The Louisiana Democrat.

"The World is Governed Too Much."

HENRY L. BIOSSAT, Business Manager. ALEXANDRIA, LOUISIANA, WEDNESDAY, JUNE 9, 1886. VOL. XLI.—NO. 57.

ON THE ROAD.

Upon a twelve month's trip he'd gone
And when four weeks away,
A telegraphic message came
That made the young man gay.

"You are a father, John," it said,
And then went on to tell
That every thing was quite serene,
With wife and baby doing well.

It made a different man of John,
It lit his face with joy,
To have the merchants on the road
Inquire about his boy.

"A family man," said John, with pride,
"Has much to think about,"
And then he'd count the months from home
Before his trip was out."

Thus time ran on, one month remained,
And John was wild with joy,
To be at home to see the wife,
And hug that great big boy.

One evening when his work was done,
With one more week to stay,
This telegraphic message came:
"The baby died to-day."

—*Merchant Traveler.*

FAITH'S VISIONS.

She and Her Lover Were Not Parted in Death.

I have always lived in a New England village, and have ever sought to be a religious, God-fearing woman. It is due to myself to state these things, because what I have here to set down is extraordinary and out of the common. Some of it I regard as at variance with sound Christian precept, but I am in no way responsible for it. I merely relate some curious facts concerning my late niece, Faith Converse, and her late husband. Her mother is my youngest sister. Both her parents died in her infancy, and her nurture and admonition became my charge. She grew up a good girl in the main, but too much given to the conceits of the world—as her mother was before her. Faith had what worldly folk call beauty and grace; and though I made her dress demurely, she was never without a trinket, a ribbon or a flower in her hair. Yet she was obedient and loving; she dutifully attended the preaching of the word with me; and when my eyes were dim at night she was willing to take the blessed book and read an edifying chapter of my choice to me.

Until Faith was eighteen we two lived comfortably together on my slender income, and nothing happened to disturb the wonted serenity of our lives. Then there was a change. We dwelt in a seaport town, the greatest man of which was 'Squire Bradish. He was its largest ship-owner, and otherwise wealthy and prosperous. He was a childless widower of fifty, and lived with a housekeeper and servants in a great house that overlooked the bay. His deep bass led the singing at meeting; though not a member he was regularly there, and he was charitable, kind and good. Therefore I was surprised—nay, I was delighted—when he told me one day that the subject of taking another wife had been much on his mind of late, and that Faith Eldridge was the one whom he wished. And he said that perhaps it would be better if I would first make his desire known to her. I gladly did so the same day. She was amazed; that I had expected; but she gave a positive refusal, and I was more vexed than I can tell. In vain did I remind her of the 'squire's riches, his position, his goodness. She shook her head decidedly. I am not given to anger, but wrath at that time was to be justified.

"Tell me this instant," I said (and I think I stamped my foot), "what this folly means! Have you a lover?"

She colored.

"Tell me!"

"Don't be angry with me, Aunt Rachel!" she said. "I wanted to tell you before, but I did not dare. I am betrothed to Earl Converse, the master of 'Squire Bradish's ship Conqueror. We shall be married some time—I trust. We became engaged just before his ship sailed the last time. But—but—I loved him before I ever saw him."

The girl seemed to be losing her senses. I stared at her, but indignation kept me silent. She broke out in a wild talk that made me shiver.

"There are things which I can't explain to you, aunt," she said. "You wouldn't believe me if I should tell you. I see things in my sleep and I hear voices that tell me truly of much that is to happen. When the great storm came last December that wrecked so many of our ships and drowned so many sailors of our town I knew it weeks before the news came home. I could have told the name of every wrecked ship and drowned sailor, but the people would have thought me crazy—as you do now. The meeting-house burned up three years ago—and I had seen it all in my sleep two nights before. Months ere I met Earl Converse he came to me in my visions. I saw him as plainly as I see you now, and knew that he was to be my husband. You can't believe it; nobody would, but Earl—he does. No matter, it is true."

