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—call at the—

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—and—

Hand Made Boots

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in the portrait line. I not only make portraits which are perfect likeness but my work is

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and commands the universal admiration of the public.

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delivered from my establishment without

MY PERSONAL INSPECTION.

In stock large lines of American Mouldings of new designs.

Oil Paintings, Engravings, etc., etc.

The Public cordially invited when in

Moncton

to visit

Bosthrup's New Studio.

Aug. 16, 1888.

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Solicit consignments of all kinds of produce, such as Hay, Potatoes, Apples, Eggs, Poultry (alive or dressed,) or anything parties wish to ship to this market on sale. Fish of all kinds in their seasons. Quick sales. Prompt returns.

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The Weekly Observer

Devoted to Literature, Education, Temperance and General Intelligence.

VOL. 5. HILLSBORO, A. CO., N. B., THURSDAY, MARCH 28, 1889. NO. 4.

HO TRAVELLERS!

Patronize the New Moncton

Livery Stable.

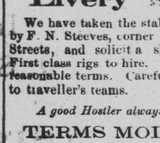
We have taken the stable lately occupied by F. N. Steeves, corner Foundry and Main Streets, and solicit a share of patronage. First class rigs to hire. Horses boarded on reasonable terms. Careful attention given to traveller's teams.

A good Hostler always in attendance.

TERMS MODERATE.

WEST & CRUE.

Moncton, Nov. 1, 1888.



FREE. $85 Solid Gold Watch. Sold for $100, until lately. Best $50 watch in the world. Perfect timekeeper. Warranted. Heavy Solid Gold Hunting Cases. Both ladies' and gents' sizes, with works and cases of equal value. One Person in each locality can secure one free, together with our large and valuable line of Household Samples. These samples, as well as the watch, we send Free, and after you have kept them in your home for 2 months and shown them to those who may have called, they become your own property. Those who write at once can be sure of receiving the Watch and Samples. We pay all express, freight, etc. Address Gibson & Co., Box 812, Portland, Maine.

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Collicutt, Peter, Estate	.87
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Foster, William	.87
Foster, Clark	1.81
Freeze & Stewart	2.28
Freeze, Elias	1.34
Ham, Joseph E.	.87
Layton, Michael	.25
Lawlor, James	1.23
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McDougal, Neil	.87
Martin, David	1.12
McLaughlan, D. J.	1.81
McManus, John	1.12
Martin, Samuel	1.34
Martin, George Jr.	.87
McNeil, James	.87
Vernon, Gideon	6.44
Vernon, Mary	1.81
West, Mining Co.	3.15
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PRINGLE KELLY.
COLLECTING JUSTICE.
Alma, March 11, 1889.

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Upon a Plan

To Benefit Our Subscribers.

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We will send, for one year, to any address,

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and the Famous Family Weekly,

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The Free Press is without question the Greatest Literary and Humorous paper now before the American people. It is not a new aspirant for public favor; established over fifty years ago, it has stood the test of time, and is to-day stronger, better and more popular than ever—120,000 subscribers affirm its surpassing excellence. The funny sketches and sayings of *The Free Press* are everywhere quoted and laughed at, while in respect to literary excellence it will compare favorably with the expensive magazines. "M. Quad," "Luke Sharp," Eva Best Rose Hartwick Thorpe, Chas. F. Adams, Hamilton Jay, Lizzie Yorke Case, Bronson Howard, H. C. Dodge, and a host of other favorite writers, contribute regularly to its columns. Recognizing the growing demand for first-class fiction, *The Free Press* has offered.

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THREE SERIAL STORIES EACH WEEK,

written expressly for *The Free Press* by the best American and English authors.

It will be seen, therefore, that by subscribing for THE OBSERVER and *The Free Press*, the entire family can be supplied with all the News and with the best of current Literature for a year, at a cost of

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The Free Press is a large eight-page seven-column paper, and the regular price is One Dollar per year. Remember, that for $1.50 you can have *The Free Press* and your favorite home paper also. Sample copies can be seen at this office.

We hope that our friends will show their appreciation of our efforts in their behalf, by making up their minds to take advantage of this splendid offer—SUBSCRIBE AT ONCE.

