masterly work on "The American Commonwealth," recently published, he says:

Plutocracy used to be considered a form of oligarchy, and opposed to democracy. But there is a strong plutocratic element infused into American democracy, and the fact that it is entirely unrecognized in constitutions makes it not less potent and possibly more mischievous. The influence of money is one of the dangers which the people have always to guard against, for it assails not merely the legislative, but the party machinery, and its methods are as numerous as they are insidious.

During the present session of the Senate Mr. Stanford, who, through the complaisance of the State of California, represents the Central Pacific Railroad in that "club of millionaires," showed his power by going before a committee of the Senate and declaring that the Union Pacific Railroad funding bill "should not pass" unless his own railroad were given equal consideration. The "courtesy of the Senate" enabled him to "protect his property," and the incident was so much a matter of course as to attract little attention. The report of the Pacific Railway Commission last year, said: "There is no room for doubt that a large portion of the sum of \$4,818,000 was used for the purpose of influencing legislation and elections." Mr. Huntington, the Vice President of the Central Pacific Railway, has openly defended the employment of skilled lobbyists at Washington to "look after the interests of the company in connection with the executive, legislative, and judicial departments of Government," and has refused to account for more than \$1,000,000 disbursed to these agents.

These are but incidents of the growth of plutocracy and the increase of bribery within the past thirty years. If it shall continue in the same ratio for the next thirty, what sort of a republic shall we then have?

What is the remedy?

There can be no cure of these evils that does not proceed from an aroused and imperative public opinion. It is the dreadful inertia of indifference that must first be overcome. The people will care if they can be made to feel and to see the danger. There is a work for the pulpit. Where sleep the thunderers of righteous condemnation that rolled from the pulpit against human slavery? If the will of the people be the will of God, is not a crime against the suffrage a concern of religion? It is a work for the press. Public opinion will never be aroused against corruption by the politicians. They will not quarrel with their trade. The press could have done it ere this had it joined with the *World* in forcing on Congress the duty of a thorough investigation of the management of the late election by both parties. Exposure, thorough, complete and both-sided, can only prepare the way for reform—exposure not merely of actual vote-buying but of all election expenses, particularly the so-called "legitimate" expenses of candidates and committees.

As an aid to honest elections, purer politics, and better government, two national abuses should be uprooted, and two amendments be made to State election laws. Take the offices as spoils of politics, and remove from the tariff the bounties whereby men "make large fortunes every year when the times are good," and the selfish interest in elections which contributes enormous corruption funds to carry them would largely disappear.

In other words, diminish the stake and you discourage the gamblers. So much the nation may do.

The State can apply a remedy by providing the ballots and protecting the voters in secrecy in casting them, and by limiting the expense of campaigns and requiring publicity to expenditures, as has been done with such good results in England.

## GROVER CLEVELAND.

We'll Done, Good and Faithful Servant.

[From the Memphis Avalanche.]  
Grover Cleveland's administration may be summed up in a word as the purest and best the country has seen for twenty years.

[From Harper's Weekly.]  
No Democrat for a half-century has done so much to redeem the Democratic name and fortune as Mr. Cleveland, and he retires with the cordial respect of a vast body of his countrymen for his patriotic purpose, his integrity, and his courage.

[From the Brooklyn Eagle.]  
Whether we agree or not in respect to the measures of Mr. Cleveland's administration, it seems to us that when history comes to make up its account of it, and when the aperties which interfere with a correct judgment have been softened down there will be a general consensus of opinion that it was directed by a man of Spartan fortitude, high ideals, unselfish aims, patriotic devotion, spotless integrity, and true Americanism.

[From the Burlington (Iowa) Gazette.]

To Mr. Cleveland the Democratic party owes much. He has removed much of the prejudice that survived against the name; he has broken up sectional lines; he has buried the old war issues; and he has formulated and declared the principles under which the party is to stand and fight until it wins victory. Through him the country and the world have been convinced of the patriotism and honesty of intention of the Democratic party, and he has set an example of cleanness and purity in office to which Democrats may for all time point with pride.

## A Mediocre Cabinet.

A thoroughly mediocre man, President Harrison has gathered about him an entirely mediocre Cabinet, with one exception. Mr. Blaine is confessedly a much bigger man than his chief, but it is questionable whether he will be permitted to exhibit his peculiar abilities as Secretary of State or startle the country with more Mulligan let-ers. The distribution of the main spoils is intrusted to a successful dry-goods merchant of Philadelphia who contributed liberally to campaign funds last fall, and who is supposed to be a mere stalking-horse for Matt Quay. Noble, Miller, Rusk and Proctor are nonentities so far as statesmanship is concerned, and Windom rises to the capacity of a respectable Wall street broker. General Tracy, who might have made a good Attorney General, will be as much out of place in the Navy Department as a sailor seeking admission to the bar of the Supreme Court.