# AMERICAN POLITICS: FEDERALIST PARTY

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THE OREGONIAN'S HOME STUDY CIRCLE: DIRECTED BY PROF. SEYMOUR EATON

## AMERICAN POLITICAL PARTIES

### 1.—THE FEDERALIST PARTY.

(Concluded.)

BY JESSE MACY, LL. D.

**The First Disputed Election.**

The campaign of 1800, with Adams and Pinckney at the head of the Federal ticket, against Jefferson and Burr, Republicans, was an exciting one, and the result turned upon the methods of choosing electors in the various states. Those methods being regulated entirely by each state for itself differed widely and gave a variety of opportunity for political intrigue. In the electoral college Adams received 65 votes, Jefferson and Burr each 73. By a constitutional provision the tie between the two names on the Republican ticket threw the choice of a President finally into the house of representatives, which had a Federal majority. There was no doubt that Jefferson had been intended by his party for the Presidency, and was the people's choice; but the Federalists in the House deliberated with the purpose of either permitting no election or of selecting the man likely to do their party the least mischief. They strove to extort promises from both candidates, but without success, though Burr was disposed to hold out inducements. Hamilton's influence was thrown in favor of Jefferson, whom he considered likely to be less violent and more temporizing in his policy than Burr, and Bayard of Maryland is credited with having finally determined the result. The long contest over our first disputed Presidential election ended, therefore, in making Thomas Jefferson our third President, with Aaron Burr as Vice-President. The Federal party now surrendered the offices of Government never again to return to power. Its after history is that of an opposition party growing ever more feeble and hopeless. The old ideas and the old issues were passing away, and the death of Hamilton in the fatal duel with Aaron Burr removed the greatest of the Federal leaders who might have been able, had he survived, to infuse into the conduct of his party something of his own far-seeing statesmanship.

Thomas Jefferson.

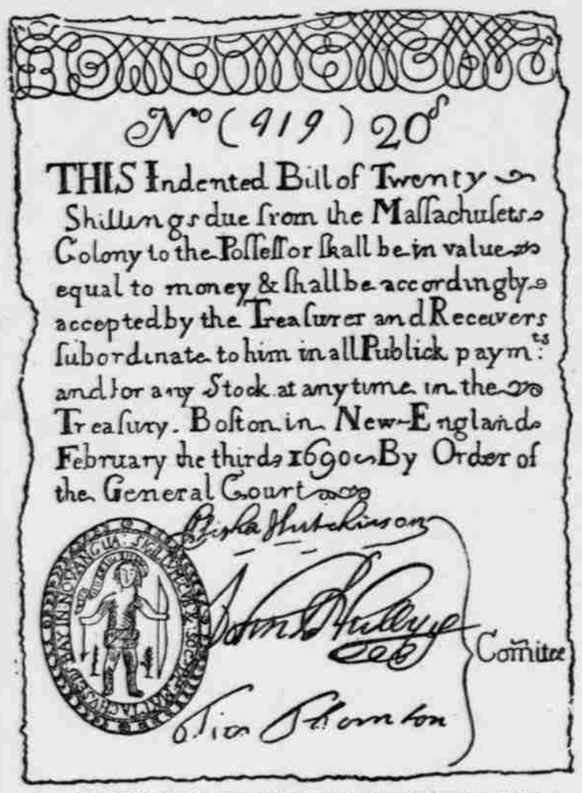
**Jefferson's Administration.**

The party of state sovereignty entered upon the conduct of national affairs strong in the support of the masses of the population. The people were just awaking to a realization of their own power and a sense of their own responsibility for the government of the country. Jefferson stood for this new sentiment, for this rising spirit of democracy; for the passing away of privilege, of the domination of the men of position and wealth and dignity; he stood for government by the common people. Republicanism of a new sort had appeared in the world, and was becoming conscious of itself. Against this new spirit the old Federalism made but feeble resistance. Many of the party members retired from political life in disgust. Those who continued active in affairs conducted themselves with little party wisdom. They did indeed resist with justice and with credit to themselves the repeal of the judiciary law passed by the Federals in their very last days of power, creating 23 new judgeships; but they also opposed the purchase of Louisiana, and other popular measures.

In 1804 Jefferson's re-election was a foregone conclusion, the Federal candidates receiving but few electoral votes. Four years later, under the dissatisfaction due to the embargo act, and the injury which it worked to business, a small additional number of votes were counted for the Federal candidates, but the party was not really strengthened. The Republicans, meantime, through the irresistible force of events, saw that their predilection for strong state governments along with a weak national government, if carried to its logical conclusion, would doom the infant nation to disaster and ultimate extinction. The offensive acts of Great Britain were rapidly convincing the people that war was inevitable, and the absolute necessity for a strong central government able to cope with foreign powers was clearly apparent.

