

The Louisiana Democrat.

"The World is Governed Too Much."

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ALEXANDRIA, LOUISIANA, WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 27, 1886.

VOL. XLI.—NO. 38.

MISSING.

A sailor's yarn you'd like to have me spin?
She says, shipmate, here, off Nantucket coast.
That stormy year the Mary Lee was lost.
Her Captain's name was William Henry Court,
A warrant and a careful skipper, too;
I saw the ship weigh anchor and clear
And beat away along the heaving blue,
Far out at sea she stood, the Mary Lee,
A winter rigged and from this harbor bound,
With all sail spread from the cold northern
A good ship—aye, and timbers staunch and sound.
But that was more than twenty years ago,
And old Nantucket town will never see,
Across the distant hills the Mary Lee,
The topmast of the good ship Mary Lee.
Aye! age that little woman waiting there?
The skipper's wife—how fast she's getting gray.
Brown autumn oak leaf was her hair
The morning that the Mary sailed away.
She comes here every morning with that
glaze,
(She's not in her right mind, 'twixt you and me,
And while the ships come in, the poor old
lady,
Stands watching for the bonny Mary Lee,
—*Inter Ocean.*

DISGUSTED WITH THEM.

A Strong-Minded Lady Aims Her Views on "Shopping Women."

The strong-minded lady was sipping chocolate in one of the little lunch resorts in Sixth avenue. Her lip curled with scorn as through the windows she beheld the crowds of ladies shopping with all their heart and soul and might, as though they had been brought into the world for no other purpose and fully intended to carry out their mission. The young girl who sat at the table with her tried her utmost to dissipate the gloomy clouds which hovered so persistently over her intellectual companion. The effort was futile. The strong-minded lady declined to be anything but disgusted.

"Don't tell me that such a condition of things is normal," she said, as a group of ladies more energetic and chattering with more volubility than any she had previously seen passed before the window. "I tell you it is nothing of the kind. These creatures there are for the time being puppets, dolls, or anything you like. Women I decline to call them. Look at them rushing madly into the stores as though their lives depended upon the act. What do they want? Intellectually to entertain their husbands? Funds of information to amuse their fathers? Attractive little devices to keep their brothers at home? No. Six cents' worth of ribbon to match a bonnet, half a yard of plush to cover a hat designed to excel one they have previously seen, or some material from which to make a dress for summer, though summer isn't nearly here. Fshaw!"

The strong-minded lady viciously drained her cup of chocolate, ordered another in stentorian tones, and turned to her youthful companion with renewed vigor. "A shopping woman," she said, "is an abnormal condition of womanhood induced by the absurdly rapid civilization of the times. I have for the past six years studied the phenomenon of shopping, and I may say, as the result of my studies, that the chronic shopper is afflicted with a species of insanity. She can not help herself. She is determined to shop, come what may. It is as much a part of her daily work as eating or drinking. Let me cite the case of an aunt of mine, which I diagnosed for my own benefit, and which I trust you will allow me to quote in a medical manner. Lizzie C., my aunt, daughter of a very estimable gentleman, married when a young girl, and mixed in the best society. She depicted stories for her children, was always ready to preach against the foolishness of girls, and was generally considered a model wife. I staid some time in her house about the year 1878, and noticed that her husband's business seemed in a bad way, and that there was some paucity of funds. Lizzie C., my aunt, consequently felt herself obliged to reduce expenses and to buy everything of the cheapest. A frantic desire for bargains came upon her. She would rise at an early hour of the morning and attend sales which she had seen advertised, though there was absolutely no necessity that she should do so. 'I have had such a tiring day, dear,' she said to me: 'I have been at the store since nine o'clock this morning. It's extremely fatiguing. But I am wonderfully cheap goods. They are simply remarkable. Look here.' She produced a parcel, unfolded it, and placed upon the table what to my horror I recognized as black crape collars, cuffs and bows.

