

# The Louisiana Democrat.

"The World is Governed Too Much."

HENRY L. BLOSSAT, Business Manager.

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## A VALENTINE.

Your gran'ma, in her youth, was quite as little as you are now.  
And though her hair was snowy white,  
Her eyes still have their maiden blue,  
And on her cheeks, as fair as thine,  
Met with a girl's blush would glow  
If you recalled the valentine  
She got, oh many years ago.

A valent' you loved gran'ma then,  
And would I had that said lang'ng;  
And first he told her secret when  
He sent the first one to her.  
No perturbed face nor sheet of gold  
Was that first ink of love he sent,  
But with the secret gran'ma told  
"I love you"—gran'ma was content.

Go, ask your gran'ma, if you will,  
If though her hair be bowed and gray—  
If though her feeble pulse be chill—  
True love abides, with all my heart,  
By that quaint portrait on the wall,  
That smiles upon her from above,  
Methinks your gran'ma can recall  
The sweet divinity of love.

Dear Elsie, here's no page of gold—  
No sheet embossed with cunning art—  
But here's the solemn pledge of old  
"I love you, love, with all my heart."  
And if I find I send you none,  
You read not all of love expressed,  
Go—go to gran'ma, Elsie dear,  
And she will tell you all the rest!  
—Eugene Field.

## THE MISSING BRIDE.

United to Her Lover After Fifteen Years of Pain.

It was Alice Graves' wedding eve, and the young people, with whom she was a favorite, were busy in putting the last finishing touches to the floral decoration of the village church in which the ceremony was to be performed. The groom, Gilbert Warner, had proposed to give a supper and reception at the hotel, but Alice had seemed strangely set upon her own plan of leaving immediately after the ceremony for her future home away in the South. The girls wondered whether Joe Curtis would be at the marriage. Some thought he would shrink from the ordeal of seeing his old sweetheart the bride of another, while others were of the opinion that Alice's treatment of him had estranged the love he had once felt for her.

"He's a better match for her than Joe Curtis," said a lively girl, rising and shaking from her dress the stray leaves that clung to it. "Not so good looking, perhaps, but he's rich and Alice can have all she wants if her husband is generous enough to give it to her. I've often heard her say she would like to have plenty of money, and for my part I don't blame her. One can be so much happier with money!"

They did not know that their talk had been overheard by a tall, dark gentleman who stood just inside the vestry door; and that their careless words had caused a sharp pang of doubt and jealousy in a heart which an hour before had been brimming with the happiness of a loving and trusting bridegroom.

Up to the little Graves homestead, just on the borders of the village, the bridal party was assembled—Alice and her six bridesmaids. Alice, arrayed in complete traveling costume, was in her own room. At her request she had been left alone until the carriage should arrive to convey her to the church. She looked about the cozy little room, which had been her own, at the little ornamental articles in which she had taken so much pleasure in furnishing it, and through the open side door into the garden. Slowly and pensively she strolled down the walk—paused for a moment under the arbor; then, approaching the little gate which here opened upon a green lane, she stood looking across the fields toward the woodlands. The sound of swiftly approaching wheels aroused her. It was Joe Curtis in his gig, driving rapidly down the lane. Before Alice could turn away he drew up suddenly opposite the gate on which she leaned.

"I don't know that I ought to intrude upon you at such a time," Alice said, "but I have just seen old Aunt Peggy Barnett, and she was speaking of you. Do you know that as I passed her cabin the old soul was standing in the door watching for me?"

"Watching for me?" Alice repeated.

"Yes," she said, "she knew you would not go away without bidding her goodbye, as she might never again see you."

A pang of remorse shot through the girl's heart.

"How was it that she had been preoccupied with her own affairs so as to have forgotten old Peggy Barnett, the good and kindly soul whom the young folks called aunt, and with whom Alice had been since her babyhood a special favorite?"

"Oh, if I only had time!" she said, remorsefully. "I feel as though I could never forgive myself for being so forgetful of the dear old woman, as she was watching for and expecting me. Joe," she added, looking up hastily, "do you think you could drive me there and back in your gig? It would not take ten minutes, and I—I have an hour before me," she added, with a blush.