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HILLSBORO, A. Co., N.B

$50 PER MONTH

And all expenses paid. We want men, women, girls and boys in every Town, Village and district in Canada, to take hold of a light, agreeable and perfectly honorable employment. It will cost you nothing to give it a trial. Send for circular.

W. H. ROBERTSON,
Peterborough Ont.

WANTED! Special News

CORRESPONDENTS to represent leading English and American papers. Previous experience not absolutely necessary. Most liberal terms for good service. Address, with stamp,

European-American Press Association.
No. 7 Upton St., Boston Mass., U.S.A.

The Weekly Observer.
HILLSBORO, N. B., Mar. 28, 1889.

The Farmer's wife.

Oh, give me the life of a farmer's wife
In the fields and woods so bright,
'Mong the singing birds and the lowing herds,
And the clover blossoms white.
The note of the morning's heavenward lark
Is the music sweet to me;
As the dew flowers in the early hours,
The gems I love to see.

Oh give me the breeze from the waving trees,
The murmur of summer leaves;
And the swallows song as he skims along
Or twitters beneath the eaves!
The ploughman's shout as he's starting out
His team at the rise of sun,
Or his merry 'good night' by the fire fly's light
When his daily work is done.

Give me the root and the luscious fruit
My own hands reared for food,
And the bread so light, and the honey white,
And the milk so pure and good,
For sweet the bread of labor,
When the heart is strong and true,
And blessings will come as the hearth and home
If our best we bravely do.

Close to Jesus.

I would be close to Jesus
When friends around me smile,
Lest earthly love enchanting
From higher love beguile.

I would be close to Jesus
Whene'er a foe may frown,
And see that He is holding
For me the victor's crown.

I would be close to Jesus
And other hearts would win,
Help them the door to open
That He may enter in.

I would be close to Jesus
When blessings on me fall.
That I may give the glory
To Him who giveth all.

I would be close to Jesus
When loss and trials come,
And feel He is preparing
For me a brighter home.

I would be close to Jesus
When death is drawing nigh,
And by his everlasting arm
Be safely borne on high.

I would be close to Jesus
When soul to judgment rises,
And find my place forever
With those at His right hand.

I would be close to Jesus
When here His feast is spread,
And at the higher feast of love
When risen from the dead.

I would be close to Jesus
In a cot or palace fair,
And in the court of heaven
I would be with Him there.

With Him beside the fountain
Refreshing on the way,
With Him on Zion's mountain
Where shines eternal day.

If here I am with Jesus,
And His mild sceptre own,
He will my humble name confess
Before His Father's throne.

S. A. J. in *Ex.*

The Colonel's Son.

A Station Agent's Story.

It was a hot afternoon—some of you may know how hot it can be on the prairie when there is no wind.

I was sitting in the little station house of the railroad station at Buffalo Creek, agent. From the station I could see the hot air rising from the prairie and buffalo grass, giving to the long rows of buildings scattered here and there in the distance an unstable wavering appearance, as though they might any moment blow away.

Presently out of the silence there came the footfall of a horse's hoof, stopped at the platform, and followed by another 'pegging' sound over the plank and into the waiting room. I looked up and saw a boy of about fourteen standing in the doorway. His right leg was amputated above the knee, and he supported himself on a pair of light crutches which had sling straps like an army carbine.

He handed me an express order for a package to Colonel Reed, a prominent cattleman, whose ranch buildings were about a mile south of the track.

'Are you the Colonel's son?' I asked, as I handed out the package.

'Yes, sir,' was the reply. 'Charles Reed is my name.'

Then he turned and looked curiously in at the telegraph instruments He had such a bright, healthy and wide-awake air, that I invited him to walk in and examine them, if he wished.

His eyes brightened immediately.

'I'd like to, if you don't mind. The other agent was cross, and I was afraid to ask him.

Seeing that he was interested in them, I explained briefly the working of the key and sounder, and tried to give him some idea how a message was sent and received. He listened attentively, and seemed to comprehend pretty well.

'Yes,' he said, as I concluded, 'I know something about it, though only through what I have read. Would you mind writing out the alphabet for me?'