"My dear," said I, in amazement, "what did you make those wretched purchases for? I'm not superstitious, but I don't like to see you buying crape when you don't need it."
"You goose," said Lizzie, laughing, "they only cost a trifle, and I intend to keep them till I go into mourning. Perhaps I shall never have such a chance again. And you never know when you'll require them." Now," said the strong-minded lady, energetically, "do you call that the act of a sane woman? My dear child, her intellect had been touched by her husband's misfortunes, though no one recognized that fact but myself. Her doctor always said that she was the healthiest and most clear-minded woman he had ever seen. She reminds me of the fictitious case of Mrs. Smith, which isn't half as ridiculous as you might think at first. Mrs. Smith went to a sale and saw a very cheap doppelganger with the name, 'Mrs. Jones,' upon it. She bought it. 'My dear girl,' said a friend to whom she spoke of her purchase, 'what did you buy that useless thing for?' 'It's not useless,' said Mrs. Smith, indignantly. 'My husband might die and I might marry a man named Mr. Jones. And it's awfully cheap.'"

"But don't compare those sensible ladies shopping on Sixth avenue to the cranks you have just mentioned," said the youthful listener, gravely.

STILL ALIVE.

Notwithstanding the gloomy prognostications of the Republicans the Democracy has not failed the country.
There is hardly any good Republican, who voted for Blaine in 1884, who may not do something for his own political education by giving a portion of whatever time he sets apart for meditation at the beginning of the new year to the consideration of the fears about his country from which the experience of 1885 has delivered him. There were intelligent men—we know many of them ourselves personally—who thought one year ago that the election of a Democrat to the Presidency would produce some terrible financial disaster so great as to threaten social order. We can recall one wealthy and still active and prominent Republican who predicted with much solemnity in November, 1884, that in one year from that date workmen would, in the bitterness of their suffering, be knocking down and robbing the well-to-do in the streets of this city, without interference from the police. We know of another who in a fit of misguided rage and despair offered to sell his securities at fifty cents on the dollar.

All through the country districts, particularly in New England, there rested on the souls of Republican men, and particularly on the souls of Republican women, the shadow of a great fear, with which the Republican orators and journalists had for many years filled the air. The old gentleman who predicted the great robberies and the gentleman who offered to sell his property at half price, had in their minds a general closing of the factories brought about by some mysterious act of Democratic Administration, the exact nature of which they had probably never thought out for themselves. The bulk of the party was in fact in that most melancholy of all situations in which the citizens of a free democratic country can find himself—a situation in which he sees at every election all that he holds dear put in imminent peril, in which the question is not which of two parties will best administer the Government, but whether the Government itself will last more than three months.

The result was that Republicans went to the polls and mounted the stump in the alarmed, if not desperate and reckless frame of mind, of men who feel that they are on the eve of a battle which will dispose of both life and fortune. A long succession of political contests conducted under such conditions would of course in the end have proved fatal to constitutional government. Men long tormented by such fears finally became ready for any refuge from them—even despotism itself. The deliverance of the country from this hideous nightmare during the past year is, we do not hesitate to say, a blessing only second in importance to the suppression of the rebellion, and hardly less necessary to the safety, honor and welfare of the Nation. For it all Americans, of all parties, ought at the opening of the new year to be profoundly thankful. It means at least real peace and real security.

Only one degree less valuable is the deliverance from the Southern bugbear, which also the past year has witnessed. Nothing but actual experience would have sufficed to destroy the old tradition of the slavery period that the Southern people had interests different from or opposed to those of the North. There was in the Republican party a widespread belief that if they got into power, or if a President were elected by means of their vote, they would in some manner, take immense sums of money out of the Treasury—one estimate of the amount was \$3,000,000,000—and divide it among themselves, partly as compensation for the emancipated slaves and partly as compensation for other damage sustained during the war. How they would get hold of this money, how they would persuade people to lend it to the United States, if it were not to be secured by taxation, and how they would manage to have the taxation borne by the North exclusively and not by the South, was never explained, and probably few people ever asked themselves. The phrase, "the Confederacy again in the saddle," was in fact considered a sufficient answer to all cynical demands for minute particulars.

