

# The Louisiana Democrat.

"The World is Governed Too Much."

HENRY I. BLOSSAT, Business Manager.

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## 'T WAS EVER THUS.

"'T was while at 'the Pier' last summer, That I fell without much ado, Into the net of a siren, A beauty from Kalamazoo. She spoke with a Western accent That was really a shock to me, And called her stout mother 'Mamma,' And always said 'supper' for 'tea.' And I knew at the very outset That of course it would not be right For one of the great Van Duzers To marry a Kalamazoo. And so I left for the city, Where I'm wretched and ill and blue, I know that I'm slowly dying, And I'm off for Kalamazoo."

"How are you, Mr. Van Duzer? And welcome to Kalamazoo! Heart of my wedding to-morrow, So come! That's just lovely of you!—*Wedded King, in Rambler.*

## LOVE AT THE HUSKING.

The Mean Trick by Which Jones Got All the Red Ears.

The corn had all been cut and piled away in great stacks in the huge barns. The Canadian landscape had been clothed several times in silvery frost. The rye was peeping up through the upturned fields, and the first week of the farmers' season of leisure had passed. In that great stretch of level country about Stratford, where farmers reap as rich harvests as are garnered anywhere in the Dominion, a programme of fun had been prepared by the young men and women. There were corn-huskings where red ears brought kisses, surprise parties where nobody was surprised, straw rides, apple-paring parties and gatherings where the staid cottolion was danced to the music of a violin. The first event of the fall of 1882 was an apple-paring. This whetted the appetites of the country folks, and everybody was eager for the big corn-husking that was to bring all the beaux and belles into the big barn of Farmer Treenette. It was known to the young, hard-fisted farmers that Sally Treenette, the only daughter of the old farmer, was to give the course of events during the husking, and that a great many grains of red corn had been mingled with the white grains that had been dropped in the corn hills in the Spring. Every red grain of corn meant an ear of the same color, and every ear meant one kiss to the fiddler, and perhaps more if he could smuggle the ear forward again.

There was another circumstance that added an unusual excitement to the husking. Sally Treenette was a rosy-cheeked, plump, raven-haired lass whose roguish eyes had made sad havoc with the hearts of nearly all the young men for miles around. There was hardly one of them whom she had not smelt upon at various times, and whom she had not snubbed unmercifully afterward. Red-haired Jim Radford, who owned forty acres of fine farming land near St. Mary's, and Owen Jones, a sharp-featured Yankee, who had opened a country store near the railway station in Stratford, had each sworn in the most solemn manner to marry Sally or prevent her from marrying anybody else. Radford was tall, broad-shouldered and strong of limb, with muscles hardened by work. Jones was tall, slim and angular, with hectic cheek and a sharp cough that told of weakness and disease, but lied every time they told it. He was like many of the old stone bosses in the neighborhood. The more they settled and the worse they appeared the stronger they were. Radford was always nervous and ill at ease when he was in the presence of Sally, but Owen was always able to talk a streak and tell marvelous tales and interesting stories of adventure that were very entertaining to the unsophisticated Sally. She liked Radford for his worth and Jones for what he seemed to be.

The night of the husking came at last. The silver crescent of the new moon hung in the west. The air was just frosty enough to be invigorating. A string of twinkling lanterns hung across Farmer Treenette's barn yard. Lanterns swung from rusty nails at the end of the interior of the barn. The unhusked ears of corn had been torn from the stalks and heaped in a great pile in the center of the barn. Store boxes, upturned nail-knives and rough benches formed a circle about the pile. The old rambling farm-house about a hundred yards away blazed with lights. It was crowded with elderly men and women preparing in a bustling, garrulous way the refreshments. Sally, clad in the lightest calico purchasable in Jones' store, with bunches of bright ribbon at her throat and in her hair, flitted about like a speck of color in an ocean of soberness. Canadian farmers always make as much noise as possible when they are out for a frolic, and the jingling of bells, the clattering of wagons and shouts from vigorous lugs made the night air quiver. Young men and women soon appeared in the farm yard, and peals of laughter were heard coming from the barn. Sally shook hands with everybody who appeared and welcomed them in a sprightly fashion. Then the work of husking began at once, for both men and women were eager for the dancing that was to follow it. Radford seated his big form, adjusted a hickory corn peg on his strong right hand, and soon a stream of glistening ears was flying over his left shoulder. Jones sat right opposite him, where the ears bulged out as if to meet him. The others sat wherever they could find seats, or stood back and dragged little piles of ears toward them. Almost the first ear that Jones husked was a red one. He arose deliberately and kissed her before she knew what his intentions were. She uttered a little scream and Radford half sprang from his seat.