I wrote out the characters on a slip of paper, which he tucked away carefully in his pocket-book; and then, finding I was a stranger to that part of the West, he volunteered some information about the country, including a remarkably accurate description of the game birds and their habits, which as a sportsman, I found very interesting. Before he left he told me that he had lost his leg during an Indian raid about four years ago before the railroad was buil. His father's ranch had been attacked without warning. He was only ten years old at that time, and being out of doors he had slipped away unobserved and hidden in the corral, and while there was hit by a stray rifle ball in the knee.

I accompanied him to the door when he was ready to go, and was surprised to see how thoroughly at home he was on his pony. With his crutches slung behind him he swung nimbly into the saddle, and started off toward home on a brisk gallop.

One afternoon, about a week later he dropped in again; having meanwhile learned the telegraphic alphabet so that he could repeat all the characters easily, and next day the Colonel himself stopped in on his way to town. He was a brisk, genial man, who had a habit of shaking hands with every one. He was a typical frontier ranchman.

'See here, Mr. Agent,' he said, 'that boy of mine has a hankering to learn your business. He's kind of lonesome, you see—he can't play with the other boys on account of his leg—and now if you don't mind havin' him around, and will teach him what you can—he's pretty bright, and can learn most anything—why, I'll make it worth your while. What's your charge?"

'Why, Colonel,' I replied, laughing at his business-like manner, 'I shall be glad to have him around—I am lonesome here—so we won't draw up any contract.'

Charley was an apt pupil. In about a month he could send and receive a message, though of course not very rapidly. His father was so delighted with his progress that he made me a present of a riding pony; and shortly after, when Charley got it into his head that it would be a fine thing to have a private line from the ranch to the station, the Colonel had me order two instruments from Chicago.

Under my directions the cowboys put it up, and though it wasn't stretched very tight, and the poles were only fence poles spliced together, it worked as well as the main line. The instrument on my end of the line I did not care to have in the office, for fear that officious gentleman, the lineman, would object, so I set it up on one side of the big empty freight room.

The autumn was now well advanced, and I found that my duties, instead of increasing, grew lighter. There were but few freight trains every other day, and the daily mail and express, East and West, went through between the hours of one and four in the morning, so that I had a great deal of time on my hands. I spent much of it shooting chickens with Charley—he was an excellent shot from the saddle, though he told me he had a time of it training his pony to stand fire—and the rest of the time I either read or rode out over the trails in the delicious Indian summer weather.

One night, about the middle of October, we had a terrific thunder and wind storm, with a blinding fall of rain and hail. It came up after the westbound train had left, and about an hour before the eastern train was due. I was awakened by the noise, and got up to look out. The rain was falling in torrents, and the wind shook the building, while the lightning flashed incessantly.

I was still looking out, watching the furious storm, when an unusually bright flash revealed for an instant the figures of a group of horsemen loping across the prairie toward the station. I stood still to catch another glimpse of them, if possible, but without success; they had probably turned off to the left.

Shortly afterward I heard them at the other end of the building, where they stopped, I supposed, to seek shelter from the storm; or possibly they were going to take the train. It was not unusual for passengers to come around an hour before train time so I thought little of it at the time.

However, before I left the window I heard them tramping around the platform to the door, and drawing back to one side, I waited to see them pass. Between trains I always kept a lamp burning, but turned down low, and it shone out now through the window; and as the men stepped into the faint bar of light, I got quite a distinct view of them.

They were all heavily built. Each one wore a yellow 'slicker' coat, and had his slouch hat pulled down close to keep off the rain, and around each face, just below the eyes, was tied a red 'harvester's handkerchief. This struck me as unusual, and I was puzzled for a moment, until it occurred to me that perhaps they were worn as a protection against the hail.

A moment later they were pounding at the door for admittance. Now, as a rule, I did not like to admit any one so long before train time. I sometimes had express money packages on hand, with no safe to put them in. I once carried a package of three thousand dollars in my pocket three days before the owner called for it. I was somewhat apprehensive at times for my safety.

'That, night, however, I had only a few dollars of my own and an almost empty mail pouch, but before opening the door I sang out: 'Who's there, and what do you want?'

'Passengers for the train,' came the answer. 'We're all wet, an wanter get in out o' the rain.'

I unlocked the door, and they crowded into the room. In the brighter light indoors the handkerchiefs that concealed their faces looked so much like an attempt at disguise—and a pretty good one at that—that for a moment I was startled, and made a hasty step toward the ticket office. B fore I could take another, however, one of the men struck me with his fist, and though the blow was not a hard one, it was so unexpected that it knocked me completely off my feet. Then two of them seized me while I was down, turned me on my face and held me while the others bound my hands firmly behind me. They next bound my feet, and then rolled me over again on my back.