**Madison's Administration.**

Madison's two terms covered the period of storm and stress preceding and including what is known as the War of 1812. Longing for peace himself, he could not resist the general feeling which demanded war. The provocation was very great, and, except in New England, the country supported the war policy. New England, as the wealthiest and the most commercial section of the country, and the last stronghold of Federalism, endured, with growing bitterness, the injury to her business prosperity and the oppressive exactions necessitated by the war. The dissatisfaction culminated in 1814 in the calling of the Hartford convention, whose proceedings, though secret, were believed to look to the secession of New England from the Union. The complete journal of the convention and report of its action was afterward published and was found to contain nothing treasonable or seditious. (See "History of the Hartford Convention," by Theodore Dwight, its secretary, 1833.) Its deliberations resulted in the passage of resolutions looking to the security and protection of the citizens of the states, and in recommending certain changes in the Constitution, designed to relieve the grievances complained of. It also provided for the calling of a second convention six months later, in case conditions should not improve. The speedy close of the war and the national exultation over the brilliant victory of General Jackson at New Orleans discredited the whole proceeding. It was the last notable effort of the Federal party to influence public action, and after 1817 the organization ceased to exist as a national party, though it survived in a few States as a State party for five or six years longer.




FACSIMILE OF THE FIRST AMERICAN PAPER MONEY.

Note.—"National Nominating Machinery" will be the subject of the next paper.

## RANGE LEASING.

**Objections to the System and Defects in the Bills.**

RIVERSIDE, Or., Feb. 25.—(To the Editor.)—Representative Moody in his letter to Mr. Blackaby, requests that "the range-leasing question be fully discussed through the medium of the press." There are two phases of the case which have not yet been touched upon, and if you will permit me to again trespass on your space, I will point them out.

If the ranges of Malheur and Harney counties are leased, how will the stockmen of the interior counties, Lake, Crook and Grant, get their stock to the shipping point at Ontario, or Huntington? If a clause is inserted in the bill, leaving all existing roads open, it would be of no service to them, for you cannot drive stock 200 miles through a lane, and by which ever route they came there would be a gap of 75 miles in which no hay could be bought. On the other hand, if all stock armed with a stock-inspector's traveling permit were given the right to cross another lessee's range, how would they regulate the speed at which the moving band should travel, when one day, being cold, wet and windy, a band of sheep will travel 10 or 12 miles; and the next, being warm and muggy, and the sheep tired by the previous day's spurt, it is impossible to move them more than three or four. "Charge," in a cavalry troop, is as fast as the slowest horse can travel; and, in justice to the bona fide drover, a day's drive could only be placed at the distance a band of sheep or cattle could go under most unfavorable circumstances. This being the case, what is to prevent a nomadic band of sheep cruising for months at a time on other people's range?

A word about the list of bills published in a recent issue of The Oregonian: We will dismiss the Turner bill as unworthy of consideration, though I see there is a meeting of cattlemen called to meet in San Francisco March 5 to support the bill, and it is a meeting, too, that will have much influence. The others all seem to wish to protect the settler by giving him prior claim to range contiguous to his ranch. The intention is good. Let us see how it would work. In the northern end of Malheur county are a string of creeks, Indian, Bully, North Bully, Clover, Dry, Cottonwood and Willow Creek. All these streams head in one range of hills, and, flowing south in parallel lines a short distance apart, empty finally into the Malheur River at Vale. On these creeks are a string of ranches, most of which join fences. The settler could not take his range up and down the creek, for he would encroach upon his neighbor; so he must take his 3200 acres in a shoestring the width of his ranch, and straight back into the hills; and long before he had got his allotted portion he would be over on the next creek and into some one's alfalfa field. Or, take the Malheur and Owyhee valleys around Vale and Ontario. There is the garden of Malheur county. Over $100,000 has been expended on canals and ditches, but it is miles to the nearest grass. Of what value would the contiguous clause be to these settlers? Yet they are just as dependent on the grass as we people who live in the midst of it, for they depend on the surplus stock of the upper country coming down to eat the hay they raise, and on the stockman to buy their fruit, flour and honey. Again, there is around Harney Lake a solid body of ranches three miles deep. How would the settler next the lake come out on the "prior right" clause? The intention is admirable, but the topography of the country forbids its successful application.

Also, there is the provision for irrigation work. Of what use to us are reservoirs and canals, if we are shut off from the range? Ranches in this section are of value only when used in conjunction with the range—an insurance policy, as it were, on our stock. Take the range from us and we will have irrigated farms to give away. This is not a jest, but the solemn, bitter truth. The people of this section have not petitioned the Federal government for aid in developing our country. We are no famine sufferers. We are willing and able to improve our country ourselves, and we are doing it in the best and safest way, slowly and surely. As a man's stock reaches the danger line, he sells down to safety, and puts the money into ditches, or land on which to raise more feed, that he may increase his stock on the range. I see the gentleman from Texas says that for every watered section we shall take two dry ones adjoining, as though Nature had laid this country out to order, as a surveyor lays out town lots.