"Whether don't?" he asked, angrily. "Keep 'em," said Jones, smilingly; "war's a red ear." Everybody laughed uproariously except Radford. Jones had hardly seated himself again before he found another red ear, and again he kissed Sally with an action that filled Radford's heart with envy. Jones found the red ears

## FROM ONE WHO KNOWS.

Views of an Ex-Governor of South Carolina on the Southern Question.

In the current number of the *New Englander*, Mr. Daniel H. Chamberlain—of whom, as Republican Governor of South Carolina, the country once heard a great deal—breaks a long silence to discuss the present and prospective aspects of the Southern question. We are bound to say that his remarks, as a whole, are among the best yet made on a very fruitful subject; and coming from such eminent Republican authority, are especially deserving of the thoughtful consideration of the honest members of the party. It will be remembered that Senator Sherman while unintentionally helping to elect a Democratic Governor in New York last fall—recommended, as an infallible panacea for Southern ills, the eradication of the basis of representation in those Southern States where fewer Republican voters are cast than the party managers think ought to be. Chamberlain devotes more attention to this characteristic proposition than its impudence merits; declares that the alleged remedy would not, even if it could be tried, reach the disease, and that the latter must be left to cure itself. He says—and let us not forget who it is that says it—

"The evil question is plainly the result of the want of intelligence, experience and good judgment on the part of the class who are deprived of public affairs. We may add prejudice and political ambition of the class which induces the wrong, intensified and made responsible by the corruption and maladministration of most of the Southern State governments from 1858 to 1876. In other words, if in any Southern State colored citizens are deprived of any of their political rights, it is mainly, if not entirely, the fault of the Republican party. First, in conferring citizenship upon a class not even now possessed of sufficient 'intelligence, experience and good judgment' for the proper recognition and fulfillment of its obligations; and second, by the establishment and maintenance of 'the insupportable corruption and maladministration of most of the Southern State governments from 1858 to 1876.'"

This is the whole Southern business in a nutshell. The freedmen—as President Lincoln so well knew—were not prepared for citizenship, and should have been allowed to wait until some degree of preparation had been attained. But in spite of their unfitness, the ballot was thrust into their hands by an unscrupulous Republican policy; and then, in order to consummate that policy, they were used to fasten upon the Southern neck the meanest and dirtiest of despotisms. The results of which Republicans complain are, says Chamberlain, inevitable "whenever in any community those who hold nearly all its property, intelligence and experience in self-government are set against those who are for the most part without property, education or experience in public affairs. We may add that if Massachusetts or Maine had suffered for eight months 'the insupportable corruption and maladministration' which South Carolina and Louisiana endured for eight years, they would have risen in righteous wrath and driven every negro and carpet-bagger into the sea. The wonder is, not that the Southern people, under such intense provocation, did some things they ought not to have done, but that they were not utterly reckless in their resistance to the ineffable iniquity. The greatest wonder is that, in less than ten years after the provocation was removed by the destruction of Republican rule in the South, the two races are working together for a common prosperity in peace and harmony; that there is so little real trouble between them that during the last Presidential campaign Republican office-holders and traveling newspaper correspondents could not find a single 'Southern outrage' worth reporting."

Chamberlain urges his political associates to "abandon all efforts to prolong, through party proclamations and appeals, a controversy which has resulted so disastrously to those in whose interests it has been carried on," and to leave whatever difficulties yet remain in the Southern situation to be overcome by the National forces now at work. That is, let the South manage its own affairs in its own way, untroubled by Northern interference or instruction. It is most devotedly to be wished that Sherman, Logan and their co-laborers in the making of sectional mischief, may follow this sensible and patriotic advice; but if they do, what will become of the bloody shirt?—and without the bloody shirt what would become of "the grand old party?"—*St. Louis Republic.*

Everybody agreed that it was a mean trick, and glared at Jones. The latter rose, and in a laughing way replied: "Which that statement made by Radford been' kerect, I have no wish to dispute. What I'm hankerin' to say, though, is just this: All's fair in love'n war. I've beat him in love, leas'tways in kisses, an' now I'll tackle him in war if so bein' all's agreeable."