Moreover although it was the pride and boast of the Republican party that the war had destroyed slavery, and though it was a cardinal article in the Republican creed that it was slavery which made the South hostile to the Union, nevertheless until last year the fact that slavery was really dead was never thoroughly brought home to the minds of the voters. Very much like the man who still feels pangs in the leg he has lost by amputation, the party still felt the pangs of the old South in their bones, and nothing but a Democratic triumph would ever have relieved them. In the imagination of multitudes, the Yankees, the Rhetts, the Brooks, and all the other fire-eaters were still brandishing their plantation whips, and preaching the degradation of labor, and threatening dissolution for the sake of the peculiar institution. Cleveland's election may be said to have banished all these phantoms from the Northern brain.—*N. Y. Post.*

PATRIOTIC WISDOM.

President Cleveland's Correspondence with a Member of the Grand Army of the Republic.
Elsewhere appears an interesting correspondence between the President and General Ross, an officer of the Grand Army and the publisher of the Maryland Veteran, a journal which zealously looks after the rights and needs of the old soldiers. General Ross believed that injustice had been done in the dropping of a member of the Grand Army in the course of retrenchment and lessening the force in the Baltimore Custom House. He, accordingly, very properly addressed the President on the matter. We wonder that Mr. Cleveland's predecessors were not similarly admonished by the heads of the Grand Army, for we notice in General Ross' second letter a complaint that "the statutes made and provided in our interests have been so long disregarded that our soldiers' homes are filled with competent, efficient and honorable men, who have been driven there because their physical disabilities are of a character that prevents them from battling with the world in business competition with those who were well housed and fed during four years of what was to us exposure and privations."

This could scarcely be the case if Mr. Cleveland's Republican predecessors had been careful to do what the laws required and what their party so continuously promised to do for the veterans of the Union. These will read with pleasure General Ross' statement that Mr. Cleveland has given "patient hearing to every petition sent him, and prompt action in many deserving cases."
"I have adopted the theory," Mr. Cleveland writes, "that the spirit of the law requires that the same preference should be applied to the retention of soldiers when a reduction is necessary as to their appointment." And he adds: "It is well that associations should exist such as you represent, organized for the purpose of protecting and enforcing the right thus guaranteed by law. The statute is based upon justice and a proper and generous appreciation of the services of those who risked their lives for the safety of their country in her time of peril. The letter and spirit of its provisions should be fairly and in good faith observed."
But the soldiers will not complain when the President adds that fitness for duty must also be considered; for the law made for their protection and in their interest by a Republican Congress declares this in explicit words. It reads: "Persons honorably discharged from the Military or Naval Service by reason of disability resulting from wounds or sickness incurred in the line of duty shall be preferred for appointments to civil offices, provided they are found to possess the business capacity necessary for the proper discharge of the duties of such offices."

Hence the President adds: "I do not suppose you claim that this preference should be carried so far as to reward those who are unworthy or inefficient. The law which you quote was not expected in its operation to impair the public service, but to secure the recognition in public employment, by a preference in selections, of such of the discharged soldiers and sailors mentioned in the statute as could and would furnish faithful and efficient work." That, it seems to us, every honorable veteran will agree to.—*N. Y. Herald.*

A Foolish "Fling."

Never before in history, it may be safely said, did the conquered even in a civil war administer upon the rewards paid for the services of the conquerors. This unique spectacle is afforded by the presence of Secretary Lamar at the head of the Department of the Interior, and consequently the arbitrator of Union pensions. Never before in history did the conquered speak with enthusiasm of these rewards paid to the men who conquered him, or declare that they were the most sacred obligations of the Nation. Never before in history was so frank and generous a sentiment distorted and mutilated by political opponents who never shed anything more terrible than ink in such a conquest.
This has been done by some of the Republican organs, one of which says of this defense of the pension system by an ex-Confederate, that "it glows with all the ardor of an enthusiast who would like to see it extended to the fellows who fought on the other side." There is not a line or a word or a hint in Secretary Lamar's report, suggesting that he wishes pensions extended to "the fellows who fought on the other side." He knows too well—if the Philadelphia Press, the author of these words, does not—that even if he did wish it the Constitution absolutely forbids it.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Healthy Ideas.

