The Louisiana Democrat.

"The World is Governed Too Much."

HENRY L. BIOSSAT, Business Manager. ALEXANDRIA, LOUISIANA, WEDNESDAY, MARCH 3, 1886. VOL. XLI.--NO. 43.

BE WHAT YOU AM.

Dare's a mighty sight ob differns
'Tween de man dat goes erlong
'Thout pradin' ob his virtues,
An' a singin' his own song,

An' de chump dat makes folks weary
By a-blowin' his bazoo
'Bout de monstrous great big "I"
An' de little bit ob yo'.

De firs' kin larn a lesson
In de rough an' tumble school;
De odder nebber kin ketch on,
Erkase he am a fool.

Mos' folks dey know dat he am like
A bladder full ob bref,
An' dat if he war simmered down
Dar wouldn' be much lef'.

Jes'member dis, deah chillun,
To be jist what yo' am,
Fur de oyster's nebber tryin' to
Make folks think he's a clam.

—*Mort Wood, in Maverick.*

BACK TO LEPER'S LAND.

A Daughter Overjoyed at Being Sent "Home."

There is a dreary, desolate region on Bayou L——, not very far from New Orleans, which is shunned and dreaded by all men.

It is not that the gray Spanish moss, whose lugubrious festoons cover the trees and hang their funereal banners to the earth, seem to whisper to the sluggish air: "Malaria! malaria!"

It is not because of the festering lagoons, with their green scum, broken now and then by the flat, waving head of a water moccasin, nor yet for the ugly swamp stretching back, with its fantastic lines, like monstrous serpents twisting around the trees, and a green, ghastly light filtering through the densely-woven branches overhead and playing on the brown water of the swamp pools, like a witch's dance of light and shadow.

No; nature had done her part to make that portion of Bayou L—— hideous, but a heavier curse rests upon it. It is *La terre des Lepreux* (Leper's Land).

Many years ago the dreaded disease appeared on one of the French colonists, shortly after Louisiana was settled. He fled from his family and buried himself in that wild region. His family joined him there, either because some other member was stricken or from devotion, and one by one succumbed to the fatal plague. Meantime other lepers had joined them, for at one time there was a great many cases among the foreigners, and Bayou L—— became a common refuge for those pariahs. They cultivated the ground, and took into their wretched lives such enjoyments as lay in their power. They were not forgotten by the charitable. Catholic priests visited them at intervals, carrying the donations of the pious, and though mystery enveloped the country of these hapless beings, they were assisted whenever they needed assistance.

One morning I was sitting on a bench in Jackson Square, when I saw coming out of the cathedral the good priest, Father Raymond, holding a little girl by the hand. They crossed the street, entered the Square, and approached the bronze equestrian figure of the great General near which I was sitting. The little girl, a beautiful child she was, about ten years old, was looking about with a grave, pre-occupied air, which seemed strange in one so young. Father Raymond had been my friend from childhood, and we were always happy to meet, in spite of the difference in our faiths.

"What a lovely child that is, Father!" I said, when the first greeting was over. "Who is she?"

"Marie St. Cyr," he answered. "Go, then, *ma petite*, and look at the flowers and trees. Thou wilt find me here when thou art tired, and we will go home."

The child moved slowly off, not with a buoyant, light step, but heavily, and with evident reluctance.

"She is not sick, is she?" I asked. "She looks so blooming! I never saw a lovelier creature, with those sunny auburn curls, and those soft gray eyes, with their long black lashes. She can not be sick?"

The priest shook his head gravely.

"She is not sick now, but there is little of the child in that ten-year-old maiden. You will understand me when I tell you she comes from 'Leper's Land.' Her father was attacked by leprosy five years ago, and his wife and child followed him. Madame St. Cyr has reason to believe that she has contracted the disease, and, having no relatives in this country, she has confided the child to me. She wishes to give her the only chance to escape; perfect isolation from the lepers. She said to me: "'It breaks my heart to part with my darling, my only child; but we must give her a chance. Father, she must never see us again, even in our death hour. I may have to live long, long years without her, for leprosy kills by slow inches, but I bid farewell to her forever.' I think the death agony will be more easily borne by the poor mother than the separation from her child. She tried hard to be brave, but it was a pitiful courage. The father—poor wretch!—whose days are numbered, broke down utterly. He was afraid to touch his child or caress her, for hands and face are alike leprous, but he sank on his knees and cried aloud amidst sobs:

"'O *ma petite*, never to see thy sweet face again! never to hear thy voice! God help me to bear it!'"

