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AFTER THE STORM.

Arp Soliloquizes on the Result of the Elections.

He Chats About the Populists—Many of Them Are His Neighbors, and They Used to Be Democrats—His Explanation of the Reduced Majority.

What a delightful calm after the storm. How quickly does politics simmer down after the election. It really provokes a smile to look back a few weeks and wonder what all this fuss was about. After all there's nobody hurt and nobody has anything to brag about. It was a barren victory all round. Like the victory over Breckinridge in Kentucky, it was a sort of dogfall, as we boys used to call a wrestle when neither fell on top. The truth is we don't know which whipped, silver or gold, and what is still worse, we don't know which ought to whip. When such statesmen as Turner and Crisp differ on the silver question how can a common man make up his mind? Until recently I didn't have but one politics, and that was defending the South against the North, but these populars, as Uncle Sam calls them, have raised such a rumpus in our own ranks that I am obliged to take sides. We used to have a solid South, but the offices gave out and the hungry outsiders called for a new deal, so they fixed up a platform that would give everybody something and baited the trap with it, and caught right smart of the sovereigns. A few of the leaders got into office and then kicked the platform over; some went back to the Democratic fold and some smelt the old bait and found it rotten and concluded to get new bait and change their name and set the trap again, so they hollered free silver and free school books, and no more 5-cent cotton, and have caught right smart birds. In the meantime the Democrats got into a family quarrel and had a row over their own platform and their followers got disgusted and lots of them kicked out of the breeching and wouldn't pull a pound, and a good many pulled just a little under the whip and so it has been a hard fight to keep the team in the middle of the road. By scratching and pushing and hurrying they have got the old Democratic wagon up to the top of the hill again, but they will have to do better next time or quit. Got to stop this ring business and tote fair. No more by-bidders at this auction. The people want a fair deal. Lots of good Democrats wouldn't vote at all. "What's the use," they said, "when the ring has done fixed it?" Lots of good men voted against the supreme court amendment because it was said the ring had already chosen the judges. Look at Cobb and Cherokee and Forsyth with over 3,000 majority against it! What does that mean? Maybe we will know by waiting. Now, if these fifty Populist members are treated like white folks in the legislature the people will have a fair showing. If there is a ring the Populist members will smash it. Let us have no canons.

The Populists are Democrats after all. Their platform amounts to nothing and they know it. It was intended to get in the train on—that's all. If all the counties that have elected Populists have chosen as good men as Harlow, nobody need be afraid of them. They won't buy any railroads, nor build any free schoolbooks. Let them have a fair showing in the election for judges and United States Senator. I voted fair and square for our men, but the people in Harlow chose other men and they are good men and we don't want them ruled out. It is a little business to take revenge on our home folks. We have enough enemies abroad to keep our animosity busy for some years to come. We have squelched the Ida Wells business over in England, but it is still hot up North in Republican circles. They are still nursing their wrath to keep it warm. I verily believe our Northern enemies want us to keep on lynching negroes so as to have an excuse to abuse us. It looks like they will never get over our slavery sins. They feed on them and fatten. I thought that there was one religious paper up there that was disposed to treat us kindly, and that was The New York Evangelist, edited by Dr. Henry Fields. He was Henry Grady's friend and had traveled over the South and wrote pleasant letters about us, and so I subscribed for it. It is a capital paper, but every now and then it makes a fling at us and hurts my feelings and keeps Mrs. Arp from being calm and serene. Only two weeks ago it had a wild hyena screech from a man by the name of Putnam, who has recently discovered that his uncle ran an underground railroad in 1847 and later abducted lots of slaves from Virginia into Ohio and let them sleep in his best beds, and once while he was over in Parkersburg, Va., on that business the people found it out and pursued him and he escaped by jumping into the river and how one man sued him in the United States Court for \$5,000 and Salmon P. Chase defended him and wore the case out by continuances, and Chase didn't charge any fee, etc., and he copies the summons, and it is signed by that great jurist and patriot, Roger B. Taney. This contemptible South hater Putnam seems proud of his uncle and goes out of his way to say that his uncle sometimes had to smuggle a negro away "disguised as a woman as a prototype of a certain Mr. Davis in later years."