President Cleveland deserves the thanks of all sensible mothers in the United States. As a married man the President, it is acknowledged, would be a model. In setting the fashion of early hours at the White House the Executive has declared war against pallid complexions, sunken eyes and prematurely shattered nervous systems. Turning night into day is a modern idea. Even in the wild times of the Restoration, when Nell Gwynne was the reigning star, people attended Drury Lane Theater by daylight. A hundred years ago society went home in patterns not later than eleven or at latest twelve o'clock. Under the present unnatural system beauty sleep is impossible, and the shadow of premature old age stands grinning behind the orchestra. The President is a man of healthy, old-fashioned, rational ideas, and the man or woman who desires to get the best of him must rise ahead of the lark.—*N. Y. Journal.*

IN HIS INAUGURAL ADDRESS CAN NOT HAVE FAILED TO INSPIRE THE POLITICIANS, AS IT HAS THE COUNTRY AT LARGE, WITH A PROFOUND RESPECT FOR HIS ABILITY, HIS COURAGE AND HIS FORCE OF CHARACTER.—CHICAGO TIMES.

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Can't "Make Him Out!"

The "practical politicians" who congregate at Washington find President Cleveland more and more of an enigma every day, and confess themselves utterly unable after the observation and experience of nine months, to make out what manner of a man he is. One of them, a Republican senator, trained in the school of the spoilsman—says that the President is "either a very big man or a very little one," he is not quite sure which, but the former opinion is evidently gaining ground among Congressmen, however careful they may be about giving it expression. Certainly Mr. Cleveland has thus far proved entirely too "big" a man for any Senatorial syndicate or junta of members to manage, and the success with which he has resisted the tremendous pressure brought to bear to swerve him from the line of policy announced

PITH AND POINT.

"Do you wish to be my wife, Mac-bell?" said a little boy. "Yes," Mac-bell answered Mabel. "Then pull off my boots."—*Fall Mall Gazette.*

"A man who is willing to hold the baby part of the time and grease the griddle in the morning is, in woman's eye, the only substitute for cash."
"I've eaten next to nothing," lisped Smithers, who was dining with his girl. "Oh, I always do that when I sit by you," responded the young lady, pleasantly.—*Sun.*

"Give us the ballot-box," is the cry of but very few of the fair sex, while the rest of our feminine population is content with being allowed to frequently stuff the band-box.—*Philadelphia Herald.*

It is said that "an Ohio man planted the first American flag in California soil in 1833." Whether it grew or not is not stated; but we suppose of course it did. They have a glorious climate out there.—*Lovell Citizen.*

A man in Northampton County went to sleep in an engine house, using a box of dynamite for a pillow. When he awoke he found his head blown off. It must have been a painful surprise to him.—*Norristown Herald.*

Innocent Out of the City.—"I wish you'd let me go to the city with you, Charlie, dear," said a young wife to her husband, who is on the Stock Exchange; "I should like just for once to take a stroll through the money market."—*N. Y. Ledger.*

Mr. Middlemas met three tramps this morning; to the first he gave five cents, to the second ten cents, and to the third ten cents—what time was it? All give it up? Want me to tell you? Why, it is easy to see what time it was—a quarter to three.—*N. Y. Independent.*

Nothing makes a man feel the value of an economical wife so much as when he finds that the hundred dollars he had given her to buy Christmas presents with has been invested in paying her dressmaker's bill and buying him a corn-cob pipe.—*Fall River Herald.*

"Aren't you going to eat your pudding, dear?" Husband (poking it disparagingly with his spoon): "It would kill me to eat that mass of indigestible stuff." Wife—"I know it's not very nice, but you had better eat it dear. I hate to see it wasted."—*Chicago Mail.*

Times are pretty hard with some of the small brokers in the new board of trade district. A deaf and dumb man went into an office in the open Board of Trade Building the other day, and, trading a piece of paper, wrote: "I am hungry." The broker took the piece of paper, read the unhappy words and scrawled under them: "So am I!"—*Chicago Herald.*

She should have darned 'em.—The beautiful maiden is shopping to-day, and she buys, and to her surprise, while through the thronged street she is taking her way,
Her man in the street she spies,
Good gracious! his heart! His coming, an' don't,
And with to her heart strikes a pat:
The eyes of affection will single her out,
He'll see her and speak, that is plain,
She'll take his rebuff, then crosses the street,
Avoiding the youth that she loves,
The maid would mortally much should they meet.
There are holes in the tips of her gloves!—*Boston Courier.*

A GREEN ONE.