"And poor Marie?" I asked. "How did the child bear it?"

"She clung to her mother, screaming, and refused to come. She can not understand why she is banished. She knows, no one better, what a fearful disease leprosy is, and that it will soon kill her father, but she wants to be at home. It seems to her worse than death to be separated from her parents. The St. Cyrs are people of education and refinement, so their situation is the more terrible on that account. They have ample means, too, to provide for Marie, and give her every advantage of education."

"But do you think she will escape the disease?" He shrugged his shoulders.

"Who knows? At least her only chance was this separation. It is not a hereditary taint in the family."

"I am tired, Father," said a mild voice; and looking back, we saw Marie. I held out my hand, and made her sit beside me. Her exquisite beauty seemed almost tragic in the light of the sad story I had just heard.

"Are not the flowers beautiful, Marie?" I said. "And the birds and the butterflies?"

"Yes, madame," she answered, indifferently; "but they are not as pretty as the big yellow sunflowers in mamma's garden at home, and the red trumpet blossoms in the swamp. And they have no Spanish beard here" (*Tilandsia usnoides*). "Ah! it was so pretty to pull it from the trees and make soft beds to play on. Jacques and Elena and me, we used to build real houses with it, and dance 'la ronde' in them."

"And they dance in Leper's Land?" I whispered to the priest. He nodded silently. The child, who was not shy, went on talking gravely, and, as it seemed, more to herself than to us.

"But Elena can dance no more, you know, mon Pere. Her feet are swollen so big," holding out her hands. "Ah, I want to see her, and mamma and papa. You know, Pere Raymond, mamma said may be you would have to take me back."

The priest bent his head sadly.

"In *one* case, yes *petite*, but it will be because the object of the separation has failed. You must be good and patient, as your mamma told you. Bid madame good-bye, Marie, and let us go."

After that meeting, I made it a point to see the child as often as I could. She went as a day-*scholar* to a convent not far from my boarding-house, and, with Father Raymond's permission, often stopped to see me. The child interested me, not only for her beauty, but a loving, sweet disposition. In looking at her, I always seemed to see, like a vast, formless shadow hovering over her head, the terrible specter of leprosy, ready to clutch the sunny hair and lovely face.

Instead of becoming more reconciled to the separation from her home, she began to pine with homesickness. Once a week her mother wrote to her cheerful, even gay letters, which she brought me to read. The tears sometimes blinded me as I read. I could feel the mental torture through the brave effort to speak cheerfully. It was like a hymn of rejoicing sung by martyrs while the flames were consuming them.

"But mamma will not say when I am to come back?" Marie said to me.

"No, I have read you every word; she says nothing about it."

"But I can not stay away!" she cried, burying her face in her hands, and bursting into a passion of tears. "I dream, dream all night of mamma, and when I wake up, oh, I cry so much, it makes me sick!"

"But don't you want to obey mamma?" I asked. "She knows if you stay at home you will be very ill and die, and she wants you to be well and strong."

The child's eyes filled with passionate longing as she cried:

"Oh, to be sick with mamma! why, madame, that would be Heaven! Look you, she takes me in her arms, and she rocks me like a baby, and she tells me stories, and she kisses me all the time. Ah, mon Dieu, but that is all I want in the world! I shall die if I do not go back."

I soothed her convulsive sobs as well as I could, but again and again the same scene was enacted.

"She will die of home-sickness," I said to Pere Raymond the next time we met. "Leper's Land is to her a paradise, and you will never weaken either her memory or her attachments."

The good priest raised his reverent eyes to the skies. "When our own wisdom fails, why, we will have to leave the matter in wiser hands. Some way will be opened for the innocent little one. We will do our duty, and safely leave her in her Father's hands."

"Are you not afraid to go among those people?" I asked.

"Afraid!" looking at me with surprise. "It is not for a priest to hold back where duty takes him. All places are good to us where we can do the Master's will. My allotted duties call me to Leper's Land, and if the deaths increase as they have done within the past year, I will take up my abode there. It will not do for man's outcasts to die without the ministrations of God's ministers, and that has happened more than once."

"And Madame St. Cyr, is she much worse?"