"If you choose, Alice," he answered, a little hesitatingly.

"No one will see me; I shall be back before I am missed," she said, in her usual impulsive way.

At the church every seat was filled, and an impatient crowd awaited the bride's arrival. It was already past the appointed hour. Two messengers had been dispatched to inquire into the cause of the delay, and to the vestry-room the groom and his attendants awaited the expected summons. Suddenly the vestry door opened and one of the deacons of the church entered, with a face in which ill news was so palpably written that Gilbert Warner started to his feet.

"What is it?" he said quickly.

"What has happened?"

And then he heard what every one in the village church was already repeating to each other. Alice Graves and Joe Curtis were run away together. They were seen driving at breakneck speed down the mill road in the direction of the station—to catch the north-bound train, no doubt.

Warner heard the news in silence, but with white face and set lips. And when, some two hours thereafter, the southern-bound train went shrieking past the nearest station, it bore away among its

passengers, not a happy bridegroom, but a stern and disappointed man.

Fifteen years passed, and the village where Alice Graves had lived had prospered and was fast growing into a little town with bright prospects ahead. One autumn evening a tall, grave, middle-aged gentleman stalked slowly up the street with his eyes thoughtfully wandering over the faded old house and its neglected grounds. Pausing where a boy was idly swinging on a gate of one of the new houses he said: "I see the property over there is for sale. Who is the present owner?"

"Old Mr. Landon Graves was the owner, but he's dead now—been dead two years—and the place now belongs to his daughter, Miss Alice."

"Miss Alice? You mean Mrs. Curtis?" said the gentleman, hesitating at the last name.

"She ain't Mrs. Curtis. That's my mother's name," replied the boy.

And a lady who had been standing unobserved among the shrubbery came hastily forward.

"Miss Alice Graves has never married," she said. "I suppose you must somehow have heard the old story which got about of her running away with Mr. Curtis on the evening she was all a mistake—a false report. She merely rode a short distance with him in his gig to take leave of an old lady of whom she was fond. But the horse was young and skittish, and, taking fright at something, ran away, throwing them both out. People believed it an elopement, until when, some hours after, they were found in the old mill road, Alice badly bruised, and Joe with his leg broken. The man she was to have married believed it and left her without a word. Joe Curtis is my husband now," she added, with a smile, "and Alice Graves, though she has not lacked offers, has never married. She could not easily get over a disappointment like that."

"But why was not he—why was not Mr. Warner informed?" inquired the stranger, in a voice of such oppressed vehemence that the boy turned and looked at him wondering.

"Alice would not allow it. She was as proud as he; and when she heard that he had gone she said: 'If he could believe such a thing of me it is well that he should part. Let him go!'"

The stranger made no reply, only paled his face and lowered over his brow. Mrs. Curtis added: "If you would like to inquire about the place, you will find Miss Graves at home. I saw her on the porch a few minutes ago."

She watched him as he went slowly down the street.

"He thinks that I did not recognize him. As if I would have said what I did about Alice to any one but Gilbert Warner! And I can see that he has not forgotten her either. Ah, I hope it may all come right now."

When Gilbert Warner knocked at the door of the old Graves house, it was opened by a fair, graceful, sweet-looking woman, in whom he had no difficulty in recognizing his old love, Alice. But it was not until he stood in the full light of the parlor lamp that she knew him; and then she involuntarily drew back a step or two, and looked at him with a white face, as though she had seen a ghost.

"Alice—don't you know me?" he said, holding out his hand.

"I know you; but why do you come here?" she answered, as though striving to be cold and proud, while her voice faltered and her eyes filled with tears.

"I came to ask forgiveness," he replied.

"Until to-day I thought that you had wronged me—and you did, Alice, in not letting me know of my wretched mistake. So many years of happiness lost to us both! Oh, Alice, is it too late? May we not yet be as happy as we once expected to be?"

It took some time, some pleading, some humiliation on his own part, for high-minded Alice had been deeply hurt by his too ready belief in her desertion of him. But still her heart had never really swerved from its first real love, no more than had his; and when Gilbert Warner left the little town it was as he hoped to do fifteen years previous—with Alice Graves as his bride.—Chicago Times.

