

he would never plant another sod if this whole fertile world turned into a Sahara for want of his aid.

The Amenities of Politics.

"There is one thing," said Mr. Leatherby, as he was walking down town one drizzling, disagreeable morning during the last presidential campaign, "that disgusts me with politics, and that is, the violent and abusive tone in which our daily papers conduct the discussion of every issue and question which they touch upon."

"Indeed you may be well disgusted at it," replied old Mr. Bartholomew, who had just joined him. "It is as much as a man can do to lift a newspaper off his door step with a pair of tongs. Time and again I throw the paper down half read, and I have seriously thought of stopping it altogether, for I consider its presence in my family a contamination."

"It is, in truth," replied Mr. Leatherby; "it is worse than a contamination. It is corrupting; it has a degrading, brutalizing influence, that is, I am convinced, undermining the foundations of our moral structure. The daily press of to-day is one great engine of abuse, defamation, bad grammar, worse language and worse morals."

"I cannot see, for my part," said Mr. Bartholomew, "why men cannot discuss politics as freely, as earnestly and as entirely free from acrimonious expressions and feeling as purely exempt from abusive language of any kind, from any heat and anger, in fact, as they could discuss the grade of a street or the style of a coat."

"And so I think," said Mr. Leatherby. "I can not, for my part conceive of an intellect so warped and narrow, a mind so shallow, that it can not carry on a discussion in politics without falling into the asperities, vulgarity, abusive detraction, and shameful slander that is the reproach and disgrace of the newspaper press."

"It is a form of idiocy, I believe," replied old Mr. Bartholomew. "It is an indication of a feeble mind that looks upon abuse as an argument, and bullying as logic. I am and always have been a Republican, but I can express my disapproval of many Democratic measures in a gentlemanly manner; and if I had not mind enough to keep my temper, I would consider that I had no right to talk politics."

"You are perfectly correct," rejoined Mr. Leatherby, earnestly; "and while we agree on some points in political controversy, I being a life-long Democrat, yet we can freely and with mutual pleasure, and, I trust, profit, meet and discuss our difficulties in a friendly way, without giving way to the in-

sane and detestable exhibition of temper, ignorance, and prejudice which marks the tone of the morning paper."

"I had not noticed it so much in the *Hawkeye*," replied Mr. Bartholomew, with a show of awakening interest in the conversation; "but when that trashy Democratic sheet that pollutes the evening air is brought to me by my neighbour, an ignorant dolt who can neither read nor write, but takes the paper as a party duty, and asks me to read it to him, I am amazed that the gods of truth and decency do not annihilate the infamous, puerile sheet with their thunderbolts."

"You must bear in mind, however," rejoined Mr. Leatherby, speaking a trifle louder than was necessary in addressing a companion whose hand was resting on his arm, "the *Gazette* has such a tide of corruption, such an avalanche of political bigotry and villainy to rebuke, that its voice must be raised in order to be heard; and it must speak boldly, defiantly, and in the thunder tones of righteous denunciation, to startle the people into a realizing sense of the peril which threatens the country from Republican misrule and tyranny."

"By George!" shouted Mr. Bartholomew, "the Republican party is the last, the only bulwark between the republic and eternal ruin. I tell you, sir, once let the Democratic party obtain control of this government; once let that infamous organization of political thieves, knucks, outlaws, and castaways take charge of our political machinery, and we will find ourselves in the hands of a horde of the most abandoned profligates, the most utterly unprincipled, the most vicious, demoralized, unconscionable, diabolical set of scoundrels that ever cheated the gallows."

"By the long-horned spoon!" roared Mr. Leatherby, jerking his arm away from Mr. Bartholomew's hand; "if the satanic and infernal plans of the Republican party were carried out, with all their attendant knavery and debauchery, this government would be a rule of branded malefactors and convicts, a government of felons, a penal colony in which the most hopelessly irreclaimable, graceless villains would administer the law. The bad faith of the Republican party, its ignominious record, its vicious tendencies, has shocked the Christian world, and—"

"You're a liar!" yelled Mr. Bartholomew, "and you are just like the rest of your besotted, low-lived, ignorant class—a low, mean, pitiful, beggarly, unscrupulous and treacherous set; whose impudence in asking for the votes of honourable men is only equalled by your rapacious and unbridled greed for office; you—"

"You are an old fool!" howled Mr. Leatherby; "a censorious, clamorous, scurrilous,

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