"No; the disease progresses slowly with her, as it does with most. Years elapse while it is moving by inches. Her husband is near the end, but the dominant idea with both is to give Marie her one chance of escape. Such scenes as I go through there! Between the mother's agonized cry for her darling, whom yet she will not see, and the child's yearning for her parents, my heart is wrung all the time."

The next day I left New Orleans and did not return for a month. A few hours after I arrived, Father Raymond called, and my first glance at him told me something had happened. "How is Marie?" I asked instantly, feeling assured that the gloom on the good priest's usually cheerful face had something to do with his little charge.

"I take her to her parents to-morrow."

"Then she is"—the word stuck in my throat.

"A leper, yes," he answered, sadly. "A few days after you left she was taken ill, but only a day or two ago the fatal sign appeared on her arm."

There was a long silence. I could not speak for my tears, and Father Raymond, with bent head and mournful eyes, seemed praying to himself.

"How does she bear it?" I asked at last.

"She is perfectly happy. That seems the saddest thing. But I can not talk of it yet. She wishes to see you this evening. There is not the slightest danger yet, for the disease is just beginning."

"Of course I will come," I said.

When I entered Marie's room, she ran to meet me. She was positively radiant, her beautiful eyes shining, her cheeks rose-tinged, looking like an incarnation of health and happiness.

"I am so glad you have come back!" she cried. "I thought I would go home without seeing you. I won't kiss you, for they say I have leprosy, and that is the reason I am going back to mamma and papa. Oh, I am so glad!" and she clapped her hands and laughed as I had never heard her laugh before. Did ever a mortal before rejoice at being attacked by a loathsome and fatal disease? Could the child understand what was before her? As if in answer to my thought, the said:

"I suppose the leprosy will kill me, as it does the others, and make me ugly and dreadful like poor papa. But then, you see, I shall be with them. I don't mind anything when I think of that. O madame, I am so happy!"

I left her smiling and full of joy at the thought of home. A few weeks afterward Father Raymond told me of the return to Leper's Land. The poor mother fell back unconscious when she saw her child. When she recovered, Marie's arms were around her, Marie's kisses on her lips.

"Thou, too, my darling!" she cried; "thou, too! Oh, couldst thou not be spared the curse?"

"I am glad, mamma!" Marie cried. "I am glad, for it gives me back to thee."

"I left them thus," said Father Raymond. "In time I suppose the mother's anguish will soften, and she will see that it is best for the little one to die young. I shall be with them, for what I anticipated has come to pass. I am needed at Bayou L——, and the rest of my life will be spent among the poor outcasts. This is my last visit to you."

I parted with the good priest with a heavy heart. Three years ago he was brought to the Charity Hospital stricken with leprosy, and died in a short time. I saw a statement of the case published in the records of the hospital, my first intimation of the death of the good man. Of Marie I have heard nothing. Those who go into that mysterious Land are isolated from the rest of the world, and their terrible life-drama is wrought out without spectators. God knows how it went with the beautiful child, but I hope death soon came to her.—*M. B. Williams, in Youths' Companion.*

ITALIAN PAPERS.

The Undeveloped State of the Daily Press of Italy.

There are about two hundred daily papers in Italy. Nothing analogous to the county or village newspaper in America exists in the Italian peninsula. As for the large cities and those of the second and third class, they are amply supplied, as will appear from the following statement: There are in Milan eight, in Rome twenty-three, in Venice six, in Genoa six, in Naples seven, in Turin five, in Florence five and in Palermo three. Those in Milan are in the most reasonable proportion, for there are only eight, and the population is not far from 300,000, while the people of Lombardy are the most energetic and intelligent in Italy. The twenty-three at Rome are the anomaly. Rome has a population of 160,000, or a little more than half that of San Francisco, yet it has three or four times the number of daily newspapers. Of these the *Romano Popolo*, a sort of Government organ, has a circulation of 36,000. It is intelligently edited and influential and reasonable, like most of the journals of the country, which, when they entertain ultra-republican views like the *Secolo*, at Milan, content themselves with mild expressions of opinion, that the public harmony may not be disturbed. The *Secolo*, which is said to have a circulation of 140,000, is seen everywhere in Italy and occasionally is sold at news stands in France and Spain. It has a reputation for ability and enterprise not only among its partisans but its enemies, and the manner in which it is conducted is more like that of a first-class American than any other journal in Italy. The general distribution of newspapers indicates the prevailing degree of intelligence in the localities where they are published, Rome being a notable exception. Naples, though having 200,000 more inhabitants than Milan, has less daily newspapers, while Palermo, a great and important city, has only three. Genoa is about the size of Rome, yet has but six dailies and an ignorant reading constituency. The greatest proportion of illiteracy is, of course, found at Naples and down through Calabria into Sicily, and here there is not only a greatly diminished circulation of newspapers, but of all kinds of literature.—*Parma (Italy) Cor. San Francisco Chronicle.*

THE ISLE OF CAPRI.