But there is one thing against which I would protest; that is, the attempt on the part of certain papers to make a party issue of this matter. Bills have been introduced, not only by the Republicans of Washington, but by Representatives of Colorado, Wyoming and Texas, all of which are silver states, and any of their bills could rightfully be headed "A Bill to Confiscate the Homes of Western Settlers," though I know the men who introduce them do not think so, for they all seem desirous of protecting the settlers' rights. The sheep industry was for years a shuttlecock, knocked hither and thither by the battledores of the contending parties, and now, if they make a political issue out of this matter, the politicians will hammer the whole stock industry out of existence in one grand finale. Any paper which, in the hope of getting a few votes for its party, makes a party issue out of our bread and butter, is no true friend to the people.

In conclusion, do not let us abuse our opponents. Some of the bills and interviews are enough to exasperate a saint; but there is no argument in abuse. It simply serves to make them angry. They mean all right, but do not know. Let us enlighten them. Give the facts, as Mr. Moody asks. How can we expect Easterners to understand anything about this Western country, when a paper like the New York World talks of "Butte, the capital of Montana"?

Look at the experiment they are carrying on at Walla Walla. They want to find a grass that will do well on our rocky, alkili hills. So they go to the heart of the wheat belt, where the rainfall for 1899 was 22.99 inches, and the soil as fine as any in the world, and expect to grow a grass with which we shall be equally successful, when at Vale the precipitation for the year was 10.72; at Riverside, 12.34; Silver Lake, 10.36, and Prineville, 8.15—an average of 10.80 inches—much less than half, and the difference of soil thrown in. If they should go to Prineville or Vale and grow a grass on the hills which, with 8 or 10 inches of rain per annum, would stand feeding, they would settle the range question; for the whole country would be taken up under the homestead act. But their present efforts, though well and kindly meant, are of no practical value.

We can win this fight, and, now that we have our leading papers and Chambers of Commerce at our back, we can win easily; but we have too much at stake to jeopardize our case by any little indiscretion of our own. We must keep this matter out of politics, keep our temper, pull together, and give them the facts they ask.

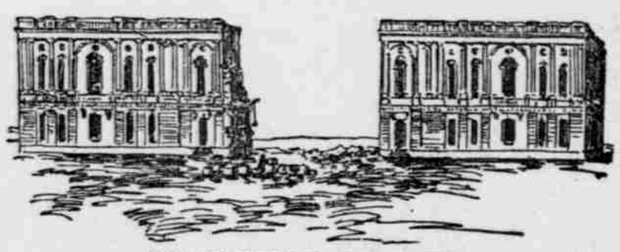
J. D. FAIRMAN.

Jefferson's Seal.

**British Marine and Subsidies.**

J. W. Root in The Atlantic.

It cannot be urged too strongly that the British mercantile marine owes practically nothing of its enormous development to government assistance, and were this entirely withdrawn only a very slight percentage of the total tonnage would be affected. For all the government pays it both expects and gets full value. The conditions necessary to secure its patronage are most costly, while there is no guarantee that it will be continued beyond a limited period. The Peninsular & Oriental contracts, for instance, were renewed last year until 1905, but after that a good deal of uncertainty exists as to what may occur. With the completion of the Trans-Siberian Railway, that route is almost certain to be adopted for the transmission of the mails to the far East, and perhaps eventually to Australia; in the first instance, at any rate, the time occupied will be about one-third of what it is now. There may some day be a transcontinental route to South Africa; the transatlantic companies may feel tolerably secure that theirs will not be disturbed, whatever other changes may take place in the arrangements. These are all risks which must be taken into account, and which few ship-owners care to run; those who do so often gain more credit than profit. In the great Atlantic liners, the new and powerful steamers of the two South African lines, and in a lesser degree the crack boats of the Eastern companies, the British public feel a legitimate pride, and it is quite true that without the prospect of the subsidies such vessels would never be constructed. But they are sometimes costly luxuries, and it is not upon them that the prosperity of British shipping rests.



THE BEGINNING OF THE CAPITOL.
(From an old print.)

# END OF THE JUDGE'S CASK

**EFFECTS OF THE LAST OF SOME VERY FINE WHISKY.**

**Dodgers Didn't Know How He Got Into a Barrel—Friends Wondered How He Got Out of the Lake.**

No other house in all Lonelyside could boast of such a brand of whisky as Judge Herringbone kept in his cellar. Only on special occasions was that particular brand sampled, and those who were favored with it smacked approving lips and wagged appreciative heads for days afterward whenever memory returned upon it. Few and far between as were these occasions, the inspiring beverage dwindled with saddening rapidity, and the time came when the Judge plainly perceived that there was accompaniment for only one more feast in the barrel. So he bade to a farewell dinner his friends, Dodgers, of Wall street; Dr. Serven and young Callman, of good fame as a rising architect and ill fame as the possessor of an alleged tenor voice with which he frequently afflicted those who, under more favorable circumstances, called themselves his friends. Epicures all, were these three, according to the New York Sun, and of an exuberant avidity in judgment upon good whisky.

