

AN AMERICAN HYMN.

God save our native land,
And make her strong to stand
For truth and right.
Long may her banner wave,
Flag of the free and brave!
They who alone can save,
Grant her Thy might.

Ever from sea to sea
May law and liberty
Over all prevail.
Where the rivers flow,
Where the breezes blow,
May love and justice grow,
And never fail.

In living unity
May all her people be
Kept evermore.
From hence on every side
May freedom's swelling tide
Roll grandly, far and wide,
To every shore.

O God! To Thee we raise
Our grateful song of praise
For this glad land.
There didst our fathers lead,
Thou wilest their children lead,
Supplying all their need.
From Thy full hand.

Julius H. Seelye, in Christian Union.



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CHAPTER X.—CONTINUED.

"Been out prospecting to-day?" the colonel inquired, seating himself on the edge of his desk, having first by a wave of his hand, proffered North one of the handsome leather-cushioned chairs.

"No, I've been very much taken up with some professional matters, and have scarcely had time to give a thought to the election," returned North, calmly, feeling this stately and impressive editor to be rather the most formidable person he had yet encountered. "Everything seems to be going forward satisfactorily, I should judge from what Warner tells me," he added, using Warner's name as a sort of passport to the colonel's confidence. "My credentials," he mentally observed.

"Oh, yes!" and Clipper's manner grew enthusiastic. "There's no doubt at all that we'll sweep the city one week from Tuesday. There's the north and east divisions solid for us; there may be a few scattering votes for the prohibition candidates, as there usually are in those wards, but the prohibition racket hasn't been worked to any extent in this canvass, you know, since one of their men got so awfully tight, and I think we may safely count on a walkover in those districts, for the independent ticket takes them all by storm. The west wing is a little doubtful yet, and the south wards are generally conceded to the opposition; but the doubtful wards can all be fixed up for us, I am confident, and we'll score the handsomest victory ever won in X—. What d'ye think of that, old fellow?"

"Very good, colonel," said North, with a slight nod or two by way of emphasizing his satisfaction.

"Good! Good!" echoed the colonel, swinging his long arms through the air enthusiastically. "Why, man alive, it's immense! That's what it is!—imense! You see"—and he dropped into a chair beside North, as he continued with great fervor in tone and gesture, "we've just happened to strike the keynote of popular sentiment. If there is any one word in the vocabulary that the people are sick to death of seeing and hearing and having thrown at them, it's that hackneyed, threadbare, meaningless dissylable, 'Reform.' Now, while we mean reform all right enough, we haven't paraded it before the public during this campaign; but it has been the tail-piece of every other political kite that has been set flying for years past. There's old Wymer's party, for instance, going to revolutionize the world by its reforms in the labor and capital muddle. Nobody knows by what peculiar handling of a problem that is and always must remain simply a question of mutual forbearance between the two classes they propose to adjust matters so as to benefit the human race in general, and the working-men of X—in particular. Didn't go to their meeting last night, did you? Well, I went, and I got enough of it. Fairly sickened me to hear Rochester spouting about the accumulation of wealth by the few as a direct robbery of the masses, and so on, and advocating a system of division that would give the worthless loafer, who was too lazy to earn a crust of bread, the same amount of this world's goods that was allotted to the industrious hardworking man. That wasn't the way he put it, of course, but it's just what the confounded rubbish amounts to. And, what with holding up working men's

ester. Bingham et al. are going to be pretty thoroughly extinguished; but can it be that such doctrines as they are promulgating are gaining ground among the lower classes? If so, there will be bitter fruit in the future. We must look to our free school system and the liberal education of the masses to deliver us from the threatened danger. Our children must be taught from their youth up that in this republican country the higher order of intelligence and morals must rule and ignorance and vice keep their proper subordinate places. I heard a rumor this morning that Tom Chelsea was going to 'flop.' Know anything about it, North? Don't, eh? Then perhaps it isn't true. I sent Warner around to sit down on him if it was. The doctor has been around all morning—"

"The doctor?"

"Ye: Warner," explained the colonel, with an inquiring stare.

"Oh, to be sure! Warner, of course!" and North made a hasty effort to redeem himself by this animated assent.

"Out on his professional rounds as healer of political dissensions and so on—feeling the pulse of the public, you know."

"And what does he report?"

"Well, he makes a cautious diagnosis, but I've given you the substance of it already. He reports your popularity on the increase, but he doesn't claim much for Halleck. Between you and me, North, I suspect that Warner would about as lief see Halleck get left! Has he said anything of the sort to you?" and the colonel looked sharply at North.

The latter had a confused recollection of Warner's remarks on this subject in their conversation of the previous evening. His cautiousness however, prevented him from repeating them; he merely answered indifferently: "No, he hasn't spoken of it, except to repeat in a general way what he had already said to you about his objection to Halleck's nomination. I didn't gather at all that he felt my personal disaffection toward Halleck; on the contrary, I inferred that he intended to work for the straight ticket, and felt very cordially toward all the candidates."

"Oh, he'll work all right enough! I've no fear about that. Warner's a square man, and all that, you know," the colonel hastened to rejoin, with the air of retreating in good order. "By the way, North, do you ever hear anything about Gus Thompson nowadays?"

"Gus Thompson? Why, no, not a syllable," said North, with an air of lively interest. "What has become of him?"