Now, that old slave runner was nothing but a thief. I'll bet that his father or his grandfather sold some of those same negroes down South and then went back home and praised God that he was not as other men. He was like the old rum seller who got converted and sold out his liquor to another fellow and then went off and abused him for carrying on the business. None but the mean, trifling, lazy negroes run off now—ad they and their children are up there yet and nobody wants them.

If that old rascal Putnam had lived in Abraham's day or Isaac's, I reckon he would have tried to run off his slaves. I wish he had, for the old patriarch would have taken his scalp and that would have stopped the breed. I wonder why those philanthropists don't raise a quarrel with the Almighty for letting his patriarchs own slaves and make "human cattle" of them, as this man Putnam says we did. His petty slanders fatigue our indignation, and his article is a foul blot upon the paper. And Mr. Fields allows all this old rottenness to go into his paper as interesting reminiscences, knowing that the old fanatic, Putnam, was as much a law-breaker as old John Brown or any anarchist. Yes, knowing that Roger B. Taney had decided the fugitive slave law to be constitutional; knowing that Daniel Webster, the immortal statesman, was the author of the law, and had it passed for the sake of peace and justice; knowing that England had only four years before this (1847) given freedom to her slaves, and paid their owners for them; knowing that the old malignant lie about Mr. Davis trying to escape in a woman's garment had been proven to be a lie a hundred times, not only by Senator Reagan, and Governor Lubbock and William Preston Johnson, who were with him when arrested, but by the officer of the guard who captured him; knowing that the Southern people have a never-dying admiration for Mr. Davis and will resent in their hearts any taint or slander upon his memory; knowing all these things, Dr. Fields, whom we have honored at the South, wantonly and willingly presents his calumnies to be used for the purpose of gloating over our wrongs and insulting friends of our illustrious dead. And that same old slanderer, Albion Tourgee, is out in a late issue of The Inter Ocean denouncing the South in the most malignant language for our brutality to the negro, and he warns the North to rise in her majesty and place the negro on his feet by force. What he writes is read and believed by thousands. In 1866 the Ku Klux got after him in North Carolina and ran him out of the State, and he has never gotten over it. He is a fine writer and has a malignant heart, and has done more to keep up the alienation of the sections than any other man. How long is this bitterness to last. It would seem that thirty years ought to have been enough, but our Northern friends are few and far between. Tourgee says that all that slobbering over Gen. Gordon at Pittsburg by the Grand Army of the Republic was the merest rot, and would pass away with the hour. It looks that way, for I read the mammoth Pittsburg papers and saw how many rebel flags they had in the grand procession. If they had any kind feelings to our soldiers, they would give them back and not go flaunting them in our faces. If I was a Northern soldier I would be ashamed to keep a flag that it took nearly 3,000,000 of men to capture from 600,000. If I was a Northern soldier I would never brag about the war, but would take off my hat to every rebel met.

Now let the South stand united. It will take us all to stem the tide of continued persecution. Let Democrats and Populists get together again and stay together. A divided South will lose us the next administration, and then we may bid farewell to tariff reform. Protection will be the Republican watchword, and we must fight it. I have in my pocket a knife that cost in London 22½ cents, and the same knife costs 60 cents here. I have just seen a woolen suit that was out and made to order in London for \$10, that is \$20 here. How long can we afford to pay for this kind of protection? Sewing machines that cost us \$30 here are shipped to South America and sold for \$90. Protection keeps out the foreign manufacturer and leaves us at the mercy of our own. Just think of it! The American maker makes so large a profit that he can afford to ship to Brazil and sell for \$30 the identical machine that he makes us pay \$30 for! And we have been sleeping over this kind of oppression for half a century. Add to this 5 cents a pound for cotton and then see "what fools we mortals be!"

CRIMES AND CRIMINALS.

Plain Truths from the Versatile Pen of Sam P. Jones.