The women protested, but the men put them down, and insisted that there was no other way out of the difficulty. The party, men and women, withdrew to a level pasture beyond the barn, a ring was formed, and Radford and Jones in their shirt sleeves squared off at each other. The moon had not yet disappeared, and with the stars gave just enough light to enable the men to see things in a blurred, indistinct way. Sally, with a pale face and frightened eyes, stood a little space away. At the word of a man who agreed "to see fair," the two men rushed fiercely at each other, and the heavy sound of blows was heard. Radford staggered back with a bloody face and gasping for breath. Jones was cool and confident. It was seen at once that he could use his hands, and that the great strength of Radford would be conquered by Jones' skill. Again the men met. Jones parried Radford's blows with ease, and finally sprang back and lunched out both of his great rawboned fists, landing them square on Radford's neck. Radford dropped as though he had been shot. There was a shrill scream and Sally dashed through the ring of people and kneeling beside the prostrate man raised his head in her lap and fondled him until he regained consciousness.

"What ye should be, Sally, is over yer," said Jones, indignantly. Sally turned upon him fiercely. "You ruffian!" she cried. "You robbed him and the rest of all pleasure to-night, and now you beat him. I love him and I hate you."

Radford, regaining his feet, began to tremble. "Ye love me?" he cried. "Why, gal, I fuvgive him freely, an' would take all ther likin's he ever heard tell of fer this."

"'Ez so be it," said Jones, snikily, "ther ain't no one else a-waitin' to be licked, I'll jist meander 'emwards, but I give ye fair warnin', ther bust time I ketch Jake I'll lambaste him."—*N. Y. Sun.*

## A Powerful Torpedo-Boat.

The Falke, torpedo-boat, just built in England for the Austrian Government, made her official trial recently, when the mean speed of her six runs over the measured mile, made in fighting trim, reached the surprising figure of 22.263 knots per hour, the vessel having actually covered 22 1/4 knots within the hour. The Falke is 135 feet long, 14 feet in extreme width, and 9 feet deep. Her draught forward in fighting trim is 2 feet 3 inches, and aft 3 feet 6 inches, her displacement being 88 tons. She is built throughout of galvanized steel, her skin varying in thickness from one-eighth to one-quarter of an inch, the greatest thickness being at her bows, to strengthen her for ramming purposes. Her machinery is of the compound surface-condensing type, having three cylinders. One of the most important peculiarities of the boat is that she is fitted with a locomotive boiler which generates steam sufficient to indicate 1,400-horse power.

—*N. Y. Post.*

—Sir John Lubbock declares that the mind of ants differs from that of men only in degree.

## THE DECIDING ACT.

The Law of the Land Does Not Oblige the President to Give His Reasons for Removals.

It is not generally known that originally the requirement of confirmation of the executive appointments of the President by the Senate did not, in practice, exist, whatever may have been the theory held by Congress. It is true that originally confirmation by the Senate was applied, but only in the case of quite a small number of the principal officers. In the meantime, however, the Senate has been constantly extending its claims to the principle of confirmation, until they now include a considerable portion of the whole executive offices of the Government, some one hundred thousand in number.

Now, in view of this enormous stride toward the assumption of purely executive functions on the part of the Senate, nothing can be clearer or more certain than that the President is compelled to make his appointments with an eye to the favor of the Senate rather than to the welfare of the public service. And when to the evil of the deprivation of the Executive of a power which naturally and scientifically appertains to his branch of the Government are added the political jobbery and mutual trading which have in the past influenced that body, and which the Civil-Service act was designed to reform, the evils and the tendency to political debauchery by the present Senatorial practice can readily be perceived.

There was one period, however, in the history of the country when this domination of the Senate in appointments passed into a degenerate and almost abject abeyance. This was during the civil war. The necessities of the then situation restored the President to his natural and scientific place in the Government, and compelled the Senate to abdicate its virtually usurped and absolute executive powers and to accept obediently the nominations of the Executive. At that time, in fact, both houses of Congress attempted to solve a problem which no Legislature, from that of the long parliament of Cromwell to the revolutionary assembly of France, had ever successfully coped with, and most skillfully and ably failed therein.