In pity to the girl, fearing that some devil had possessed her, I said no more just then. Next day I saw the 'squire and told him. He listened, asked me many questions, and appeared thoughtful. But he agreed with me that something was strangely troubling the girl's mind. He hoped it would soon pass away, and he hoped that Faith might also be cured of this silly fancy for a poor shipmaster, and be willing to take the first man of the town for her husband. The Conqueror came into port on her return voyage a few weeks after my talk with Faith, and as there was no sinful secret to be longer kept, Captain Converse came openly to our house. He was a proper enough young man; he never swore like most seafaring men. In time, no doubt, he would be forehanded, and had not the 'squire spoken out as he did, I might have been satisfied with him as Faith's future husband. As it was I put up my vexation and kept silent. A few days before the Conqueror sailed again Faith told me that she had promised Captain Converse that with my consent she would marry him on his return. Had not my mind been made up from my sense of Christian duty, her wistful voice and imploring eyes might have shaken my resolution. But I did not yield, and leaving her in tears I went to tell the news to 'Squire Bradish. He became more thoughtful than ever when he heard it, and knitted his brows. I ventured to make a suggestion, I was so anxious, and perhaps I spoke sinfully and uncharitably.

"Suppose you discharge him from your service," I said. "That would destroy his income, and they could not marry."

He looked at me curiously, and did not speak for long. Then he said:

"I have been thinking of that; but it will not do. Poor as he is, they might marry now, in spite of us. No; we will let him go out again in the Conqueror. That will separate them for some months, and give us time to contrive."

Some time after the sailing of her lover I observed a great change in Faith. Her cheerfulness departed. She grew pensive and silent; once I found her in tears. I could not speak to her of the old, distressing subject, for it estranged us. I feared still more for her mind, and treated her with the greatest kindness. Her eyes thanked me, and she always kissed me now upon going to bed. And more than ever did I pray that peace and security, as of old, might rest upon our home.

One night there was a rap at the door. My niece was out among her flower-beds, and I answered the rap. The caller was 'Squire Bradish.

"Where is Faith?"

I told him.

"I have bad news, Miss Rachel. She must hear it. Please call her in."

She came in, with her sunbonnet in her hand, not at all agitated by the 'squire's call.

"There is bad news to-day, Miss Eldridge," he said. "Can you bear it?"

She fixed her eyes intently upon him, but showed no emotion.

"The Conqueror has just rounded the lower point. A swift cutter coming up brought me a letter from the mate. It tells me that Captain Converse was drowned on the 14th of June, in mid-ocean.

I looked to see her scream or faint. She did neither. With he hands lying loosely in her lap she sat there, with a far-away look in her eyes, which seemed to see neither of us. I went to her and laid my hand on her arm.

"Do you hear, Faith? The 'squire says that Captain Converse is drowned."

"It is not true," she said. "I saw him on the 14th of June. He seemed weary and troubled. I can believe that he has been in danger and perplexity, but he is not dead. He did not come to me in that way."

There was nothing to be said in the face of such perversity as this. The 'squire took his leave and next morning, after the ship was at the dock, he sent in the particulars of the captain's sad fate. In the height of a storm the lurch of the ship threw him against the rail. He must have been stunned, for as he lay doubled over it he did not reach out his hand to save himself, but toppled into the sea. No boat could live in such a gale, and nothing could be done to help him. The mate saw it all, but was not near enough to aid him. All this I told to Faith. She merely shook her head. I grew angry—I could not help it.

"Foolish girl!" I cried. "Will you insist after this that he is yet alive?"

"I know he is," was her calm reply.

"Faith Eldridge, beware! You are flying in the face of Providence. These visions and dreamings are not of God—the adversary is in them. Confess your wickedness; ask Him to forgive your impiety; mourn a little, if you will, for your dead—and then, in due time, marry that excellent man who is patiently waiting for you."