## THRONDTJEM.

A Swedish Town With a Marvelously Rich History.

The town of Throndtjem, Sweden, is the northernmost railway station in Europe, and is the seat of the most northern cathedral. The charms of the place are thus described by a recent traveler: "Surely the oracles of Scandinavian Christianity is one of the most beautiful places in the world! No one had ever told us about it, and we went there only because it is the old Throndtjem of sagas and ballads, and expecting a wonderful and beautiful cathedral. But the whole place is a dream of loveliness, so exquisite in the soft, silvery morning light on the fjord and delicate mountain ranges, the rich nearer hills covered with bilberries, and breaking into steep cliffs that one remains in a state of transport, which is at a climax while all is engraven upon an opal sunset sky, when an amethystine glow spreads over the mountains, and when ships and buildings meet their double in the still, transparent water. Each wide street of curious low wooden houses displays a new vista of woods of rocky promontories, of woods dipping into the water; and at the end of the principal streets is the gray, massive cathedral where S. Olaf is buried, and where northern art and poetry have exhausted their loveliest and most pathetic fancies around the grave of the national hero. The Cathedral Garden, for so the graveyard is called, is most touching. Acres upon acres of graves are all kept—not by officials, but by the families they belong to—like gardens. The tombs are embowered in roses and honeysuckle, and each little green mound has its own vase for cut flowers daily replenished, and a seat for the survivors, which is daily occupied, so that the link between the dead and the living is never broken."—N. Y. Observer.

—The New York Post-office employs more than two thousand men.

## ONLY A "SPOOK."

The Return of the Democracy to Power Not Disgraced by Partisan Scramble.

There has been one circumstance attendant upon the return of the Democracy to power which impressed Mr. Cleveland very deeply, and to which he constantly refers with gratification and pride. When, after twenty-five years of exile, the Democratic party was restored to its old supremacy, there was an apprehension that the country would be given over to hungry spoilsmen, and public place be made the reward of more or less disreputable party service. The Republican organs had preached this fabled doctrine. For two whole decades conservative people had been terrorized by the grisly prospect. Honest and patriotic men in tens of thousands had been constrained by the fear that demoralization would come in with the Democrats, and order and respectability and seamliness go out with the Republicans.

This appalling spook, conjured up by dishonest Republican zeal, has been robbed of its menace by Democratic moderation and patriotism. The hungry scramble, predicted so confidently and expected with such shrinkings, has not occurred. Excluded from office for a quarter of a century and maligned with bitterness sufficient to provoke almost any reprisal, the Democracy have borne themselves with a temperance and a self-control which have won for them the esteem and commendation of the entire country. There has been no rash, no discordant chorus of importunity. The Democratic masses have cordially cooperated with Mr. Cleveland in his policy of regarding public office as a public trust. They believed that he meant to distribute the patronage in the interest of the country, with a view to elevating the service and securing to the people the fruits of honest government.

They applauded his declared purpose of setting up a lofty standard of eligibility to place, and above all, they rallied to his banner of Civil-Service reform, and lent him their countenance and encouragement in the crusade against incompetency and corruption.

If ever a political organization put aside the temptations of place and perquisite and devoted itself to self-abnegation, the Democratic party has done these things. So far from embarrassing the President in his work it has held up his hands. The country has been regaled with the wholly novel spectacle of a party, practically new to power and unused to its responsibilities, not only consenting to but helping to contrive the employment of its ascendancy to purely patriotic ends. Mr. Cleveland has been left free to realize his plans, and has been approached by the Democratic masses only so far as was necessary to assure him of their sympathy and confidence.

The President would be strangely ungrateful if he failed to appreciate this co-operation by his party. As a matter of fact, he does appreciate it. He makes it the subject of constant eulogy, and ranks it among the most gratifying and strengthening of his resources. It has shown him that the attitude of the Democratic party during the campaign was sincere; that its declared principles were not mere catch-penny protestations thrown out to dazzle and delude the country. He feels that in the great work he has laid out he is sustained by the dearest and deepest convictions of his party, and he has been taught by experience to realize that, in this quest for the greatest good, and in this effort to elevate and purify the machinery of our institutions, he is not in advance of, but simply abreast with, the patriotic and intelligent millions who elected him.—N. Y. Star.