It is, or should be, an axiom that the bottom of a barrel always holds more than it is supposed to hold. This was the case with the Judge's whisky barrel. However, the guests were there to empty that barrel, and empty it they did, the effect upon themselves being of the inverse ratio order. When the last drop was drained, they crowned the receptacle with chaplets, carried it about the dining-room on their shoulders, and finally put it out on the lawn to cool off, shouting:

James Madison.

"Le roi est mort: Vive le roi!" which the Judge freely translated: "The barrel is empty; bring on the bottle."

Accordingly the bottle was brought on, and another bottle, and still others, and at 1 A. M. the four gentlemen sallied forth upon the Herringbone porch, clinging affectionately together, and basked in the rays of the moon, which shimmered in long sparkles of light on the little lake at the bottom of the hill.

"Dishgra'ful moon!" said Dodgers, severely. "Full, very full! Luna, ol'—hic—lady; ought to be 'shamed yourself."

"The influence of the lunar radiance," said the doctor, who was prone to didactic speeches upon such occasions, "was well understood by the ancients in its peculiar effect upon mankind—"

"Forget the blame' ancients—hic—Doc," interrupted Callman. "I pine to pour out my soul in song," and he uplifted an excruciating tenor wail. "Fair mo-oo-on, to thee I sing."

"Oh, waouw! wur-raow-wow-wow!" mocked a bewhiskered cat upon an adjacent fence.

"Infl'ence of lunar rad-yance—hic—'pon ancient pusey," observed Dodgers. "The mo—hoping cat doth to the—hic—moon complain. Rather hear her complain than you—hic—Callman. Nem-mind. Gimme rock."

"And rye?" inquired the Judge feelingly, clinging firmly to his own door post as one who knows that if he forsakes it he'll never get back unaided.

"Rye afterward," said Dodgers. "Care killed a cat. I'm Care. Gimme rock."

He shot down the steps, and, after circling around a selected spot several times, sank gently upon the ground and prepared to sleep. The other two guests went after him.

"'Night, boys," said the Judge, carefully locating the doorknob and pouncing on it before it had time to elude him. "Time to turn in. Tell Dodgers make himself perf'ly at home anywhere on the lawn. 'F m'wife was at home, 'd send him out a blanket. 'Night, boys, pleasant dreams."

Balancing himself for a moment, he plunged headforemost within the door which he didn't take the trouble to close after him. From the interior came the sound of thumps and bumps; then what seemed to be solemn denunciations in the Judge's voice of maliciously obstructive furniture died away in the distance.

"Is this your vaunted hospitality?" cried the Doctor, pointing a denunciatory hand toward the vanished Judge, "to leave your helpless friends to the dark spirit of the shrouded Nox?"

"Wurraow-w-w! Whur-r-r-raow! Wahwhoop-a-a-a-aow!" shrieked the dark spirit of shrouded Nox rampant on the fence.

Dodgers turned over, got on all fours and began to grub around the premises like a hen after a worm, muttering schemes of vengeance. His two friends endeavored to dissuade him by the coattails, but he doggedly crawled on. Presently he found a rock, clutched it, got painfully to his feet, and flung the missile, presumably at the cat. There was a thudding impact, and the tall hat of Callman sprang from his head and fell upon the grass some 10 feet away, a misshapen mass. The rock continued on its course and brought up against the porch about 50 feet distant from the target, which gave a wild whoop of disdain and performed insulting signals in the clear light of the moon. With the effort of the throw, Dodgers had plunged fiercely backward and alighted upon the base of his brain. He lay moaning softly, indifferent alike to the song of the cat and the bitter curses of the hatless Callman. The Doctor bent anxiously over his prostrate form.

"Are you injured, Dodgers?" he asked.

"I am killed," replied Dodgers, in hushed tones. "I am the victim of hic—thugs. My medulla oblongata," he added, with a sob, "is sticking through the—hic—crown of my hat. The as—hic—assas—hic—the assas—hic—" and the observation merged gently into a snore as Dodgers sank into oblivion.

"Hic jacet Dodgers," said the Doctor, "and he's liable to continue to jacet—hic—until rosy-fingered Aurora, with her—"

"Oh, forget rosy-fingered—hic—rora, Doc!" cried Callman, angrily waving his mutilated hat. "I want to ki—hic that rosy-nosed yap until he promises to buy me a new top."

"Misguided wretch," said the Doctor. "Would you take advantage of his helplessness? The brotherhood of Bacchus—"

"Oh, forget Bacchus!" snorted the other.