The war once ended, however, the Senate, through the unpopularity of President Johnson and the instrumentality of the Tenure-of-Office bill, was again enabled to seize the power which had been wrested from its grasp by means of President Lincoln's over-mastering astuteness and the favoring circumstances which envied him. Just now a contention has arisen between the President and the Senate. The Senate claims, under the Tenure-of-Office act, that the President is bound to submit to it his reasons for removal of officers. This act authorizes the President, "in his discretion," to suspend any officer during the recess of the Senate. But, at the same time, it is by no means in any portion of its mandatory on the President to state his reasons for removal. Consequently, if the President should refuse to give those reasons, technically this refusal, it would naturally follow, gives the Senate no just cause for refusing confirmation.

In the meantime the public will watch the outcome of this contention between the Executive and the Senate with no little interest.—*Chicago News.*

## DEMOCRATIC ITEMS.

Over four thousand hills have been introduced into the present Congress. The anxious public which the most of these manifestations of statesmanship propose to despoil have no control in the matter, but on the other hand they have the consolation of knowing that a hale and hearty man at the other end of the avenue stands with his veto axe poised in the air ready to strike effective blows where blows are necessary.—*Chicago Times.*

Secretary Lamar is an example of the fact that a poetic temperament is not inconsistent with a judicial mind. A man may woo the muses without affecting his title to the possession of these mental traits which are common to the supposed to distinguish great judges and lawyers. We have not had the pleasure of reading any of Mr. Lamar's poetry, but if it is as good in its way as his letter in the Bell telephone case it is poetry well worth reading.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

President Cleveland's work of reform is so comprehensive that it attacks all abuses, even those sanctioned by long usage. It has been considered by members of Congress of the same political creed as the Executive as an unpalatable right to take up his time with applications for office for the bench and bar supporters. So far as this practice has been carried that the heads of departments found the most annoying circumstances connected with their positions to be the bulldozing process to which they were daily subjected by Senators and Representatives. The President proposes to put a stop to this crying evil and to insist upon the isolation of the executive from the legislative branch of the Government in all matters not contemplated by the Constitution.—*Albany Argus.*

## RASCALS CRY OUT.

The Abuse Meted at Commissioner Sparks Not Coming from Honest Home-Stealers.

The outcry that has lately been made against Commissioner Sparks, of the Land Office, would naturally lead the public to believe that Mr. Sparks is an odious tyrant, whose order suspending the issuing of patents until the claims to the lands in question could be examined only is necessary to show that the clamor is not made by bona-fide settlers, who are fulfilling the requirements of the Homestead law. The man who has settled on his homestead and is improving it knows he has nothing to fear, even if he is compelled to wait a little for his patent until the rascality of somebody else is exposed.

In point of fact, the rascals raised by the land speculators and estate kings who want the earth and want it for nothing. They have fenced in millions of acres to which they have no legal title, but they hope to obtain a legal title by the perjury of cowboys and other irresponsible agents, who will swear to a lie for a very small consideration. The order of Commissioner Sparks blocks this rascally game, as an investigation is sure to reveal the perjury. Hence the outcry.

The extent to which the false entry of lands under the Homestead act has

been carried may be inferred from the report of Special Agent Webster Eaton, in regard to a portion of the Duluth and St. Cloud land districts. He states that four thousand and three hundred actual homestead entries have been in a district in which he finds less than one hundred actual settlers of all kinds, who are making or trying to make a living by farming. It is a shame that this wholesale robbery of the public lands has been allowed to exist until nearly all the lands available for settlement have been gobbled up. But because wrong has been done in the past is no reason why it should be allowed to continue. What lands are left should be reserved for actual settlers and the large bodies now held fraudulently should be restored to the public domain. Commissioner Sparks will have the countenance and support of every honest man in the country in his effort to withstand the rapacity of the land grabbers.—*Philadelphia Times.*

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## SLAKE PESTS.

Tales of India's Fearful Pest, the Cobra—A Missouri Fable.