## MORE THAN ITS MATCH.

If the Senate Wants to Fight, the Administration May Accommodate It.

If the Republican Senate is really itching for a tussel with this Democratic Administration, it can have it, and not half try. Its tentative prodding of the enemy has gone far enough to show that the enemy doesn't want to fight, and would much rather live in peace with all men, but will do its full share of fighting if nothing else will answer.

The issue is very simple, and every body understands it. The Republican Senators wish to keep a large share of the public offices in the hands of their own partisans, after their policy and party have been repudiated by the people—and they seek to accomplish this by asking the President for the special reasons he had for removing this, that and the other Republican in Alabama, Virginia, Massachusetts and New York. There is one first-rate reason for all these removals, and the whole country knows it. It is high time, when the people have sat in judgment on their party and condemned it, that they should vacate the public offices and allow Democrats to enter on and administer them. That the Senate should take any other view of the matter than this—that they should seek to annul a great and decisive popular verdict against their party and policy by stretching the Civil-Service-Reform act over fields it was never intended to cover and does not apply to, is an exhibition of equal effrontery and greed. If the Senate is resolved to make the issue, so be it. Let it look out for itself. There has never been a time yet when a Democratic Administration and a Democratic House were not more than a match for an opposition Senate.—St. Louis Republican.

A man was at the circus watching a family of acrobats performing a feat termed the human ladder. A strapping young fellow bears the entire pyramid. "Now, if I had a daughter," said he to a neighbor, "I would give her to that young man; I like young fellows who are capable of supporting a family."—Toledo Blade.

It was customary in the olden time to raffish a contract by a bent coin. And so hard is it to change old customs that even to this day there is often something crooked about contracts.—N. Y. Graphic.

## A COMMON-SENSE CASE.

Senator Edmunds' Resolution Tested by "Putting the Boot on the Other Leg."

If the President were responsible to the Senate directly for the nominations he sends to it, then the rights and powers claimed for the Senate by the Edmunds resolution would obtain as a matter of course. But there is no clause in the organic law which, by any construction howsoever strained, could be interpreted as making the President responsible to the Senate. The filing of a Federal office involves two distinct acts, each performed by an independent power, acting co-ordinately with, but not under responsibility to, the other. One of these acts is the nomination by the President. The other is the confirmation by the Senate. Each of these powers is expected to act in his or its particular province according to the best of his or its judgment and knowledge, but neither of them is vested with any power of review upon the acts, motives or impulses of the other in any form whatsoever.

Senator Edmunds himself will hardly agree that, in case a committee of the Senate should report adversely on a nomination, the President would have the right and power to demand and obtain from the files of the committee the documentary evidence upon which such adverse report might be based. And yet this is nothing more than the very simple operation of putting the boot on the other leg. Nor do we imagine that Senator Edmunds will maintain that the functions of the Senate to confirm is constitutionally superior to the function of the President to nominate. Such a theory would involve the assumption that in the matter of executive appointments the President is merely a subordinate of the Senate, and that his nominations are of the nature of petitions to that body, inviting its attention and requesting its assent.

This view of the case of course regards Senator Edmunds' position to an absurdity. We do not see the need of fine-spun argument or abstruse reasoning. It is a plain common-sense case. If the Edmunds resolution is based upon the organic law, then the President cannot be anything but a subordinate of the Senate, and his nominations are nothing but mere ministerial acts. But if the President is an independent functionary, embodying the powers and prerogatives of a co-ordinate branch of the Government, then the Edmunds resolution becomes simply partisan rot, unconstitutional usurpation and absurd.—Washington Post.

## THE TELEPHONE SUITS.

The Administration Merely Wishes to Push to Trial the Appealed Cases.