Idleness a Fruitful Cause of Recklessness and Wrong Doing—Home Discipline Can Do More to Lessen Crime Than Prisons or Reformatories.

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Some one said to me a day or two ago: "Are not crimes and criminals more diabolical to-day than ever in the world's history?" I replied: "Crimes and criminals are not more diabolical perhaps, but they are more frequent to-day, it seems to me, than in any age of the world's history."

The daily press of this country discloses to the gazing eyes of men in their columns daily such a record of crime as would startle any good man or innocent woman as they read the glaring headlines and abbreviated reports of the shocking crimes committed within the preceding twenty-four hours. Murder, rape, robbery, arson, forgery, felony upon felony, and so many young men are guilty of these crimes. These facts naturally make us look after the cause.

I declare it to be my honest conviction that unless the boys from the rural districts and towns quit flocking to the cities, as that it is impossible for many more than half of them to obtain steady employment, and unless the number of idle boys shall be decreased in the next few years, I believe crime will increase and these diabolical acts will outnumber by far any record of the past.

It is not safe for a woman to be idle, it is not safe for an old man to idle. Idleness and extravagance practiced by so many young men in our country will as certainly end in crime as that effect ever follows cause. No young man is safe who is not employed. When a boy's school days are over he must go to work or go to ruin.

This is true of the sons of millionaires as well as of the sons of paupers. The boy who gets his own consent to live idly has already taken the road to ruin that forces upon them the diabolical crimes which are recorded by the press of our country every morning and every evening.

The question arises, how far are we parents responsible for this state of things on the part of our boys. The boy who has led an indolent and extravagant life until he is twenty-one years of age has already formed habits and acquired a disposition that it will take Herculean efforts to overcome.

The parent in trying to be the best friend may find at last that he has been the worst enemy of the boy. If we could remove the force of habit and reverse that tendency occasioned by habit then we could repair the damages and find relief, but habit to the man is what the channel through which the Mississippi river flows is to it; first, the river cuts out its channel and then runs in its channel because that was the only course left to it. He who can successfully mount up and out of the channels which have been cut by the habit of his life is a giant indeed, but few can do it.

When I look at the list of habits and the carelessness with which parents help their children to make right habits I wonder sometimes that there are not more wrecks along the shores than we see.

The habit of economy should be instilled into every child raised in an American home. To live beyond one's income is manifestly to head towards the jail or poorhouse. Abnormal wants with meager means for satisfying them are the doorways to the penitentiary and gallows of our country. Crime can be diminished by fixing the habit of industry upon our children and teaching them the worth of an hour. Lifetime is made by the hour and a noble life must be full of work. Crime may be diminished by enforcing discipline upon our children at home. An undisciplined child will sooner or later regard no law because he seems to know no law. Crime may be diminished by teaching a child that its integrity is the very basis of its character. Teach him that to dishonor is to defraud, to tell a lie is as bad as to steal, to make a promise and break it is as hurtful to character as any crime in the decalogue. Crime may be diminished by the ostracism from decent society of those who are on the highway of crime and criminals. A young lady who will tolerate in her presence and in her parlor a boy who is idle and indolent, who spends money and does not earn money, who eats the bread and meat and wears the clothes of others without proper return, usually lends such a character a helping hand on his way to the gallows or to the penitentiary. It is the duty of all who are virtuous and decent to shun and always avoid those who are thus given over to hardness of heart and reprobacy of mind. A line must be drawn strong and clear between the virtuous and vicious, between the honest and dishonest, between the teetotaler and the drunkard, between the gambler and the laborer, who would efface such a line is an enemy to society and in partnership with those who are the manufacturers of criminals of our country. The most shocking feature of American life to-day is the clamor for reformatories for the young criminals instead of shutting them up in the penitentiaries and chain gangs with the old and hardened criminals. It is a shame for a nation to multiply its juvenile criminals until the benevolent and humane people of the state cry for reformatory schools. We need reformation in the discipline and order of American home life, and every home ought to declare itself that no penitentiary or reformatory school is necessary so far as the children of his home is concerned, but

GIRLS THAT DON'T MARRY.