An Autograph-Collecting Hermit in the Villa of a Roman Emperor.

One of our walks in the Island of Capri will take us to a very high point, on which are some ruins of the Villa of Tiberius, the Roman Emperor. This gentleman, having involved himself in a great deal of trouble at home, concluded to retire to this rocky island, where he would be safe from his enemies, and here he lived until his death, in the year 37 A. D. Capri must have been a very different place then as far as the manners and customs of its inhabitants are concerned. The Emperor built no less than twelve handsome villas in various parts of the island, and made all necessary arrangements to enjoy himself as much as possible. The villa which we are visiting was one of the largest, and the remains of vaulted chambers and corridors show that it must have been a very fine building. A short distance below it is the top of a precipice, from which, tradition says, Tiberius used to have those persons whom he had condemned to death thrown down into the sea. This was not an unusual method of execution with the Romans, and his victims must have met with a certain death.

If any of us really desire to see a hermit, we can now be gratified, for one of that profession has his dwelling here. He probably does live here all alone, but he does not look like our ordinary ideal of a hermit. He will be glad to receive some coppers, and also to have us write our autographs in a book which he keeps for the purpose. A hermit autograph-collector in the ruined villa of a Roman Emperor, on the top of a mountainous island in the Mediterranean, is something we did not expect to meet with on our travels.—*Frank R. Stockton, in St. Nicholas.*

ANOTHER THING

Where Prominent Republicans Stood in 1869 on the Question of "Executive Power."

Judging from Washington dispatches, one of the most vociferous and thorough-going of Mr. Edmunds' lieutenants in the contest of the Senate with the President is General John Alexander Logan, the son of thunder from Illinois, who never willingly lets slip a chance to lift up his voice and cry aloud. To-day, General Logan is one of the most strenuous upholders of the right of the Senate to investigate the President's reasons for suspending Republican office-holders, and in interviews with numerous correspondents he manifests a disposition to insist on all the rights which an extreme interpretation of the provisions of the Tenure-of-Office act confer upon the Senate.

It was not always thus. In 1869, when the Tenure-of-Office act was pending, General Logan was a member of the House, and his views upon the propriety of the Senatorial prerogatives were exactly opposite to those which he holds now.

At that time General Logan fought in his fiercest manner the passage of the present Tenure-of-Office act, and in his most stentorian tones demanded its abolition. His ideas upon the necessity of a total change in the incumbency of the offices were embodied in the following resolution, which he sent to the Speaker's desk and asked to have passed:

> That all civil offices, except those of Judges of the United States Courts that were filled by appointment by the President of the United States, by and with the consent of the Senate, before the 4th of March, 1869, shall be vacant on the 30th day of June, 1869.

He denounced in round terms the power which the present Tenure-of-Office law could give the Senate. Among other things he said:

> The Senate now provides for itself becoming the executive branch of this Government, so far as reappointing suspended officers is concerned. * * * It (the Tenure-of-Office bill, then pending) doubly gives them the power which they have wrenched from the co-ordinate branches of the Government in reference to patronage. I do not claim that this is a contest for patronage, but it is a struggle for power on the part of the Senate, and nothing else. Although I have maintained this law (the Tenure-of-Office act of 1869, for which the Tenure-of-Office act now in force and then pending is a substitute) to be constitutional; although I have argued in favor of its constitutionality, yet I have believed and believe now that it was passed for a purpose; not because it was demanded by the constitution, but because there was a necessity for it (the Republican necessity of bull-ragging Andrew Johnson). Having once been passed the Senate are determined, seeing how well they can hold that power in their hands, never to give it up again for fear that if they give it up now you will never give it back into their hands again.