"I shall endeavor to tomorrow," returned Serven, in sad, prophetic tones, "with the aid of wet towels. In the meantime, permit me to inform you that our friend is suffering from a lapse of personality consequent upon the reaction following superindulgence in alcoholic stimulus."

"Meaning that he's got a—hic—of a jag."

"Your diagnosis, while substantially correct, is couched in terms that would disgrace a pillmaker," said the Doctor, with great dignity.

Callman leaned over to examine the destroyer of his hat. He might better not have done that. Leaning over after dinner causes the blood to rush to the head. Callman sank gently to his knees and apparently tried to nibble the grass, though a goat would have disdained the shriveled matting that coated the Judge's front yard. With the aid of several well-placed kicks from the kindly Doctor, he contrived to get to his feet again. He clung to his friend's shoulders, overcome with grief at the condition of Dodger.

"How could he—hic—do it?" he wept. "My old pal—hic—Dodgers. Drunk—hic—drunk, intox—hic—and dis—hic—orderly in the front yard of—hic—justice."

"If you fall down again, Callman," the doctor warned him, "you will sleep this night with Dodgers in a wayside ditch. The best I could do for both of you would be to roll you there and cover you with leaves."

"Birds in the—hic—woods," suggested Callman. "No; babes in the woods. Nemmind, prefer m'own—hic—nest, thanks."

"The question is, how are we going to get Dodgers home."

"You've heard the question," said Callman, gravely. "Allinfavorsay—hic."

"Hic," said Dodgers between a snort and a snore.

"Settles it," said Callman. "Carried un—hic—unan—hic—nemmind; 's carried, anyway."

His roving eye fell upon the empty whisky barrel. Its head was loose. Callman removed it after a struggle.

"We'll chuck him in—hic—here," said he.

"Excellent," approved Serven. "Restore to the barrel its own again. Render unto Caesar that which"—

"Oh, forget Caesar," cried the architect in a tenor shriek. "Get him by th—hic—heels and we'll jam him in."

Some indetermined expressions of opposition by Dodgers were passed over as unworthy of notice. He was firmly thrust in, and Callman kicked the cover into place.

"Inspiration of genius," chuckled the Doctor. "Regular Regulus without the spikes."

"Oh, will you forget those—hic—dead ones?" besought Callman. "Now we'll convey—hic—him down the hill to his hic—I mean happy home."

Merrily on he'll roll, he'll roll,
Rolly-y, roll; rolly-roll;
Merrily on he'll roll, he'll—

"Start her up," shouted the Doctor, and began to push.

A barrel is an ill thing for two gentlemen to navigate when the barrel is empty and the gentlemen aren't. It bucked and backed and did everything except rear, but they finally got it started, and it did the rest itself. No sooner was it started under way than they fell upon each other's neck in the exuberance of their joy and chortled until the cat that had been an interested spectator fled in alarm. Meantime the barrel, aided perhaps by some internal motion, gathered headway, swerved into the roadway and was presently swiftly on the path to the lake. The Doctor was the first to scent danger.

"Look at that!" he yelled. "Facilis decensus Averno."

"Forget Averno!" shouted Callman. "Facilis decensus hell-o. Talk about mi—hic—mixed drinks. Maybe his won't be mixed before—hic—he gets to the bottom!"

"Great Jupiter, the lake!" cried Serven, suddenly bethinking himself.

"The fence'll stop him. Wassa—hic—fence for if it won't?"

"The fence is broken. He'll go through it like a 16-inch shell."

For a moment the two looked at each other; then, locking arms, they plunged forward. One minute later they were sprawling and splashing in the wayside gutter, while the barrel went bounding merrily down the road, emitting muffled wails from its bunghole. If any one had chanced to encounter it Lonelyside would now have a ghost tale that would make its everlasting reputation. A haunted barrel, speeding along moonlit highways howling dismally would be something new in the haunt market.

Now an ordinary barrel if set rolling will speedily turn to one side or the other and bring up short. But a barrel full of drunken man is another proposition. Straight as flies the bee that cask sped down the road, went through the fence, and, with a mighty crash, lit upon a stump. With the impact the head was broken in, and Dodgers, dizzy, scared and exceedingly sick, but much sobered, nevertheless, crawled out and clung to a tree, while the stars whirled around him in mad riot. His vehicle resumed its progress, plunged over the embankment and a moment later, with a great splash, floated peacefully on the rippling water. As soon as the universe ceased to perform like a merry-go-round Dodgers trotted home and told his wife that he had been in a trolley accident. In the midst of her comments on this proposition, given in a spirit of skepticism calculated to be painful to a sensitive nature, he fell asleep. His last waking thought was a dim but whole-souled wonder as to how he ever got into that barrel.