The cobra is without doubt the most fearful pest of pest-ridden India. Sir Joseph Fayer has shown that twenty thousand persons annually killed by wild animals and reptiles in India, seventeen thousand die from snake poison. Of those again more than one-half are set down to the cobra, which is found in all parts of the country, from Ceylon to the Himalayas. When one thinks, too, of the inevitably large number of unrecorded deaths from the same cause in India, and the number killed in many other Asiatic countries, where no statistics whatever are obtainable, it will be plain that the sum total must be something appalling. And yet they may be expected at almost any time to visit the Indian country-house; may be found in your bed, your cupboard, your boots. A correspondent of *Nature* states that he found one in the lining of his brougham and another in the sleeve of one of his wife's dresses, which was hanging some feet above the floor. Horses instinctively avoid the cobra; whole herds of cows or buffaloes will flee before a single one; even the tiger dreads it. A gentleman in the civil service of India had a pet tiger confined in a strong cage, which often got so noisy and disagreeable that it had to be bamboozled—a rather difficult job. One day some one threw a freshly-killed cobra at his cage, getting entangled among the bars, hung suspended from head to foot, and slunk into the furthest corner of his cage, putting up his fore-claws, with the apparent idea of protecting his head. He was completely cowed until the defunct reptile was removed. A monkey in Cochinchina absolutely went into fits and fainted away when the rather cruel experiment was made of fastening a dead cobra to his collar. On the other hand, the cobra does not always have its own way. There is a story of a duel, seen from a window, between one of these snakes and a female rat; the latter was for a long time too agile for the heavy movements of the cobra, and managed to wound it severely, while it escaped unscathed itself. At last, however, the cobra managed to inflict a poisonous wound, when, as though aware that it was all over with her, the poor rat rushed into close quarters, firmly grasped the snake's neck with her teeth, and never let go her hold again.

The cobra plunged about furiously, but to no purpose. A death-grip was on its throat, and both the duellists fell in that struggle. In spite of its viciousness, and almost because of it, the cobra is the snake selected by the so-called charmers for their exhibitions. They assert that the cobra is really the only snake that will show fight, all the rest being sluggish, and, while prone enough to bite, can not be taught to perform any tricks. The fangs are usually extracted. Sometimes the tables are turned and the snake itself becomes the charmer, fascinating its victim. The story goes that a young girl of thirteen, living with her parents in Franklin County, Missouri, was found to be gradually wasting away in a decline, at length becoming little more than a mere shadow. A peculiarity of the case was that she could not be induced to eat in the house, but always insisted on taking her bread and butter, or what not, to the banks of a neighboring brook, where she would remain for hours together. At length her anxious father determined, unknown to her, to watch her movements. One day she had been sitting quietly on the bank for some time when she returned to the house and asked for food. This was given to her, and she went back to the brookside, her father stealthily following her. To his horror he saw a huge black snake slowly raise its head into the air, and take a piece of bread and butter from her hand. If she ventured to take a bite herself the snake hissed and showed signs of anger, when the child would tremble like a leaf, and immediately give her food to the reptile. The father was completely paralyzed, and groaned in his agony. The noise disturbed the snake, which glided away, and was, for the time being, lost to sight. The child refused to answer any questions; she appeared, indeed, incapable of so doing. It was determined that she should be allowed to go once more to the bank where she had been accustomed to sit, in order to allure the snake to its doom. Next day, then, the girl went with her little meal to the brook side, and the moment the reptile appeared the father, who was on the watch, shot it through the head. The child fainted at the sight; the snake writhed and died. The poor little girl never recovered the shock, and came to her senses only to swoon again and again till she expired, apparently in great agony. What was the mysterious influence?—*Good Words.*

## TWEED'S ISLAND.

The Mystery of the Place Where Politicians Once Held Carnival.

Lying at the mouth of the Indian Harbor, Greenwich, Conn., beautiful in its combination of rocks and shades, is Tweed's Island. Summer boarders at the hotel have often cast envious glances across the water at the rough oysterman occupying a tasty cottage high above the sound and have asked many questions concerning the history and ownership of the spot. Those who landed there reported having seen, hanging in the best position, a beautiful crayon portrait of Wm. M. Tweed. The kind, benevolent expression, that was always present with the masses, appeared in life. The picture once hung in the parlor of the Argonaut Club House. When the club was dissolved, the crayon found its way into the oysterman's cottage.