General Logan, in the last part of the foregoing quotation, "gave" the secret of the passage of the present Tenure-of-Office act "away." The Republican representatives were almost unanimous in favor of repeal, and, of course, the Democratic representatives were to a man. So were Sherman, Morton, Yates and others of the Senators. But Trumbull, Edmunds and Conkling were strenuous for maintaining "the dignity of the Senate," and holding on to all the power they had got into their hands; and they were able to control a majority of the Senators by promising that the law would not be enforced while Republican Presidents should continue to occupy the White House. That promise was kept. No attempt was made to enforce the law until Mr. Cleveland became President.

Messrs, Hoar, Dawes, Cullom, Hale, Conger and Allison were members of the House with Logan and are now Republican Senators with him. They acquiesced in his remarks and voted with him in favor of repeal. Holding such opinions in 1869, which, by the way, are the simple truth, how do General Logan and the others above named justify their present course? An explanation is in order if they have one to give.

The doctrine which Senator Sherman asserted to be true in 1869—that all the important offices ought to be in the hands of members of the party in power—is true now. The President has certainly been moderate in making changes, and there is no tenable ground for maintaining that any greater necessity exists for the enforcement of the Tenure-of-Office act than existed then, when all these gentlemen were in favor of abolishing it, because it might be made to hamper the President in the exercise of the executive power which rightfully belonged to him. The following was the language of one of the leaders of the Republicans of the House in 1869, which General Logan, Senators Hoar and Dawes and the rest indorsed:

> We have now before us a proposition to clothe the Senate with power to control the appointments made by the Executive. Now, I hold that it is against the principles of this Government that its executive officer shall be called upon to do work when he can not control independent of the officers to do that work. * * * * Why do I prefer the Executive to the Senate? The Executive is responsible. Any officer can be called before him and the Executive can say to him: "Why do you do this?" Any representative of the people can call an unworthy officer to account before the President. But the Senate sits there, one Senator being a shield for another. You go to a Senator and say: "Why was not this man turned out?" The answer is: "Oh, the Senate refused to turn him out." Each Senator is able to make the same answer to such an inquiry. You can hold no man responsible.

By the constitution, the Senate has the right to advise and consent, or to refuse to advise and consent to the President's nominations. When they undertake to go further, and seek to interfere with his right of removal, as, under the lead of Mr. Edmunds, the Republican Senators are seeking to do now, they are overstepping the constitutional boundaries of their power, and the President will be sustained by the country in his refusal to comply with their demands.

It must not be forgotten that Senators Sherman, Allison, Hoar, Dawes, Cullom, Logan, Hale and Conger are on record as professed believers in the right of the President alone to control the removals, and that Senator Evarts has solemnly declared that the interference of the Senate in such matters is unconstitutional. Yet they are now asserting the right of the Senate to restore suspended Republican office-holders to office. Circumstances alter cases with them, and all regard for consistency is flung to the winds.—*Boston Globe.*

TREASURY RAIDS.

The Attempt, Through Pension Bills, to Capture "the Soldier Vote."

The figures which are given in a letter from Commissioner Black to Mr. Randall, chairman of the Appropriations committee, relative to the cost of the schemes now proposed for Congressional action in regard to increasing the pension list are simply astounding. They afford a striking exemplification of the thoughtless way in which wild plans are mooted on sentimental or other like grounds, without any consideration of the enormous expenditure to be thereby entailed. It is fair to suppose that if the data for the calculation of the cost were within the knowledge of the authors of such schemes, and were duly considered in regard to their practicability, they would never be submitted.

The inquiry of the chairman of the Appropriations committee had reference to two points—first, as to the cost resulting from the extension of time for filing applications for pensions under the acts of January and March, 1879, and second, as to the probable cost of repealing the limitation in regard to filing applications under those acts. The Commissioner shows that the cost resulting from the extension of time referred to in the first branch of the inquiry has amounted to $259,873,972 up to July 1, 1885. In regard to the second branch of the inquiry he says that if the limitation as to time imposed by the acts referred to be removed, all pensions will begin at date of the soldier's discharge, and that the result will be an increased charge on the treasury of $75,000,000, to pay pensioners now on the roll; and he estimates that the number who would be entitled to be entered on the roll would increase that charge to $302,836,200; that is, pension claims would swallow up, in effect, the whole revenue of the Government.