Ten minutes or so after Dodgers had terminated his wild ride, Callman and the doctor painfully limped down the bank. They beheld the barrel bobbing on the ripples. The head was turned toward them; they could see that the interior was empty.

"Gone!" said the doctor, in hollow tones. "Drowned!"

"Maybe he swam ashore," gulped Callman.

"Couldn't climb the embankment if he did. Requiescat in—"

"Forget it," cried Callman. "I'll swat you if you do it again. If it wasn't—hic—for your dam—hic—Regulus game poor Dodgers 'd be—hic—waiting on his own stoop now for somebody to come in the—hic—morning and open him up."

"It is our melancholy duty to inform the widow," said Serven.

"Be—hic—dam'f I will, then," replied Callman.

From an inside pocket the Doctor produced a flask. No physician should be without one. By the brink of the lake the two shivering men emptied that flask and sucked the cork. Then they set out to tell Mrs. Dodgers, and as they went wept for the untimely end of their companion. For some reason the going was slow and uncertain. They slipped a great deal and the lay of the gutters was intricate. Presently the Doctor pulled up.

"This is the house, I think," he said.

Callman lifted up a melancholy voice and intoned:

Waw, waw, wee-waw, waw, waw, waw-waw;
Tump-tump-tump-tump,
Waw, waw, wee-waw.

"Shuttup," hissed the Doctor. "What are you doing?"

"Breakin' news gent—hic—gently," said Callman. "Tha's Sho—Sho—Shope's Fun'ral Marsh. Do' che Know Shepo's—hic—Fun'ral Marsh?

Waw, waw, wee-waw, waw, waw-waw;
Tump-tump.

"What on airth are you drunken wretches doing out there?" It was a very sharp voice proceeding from a half-open window above them.

"You tell her," said the two men, one to the other, and each replied with equal unanimity, "No, you do it."

It was the Doctor who finally said: "Madam, it is my painful duty"—

"Hic; that's right," interjected Callman, weeping. "Sad 'casion."

"The fact is, madam, your late lamented husband"—

"Git, or I'll have the police after you. Husband, indeed. I've got along these 40 years without one and I can get along the rest of my life while men are such drunken idiots as you two. If I had a pan of water here you wouldn't stand gaping there like ninnies. Git!"

"Hope Mrs. Dodgers'll take—his—it as easy, not havin' any—hic—husband," observed Callman, thoughtfully, as they retreated. "Ju know that lady?"

"Do I know her?" growled the doctor. "Wait till next time she calls me in for imaginary appendicitis. I'll cut her liver out. Worst old maid in town."

On they wandered until they reached another house which they considered to be that of the deceased. To make sure, the doctor lighted a match and verified the number on the door.

"Your turn this time," said he to his companion. "You've got to break the news to her."

"I'll break—hic—news," said the architect. "I'll break news so—hic—gently that you'd—hic—never know there was a fracture."

Once more he struck into the mournful measures of the funeral march while Serven played an accompaniment on the door bell. In a moment a front window opened and a female head appeared therein. Callman made a low bow, said "Hic," staggered forward and brought up against the side of the house. The head protruded a little from the window.

"We've called to see about your husband," he began a little lamely.

"You can't see him," said the owner of the head.

"No, ma'am," replied the diplomatic Callman. "Neither can you. Tha's the enterin'—hic—wedge," he added, in an aside to the doctor. "Breakin' it gently as a—hic—dove's sigh."

"I don't know what you mean," said the woman in the window. "He's in bed and asleep."

"What!" shouted both the men together. Then the Doctor added:

"Madam, are you sure it is your husband?"

"Do you mean to insult me, sir?" said she.

"Doc," said Callman, "we're—hic—insultin' the wrong lady again."

"Errare est humanum," murmured the doctor.

"Forget that worn-out dago lingo!" cried the exasperated Callman. "Don't mind him—hic—madam. He don't mean any—hic—harm. 'Scuse that break about your—hic—husband. Mistake on the part of m' frien'. Right husband, wrong house. Tha's all."

"Madam, would you condescend to enlighten our abysmal ignorance and tell us whose house this is?" requested the doctor.

"This is Mr. Dodgers' house, and Mr. Dodgers is asleep," said the woman, emphatically. "What's more, he isn't likely to wake up for a good while."

The two men stood gaping up at the window. Then they turned to each other, groping mentally for light.

"Doc," said Callman, "was there any barrel?"

"I—I—I don't know," said the Doctor, feebly. "I seem to remember one. It rolled down a hill, didn't it?"

"And we chased it, didn't we?"

"In vino ver"—

"Oh, damn vino! Did Dodgers dine at the Judge's with us? Tha's what I—hic—wanta know."

"Mr. Dodgers," said Mrs. Dodgers, "was in a very serious trolley accident tonight. I infer from your manner of speech that you gentlemen were also among the injured."