He Buys a Prairie-Dog Town for a Mink Colony.
"There are some mighty green men in this world," said the passenger from the West, "and I struck one of 'em a week or two ago. If I hadn't I wouldn't be here now. Last spring I went out in Western Nebraska and homesteaded a quarter section. I hadn't seen the land, but took it 'supposin' it was all right. But when I got there I found it already inhabited. About one hundred and fifty acres of the one hundred and sixty were covered with a prairie-dog town. Well, I concluded to settle down and see what I could do, and I'm mighty glad now that I did. About two weeks ago I was up to the railroad station trying to get trusted for some bacon and flour and tacker, and a feelin' right smart discouraged. I was out of money and grub, and the winter was comin' on fast, and I couldn't see any way out of it but to eat prairie dogs, and they're mighty hard to catch. But that day was the turning point in my luck. While I was at the station an Englishman got off the cars, and said as how he was out West lookin' for a place to make an investment. Said he'd heard o' the fur business, and wanted to know if he was out in the fur country yet."
"Furs," says I, "there ain't no't an' just then an idea struck me, an' I changed my mind. 'Furs,' says I, 'there ain't no better fur country than this on 'art.' Just come out to my place till I show you my fur farm."
"And he went out with me, an' I showed him the prairie-dog town, an', as luck would have it, it was a bright, sunny day, an' the dogs were out scottin' around by the hundreds."
"Talkin' about furs," says I, "what d'ye think of that? I've been six years growin' those mink, an' ain't sold a hide. It's all natural grease. Guess they're 'bout seven thousand of 'em now, an' they double every year. How many will there be in ten years?"
"You oughter see that Englishman's eyes open as he took out his pencil an' figured it up. He made it 7,168,000 mink."
"Well," says I, "call it 5,000,000 to be on the safe side. It won't cost a dollar to keep 'em, either, an' if they're worth a cent they're worth a dollar apiece. There's millions in it."
"Then we got right down to business an' in less than an hour I had sold out for seven thousand dollars cash, an' the next day I paid three hundred and fifty dollars for the homestead at the Land Office, got my patent, and transferred it to him and took the first train for the East. Step into the buffet with me, partner, an' take a drink."—*Chicago Herald.*

READING FOR THE YOUNG.

"SMALL AND TRIFLING."
In your hand you hold an acorn,
Peering it a whilest thou,
And you cast it from your keeping.
Rain, and dew, and sunlight bring,
Slowly, surely, it is growing.
Till the tiny germ within it
Makes a sudden, silent start.

Time goes on. You have forgotten
All about the little shell,
Which, as years slip into decades,
Works its secret mission well.
Ah, could you but recall the future,
See that coming years can tell,
You would scarce believe the wonders
Springing from that acorn shell!

First you see come slowly peeping
From the ground a tiny sprout;
Soon it would be a tender sapling,
Sending budding leaflets out.
Then you'd see, as years passed onward,
'Twas a boy, you'd throw away
Making cool and grateful shadow
For your silvered head some day.

You would see the forest growing
Round the grand old parent tree;
And the woodman's axe resounding,
And the busy builders go,
As their work on ship and dwelling;
See the vessel proudly glide,
Carrying a precious burden
O'er the ocean wild and wide.

Ah, my boys, we can not always
From a cause judge its effect;
Soon it would be a tender sapling,
In some duty you neglect
Just because 'twas small and trifling,
So, my lads, just watch you'll see
All through life that trifle often
Make or mar a destiny.
—C. G. Dyer, in Golden Days.

