

## Quill Points.

In view of the absurdly light sentence given the Flacks, the jubilation of the *Herald* reads like the deepest irony.

Whitelaw Reid predicts an European war because Phelps called upon Bismarck. It can not be possible that Phelps is the "friend" of any one of the great powers!

San Francisco is breeding riot and bloodshed by her anti-Chinese legislation, and when her hour of trial shall come she alone will be responsible for her sad plight.

One of the Hatfields was left over at the last round up in Kentucky, but one of the McCoy gang took to the trail and has secured him. Thoroughness is about the only commendable feature of those family feuds.

The Puritan club offers \$20,000 for a prize fight. The contest ought to be held on Plymouth rock. And, by the way, what remarkably appropriate names these clubs select—"Puritan," "Gladstone," "Audubon!"

Emperor William is said to be such an enthusiastic socialist that he sleeps in a red night cap. His socialism is of long standing. He believes there ought to be a new division—of Austria between himself and the czar.

Germany is endeavoring to uniform her soldiers so that they will be invisible, and as one step has adopted the American forage cap. The impression prevails here that it was not the cap that made so many of our loudest talking patriots invisible in battle.

Emin Pasha apparently feels no more grateful to Stanley for rescuing him against his will than does the heroine of a play when some excited member of the audience jumps upon the stage to save her from certain death at the hands of the villain.

Governor Hill has again shown his hostility to honest elections by vetoing the Australian bill. It is safe to say that he will never again be elected governor of New York. His only chance now is to get the statute fixing a date for an election quietly repealed, so that he can remain governor in the absence of a successor. If he does not understand how this little trick is done, Oregon can lend him a man who knows all about it. It is a last ditch resort, but will work for a little while in first class style.

The democrats in congress protest that they are not defending Mormonism, and even shudder at the thought of polygamy. They are simply solicitous that no one's rights shall be interfered with—especially the right of the democrats to keep out of the union a state that shows symptoms of becoming republican in politics.

Blaine's reciprocity scheme with other American nations will find many strong opponents. The sugar, cattle and sheep interests will combine against it certainly, and probably the silver mining interest and lead producers. Yet, on the whole, there can be no question of the benefit it would be to the nation at large.

Arkell, publisher of *Judge*, has sent an expedition to Alaska to endeavor to discover a brass mine. The self assurance of the New York press during the fight for the world's fair, and since, has so exhausted their supply of that article that they have no hope of finding enough for their future use unless it be in the trackless and almost limitless wilds of Alaska.

At last a general service pension bill has been introduced into congress. Now, if we could only pension those who at some time entertained a thought of enlisting, the ground would be pretty well covered, though, by the way, we are in danger of overlooking those who were prevented from serving because they were too young. Don't forget the boys, for they all have votes now.

The irony of fate is seen in the sad fate of Captain Couch, the Oklahoma boomer. After devoting his time and energies for several years to organizing raids into that forbidden region, and thus doing much to force its opening to settlement, he was so beaten in the race for land when the day of jubilee came that he was compelled to jump another man's claim, and was shot in the leg and crippled for life in consequence.

News that the czar had been poisoned failed to elicit the expressions of horror it otherwise would in the United States were not the latest Siberian outrages so fresh in the public mind. Many a prayer for his recovery was hushed by obtrusive thoughts of his pitiful victims in the prison pens of that fateful land. Nor was there much interest felt in the later intelligence that it was "nervous fever" instead of arsenic that was interfering with the orderly processes of nature in the anatomy of the Russian autocrat.