Until recently the ownership of Tweed's Island has been unknown. Old residents told of Jonathan Finch, who, seventy-five years ago, called it his, claiming to have purchased it for a cent. But the land records were silent. Finch had no deed, and for many years it was untaxed, unclaimed and uninhabited. When Tweed and the American Club

went to Indian Harbor, twenty-five years ago, he attempted to purchase the island. The ancient books with untanned hide covers in the town clerk's office were carefully searched, but no title was found in any one of them. Three years afterward, on August 30, 1863, the club, amid great hilarity and after careful preparation, seized the island in behalf of their chief and betwined upon it his name. That occasion was one of the many grand festive days at Indian Harbor. Gurney, the photographer, was on hand, and Tweed's Island was taken a second time. The instrument was placed on a point of rocks now covered by the south piazza of the Indian Harbor Hotel. Tweed sat behind surrounded by many political stars, then bright and shining lights in the city government, but now forgotten. To add to the attractiveness of the island, Tweed built the cottage mentioned, still standing, and placed over it a tall flag staff.

After Tweed's escape in 1874 the cottage was said to be his hiding place, and for several days oystermen were employed in locating detectives and reporters to this place in search of clues. From that time till 1877 the island was the resort of oyster thieves by night and an occasional picnic party by day. The cottage lost its coat of paint and was gradually falling into decay, when a poor oysterman, James M. Morrell, took possession of it, and went to work to restore the place to its former attractiveness. Last winter, in the Rocky-Neck store, Morrell boasted that he would soon own the island by adverse possession and doubtless he would, had he talked less upon the subject. The matter was brought to the attention of the owners of the Indian Harbor Hotel. They wanted it, and State Treasurer Alfred L. Goodrich declared the land to be an escheat, and petitioned the Probate Court for an order of sale for the benefit of the State.

During the progress of the proceeding William F. S. McLaughlin, of Plainfield, N. J., appeared as a witness, and he astonished every one by producing a warrant deed, executed in 1838, and conveying the island, for \$35, to his father, John G. McLaughlin, of Jersey City. McLaughlin testified that his father had purchased the island supposing that it belonged to poster's clay. Finding that he was mistaken, he considered it of no value; he died twenty years ago. The deed was found on record, but had been omitted in the index. The escheat proceedings then ended, and the McLaughlin heirs agreed to sell the island to the hotel.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

## SUPERSTITION.

Some of the Vague Precognitions of Impending Danger Harbored by Unreasoning People.

After curiosity, the most deplorable attribute of human nature is blind, unreasoning superstition, and yet we see people every day who are ignorantly superstitious. Many a man who is old enough to know better will shiver with superstitious dread when the stove pipe falls and hits him on the head, and again there a great many who regard it an evil omen when they see a creditor over the left shoulder.

I once had a very dear friend, whose only weakness was superstition; such trifles as a visit from his wife's mother would depress him for days, and once, when he left out of a third-story window, he said that he regarded the incident as an evil omen.

In his arduous duties as driver of a street-car, one would think that he would have had but little time to indulge in such vagaries of the imagination, but he always had the greatest faith in omens. On one occasion, when the company put a sorrel mule on his car, he expressed a vague premonition of impending danger, and was gloomy and taciturn all day.

In the evening a passenger who was standing on the back platform of the car was surprised and annoyed by being hit on the equator with the remains of the driver, part of which also hung over the bell rope, and protruded from the fare box. His premonition had been verified, and the mule was still robust. Afterward, seven drivers were hurled into space by this animal, all of whom expressed a presentiment of evil as soon as they boarded the car.

I have only had one presentiment in my life, but it was a large silver-plated presentiment with a silver tip; I was trying to enter a neighbor's house at midnight by the back window, to secure a few articles of silver as souvenirs, when I encountered the family tail-dog. Immediately I was seized with a peculiar dread, and when the scene was over, and a gentlemanly policeman, pried my neck out of the dog's mouth, the peculiar dread was still there.—*Wall Jason, in The Whip.*

## SALT LAKES.

Description of Two Asiatic Lakes of Solid Salt.