"THE LITTLE COLONEL."

How He Showed His Love for Those Who Had Loved and Befriended Him—His Faithful Dog.
"Well, my man," asked the Colonel, somewhat anxiously as he slowly stirred his breakfast coffee, "what news this morning?"
The orderly stood straight as an arrow before his superior officer, and saluted with military precision when he was spoken to.
"Very bad, sir," he answered.
"There are four new cases, and some of the other men are sickening."
The Colonel's little son put down the bread he was eating, and scanned the orderly's face with distressful scrutiny.
"Dear me! Dear me!" said his kind-hearted father, hastily swallowing a few more mouthfuls. "This is a bad business. Where is the doctor now, Burns?"
"In the Second ward, sir."
"Tell him I will be there directly."
And in a few minutes he hurried away, leaving his little son and a huge Newfoundland dog to finish their breakfast at their leisure.

"Nils!" said the little fellow, resting his hand on the dog's shaggy head; "what will we do about it?"
The dog looked up with deep sympathy expressed in his beautiful eyes, but he could not think of anything to suggest.
Four years before when the regiment was crossing a stretch of desert in Egypt, the good dog following after had fainted and fallen for want of water. Then the boy had come to the rescue, and with pitying heart knelt down on the hot sand, and gave the animal his share. Nils, looking up into the little white face bending over him, licked the child's hand with rapturous gratitude, and from that time to this had followed him night and day.

For two years they had been in Bermuda, and the change from the exhausting climate of Egypt had done much for the boy's health. But still the pale face and tiny form would never be ruddy and strong, as the soldiers would fain like to see them. For even more than to his busy father, it was to them that little Jerome Maitland owed his bringing up.
His mother had died at his birth, and during his babyhood he had been carried about first in one pair of strong arms, then in another.
When the officers' wives would interfere and carry him off he would cry most piteously for his rough nurses, until they were obliged to call in one of the favorite young subalterns to pacify him.
And now these men, whom he loved, and with whom he had spent all his little life, were dying. How many times had they watched beside him in his childish illnesses, or made the tedious days of camp life bright for him with some clever device!
"We must do something about it, Nils," he repeated, with a little dry sob, "but what can we do?"
He stood at the door and looked up wistfully at the barrack hospital.

Just then Lieutenant Peering passed with two or three books under his arm. He watched him as he went by with slow, grave step, and suddenly an idea came into his head. He knew what Jerome was going to do—read to the men; and why could he not do the same thing?
No sooner did the thought occur to him than he started off to take a look at his collection of books. They were not many, or particularly choice. There was "The Boy's Own Book," one or two "Annuals," some volumes of fairy tales, and a beautiful illustrated edition of "Jack the Giant Killer." He lingered over this. Perhaps they might like to see the pictures, and it was such large, clear print he could read it easily. So choosing this at length he and Nils started off for the hospital.

Before he had reached the door, however, he was stopped by the officer of the day.
"My orders don't admit of your going in there, sir," he said decidedly.
"Oh please, Frith," pleaded Jerome, "I won't stop long." But the soldier shook his head.
"They're too knocked up to pay much attention, even to you, sir. But there are a lot of fellows in the convalescent hospital. Perhaps you might go there." So Nils and Jerome started off again, and this time met with no obstacle.
The men were all seated or lying around in different attitudes in the common room, some of them playing cards. But when they looked up and saw the slight, boyish form standing in the doorway, the cards were pushed aside, and a chorus of welcome to their "little Colonel" was heard on all sides.
"I thought perhaps you might be kind of dull," observed Jerome, after

a little, "so I brought one of my picture books to read to you," and he put himself on one of the high wooden chairs, and opened the book.

"All right, little Colonel, fire away," the man said cheerily, and as soon as the clear childish voice commenced not a sound was heard in the room, the great burly fellows following with almost childlike interest and respect the varied fortunes of "Jack the Giant Killer."

At the conclusion the child said, a little timidly: "Lieutenant Peering always reads a little prayer when he goes through. I haven't a book to read it out of, but we can say one."
Then kneeling on the stone floor, to the utter astonishment of the men, he reverently repeated the Lord's Prayer.