Our esteemed neighbor, the Sun, like the luminary from which it takes its name, has begun to develop some queer spots of late. Its attitude on the silver question is matched by its ardent hostility to a governmental test of the Bell telephone patents. It is plausibly contended that this matter should be finally settled by pushing to trial the appealed suits now pending in the United States Supreme Court, and the emphatic affirmation is made that these suits embrace every essential point in the controversy. This the contestants most strenuously deny. They maintain that the vital evidence as to the alleged fraud and collusion in the procurement of the patents has never been fully presented or admitted, and it is on this ground mainly that the Secretary of the Interior has authorized an unusual but confessedly legal procedure. Nobody disputes his right to intervene in behalf of the people, but the Bell clique screams that his action is "indecent" because Attorney-General Garland has been a stockholder in an opposition company. The argument is palpably feeble and misleading as the attempt to scare other patentees is futile.

If the Bell people are satisfied of the validity of their claims, why should they struggle so desperately against a full, fair and speedy investigation? Surely they do not suppose that the Government of the United States means to do them any wrong. Even if any body could deem Mr. Garland or Mr. Lamar capable of prostituting his high office to advance his personal interests, it is clear that this case involves too large a stake and is assured of too much publicity to admit of any snappish judgment or gross unfairness. As a matter of fact the Bell Company, who have extorted a tribute of millions from the people of the United States, betray a very significant lack of confidence in their own position when they try to avoid a fair and open inquiry.—N. Y. Graphic.

## Sinking Deeper.

The high-handed outrage on a free ballot, perpetrated in the Ohio Legislature by which nine Democratic members of the Lower House were deprived of their seats, although they had been fairly elected and their election had been confirmed by the decision of the Supreme Court of the State, shows to what lengths Republican desperation can go. No thought for the rights of the people; no consideration for the sanctity of the ballot influenced the Republicans who perpetrated this foul outrage, the fitting outcome of which was to re-elect John Sherman and to have the State of Ohio represented in the United States Senate by a man on whose brow the word fraud is indelibly impressed. The time-honored adage, which the gods wish to destroy, they first make mad, is especially applicable to the Republican party. That party, instead of benefiting by the lessons of adversity, plunges still deeper into the mire of lawlessness and injustice. The infamy perpetrated in Ohio has a good counterpoint in the New York Legislature, where a State contract has been trodden under foot by the Republicans and a gross insult offered to every working-man in the State.—Albany Argus.

People who "went South for the winter" this year have found it.—Burlington Free Press.

## REDUCED TO A SYSTEM.

Solicitous Friend.—That's an awful cold you've got, my dear boy! Now, what you want to do is to go right home and take—



Solicitous Friend.—That's an awful cold you've got, my dear boy! Now, what you want to do is to go right home and take—

## A BAD BOY.

How He Pooled a Good-Natured California Merchant.

A youthful ventriloquist had a good deal of fun with a well-known wholesale merchant on Market street recently. The lad was passing by and saw a number of big dry-goods boxes standing on the sidewalk. He stopped in front of one of them. The merchant happened to be standing near by in the doorway of his establishment. The lad looked up, and with a sober face said to the merchant: "D'you hear that?"

"There's somebody in this here box," the merchant stepped up to where the boy was standing. Sure enough he heard a voice, apparently coming from inside the case, crying out: "Oh, Heaven! I've got me out of this! I'm smothering to death!" With alacrity the merchant ordered an employe to open the box. A mallet and iron wedge were brought out at once and the cover of the box quickly removed. It was filled with calico goods. But still the cries help continued to be heard. The merchant lifted package after package from the box and piled them in the boy's arms, who stood by, until he filled them with all the youth could carry; then he threw them on the sidewalk. The plaintive appeals still arose from the depths of the box. The merchant was in a state of excitement. He threw off his coat and worked in his shirt-sleeves. The perspiration rolled down his cheeks in rills. Finally, when the last layer of calico was reached, he began to dawn upon his opaque vision that he had been made the victim of a ventriloquist. He looked at the boy, and the boy looked at him. Then, suddenly, from the box came a quiet "good morning," and the lad lit out, leaving the merchant surrounded by a coterie of curious people, who eyed him with a smile as he grabbed his coat, protested against such "blamed nonsense," and skipped to hide himself in the corner of his private office.—San Francisco Alta.