"Must be prospecting the Salt river region, to see how his party friends are going to fare by-and-by," suggested Clipper dryly. "It's odd how that fellow has dropped out of this campaign."

"Why, along the first, when we held our primaries, I really thought his chances were as good as Brown's; but all at once he disappeared, and since then no one has seemed to care enough about him to ask what has become of him. His party haven't treated him right, after all the work he's done for them. If they had done the square thing by him he would have been in the common council by this time. Not that anyone wants him there, particularly, only that would have been the shortest way to discharge certain political debts. Now see here, North," and Col. Clipper turned to his desk and commenced a hasty search among the loosely scattering manuscripts there, "here's an article that I wish you'd glance over. It's a review of Detwiller's official career, and it cuts him up pretty badly. What I want is for you to tell me if there's anything in the way it's expressed that would make me liable to an action—your opinion as a lawyer, you know."

North nodded comprehendingly as he took the manuscript from Clipper, while the latter, tipped back in a chair at a perilous angle, with his shoulders squared pugnaciously and his thumbs thrust into the armholes of his vest, looked on grave but eager silence.

The article was written in Clipper's happiest vein, sharp as lightning, bristling with classical allusions, but perfectly unscrupulous in its attack upon the character, reputation and public career of the unhappy Detwiller. North noted with a considerable degree of professional appreciation how skillfully the writer kept within the letter of the law while he ruthlessly transgressed the spirit.

Returning the manuscript to the colonel after a careful examination, with a mental review of the law of libel, North said, with a laugh: "That will do, Clipper. You are safe so far as a legal action is concerned, but if you are liable to meet Detwiller again you would better provide yourself with some efficient weapon of defense. This article is enough to incite even an ordinarily peaceful man to war and bloodshed."

"Oh, I can handle Detwiller, or a dozen like him!" returned the handsome colonel, valiantly. "Knew my toad, you see! But a suit at law is a different thing. I'm glad to have your opinion of this, because I don't want to get any new libel suits on my hands until I get a few of the old lot worked off, and Detwiller's a vindictive fellow. He would bring an action in very short time if he found it could be sustained. I'll bring this out in Monday's issue and we'll see if it doesn't make a stir in the camp. There'll be more 'artistic profanity' in Detwiller's vicinity than has been heard there for many a day!"

A somewhat urgent call for Col. Clipper at this point interrupted their conversation, and North embraced the opportunity to bow himself out of the editorial presence.

CHAPTER XI.

FAIR.—Good hearts, devise something.

—Merry Wives of Windsor.

The following day was Sunday, and, although North's mind was so absorbed with the important investigation that he had in hand that he felt impatient of everything that delayed its prosecution, he was forced to submit to the twenty-four hours' inactivity and suspense. He passed the greater part of the time in his own apartments and was fortunately left to the undisturbed solitude that he greatly desired.

At as early an hour as practicable the next morning he started out with the intention of calling upon Mrs. Maynard and taking up the discussion of the Dunkirk will case at the interesting point where they had dropped it at their last interview.

"I wonder," he soliloquized, as he walked slowly down the street in the bright morning sunlight, "I wonder if Noll is in the habit of devoting so much of his time during office hours to calling on Mrs. Maynard? To be sure, the absorbing nature of my business will sufficiently excuse the course in her eyes, but what Noll's partner and clients will think of my persistent neglect of all professional duties and my continued absence from the office is an interesting and pertinent question which I leave for them to answer. They will probably suspect that, for a man who is so entirely in the hands of his friends, Noll is devoting a great deal of time to a personal supervision of the campaign—looking after his fences, in fact, very much after the manner of other candidates. Well, I don't see that I can help it, and, really—"

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"Really, sir," said North, in amazement, looking at his interlocutor as if he considered him an escaped lunatic, not realizing the words as an answering salutation, but merely echoing them in wrathful mockery. "You think you're a mighty fine young gentleman, no doubt, Mr. North! You set up to be a gentleman, I say, don't you?"

"Oh, good morning, sir!" retorted the old gentleman, irascibly, not intending the words as an answering salutation, but merely echoing them in wrathful mockery. "You think you're a mighty fine young gentleman, no doubt, Mr. North! You set up to be a gentleman, I say, don't you?"

"But I do not mind this so much as some things that have nothing to do with the play. 'Don't, Charlie!' gives me a fiendish desire to turn and rend Charlie. The 'Charlies' never talk much, for two reasons. One is that the young woman does all the talking herself, and he can only squeeze her hand on the sly; the other is a wholesome fear that the outraged theater-goers will cut him up pretty badly. What I want is for you to state it civilly; otherwise I must decline to listen to you."

"Oh, you take a lofty air upon yourself, Mr. North—a lofty air, don't you?" returned the old gentleman, still angrily, though his tones and manner softened instantly under North's cool, steady look. "You've worn my patience and civility out long ago, and now I want to know what you are going to do, eh? Because if you haven't got any plans, why then I have, and it is time something was done about this matter."

"To what matter do you refer?" inquired North, who might have suspected his indignant assailant's identity by this time, if he had not been too greatly annoyed to think clearly about that question.

"Eh? What am I talking about?" demanded the old gentleman, glaring wrathfully from beneath a pair of shaggy eyebrows as he rendered this free translation of North's words. "Well, if that ain't the toppin' off of impertinence! Your language is quite uncalled for. If you have any business with me, I request that you state it civilly; otherwise I must decline to listen to you."

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