Perhaps the Fault Lies Back of Them with Their Early Training.

Why are there so many bachelors and old maids nowadays? Perhaps one reason lies in the education of our modern girls and the blame must rest with their mothers. Consider the life of a girl belonging to the upper middle-class from the age of eighteen to twenty-eight; it is a careless, selfish, irresponsible epoch, in which the daughter studies her own convenience and pleasure solely, and the mother, by foolish indulgence, aids and abets her. Once a girl is free from the trammels of the school-room, and is fully fledged in society, nothing is denied her. She may lie late in bed, or, perchance, take her breakfast there, while she skims a novel belonging to the "new" order of fiction. Her day is compassed with no single duty save to look her best and enjoy her life. There is time in such an existence for the ugly weeds of jealousy, thoughtless, unkind chatter, and even free behavior to take root and flourish. Then, perhaps, some young man of modest means comes along, and offers his heart and hand to the daughter. As a single girl she is free from all responsibility. She has not to consider ways and means, paternalism never refuses to make the dress check bigger if desired, and she has few wishes ungratified. If she marries, her suitor can only offer her a much smaller home than that to which she has been accustomed; a restricted income, probably, and the sweet yet solemn duties of wife, and later, oftentimes, those of mother. The prospect does not appeal very keenly to the egotistical maiden, and as the life she is living only teaches her to love herself before any one else, the would-be lover receives his conge.

Another class of girl, fed by the "new" play and the "new" novel, cannot make up her mind to wed, because of the grisly skeletons for which she has been tutored to seek in a man's past. We take it that the parents of a girl, whose position and experience give them a much better chance of judging, will certainly ascertain whether the man is a worthy suitor, and if they deem him so, surely it is unwise for a girl to pry into every past episode. But, with an imagination that has been unhealthily reared, that has been taught to look for evil even where it may not be, the modern girl rushes in where angels fear to tread, and the pure, warm love which, coming from a fresh, innocent heart, is a safeguard to many a man is denied her lover. Unless the suitor comes up to that standard of virtue as shown in the hero of certain feminine and one-sided novels, she will have none of him. Thus it comes to pass that the fin-de-siècle woosers are faring very hardly.

Meanwhile the happy years of early womanhood, when all the world is kind, roll by, and the Rubicon of thirty is crossed. Then it is that the single girl awakes to the knowledge of what she has lost, or is losing—the pleasant duties of house mistress, with husband and children to consider, are denied her, and she sighs for the clinging touch of baby fingers and the mother-love in whose train follow so many noble qualities. If the daughter sees her mistake in time, and is able to rectify it, a happy and useful life may still await her. But what is needed to render girls desirable wives should be taught them from their earliest years.—N. Y. Advertiser.

A SERIOUS AILMENT.
If Far from the Dentist Toothache Is Not to Be Lightly Regarded.
Some one, in writing critically of novels, once said: "Who ever heard of the hero of a tale suffering from jaundice or mumps, or the heroine down with a toothache?" Who, to be sure, ever did? Jaundice and mumps and aching teeth are not romantic complaints. Even the realists prefer to omit them from the lists of their characters. Under certain circumstances they may, however, be serious ailments.

Has anyone ever stopped to think seriously of the terrible torture suffered by backwoodsman and inmates of logging camps from toothache? The complaint is by no means uncommon in the woods, happening scores of miles from any town in which relief might be obtained. Small wonder then that a toothache is regarded as a serious matter in the woods, and that instances are on record of loggers committing suicide rather than bear the pain.

These facts were ascertained not long since from a number of guides in one of the most secluded portions of the Adirondacks. It suddenly occurred to a gentleman who made one of a well-equipped party that he had omitted to make his regular annual call upon his dentist. This suggested the idea of making some inquiries.

"What do you do," asked he, "if you have a toothache up here?"
"Well," said his guide, replying in that deliberate manner for which all woodsmen are noted, "well, that depends. If it is not a bad toothache we try to stand it."