"I think," she said, "that God made my betrothed come to me that night that I might know he was still alive."

Her shocking irreverence took away my breath. Had it been six years earlier in her life I should have chastised her severely, and felt like doing so as it was. But 'twas no use to labor with her. Prayer was the only weapon left me, and I wielded it most vigorously. Months passed and Squire Bradish ventured to speak to Faith about his wishes. I never asked either what happened in that interview. I had no need. I saw him leave the house with a clouded face, and I knew there was no hope for him. And soon something happened that startled the town. Inexpressibly shocked as I was, the avenging hand of God seemed it. The 'squire was strong and robust and in the maturity of life; but, as often happens to such men, he sickened and went rapidly to death's door. When the doctor told him that he might not have another day to live, he had his lawyer sent for.

"Tear up my will," he said, which gives everything to churches and charities. Draw another; let the old housekeeper have a thousand dollars, and all but that goes to Faith Eldridge."

It was done and duly executed.

"Tell her," he said, "that it is all the reparation I can make her; the Captain of the Conqueror stood in my way, and I hired that ruffian of a mate to remove him. He did it; he caught him unawares one dark and stormy night when the crew were all aloft and forward and none could see, and flung him over the quarter. The mate told me he did it when he came for his blood-money; and he has left this land forever. It was my work—God forgive me!"

So it came to pass, through these astounding events, Faith went one day to take possession of the British mansion and the wealth of its late owner. She took me with her.

Yes, thanks be to God, Captain Converse returned, alive and well, when three years had passed since the Conqueror bore him away. I was present at his happy meeting with Faith, and on that occasion, I am constrained to say, he kept his arms round her longer than a strict sense of propriety would allow. And she did not either scream or swoon this time. She simply said: "I knew you were alive, Earl—I was sure you would come," and laid her head on his shoulder and allowed him to kiss her four or five times. It seemed to me that once would have been quite sufficient.

He had clung to a floating spar when treacherously hurled into the sea, and had been picked up the next morning, very near to death, by a trader bound for the South Alantic; he had endured shipwreck on the African coast, had been captured and sold into slavery, and after such sufferings as killed all his companions, he had escaped, and at last reached home again.

The brief period of wedded life which these two enjoyed was happy. They were bound up in each other, so much so that I have fears that their religious duties were not always performed with becoming zeal. Did not my humility prevent I might also suggest that the marital fondness, which frequently excluded any attention to another person, although that person was vigilant everywhere in her household, was a remarkably selfish passion. More than five times (to be precise) during the first year of their wedded life did Faith Converse assure her husband that they were nevermore to be parted.

"I could not live without you now, dear Earl," she would say, "and I think you would be lonely without me. But be of good cheer; we shall never be parted; within the same hour we shall seek a higher happiness in a better world. I know it. I have seen it in sleep. When or where or how it will be I can not tell, but that we two shall die together is as certain as that we shall die."

What visions are given her to see now I may know some day, but that in the flesh she saw the future as we can not see it is proven by what I have written and have yet to write. On the night of August 7, 1859, a furious storm came in from the sea and raged all night over the town. You can be shown to-day the great trees that were splintered and scarred with the lightning bolts; strong men who were children then remember how they cowered and shuddered as they heard His terrible voice in the storm and the thunder. Until daylight I was upon my knees. At the dawn I tapped upon their door. They answered not. I softly unclosed it. They were asleep, but they had already awakened to a fairer morning than this. Neither scarred nor disfigured by the swift messenger, they lay as if in peaceful slumber. He had called them and they had gone home together.—*Philadelphia Times.*

APPLE ISLAND'S MYSTERY.

The Settlers Disappeared And the Island Is Following Very Fast.

Apple Island, in Boston Harbor, is familiar to every man who has had occasion to go in or out of the port of Boston. Not many years ago it was a large island, and what is now flats, covered at high water to a depth of several feet, was a part of the island several feet out of water.