This is the gist of the Commissioner's statement. It is directed with all the force which a plain statement of figures can command against such reckless propositions as that of Mr. Browne, of Indiana, who desires to remove the present limitation of the Arrears-of-Pensions act to January 1, 1886. The cost of carrying this scheme into effect would be something over $300,000,000. If Mr. Browne had taken the cost into account it may readily be believed he would have long hesitated before advancing so extravagant a proposition.

The truth is—and these figures loudly emphasize it—it is high time to call a halt in regard to further extravagant legislation for the benefit of pensioners. No nation in history has acted so liberally as ours toward its disabled soldiers. What was generously given it does not now begrudge, but maintains and pays faithfully. Not only has the vast and expensive machinery of a great bureau been called into existence for the thorough consideration of every case which should be presented, but, lest any deserving claimant should be neglected, the time for making application to share in the Nation's beneficence has been amply extended. The money-limit of generous and grateful regard has been reached.

In the matter of pensioning its disabled soldiers or their dependent survivors, the Nation has done its duty. Congress has other duties to which its attention is invoked by the most patriotic considerations. It is not enough to regard the past. It is requisite also to secure the present and to provide for the future.

An evil feature in every new pension proposal is the demagogic spirit which it inevitably awakens. Congressmen vie with each other in propounding absurd plans for increasing pensions, which, if they were carried into effect, would bankrupt the treasury of the United States. Of course, many of them are not even seriously intended, and their real object is to ensnare and capture what is known as the soldier vote. But, like all insincere issues, they exercise a delusive effect on the public mind, and a belittling influence on political methods.

The time has come for answering with a decided negative every proposition to increase the pension charges of the Government whether the proposition is inspired by demagogism or corruption. Congress has done its full duty by the soldier, let it now turn its endeavor to doing its full duty to the people.—*Washington Post.*

DEMOCRATIC DRIFT.

——William Walter Phelps says Mr. Blaine will run again if he can be assured that he will receive the Irish vote. Oh, well, there will be no trouble about that. And we dare say Ben Butler will run again if he can be assured of the vote of Charles A. Dana.—*N. Y. Graphic.*

——There is nothing to refute the claim of the Democratic members that they made no attempt to check an investigation into the Cincinnati election, on which depended four Democratic seats. The names of these four members accredited from Cincinnati have been arbitrarily struck from the roll by the Lieutenant-Governor, and the Republican minority, though not constituting a quorum, is attempting to usurp the authority of the Senate.—*St. Louis Republican.*

——The Second Comptroller has made a report on the accounts of the Signal-Service Bureau. The investigation has exposed great extravagance, flagrant violations of law, and arbitrary assumptions of authority in the administration of that office for the last three or four years. After the frauds and forgeries of Howgate, which are still unpunished, it was at least supposed that common care would be exercised in redeeming the bureau from the disgrace that had fallen upon it by his crime. It now appears that the liberality of Congress toward the Signal Service by increased appropriations has been shamefully abused. Instead of prudence and strict fidelity in its management there has been scandalous prodigality and defiance of legal restraints. We are in favor of Signal-Service reform. The service needs it, and the country demands it.—*N. Y. Sun.*

HEAH ME ZEKEIL.

Young man, doan be too prebeus
In a-comin' to de foah.
It nebber pays to lose de race
Erkase yo' feet git soah.
Jis' trabbol slow an' suah,
An' keep de straight, wide track.
Ef yo' hurry up an' lose de way
Yo'll shuah hab to turn back.

Yo' nebber seen a saw log
Dat growed in a single day.
Firs' comes de seed an' grass, sah,
Befo' yo' make de hay.
De sprout it makes de saplin',
An' dat's what makes de tree.
De brook it makes de ribber,
An' de ribber makes de sea.

Ef yo' wanter clim' a flag pole
Yo' can't 'gin at the top.
Yo' must hab de flour an' grease, sah,
Befo' yo' kin make de sop.
De dog dat chaws de ham bone
All fru de summer day
At las' will git dar, Zekeil,
An' de marrer 'll be his pay.

Ef yo' hol' yo' head so high, sah,
Dat yo' doan' kin see yo' feet,
Yo's boun' to mash yo' shins, sah,
On eberry stone yo' meet.
Doan think a man a fool, boy,
Erkase his face looks so;
Yo' nebber kin look at a flea
An' tell which way he'll go.