## Miss Bayard's Clever Retort.

Oscar Wilde knew the late Miss Bayard very well. He was a great admirer of her wit and power of repartee, and lost no opportunity to meet her during his stay in Washington. One fine day the capital's society people found themselves interested in two events which were to take place in the evening. One was a lecture by the champion of the sunflower and the other a brilliant dinner. Oscar Wilde met Miss Bayard during the afternoon of that eventful day, and she asked him:

"Mr. Wilde, will you go to the reception to-night?"

"Well," he replied, "if I am not too much fatigued after my lecture."

A short pause followed, and then he said: "Miss Bayard, of course you will be at the reception?"

"Well," came the answer, "if I am not too much fatigued after your lecture!"—Philadelphia Press.

## WORK OF FUNNY MEN.

A Family Calendar and Book of Health and Humor for the Millions.

We are in receipt of a little book which, in richness of humor and grotesqueness of illustration, may be said, in the language of the wild West, to "take the cake." It is simply drawing it mild to say that it contains some of the best examples of American humor ever published; and the contributors, who are well-known in the field of letters, have really excelled all former efforts. The illustrations by comic artists are also in direct harmony with the text. "Bill Nye" tells his experience with a cyclone. R. K. Mun- kirk, of Puck, rhymes funnily on the four seasons. Mr. H. D. Umbstaeter, the originator of the book, describes his wrestle with a grilled bone in "Merrie England," and "M. Quad," of the Detroit Free Press, gives some quaint aphorisms of "Bruder Gardner's."

The book, in fact, is not one to be glanced at and laid aside and forgotten, but can be taken up with pleasure at any time. Its title is the St. Jacobs Oil Family Calendar and Book of Health and Humor for the Millions for 1886. It is published by the Charles A. Vogeler Company, Baltimore, Md., the proprietors of St. Jacobs Oil—a remedy which is universally known as the only cure for rheumatism and all bodily pains, and which has been indorsed by leading men in every country in the world. Red Star Cough Cure, the new twenty-five cent remedy for throat and lung troubles, which is also being manufactured by this house, has received the indorsement of legislators and boards of health on account of its freedom from dangerous opiates and its prompt efficacy. The book is distributed in large cities by carriers and in small towns by druggists. When there is any difficulty in obtaining it, a stamp sent to The Charles A. Vogeler Company will insure a copy by mail.—Exchange.

## FIRE AND BRIMSTONE.

A Relish Which Spoke Louder Than the Parson's Sermons.

A West of Scotland clergyman was going to the Highlands for his holidays, and being very fond of the "Nabob Pickles," he took a bottle with him. The "Nabob Pickles" are extremely hot, and should be sparingly used. Arrived at a hotel, he placed the bottle on the table and took one or two of them.

A Yankee was sitting opposite, and got his eye on the pickles. "Stranger, pass the pickles, please." The clergyman said: "These are private property, but you are welcome to them." He passed the bottle across the table. The Yankee emptied half the bottle into his plate, and stirred them well up with his spoon. He took a big swallow, but they were not long down when he drew a long breath, and said: "Oh, dogdast it! Look here, stranger, I guess you are a parson?"

"Well, I am a clergyman, and I preach the Gospel." "Look you here," said the Yankee. "I have heard them preach about fire and brimstone, but you are the first one I know who carries a sample bottle."—Christian Union.

## GENERAL WARD.

The Man Whose Successes in China Smoothed "Chinese" Gordon's Way.

In this paper I have tried to make no statement which is not susceptible of proof by documents or living witnesses. Such support I have not for the assertion, which I nevertheless believe to be strictly true, that Gordon, who had served his time in the staff with Ward, and greatly admired him, declared, on succeeding him in command, that he "had but to follow where the American soldier had led." Whether he said so or not, however, that is what he did. The creator and the first great commander of the ever victorious army was Frederic T. Ward. That he would have taken Nankin and speedily crushed the Taeping rebellion is beyond all question; and he left to Gordon a task far easier than that which he had himself accomplished.