In 1812, during the war between England and the United States, there came a man and his wife to dwell on the island. Where they came from or who they were was not known, nor could it be ascertained. The dwellers in Winthrop, East Boston and South Boston saw smoke curling up from the island every day, and on going to see the cause, discovered this man and his wife and three children. They would hold no intercourse with these visitors. From time to time the man visited Boston with a small boat to purchase necessary supplies, and in these trips he was always accompanied by a negro servant, who was not visible at other times. To the inquiries of those with whom he traded, for he always seemingly had plenty of ready cash, the man said that his name was Marsh, but would enter into no conversation in regard to his antecedents or his former place of habitation. The suspicions of the good people of Boston became excited, and one morning a detachment of marines from an American man-of-war paid Mr. Marsh a visit and arrested him as an English spy. For many months he languished in jail, but as nothing could be proved against him he was released and went back to his island home. For years Marsh and his wife continued to live there, and twelve children were born to them. In 1836, one night, a bright fire was seen on the island, and in the morning the buildings were found raised to the ground. Marsh, his wife and the younger children had gone, and were never seen more. A number of the older children had meanwhile married, and some of the sons had entered into business here and the West. Whatever became of the old man and his wife was never ascertained. The spot where they lived is now washed away. One daughter is married and living in Winthrop, one son is in Cincinnati and one in St. Louis. The rest are scattered all over the United States.—*Boston Globe.*

TORNADO PREDICTIONS.

A Channel in Which the Signal Service Could Make Itself Useful.

There seems to be ground for the desire so generally expressed that the Signal Service should give some warning of the probable occurrence of tornadoes, at least in such a way that the inhabitants of towns in the exposed districts may be on the lookout for the approach of the dreaded funnel cloud. The reports state that in the open country there was little loss of life, as the storms came by day, and persons generally saw them in time to take refuge in the tornado cellars with which nearly every farm in that region is provided. But in the towns, where persons remain more in-doors, and where clouds near the horizon are not easily seen, tornadoes too commonly arrive unperceived till the roar of their winds tells that there is no time for escape, and here some early intimation of the impending danger should be given. The warnings based on the conditions shown in the morning weather map might be announced as experimental for a season, so that a public trial of their value could be made. Towns at least could be reached by telegraph and telephone in all parts of the Mississippi Valley by noon on the days of danger, and the saving of lives in some places would compensate for a good deal of needless anxiety caused by warning towns that escape destruction. There seems to be no way whatever of saving property that lies upon the path of the storm.—*Science.*

USELESS EXPENDITURES.

President Cleveland Believes That Congress Can Not Know More of Worthy Pension Claims Than the Bureau Itself.