'Now, my chicken,' said one, who appeared to be leader, 'we ain't got nothin' again you, an' won't hurt you as long as you keep quiet; but sure as you yell or make a noise, there'll be some shootin.

They seemed to be familiar with the office and its surroundings, and probably had been there before. Two or them picked me up and carried me toward the freight room, while another went ahead with the lamp and opened the door. Here they looked around for a moment, then laid me down against the side of the building with an old coat under my head for a pillow, and bidding me keep 'mum,' returned to the waiting-room.

(Conclusion next week.)

Children's Column.

Partnership Letter.

We are chums and as we always do everything in partnership we have decided to write a partnership letter for the children's corner. Our chumship commenced when we were very small and wore kilt shirts. We lived near each other and were constantly together in all our plays and, with one exception, have never had a quarrel. That took place one summer day in June about a trifling disagreement. It lasted a whole week during which time we each went about disconsolate, but neither would give in until we could stand it no longer and we were glad to come to terms by making faces at each other, until we got good natured enough to laugh at our foolishness. We went to school together and the teacher soon noticed our close friendship and named us David and Jonathan and was always careful to seat us together. When we left her room for a higher grade we were separated, much to our grief and disappointment, until one day our old teacher happened to come in and noticed our forlorn faces and said "Oh David and Jonathan must never be separated," and then explained matters to our new teacher who soon made us happy again by giving us the same seat. Sometimes we are puzzled to know which of us is David and which is Jonathan. One of our great troubles has always been our separation during summer holidays, as we have always been obliged to spend them in different country places. If we live to go away this summer we are planning to go together.

Our last piece of partnership business was the purchase of two white rats. We made a little house for them and find them nice little pets only they will persist in hiding under wardrobes and other out of the way places. They are creamy white with pink eyes like one species of rabbit. They are very tame and will feed from our hands. We call them Nick and Dot.

If you think this worth publishing you might hear again from

DAVID AND JONATHAN.

St. John, N. B., March, 1889.

Rough.

A short time since while I was on a visit to my brother in the country, my little six-year old niece chanced to climb upon my knee.

Looking up and discovering the short growth of light-colored and not over abundant whiskers on my chin, she exclaimed with sympathizing voice and grieved expression.

"Why, Uncle Charles, you have got splinters in your chin."

Tobacco.

Tobacco is a plant with large, broad leaves and is entirely a native of warm countries some species being found in America. The most important species is known as Virginian tobacco. To the north of the region it is large, being about 5 feet high and stands erect with leaves about a foot long and a bunch of rose coloured flowers at the top. On its introduction to England from America it became used by almost every nation, and all trials to put down its use were unsuccessful. Since the reign of James the first of England tobacco has been used for the purpose of smoking, in the households of the rich and of the poor, among both civilized and uncivilized nations.

When boys begin to smoke or chew they are apt to be very sick indeed for a time. If they would only stop then much expense and trouble would be saved. I know a boy who died from heart disease caused by smoking. When the habit is once formed it is said to be harder to break away from than even the drinking habit.

PADDY.

St. John, N. B.

Not Water Babies.

Little Herbert, 4 years old, asked: "Isn't God pretty old?" and "Does he wear caps?"

One Sunday he attended a Congregational church and witnessed for the first time the rite of infant baptism. Several weeks later, while on his way to Sunday school, he said: "Am I going to the church where they water babies? When I have babies I shan't water 'em that way. I shall take 'em down to the pond and dip water all over 'em."

When about 3 years old, he said, after looking at some chickens: "When I am an angel and have wings shall I peep?"

W. C. T. U. Column.

"For God and Home and Native Land."

[The matter for this column is supplied by the members of the Hillsboro W. C. T. U.]

Juvenile Work.