There was a tinge of irony in her voice. She regarded them for a moment and closed the window. Then they went sadly homeward, accumulating headaches by fruitless brainwork as they went.

By a curious coincidence Dodgers, Callman and Serven met on the station platform at 11 o'clock of the following morning. It was their usual habit to take the 9 o'clock train. They approached each other cautiously. Callman was the first to break the ice.

"Dodgers," he said, "how did you get out of the lake?"

"Lake, my eye!" responded Dodgers. "How did I get into the barrel?"

"And what's this about the trolley?" asked Serven.

Then they had a heart-to-heart talk, followed by a visit to the near-by cafe for a farewell drink, because they all needed it. As they emerged they met Judge Herringbone, looking a little the worse for wear. The Judge apologized all around for anything he might have done or left undone on the previous evening, saying that he believed he'd had a little too much. Then he said:

"Mighty funny thing. That barrel that we finished completely disappeared last night."

"That is queer," said Dodgers soberly. "We must have drank everything in the house, but I don't believe we went so far as to eat the barrel."

"No," said the Judge, thoughtfully, "but from the fact that I slept in the arms of the hatrack, I didn't know but what one of you fellows might have carried the barrel away as a souvenir. Come in and have a bracer."

"Swore off," said the three in one voice.

"Curious thing," said the Judge. "I was just thinking of doing that same thing myself."

## FIGHTING IN FURS.

**How English Soldiers Were Clad in the Crimean War.**

London Daily Mail.

During the terrible struggle in Russia in 1854-6 our troops were clad in costly furs to preserve them from the rigors of a Russian winter. The coats of the officers were made of a fine brown fur, cut in the well-known military shape of the time. The coats and cloaks for the men were not of so fine a quality, but were, nevertheless, of a good substantial make, and were, furthermore, supplied with waterproof shoulder covering.

Both officers and men alike wore very strong overalls of cowhide, and it is on record that one city firm alone secured a contract to supply 50,000 suits of this material for the men, and 10,000 more for officers. A noted furrier made no fewer than 50,000 pairs of large fur gloves to complete a single order.

Those regiments that did not wear bearskins, as did the Guards, were supplied with a sealskin head dress, an exact copy of that worn by Arctic explorers. This cap was pronounced to be both warm and easy to wear, and was a boon to many poor fellows who otherwise must have suffered terribly from frost bite.

Whatever may have been the mistakes of that war there was no stinginess on the part of the government in providing the soldiers with warm clothing, as is evidenced by the fact that one consignment of stores included 250,000 pairs of gloves, 200,000 pairs of lambs' wool stockings, some 50,000 flannel gowns for the hospitals, and 60,000 greatcoats for wear over the others.

**Lessons of the Boer War.**

Nature has over and over again referred to the lack of interest in the progress of science, and the disinclination to take advantage of available applications, shown by official authorities concerned with the national affairs of England. It therefore quotes with approval extracts from Lord Rosebery's recent speech at Chatham, and states that if the war in South Africa leads to an acknowledgment of the value of scientific opinion the result will be one upon which the nation may be sincerely congratulated. Lord Rosebery stated that "Germany is infinitely more scientific than we are. We are not methodical, we are not scientific, we are not abreast of the most advanced nations of the day. The tortoise of investigation, method and preparation will always catch up and overtake the hare, which leaves everything to the inspiration and effort of the moment."

**The Religious Census-Taker.**

One of the religious census-takers in Philadelphia last week who asked a big beetle-browed fellow what were his religious preferences was thus answered: "Put me down as a pugilist. See? Dat's my religion. I loves de fightin' god. See? And me kids is bein' brought up in the same church, a'n't dey, Liz?" His wife nodded assent. No persuasion could lead the man to give any other answer to the question as to his church preference. One of the visitors to a Seventh Ward house was answered in the following manner by a facetious man: "McKinley is the one I worship, and the Republican party is my religion." Another man approached declared that his prayers were for Bryan and free silver, but he did not know what church that meant. "Oh, put me down as an Ingersollian," was still another answer. A communication has been received by Superintendent Cork, who supervises the work of the census-takers, in which the writer suggested: "You had better try to get us better water, better schoolhouses, and more common-sense laws."

# MANNERS OF THE BOERS

**THEIR CONDUCT UNPRECEDENTED AMONG CIVILIZED NATIONS.**

**Refused to Recognize United States Officers as Representatives of British Interests.**

For a country which has been attempting to escape from the light leading-strings under which it has been held, and to assume a place among the independent nations of the earth, the action of the Transvaal Republic in refusing to recognize our consular and diplomatic representatives as temporary conservators of the interests of British citizens is, to say the least, remarkable. We believe it is unprecedented, says the New York Journal of Commerce. For ever since the time that civilized nations ceased to kill prisoners of war, or to make slaves of them, and to treat noncombatant citizens of the enemy country with the same severity as soldiers in arms, it has been usual for any nation at war to recognize the diplomatic representative of any neutral as a representative also both of prisoners captured in the course of the war and of those citizens of the enemy country dwelling within its boundaries who took no part in the war and were deprived for the time being of the services of their natural representative.