The remarks of President Cleveland on this subject in his message vetoing a bill to double the pension already granted to a soldier named Hill, strike at an evil that is too frequent. It arises presumably from the weak good nature or a desire to escape importunities on the part of the individual members of Congress who introduce the bills, which are reported by the committee at their solicitation, or through inattention on the part of the other members. Before the Senate or House it is not likely that they are subjected to the slightest scrutiny, and go through, as is very natural, on the strength of the committee's report. The extent to which this action is taken may be inferred from the fact that the President has now awaiting his signature two hundred and forty bills granting and increasing pensions and replacing on the roll names of men that have been stricken off. All of these cases had previously been acted upon adversely by the Pension Bureau. Mr. Cleveland concisely states the objection to this class of legislation where he says in his message that "the policy of frequently reversing by special enactment the decisions of the bureau invested by law with the examination of pension claims, fully equipped for such examination, and which ought not to be suspected of any lack of liberality to our veteran soldiers, is exceedingly questionable. It may well be doubted if a committee of Congress has a better opportunity than such agency to judge of the merits of this claim." That is it exactly. How is a committee of Congress, heavily burdened with business, to give the careful examination to a matter of this sort that may be expected from a department of the Administration fully equipped for the work, and in the habit of sifting the evidence and judging of its value. If it lack any facilities, for want of which claims are likely to suffer, the President further suggests that they had better be supplied by Congress instead of attempting to supplement its work by this special legislation. The President hints that the Pension Bureau has not, in the past, shown any obstructive tendencies in the transaction of this business, which certainly is true. The liberality of the administration of our pension laws has been the subject of favorable and unfavorable comment ever since the war, and there does not seem to be the slightest need of the interference of Congress upon this score. There has been altogether too much of this special, personal legislation for the relief of all sorts of people, including these under discussion, from the beginning until now, and the public has had too little to say about it. To Congressmen who are handling millions in appropriations these few thousands of dollars seem trifling. And so the thing goes on, and the money runs out of the treasury like water from a sieve; the great body of the population, who have no claims to put in, paying the fiddler, as it were, without getting any dancing to speak of. We are glad that President Cleveland has had the manliness to put his finger upon this leak, for while, as he says, it is impossible for him to examine into all these claims, (just as impossible, he might well have said, as for Congress to have given them proper attention), yet he has forcibly drawn the attention of Congress and the country to a most pernicious practice of legislation.—*Boston Statesman.*

Strangling a Subsidy.

Judging from the vote on the Subsidy amendment in the House Committee on Post-offices recently one party of lobbyists at least appears to be losing its hold on Congress. All the Democratic members and all but two of the Republicans agreed to recommend non-concurrence, and it is evident that even with the assistance of several absentees who are said to favor the bill it has not sufficient support to secure a favorable report to the House. According to the statement of Mr. Blount, of Georgia, the chairman, the committee will permit the bill to fail rather than give its assent to the proposed $800,000 subsidy. The feeling manifested in the committee is most encouraging. Evidently Congress has come to the conclusion that it has winked at this piece of special legislation about long enough, and that it is time to make a decisive fight. If our infant ocean shipping industry requires such a vast amount of coddling and so generous an allowance of pap to keep it on its legs it is evident that it has no business to exist. It would be better for the country if it were permitted to die a natural death, instead of being trotted out every year in a more desperately moribund condition (according to the representation of the subsidy grabbers) to afflict the public with its woes and grievances.—*N. Y. Graphic.*

——Congress can not probably avoid the payment of an enormous price for the site of a National Library. Even if the courts are resorted to for condemnation of the site the price will undoubtedly be very large. But while there is no escape in this instance Congress can get part of its money back in the way of profit on experience. In a few years there will be a site wanted for something else, and the price of land will be still higher than it is now. Let Congress decide how much more land it will take in the district to meet the demands of the Government for all time to come and buy it before there is any further rise.—*Detroit Free Press.*

——Sagacious statesmanship prepares for war in time of peace and the Congress of the United States, now that there is comparative peace between capital and labor, should prepare for the adjustment of new issues as they arise. Strikes are expensive to labor, to capital and to the great business interests of the country, and there will never be another if the present Congress performs its duty.—*Memphis Appeal.*

A MOST WRETCHED BOOK.

A Libel upon America and a Disgrace to a Citizen Who Has Been Highly Honored.

Every true American, every patriotic citizen, and every friend of General Logan will be pained and chagrined at the wretched mixture of falsehood, bigotry and ignorance which that gentleman has issued over his own name in a book entitled "The Great Conspiracy." It is inconceivable how a sane man, one who passed through the war of the rebellion, saw the doctrine of secession torn out root and branch, and witnessed the gradual return of friendly relations between the sections so long at war over ideas and so desperately engaged in armed strife for four years, can write as he does, not only of the origin of the difficulty but of its conclusion.