It is difficult to withhold praise from brave deeds, even if we be not wholly in sympathy with the cause in which they are done. While dwelling upon the striking and dramatic character of Ward's achievements, and having only admiration for the many excellent traits of his character, a conscientious historian must guard himself from approval, actual or implied, of the entry of any right-minded man into the Chinese naval or military service. To this day we maintain the "extra-territorial jurisdiction" in that country, because no one would dream of trusting the lives or liberties of Americans to the mercies of Chinamen, even in time of peace. How much more dreadful must it be to have part or lot with them in time of war! Both Ward and Gordon were brave, and in a way great men; but in China they were engaged in a miserable business, and we must like and praise them in spite of this business, not on account of it. They waded to their ends through the blood of thousands of men who had done them no harm, and whom no sentiment of patriotism nor love of liberty impelled them to oppose. They were associated, too, with imperialist authorities and forces, for whose evil deeds they were of course not responsible, but who were sorry allies for honorable men. The story has been told of the cruel murder of the Wongs, or rebel chiefs, who had surrendered to Gordon under his pledge that their lives should be spared, and of his rage and despair thereat. This was but an isolated case; and so horrible were the atrocities connected with the suppression of the rebellion that one must shrink from pursuing the subject.

During the late Franco-Chinese war, I was more than once pained to hear men who ought to know better talk about seeking service under the dragon flag. This is no place in which to say the very much that might be said as to the wretchedness of such service, and the pirate's fate which they would court, and very probably meet, when encountering a foreign foe; but they might take a lesson from the history of Ward. No one in ten thousand of them could at all approach him in military genius, in courage and in resources, or do anything like what he did. Yet the rebels took his life, the imperialists took his fame.—A. A. Hayes, in Atlantic.

## RETAIL DEALERS' PROFITS.

The Results of a Statistician's Investigation of This Subject.

It is often stated and generally believed that the prices charged by retail dealers in various lines of trade are excessive. This view is shared by the public, and writers on economics sometimes advance the same opinion, based, as they claim, upon the difference between the wholesale and retail prices paid for goods, such as groceries, meats, dry goods, etc. Some go so far as to affirm that the most grinding monopolies are not the so-called great institutions or systems or corporations, but rather the retailers who make it so expensive to live by their high rates for various articles of household consumption.

However this may be, a statistician has been investigating the subject and calls attention to several points of interest which are set forth in the American Grocer of a recent date. Attention is directed to the value of the service demanded of the retailer, its cost and risk, and a comparison is suggested between these and the investment of the time and money of the banker, the manufacturer, the professional man and persons employed in the civil service. It is contended that the gross profits of a retail grocer average the country over not above sixteen per cent, of which eight per cent is required for the cost of the service. This is averred to be particularly true in the larger cities, as shown in the increased cost of supplying rich families over poor ones, involving palatial stores, delivering clerks, calling for orders, delivering goods, a greater variety of the stock of luxuries, etc. And attention is directed to the bulk of the retailers' trade being made up of perishable goods, such as dairy products, eggs, poultry, fish, vegetables, fruits, etc., while the staples are sold at cost or nearly cost, and the profit must come in some other way, or on the fruits, spices, fancy groceries and luxuries generally.

It is held that the retailer's capital and labor yield an income much below what is received for a similar investment of time and money in almost any other reputable trade or calling. The statement is made that the sales of a majority of the retail grocers in large cities will not reach \$30,000 a year. If his net profit is eight per cent, based on the cost of the goods, his income would, on that amount of sales, be \$2,400, out of which he must live, meet debts, keep up and increase his business, etc. It is shown by this shrewd statistician that a dealer who sells \$12,000 of goods a year has an income of \$936, which is equal to the salary of a chorus girl in an opera company; if he sells \$15,000 worth his income is the same as that of a policeman; and if he should do a business of \$60,000 a year he will have a salary equal to that of a French cook.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

## PITH AND POINT.

—There are eight million piano-players in this country. We have much to be thankful for, it might be ten million, or even more.—Dawville Breeze.

—Assessor—This land seems to be very fertile! Farmer—Quite so. Even if the crops do fail, the taxes on it always grow.—Chicago Ledger.

—A woman may not be able to sharpen a pencil or throw a stone at a hen, but she can pack more articles in a trunk than a man can in a one-horse wagon.—Hot Springs News.

—"Have you read Whatshisname's poem?" "No, sir, I don't read poetry, I write it." "Well, I suppose that does prejudice you against verse somewhat; but I can assure you that some poetry is really worth reading."—Boston Transcript.