"I suppose the doctors up here all take a hand at pulling teeth?" remarked the sportsman.
"Yes," was the reply, "but there ain't no doctors up here nearer than Long Lake village or Indian river. There ain't much choice between 'em. They're both forty miles away. There ain't no fillin' teeth up here," he continued.
"We get 'em out if we can, or wait until the dentist comes. There's one comes up to Long Lake about Christmas time each year and yanks teeth for two weeks."

"I've known of men who tried to cut out the tooth with their knives or pull 'em out with carpenter's pincers. Once when I was loggin' a fellow tied a lace trout line about his tooth, bent down a sapling spruce and fastened the other end to it and let her go."

"Did the tooth come out?" asked the sportsman.
"It did," replied the guide, "and it dislocated the man's jaw at the same time. He didn't leave enough slack. He had to leave camp. There was another fellow who tied a string to a bullet; but that didn't go. The line snapped when he fired his rifle."

"You say a dentist comes to Long Lake once a year?" remarked the gentleman.
"I suppose he does a pretty good business."
"Indeed he does," replied the guide. "He pulled out most a bushel of teeth last year. Folks came from all parts of the woods to have 'em yanked. I know one fellow—Bob Walsh—who had all his teeth out. Some of 'em ached and some didn't, but he said that sooner or later they'd all ache, and so he had 'em all out. He didn't see no occasion to make more than one job of it."—N. Y. Herald.

THE MESSAGE DID NOT GO.

It Might Have if the Boy Had Not Discovered an Apple Orchard.

Most persons concede that fresh air at lake or mountain, even at fairly thronged resorts, is sought after at the sacrifice of many city conveniences. Above all things, in the matter of letters, messenger boys and telegrams do New Yorkers feel the rural shoe pinch, and find in the limit of two daily deliveries, outgoing mails closing at sundown and the impossibility of sending a telegram after eight o'clock at night highly unpleasant restrictions.

This primitive state of things exists at stations along the sound within fifteen miles of New York. It's hard enough in itself, but if the officials appointed to carry out the meagre service are found wanting the situation may be made unbearable. At one of these stations one day lately a telegram was delivered to a gentleman two miles out in the country by a non-uniformed small boy, who reached the piazza about three o'clock in the afternoon, after the manner of one who had taken half a day for the journey. The reply was prepaid and urgent and the message was marked as handed in at New York at nine o'clock in the forenoon. The boy denied all knowledge of the delay, and pocketed the reply with the stern injunction to see that it was transmitted without delay, as already it ran the risk of being late. With the important message he also pocketed a quarter.

When this same gentleman was taking his after dinner stroll in the garden that evening and smoking the cigar of peace he saw a small boy sitting at the foot of his orchard engaged in eating apples. When he finished an apple he would resume the whittling of a stick, and beside him lay a high mound of shavings which it must have taken a long time to produce. Closer inspection proved him to be the telegraph boy, and the gentleman, wondering what had brought him back again, hastened down to inquire.

"So you got my message off promptly and came back for some fun, I see?"
"No," said the boy, in the coolest way possible. "I'm just going now. I came down here to eat apples. They're rotten, bad apples, too, and made me sick. But I'm well now, I'll take it," and sauntering off with a stick at which he still kept whittling, left the man standing dumb with a rage which he knew to be impotent.

To kill the boy was a natural impulse. To look for redress was useless. The one to decide was never, never, under any circumstances, to intrust a telegram in suburban places to a suburban boy.—N. Y. Herald.

His Calling.
Breslau, a celebrated juggler, being at Canterbury with his troupe, met with such success that they were almost starved. He repaired to the church wardens and promised to give a night's takings to the poor if the parish would pay for hiring a room, etc. The charitable bait took, the benefit proved a bumper, and the next morning the church wardens waited upon the wizard to touch the receipts.
"I have already disposed of dem," said Breslau. "De profits were for de poor. I have kept my promise and given de money to my own people, who are de poorest in dis parish!"
"Sir!" exclaimed the church wardens, "this is a trick."
"I know it," replied the conjurer. "I live by my tricks."—Tid-Bits.