Last week I sketched briefly the origin and aim of the W. C. T. U. This week I will dwell chiefly upon the juvenile work, giving some ideas concerning the method of conducting the work amongst the children. In last week's article I copied largely from the "Pathfinder," a book prepared by Mrs. Greene, President Vermont W. C. T. U., as a guide to these just starting W. C. T. Unions. In the present article I also quote largely from the same work, commencing with the following paragraph concerning the importance attached to juvenile work:—

"The ultimate triumph of the temperance reform depends largely upon our success in this (juvenile) department of work. We realize, as never before, that system and perseverance are the secrets of success. Our hope is in the coming generation. How often, in the work of to-day, our hearts are pained by the falling away of those for whom we have labored, organized and prayed, and with what longing and encouragement do we turn to the little ones (who so often lead their elders) and prosecute with more zeal than ever these methods which we are assured must bring success in the near future. We are rapidly becoming more wise in the extension of the work along the line, and in nothing is this more exemplified than in the Juvenile Department. If ten years ago we had systematized this branch, to day our boys would be voting for Prohibition."

PLAN OF WORK.

Each Union should have a Juvenile Temperance Union connected with it, auxiliary to the same and, if possible, under the supervision of its members Instruction should be regularly given to the members of the J. T. U. on the importance of total abstinence from all alcoholic and narcotic stimulants from a scientific, religious and moral standpoint. The children's meetings should always be opened with prayer, the children joining in Lord's prayer. Brief Bible readings should also be given to impress upon the youthful mind that temperance is founded upon God's word. Particular attention should be given to the singing, and to arouse and maintain their interest and enthusiasm public entertainments should be held frequently in which the children should take active part.

FORM OF CONSTITUTION.

ARTICLE 1. This Society shall be called "The Juvenile Temperance Union"

2. Its object shall be to instruct and interest the youth of our land in Gospel temperance principles and thus secure their help in the overthrow of the liquor traffic

3. The officers shall be a Superintendent, Assistant Supt., Secretary, Treasurer, Librarian, Organist and Chorister. These officers to be selected annually by the W. C. T. U.

4. Any child may become a member by signing the pledge and paying into the treasury one cent a week. The latter clause not obligatory.

6. The meetings of this society shall be held—(to be decided by the J. T. U.)

7. A badge shall be worn at every meeting and on all public occasions.

PLEDGE.

I promise not to buy, drink, sell, or give intoxicating liquor while I live. From tobacco I will abstain and never take God's name in vain.

Or the following:—

God help me evermore to keep
This promise that I make:
I will not chew, nor smoke, nor swear,
Nor poisonous liquors take.

For poisonous drinks are very bad,
I know the names of some;
Ale, brandy, whiskey, wine and beer,
With cider, gin and rum.

I'll try to get my little friends
To make this promise too;
And every day I'll try to find
Some temperance work to do.

The pledge should be carefully explained to the children before they signed it, so that they would understand what was expected of them and know what they were doing.

Trusting the above information will prove interesting and beneficial and hoping speedily to see a flourishing Juvenile Temperance Union in connection with the W. C. T. U. of Hillsboro.

WHITE RIBBON.

Hillsboro, A. Co., March 23, 1889.

Temperance Outlook.

In his recent lecture in Tremont Temple on "A Hundred Years' Fight with the Liquor Traffic," Rev. Louis Albert Banks closed as follows:—

"Some good people are very much discouraged with the temperance outlook, because there is such a diversity of methods, favored by earnest workers having the same end in view—the overthrow of the liquor traffic. I do not share in that discouragement.

"Did you ever watch a rain storm gather in summer time, when the heavens had been long barren, and the earth was parched, and the air full of dust? First the wind begins to blow; after a while it shifts into a rainy quarter, and blows harder still; then the clouds begin to gather—light, feathery, white clouds at first; then one darkens, and then another one gets black and lowering. All the while the wind keeps blowing, and then—some how or other, nobody can ever describe it—the clouds begin to run together, the whole sky is overcast, the sun is blotted out, the clouds open, the deluge pours down, the dust is gone, the earth refreshed, and the air made pure. So for a hundred years the wind has been blowing. Mildly enough it blew at first, but it has shifted into a rainy quarter; it is coming from out the conscience of the American people. I look at the skies; I see many clouds. I see Good Templar lodges, and Blue Ribbon clubs, and Law and Order leagues. I see church temperance societies, and a Woman's Christian Temperance Union; I see an anti-saloon republican convention, a non-partisan conference, and prohibition party conventions, here and there and everywhere. And the wind still blows—blows as it never has blown before; the clouds get darker. Some of these days—nobody will ever be able to tell just how it happened—the clouds will begin to run together, the whole sky will be overcast, the sun will be blotted out, the heaven will be black as night, the deluge will pour its floods upon us, and in that deluge the saloon will die! May God hasten the coming of the deluge the saloon will die! May God hasten the coming of the deluge!"