—A young man who held a loaded pistol to his head, and threatened to blow his brains out unless the girl who had refused him would consent to have him, was coolly told by the young lady he would have to blow some brains into his head first. He didn't blow.—N. Y. Independent.

—Emeralds Longosia—I believe, Mr. McGinnis, that you think I am a stupid creature. Elected McGinnis—O, no, nothing of the kind. Nobody can be called stupid who can so accurately divine the thoughts of another as you have done mine.—Texas Sittings.

—"Robbie," said his father, "you're sat there looking out of the window and haven't moved a muscle for thirty-five minutes. Now, why couldn't you sit still that way this morning?" "Sit still this morning?" echoed Robbie, in amazement. "How could I sit still this morning? I was in church!"—Burdette.

—Miss Diddant—Aunt, you don't understand Italian, and your applauding at the wrong time attracts attention to you from all over the house." Mrs. Vulgarian (sharply)—My dear, you see this new wrap? It cost eight hundred dollars to import. What do you think I came here for?"—Philadelphia Press.

—A countryman and his bride applied at the box-office for tickets. "Orchestra chair, parquette or family circle?" asked the ticket-seller. "Which'll it be, Marjorie?" asked the groom. "Well," she replied, with a blush, "bein' as how we're married now, I p'raps it would be proper to sit in the family circle."—Nashville American.

—The Locomotive publishes engravings in each issue, showing how boilers look just after they have exploded. This doesn't seem to hit the case at all. What is needed is a picture showing how a boiler looks just before it is going to explode. We could then learn when to get out of the way.—New Haven Register.

—Whistler, the artist, who writes about "nocturnes in red," "symphonies in blue" and "arrangements in white," is coming to this country to lecture. This move is supposed to be an "arrangement in gold," but Whistler may personate a nocturne in "blue" when he returns home minus the American dollars he covets.—Norristown Herald.

Oscar Wilde knew the late Miss Bayard very well. He was a great admirer of her wit and power of repartee, and lost no opportunity to meet her during his stay in Washington. One fine day the capital's society people found themselves interested in two events which were to take place in the evening. One was a lecture by the champion of the sunflower and the other a brilliant dinner. Oscar Wilde met Miss Bayard during the afternoon of that eventful day, and she asked him:

"Mr. Wilde, will you go to the reception to-night?"

"Well," he replied, "if I am not too much fatigued after my lecture."

A short pause followed, and then he said: "Miss Bayard, of course you will be at the reception?"

"Well," came the answer, "if I am not too much fatigued after your lecture!"—Philadelphia Press.

## WORK OF FUNNY MEN.

A Family Calendar and Book of Health and Humor for the Millions.

We are in receipt of a little book which, in richness of humor and grotesqueness of illustration, may be said, in the language of the wild West, to "take the cake." It is simply drawing it mild to say that it contains some of the best examples of American humor ever published; and the contributors, who are well-known in the field of letters, have really excelled all former efforts. The illustrations by comic artists are also in direct harmony with the text. "Bill Nye" tells his experience with a cyclone. R. K. Mun- kirk, of Puck, rhymes funnily on the four seasons. Mr. H. D. Umbstaeter, the originator of the book, describes his wrestle with a grilled bone in "Merrie England," and "M. Quad," of the Detroit Free Press, gives some quaint aphorisms of "Bruder Gardner's."

The book, in fact, is not one to be glanced at and laid aside and forgotten, but can be taken up with pleasure at any time. Its title is the St. Jacobs Oil Family Calendar and Book of Health and Humor for the Millions for 1886. It is published by the Charles A. Vogeler Company, Baltimore, Md., the proprietors of St. Jacobs Oil—a remedy which is universally known as the only cure for rheumatism and all bodily pains, and which has been indorsed by leading men in every country in the world. Red Star Cough Cure, the new twenty-five cent remedy for throat and lung troubles, which is also being manufactured by this house, has received the indorsement of legislators and boards of health on account of its freedom from dangerous opiates and its prompt efficacy. The book is distributed in large cities by carriers and in small towns by druggists. When there is any difficulty in obtaining it, a stamp sent to