An' de mule dat kicks de hardes'
Am de sleepies' in de team;
It ain' de cow with the bigges' bag
Dat gibs de riches' cream.

Yo' better 'member dis right hard—
Jes' mark it on de slate:
It ain' de scrubby-lookin' hoss
Dat allus gits dar late.
It am de man dat ain' afeered
To work with han' an' foot
Dat gits a tail-holt on success,
Like a bull-pup to a root.

—*Mort Wood, in San Francisco Maverick.*

THE FARMER'S FISH.

Where He Came From—The Different Kind—Carp Ponds—How to Make Them—How to Get the Fish.

Since the United States Fish Commission, with that able gentleman Spencer F. Baird, first sent out carp to be distributed by the different State Fish Commissioners to propagate the fish in ponds and elsewhere, there has been a growing demand, until at present the industry is of large proportions. About thirty thousand people in this country are now known to be engaged in the business.

FIG. I.—PARTI-SCALE CARP.

The carp is a native of a section of the central countries of Europe, and corresponding latitudes in Asia, but, on account of its value as an article of food, has long been naturalized in many countries in which it is not indigenous. No fish, indeed, except its congener, the gold fish, has been so much transported by man from one place to another; and this has been the more easily and successfully accomplished, as the carp can subsist longer than most fishes out of the water, if only kept moist.

The carp spawns in May and is out of condition until July. Its fecundity is greater in warm than in cold climates. They are very prolific, more than seven hundred thousand eggs having been found in the ovaries of a single carp of moderate size. Carp prefer quiet waters, with soft or muddy bottoms. Their food consists of aquatic plants, worms, etc. It becomes quite tame and can be fattened on lettuce and similar pet vegetables as well as corn mush boiled, potatoes and other articles used on the table.

FIG. II.—PARTI-SCALE CARP.

The carp is said to live to a great age, even to one hundred and fifty or two hundred years. The carp deposits its spawn on weeds.

There should be care taken in the culture of carp. Like beginning any other business, it should be done intelligently. The pond should not be left in a crude condition, but should have all the necessary adjuncts to successful culture.

It is said that much the larger quantity of carp now sold in America are known as the "scale" carp, being entirely or nearly covered with scales. These come from the stock first imported from Germany. The second lot of carp obtained by the Government were of the parti-scale type, called by the Germans "leather," "mirror," "blue back," but all of the same variety, the larger portion of the body being scaleless, and each succeeding year the scales growing less. The parti-colored carp are the kind sought after by people who understand carp culture. Figures 1 and 2 are the parti-colored American food carp. These are the best obtainable kinds. Figure 3 is the scaleless kind and of the finest, but not as yet generally introduced. No. 4 is the scale carp and is of the lowest type.

FIG. III.—SCALELESS CARP.

Carp may be raised in any sized pond that will have water three to five feet deep. The bottom should be of mud, so as to produce a good growth of aquatic vegetation on which the carp may subsist. The sides of the pond should not be built up with wood or stone masonry if it can be avoided.

In regions where the ponds freeze over in the winter, a hibernating ground should be made. This should be the deepest place in the pond, and should be from six to eight feet deep, with a good bed of soft mud at the bottom. When cold weather sets in the carp will make their way into this ground and remain until spring. No other fish should be placed in the pond, nor should water fowl be given freedom in it. A sluice should be put in each pond to regulate the depth of the water and to draw the water off. The discharge should be from the bottom. Wire cloth may be placed at the bottom of the sluice to prevent the carp escaping. Some carp culturists divide their ponds into three sections with a deep place near the outlet of each.

Carp may be prevented from escaping from a mill dam by placing wire netting along where the water overflows. This may be removed on the advent of severe cold weather so that it will not be carried away by the ice in the spring. It can be replaced before the carp leave their hibernating places.

Carp must have air in the winter when the pond is covered with ice to keep them from suffocating. A very simple device will obviate suffering to the carp. Take a barrel and shove it three-fourths its length down in through the ice, the open part of the barrel downward. Bore holes in the top, and cover well with straw. In this way the air escapes through the straw and barrel to the water, and the water in the barrel will not freeze.

To keep thieves from dragging a pound with nets, take poles three or four inches in diameter, cut them so that they may be driven well into the bottom of the pound.

FIG. IV.—SCALE CARP (LOWEST TYPE).