One by one they joined in, and when the little fellow rose from his knees with a radiant countenance and trotted off with Nils, these were many requests for him to "come again" and "give us another reading."
The fever waxed and waned, but through it all the convalescent ward kept pretty full.

Day after day, no matter how hot or windy, Jerome would climb up the steep hill leading to the hospital and there read his little simple stories and repeat his daily prayers. He wanted so much to do something for them, these rough nurses and playfellows of his, whom he loved, and this was all he could think of. The rough men knew and appreciated the feeling, and welcomed their "little Colonel" with ready love and sympathy.

But, dear me! How warm the days were beginning to grow. A hot sirocco blew constantly from the south-east, making all the foliage but the Pride of India trees look dead and drooping. Even the ocean beat on the cliffs below the barracks at Prospect with a dull, sulken sound. Each morning it seemed to be harder than the last for Jerome to climb up that sunny incline towards the hospital, and at length one morning he was too tired to go at all.

When the doctor saw him he shook his head.
"He has got a slight attack of fever," he said, "but I am afraid there is not much strength to carry it off."
A week passed, but he did not seem to get much better, until one night when the stars were shining gloriously and the sea was very still, the angels came down from the Throne of God, and carried Jerome back with them, leaving only his little tired body sleeping on his white bed.

But his father had not seen the angels, neither had the soldiers. So, when they came to lay him to rest in the soldiers' cemetery, and fire a parting salute over the tiny mound, there was not a dry eye in all that regiment.
Poor Nils! He could not tell what it all meant. And when they went away and left his little master with only the sea to talk to him all the long day and night, he lay down beside the grave and no one could get him away. But the next morning at the same hour that Jerome always went to the hospital, Nils was seen gravely wending his way up there, and walking into the common room took his usual place. The men gathered around him with many expressions of endearment, but he seemed to take all their advances quietly. In about an hour's time he got up and went away, but each day the same thing was repeated. It almost seemed that, unseen to them, the spirit of the boy still lingered among them. And old Nils did much toward keeping warm and bright in their hearts the recollection of his little master's gentle, loving ways. As often as they saw the faithful dog approaching, their usual avocations were "put aside," and that hour for many long months was kept sacred to the memory of their little Colonel. Never an oath or an unkind word did Nils ever bear in his presence, and the men were better and purer for the memory of the child-life that had gone out from their midst.

Tell us the story about the little Colonel and Nils!" the soldiers' children clamored on in after years as they clambered on their fathers' knees.
So the oft-told tale was repeated with faltering lips, to be treasured up in the hearts of many who had never known him.—*N. Y. Observer.*

THE ENGINEER'S STORY.

Two Red Lights on the Track Look Like a Mountain of Red Sticks.
"Ever ride on an engine on a dark, stormy night, eh? Have you learned what a red light means? I remember one bleak, dreary night in the winter of 1877, I was running on the Erie. We were behind time, and were skimming down the hill toward Alden, when we rounded the curve and saw what seemed to be a blaze of red lights before us. It seemed to me that the country was on fire. My heart jumped into my throat, and I thought my time had come. I reversed my lever, put on the air-brakes, and opened the throttle wide. My fireman had jumped, with serious consequences to himself, and I thought I was a goner. I lit one brief prayer escape from my lips, and felt a terrible jarring.

"At first it flashed through my mind that we had struck, but as I heard the jarring of the wheels I found that we were almost at a dead stop, the wheels slipping on account of the force of the steam which had run up. Just about two feet from us was the caboose of a freight train which we would have run into had we not stopped in time. After the excitement was over one infernal fool of a passenger came up and asked why we had stopped so quick, swearing at both the road and myself for stopping trains so quick. The cylinders of my engine cut a little on account of the cinders which were drawn in through reversing, but beyond that no damage was done.
"You can bet your bottom dollar, my boy, that the two red lights on the back of that caboose looked to me that night more like a great mountain of red stone on the track than they did like two inoffensive crimson lights."—*Buffalo Express.*