In the Marghab Valley, Afghanistan, are two lakes of solid salt, which Captain Yate had ridden over and described. One, from which the Takke-Turkumans of Merv get their supplies of salt, is in a valley about six miles square, which is surrounded by a steep, almost precipitous descent, impassable for baggage animals except by a single road. The bed of the lake, which is about fourteen hundred and thirty feet above the sea, is one solid mass of hard salt, perfectly level and covered by the only one of its kind in the world. The salt was the bottom was covered with a light blue crust, which was about one inch deep. No snow ever covers the bottom of the lake. The ground salt is one from which the natives of Paphlagonia, their salt, and the eight hundred tons of salt which the salt in this lake is used to cure. The salt is dug out in blocks or strips, generally of some four inches in thickness, and is loaded into bags and carried off for sale without further preparation.—*Popular Science Monthly.*

## PITH AND POINT.

—Kingston (N. Y.) dudes have decided not to kiss girls who chew gum. Let the good work go on. We mean the gum-chewing.—*Pull River Advance.*

—Bishop Horne promised to "spare no labor to learn the art of it" if any one would tell him "how truth may be spoken without offending some."—*N. Y. Tribune.*

—This was a rare philosophy in the three-year-old boy who asked what night is, for, and not content with the reply "For rest and sleep," added, "No, papa, night is for to-morrow."

—A Virginia Colonel blew into a gun the other day and found it was loaded. It isn't safe for men who don't know anything about firearms to bother with them.—*Rochester Post-Express.*

—"Kiss the baby while you can," admonishes a poet. "Who can kiss her just as well eighteen or twenty years from now—if she's that kind of a baby," cautiously remarks the Buffalo Express.

—A modern wit defines the difference between men and women: "A man gives forty cents for a twenty-five-cent thing he wants, and a woman gives twenty-five cents for a forty-cent thing she does not want."

—In a New York bank: Texas Visitor—"I reckon, stranger, you do a right smart business?" Banker, promptly—"My dear sir, you have no idea how extended our business relations are. At the present time we have three cashiers in Canada."—*N. Y. Sun.*

—A little four-year-old girl was put to bed in the third story of her home and left, as usual, in the dark. A terrible thunder-storm came up, and the mother, thinking that the child would be frightened at the lightning, went to her. On entering, the child called out with delight: "Mamma, the wind blew the sun up just now; did you see it?" Fears had no entrance there.—*Toledo Blade.*

—The athleticism of these times is not always conducive to the smooth running of the household. "I must hurry home," said Mrs. DePeyster to Mrs. DeJohns the other morning. "Reginald has been riding his bicycle again." "Indeed, and did he break his record?" "O, no; but he broke his other leg. He has only one whole limb now, and that is the middle finger of his left hand."—*Harford Post.*

—"Yes, sir," said Jones to Smith, "as men grow in age and experience they advance in knowledge." "I don't think so," replied Smith. "Don't think so? That's rather singular. The opinion I hold on the subject is the universal opinion." "It may be, but I have my own opinion, nevertheless, and it is that the younger we are the more we know. When I was a youth I knew twice as much as my father. Now I am aged, and I don't know half as much as my son."—*Boston Gazette.*

—"O, Henry! you must send for the doctor at once. I believe I am getting the dropsy. Now don't delay a moment." "Mr. De Blank?" "Why, what put that in your head?" "Dear me! Will you never be satisfied that what I say is true? I got weighed to-day, and O, it's awful. I weighed three hundred pounds." "Awful! Where did you get weighed?" "Around at your coal yard." "Calm yourself, my dear. Your weight is exactly one hundred and fifty pounds."—*Montreal Witness.*

## UNCLE ESEK.

Words of Wisdom and Philosophy Clothed in a Homely Garb.

If we expect to be happy we must be busy; it is better to hunt up a hornet's nest and fight that, than to be out of a job; no idle man ever was happy, and but few idle men are innocent long. Mirth is short-lived; cheerfulness never tires.

It never was intended that man should be perfect on earth; the great thing is not never to miss the bull's eye—but to get a little nearer to it every time we shoot.

Those who mold and move most the minds and actions of men are seldom seen. They never head the procession. Rheumatism, like many other things, is easy enough to cure in some one else; but when we undertake to cure our own, then business begins.

My dear youth, if you must talk about yourself, pray don't mention your good luck; the world doesn't care to listen to such things.

You may put the world down as a mob of fools, but don't forget that it takes a smart man to beat them.

No man ever did a polite thing yet without feeling a little prouder for it.