Within a foot of the top have the poles niched on opposite sides and sawed two-thirds off. From these niches the pole should project above the water about a foot when driven in, so that when the pole is properly in, the top may be broken off, leaving the top under water about a foot, as stated. They should be driven at an angle of about twenty-five degrees, leaning inward, at proper distances apart.

Carp may be sent for at any time, but spring and fall are the best.

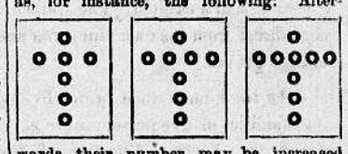
To get a supply, first address any of your State Fish Commissioners, next the Congressman from your district, and if these fail, write to Spencer F. Baird, United States Fish Commissioner, Washington, D. C.

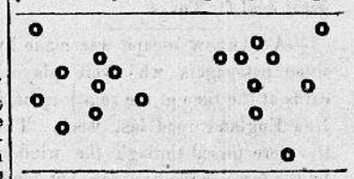
To prepare carp for a market, they should be placed in a box and fed a sufficient time to fatten and to remove the taste of mud or vegetable matter from the flesh.—*Toledo Blade.*

A NEW GUESSING GAME.

Some Curious Speculations as to "Unconscious Counting."

There is an ingenious article on "unconscious counting" in the January number of the *Gartenlaube*, in which the writer, Herr W. Preyer, points out that the ability possessed by every grown-up person of ordinary intelligence to distinguish three, four or even five objects at a glance and without being conscious of counting them, may by practice be perfected to such a degree that it becomes quite as easy to count ten objects as it is to count three, and that it is possible to give the exact number up to thirty objects at a single glance. As an example of the latter attainment, the writer points to the well-known arithmetician Dase, who died in 1861, and who declared that he could count thirty objects of the same kind as quickly and easily as other people could count three or four. The truth of the assertion was often proved when Dase, with lightning rapidity, gave the correct number of a herd of sheep, of the books in a library or the window-panes in a large house. The number of Dases is probably such that, were all the Dases of the world put together, even an untrained arithmetician would without difficulty give their correct number unhesitatingly; but there is no doubt that practice would do much even for those people who are naturally gifted with arithmetical powers. And practice, after all, is nothing but patient, attentive repetition, in which the dullest may join with the brightest. Apart, however, from the utility of this new branch of science, the method of teaching it is such that if it is only practiced as a game it may afford amusement in many a juvenile and family circle. The test of how far one can count at a glance is easily made by putting several small objects, such as coins, pins or matches, under a sheet of paper, then lifting the paper for a second and looking at the objects, and after covering them again give an estimate as to their number. At first it will be found difficult to fix the number if there are more than three to five objects, but the eye becomes very soon accustomed to distinguish between larger numbers, so that after a short time eight or nine objects will be counted by the eye with the same facility. Care should, however, be taken that the counting is not done consciously, for that would take far too much time; the number of objects should only be valued. The mistakes which are at first frequently made in this guessing game will become rarer and rarer, and almost any body can become an expert in rapid counting up to ten objects. After that it becomes more difficult. The sensation, says Herr Preyer, of a person practiced in unconscious counting, when looking attentively at larger numbers of objects, is that their number shoots rapidly through the head. To acquire this method of counting black spots should be made on white square pieces of cardboard, first symmetrically and in small numbers, as, for instance, the following: Afterwards their number may be increased and their position altered. It will also be good practice to open a book, cover part of the page, rapidly look at the lines left uncovered, and to guess at their number. It is astonishing how soon the eye gets accustomed to the numbers. The more advanced "unconscious counter" should practice on spots not regularly arranged,





which is much more difficult at first. Herr Preyer concludes his interesting article with the remark that unconscious counting, like all other oft-repeated processes, such as lifting the hat as a token of salutation, becomes at last an entirely mechanical process, to which we have only to add that if it does not become easier than the common form of salutation appears to be to a large part of male hat-wearers, its success as a branch of knowledge will not be striking, but as an amusement it is sure to find favor.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

Where the Mine Was.

Indignant Stockholder—It is an outrageous swindle, sir.

President Great Fraud Mining Company—What is a swindle?

"Your mine, sir. You haven't any mine."

"Yes; there's a mine."

"Where is it, then?"

"Here. You put in your money and lost it. What was yours is now mine. See!"—*Philadelphia Call.*