"Our Washington Letter.

Missouri seems to have a large slice of official pie and to be holding out her unoccupied hand, while she ever and anon takes the slice out of her mouth to cry for more. Chauncey J. Filley is running like a two year old, although he has not yet made up his mind what to expect. He did wish to be consul-general to London, but the President "jest actually jaffed" and Mr. Blaine told the delegation bluntly that the position was not in the market. From that it would appear that John C. New has secured the place, though Mr. New's friends swear that he is booked for the Austrian mission.

Vienna is the gayest, not to say most reckless, Capital in Europe, and a few years there would be a season of paradise, of a certain sort. The consul-generalship at London is, however, not to be slightly estimated, although the social position is below that of an ambassador. All the delights of the world's greatest city and the ease of official position beyond the reach of small office seekers present themself. And then the emoluments, which are something of a mystery, amount to $30,000 or $40,000 a year. Really I am unable to see how a man who has always been as generous to himself as Mr. New, can find it in his big Indians heart to refuse the position—if he can get it.

It appears this morning that President Harrison will appoint "Corporal" Tanner to be Commissioner of Pensions. If so it will be his first appointment of a candidate that has not the solid support of his state delegation for a purely National office. Last week Tanner's friends felt this to be his fatal weakness and really more of an injury to his cause than the charge that he was mentally and physically unable to perform the duties of the position. Major Poole, his Syracuse opponent, had developed enough Congressional backing in the New York delegation to at least kill the chances of any other man from that State. Mr. Harrison desired Mr. Tanner's appointment but could not openly break his own rule not to act as umpire in state quarrels.

In this emergency the Oregon and Nebraska delegation came forward and offered the Corporal a residence in either State, and it is likely that as a result the nomination will be changed, if made to the Pacific slope. Which teaches that there are various effectual modes of eradicating a feline.

The Kansas delegation had a taste of President Harrison's adherence to his rules on Saturday. He told the members that they must agree upon a man for a certain office would go to some other State. They retired and all fell into line but Representative Peters, whose obstinacy is proverbial. As he is the member from the district in which the applicant who had the support of the majority resides, his refusal to agree was more annoying. At last as a compromise, Mr. Peters proposed the name of another equally good Republican, but a bitter professional and personal enemy of the other candidate. With one bound Senator Ingalls was in the arena, and the scoring he gave Mr. Peters would have made a more sensible man ashamed. It did depress Mr. Peters for a moment, but a cork pushed under water, bobs merrily up when the pressure is removed. Anyhow Kansas has lost the appointment, and there is disaffection in her camp.

The man who said to himself three days after the inauguration that the office seekers were not more numerous now than after former inaugurations, reckoned without his host. The host has arrived since and the end is not yet. The politicians who have no time to waste and who regard inauguration ceremonies as a circus to be religiously avoided by any man of stern purposes, delayed their coming. But once here their activity is boundless, and their efforts spur the jagged out spirits of their opponents, who have been here several weeks, to renewed endeavors to corral the influence.

The expectant sleep upon their arms, ready at any time to be up and give battle to any men who seek to support them. Opposition but emboldens the strong while it crushes the weak, in office hunting as in all else in this fighting world. The Indiana man of whom I told you last week, who was confidant of appointment as Commissioner of Indian affairs, has already been routed with great slaughter, and is now even content to be clerk, if he can secure that. I still predict for him a messenger's place at $60 per month and my confidence in my own good judgment grows apace. My friend is a weak man and will not fight. Contrast him with a Kentucky office seeker who was at one time in the Post-office Department as a $1000 clerk, and was discharged by the Democrats. Although he was dismissed on account of his justly famous ignorance, which was appropriately combined with probably the smallest amount of actual good sense that ever fell to the lot of man, he is now posing as a martyr, and wants to be Fifth Auditor. He might as well ask to be fifth angel in the hosts of heaven.

Washington, March 18, 1889.

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