Thus, during the Franco-Prussian War our Minister in Paris cared for the interests of Germans domiciled therein, and no objection was made on the part of the French. Again, to cite a much more recent instance, during our war with Spain the enemy everywhere recognized British diplomatic officers as representatives of the interests of our citizens. The British Consul at Santiago, for example, was allowed without question to visit Hobson and the captured Merrimac crew, and due attention was paid to his recommendations for the amelioration of their condition. We, in like manner, recognized as representatives of Spanish interests the diplomatic and consular officers of France; and when the time came for peace overtures they were made, in the first instance, through the French Ambassador in Washington.

Notwithstanding the long line of precedents among all civilized nations, the Transvaal Republic during the present war has persistently refused to recognize duly accredited officers of the United States as representatives of British interests. Such visits to prisoners of war as any reputable man would have been allowed to make have been permitted to our Consul. But when he has asked for lists of the prisoners, or for any information which ordinarily only a representative of their government would be entitled to demand, his requests have invariably been denied.

The logic of the Transvaal position in this matter is rather difficult to follow. The lists denied to our Consul the Transvaal Government announces its willingness to furnish to the British Minister of War upon his request. As nearly as it can be guessed by the uninitiated, the stand of the Transvaal Government appears to have been taken with a view to forcing a recognition of its existence upon the part of Great Britain. But it is not altogether clear why any further recognition should be desired than is already furnished by various treaties and the mass of diplomatic correspondence now in existence; neither is it clear that any fuller recognition of the Transvaal Republic would be implied by a request direct from a British official than by one coming through the medium of the consular representative of a neutral, who had been asked by the British Government to prefer it.

What our own Government will do in the premises is not certain. We have always instructed our diplomatic and consular officers that it was their duty, without special orders in any particular case, to look as far as possible after the imperiled interests of any citizens of a friendly state in a country in which for any reason their own government was without representation. They are instructed, among other things, that "in cases of revolution the duties of a Minister are not confined to the protection of his own countrymen, but extend to the citizens and subjects of all friendly nations left by the political events without a representative." In 1858 the Mexican Government revoked the exequatur of the American Consul at Mexico, and he sought the interposition of the British Minister for protection from the de facto authorities for the persons and property of Americans. This protection the Minister did not feel at liberty to promise without instructions from the home government. Thereupon Mr. Cass instructed Mr. Dallas to bring to the notice of the British Government the course of its Minister, saying: "In countries in a state of revolution and during periods of public excitement it is the practice of modern times for the foreign representatives residing there to interpose by the exertion of their influence for the protection of the citizens of friendly powers exposed to injury and danger, and left without any Minister of their own country to watch over them. The President would not hesitate to visit with marks of his displeasure any American Minister who should have it in his power to afford protection to the persons or property of citizens of a friendly nation placed in peril by revolutionary commotions, and having no national representative to appeal to, should he fail to exert his influence in their behalf."

Notwithstanding our own position in similar cases that have arisen heretofore, and the universal practice of civilized nations in the like circumstances, this does not appear to be a situation in which we would be justified, in the first instance, in doing more than enter a vigorous protest against the course of the Boers. Their action appears to afford rather an instance of international bad manners and ignorance of the usages of civilized nations than anything of a more serious nature. Upon their answer to our protests it will probably be possible to found some further and possibly some more vigorous action.

**Knew What He Was Talking About.**

Kansas City Journal.

Years ago United States District Judge Williams was a District Judge in Arkansas. At a certain term of court a murder trial came before him, and the most important witness for the prosecution was a colored boy 10 years old. The lawyers for the defense set out to show that the boy was too young to understand the nature of an oath, and therefore was not competent as a witness.

"Boy," said one of them severely, "do you know what would happen if you swore to a lie?"

"Yes, sah. Mammy would lick me."

"Would anything else happen?"

"'Deed doy would, case de devil would git me."

At this point Judge Williams leaned over his desk and said with pretended sternness: "Don't you know, boy, that I would get you, too?"

"Yes, sah; dot's what I jus' said."

**English Soldiers' Wills.**

Newcastle (England) Chronicle.

During the Soudan campaign of 1884 the body of one soldier was found on the battlefield of El Teb, who, before death, had scrawled with the end of a lead bullet in the inside of his helmet the words, "All to my wife." When an English army invaded Afghanistan one soldier was caught while doing scout duty and shot down when none of his comrades was in sight. Weeks afterward his body was found lying before a tall rock on which he had written in letters of blood, "I want all to go to mother." In both cases the War Department held the wills to be valid and saw that the right distribution of the property was made.