If General Logan is correct the war for the Union was a failure, the Republican party has been the most stupendous fraud of history, and all the lives and treasure sacrificed for the perpetuation of this Government have been worse than wasted. His absurd "conspiracy" is still in existence, as he claims, and yet when traced down it is found to be at this time nothing more formidable than a "conspiracy" by a political party—composed, as the last election returns showed, of more than one half of the American people—to keep itself in power. We are all familiar with that kind of conspiracies, and, under the same definition, Mr. Logan himself, was an arch-conspirator not long ago when he endeavored to "seize" the Vice-Presidency.

Outside of and above all the conflicting claims of partyism the production of a book like this is supremely shameful. It is a libel on America by one who has enjoyed honors innumerable from her people. It is a falsehood, the product of insane partyism which can not but belittle the Republic in the eyes of the world. It reveals a frenzied bigotry and an ignorance so dense on the part of the author as to make his elevation to the United States Senate a reproach to every citizen of Illinois. It is a degrading, brutal and causeless attack on the statesmanship of his own party, on the memories of the dead, and on the best aspirations of a united people for a peaceful, contented and prosperous future. In every way and from every point of view the silly argument which this envenomed party chieftain has sought to establish, belittles the American people, scandalizes the State which he represents and disgraces himself. It will fall into contempt as it deserves to fall, and the author, who has shown more of the weakness of his nature than even his enemies ever suspected him of, will be lucky if he does not fall with it.—*Chicago Herald.*

FOREVER DISQUALIFIED.

Why George Frisbie Hoar Can Never Be Elected President of the United States.

Hon. George Frisbie Hoar is occasionally patted on the back by too partial friends who have faith to believe that a Republican nomination for President is waiting for him. The presidency of the American Antiquarian Society is a much more congenial place for this choleric old pre-Adamite, but since he has a boom, although a wee and rudimentary one, let it be recorded and encouraged. Brother Blaine has had considerable fun with him at one time and another, but in 1884 Uncle George, allured, perhaps, by the prospect of being made Secretary of State, worked for his former persecutor with characteristic petulance of speech and piety of demeanor. We suppose that the paleozoic man of Worcester has never understood how a candidate whom he went moral bail for could possibly be beaten.

But beaten Brother Blaine was, and beaten would Uncle George Hoar be if by some tremendous convulsion of a National convention he should ever get the chance. The woman suffragists might rally around his venerable relics, and the civil war be fought over under his command, but all would be in vain. And yet he is a man of talent and of experience in public life, antique of aspect and vehement of speech, has that sublimity of self-admiration which goes far to impose upon the world, and his private character is high. It is impossible to say that a man from Massachusetts may not be nominated for President, improbable as the contingency now seems; and Mr. Hoar may be the man. But there is one irrefragable objection.

Like his cousin, Mr. Evarts, and like Mr. Edmunds, he is virtually disabled and disqualified by his participation in the detestable conspiracy and fraud by which Hayes was dumped into the White House. Fraud vitiates all it touches, and Frisbie Hoar, member of the infamous eight of the commission to promote fraud, will not escape punishment if he ever goes before the American people. He appears venerable, pious and sanctimonious, but no semblance or reality of subsequent good conduct can induce forgiveness of his great offence. He is perpetually disqualified for the Presidency.—*N. Y. Sun.*

Republican Oath-Breakers.

An esteemed local cotemporary charges rascality upon the Democratic Senators of Ohio, because they absented themselves from their seats and thereby broke the quorum. It is not easy to discover how old a parliamentary device can be called a rascally expedient. If the Republican postmasters would vacate their seats, there would be no charge of rascality brought against them. Unfortunately, however, Republican office-holders are not built that way. They hold on to their seats as if they were glued to them. The Democrats of the Ohio Senate did precisely what they ought to have done. They broke the quorum of the body and prevented the outrage which the Republicans contemplated, until every Republican Senator broke the oath he had taken to support the constitution of the State.—*The Weekly (Pa.) Patriot.*

CHANGE OF WORK.

A Very Satisfactory and Beneficent Form of Recreation.

Change of work is one form of recreation, because, it may be presumed, the new employment occupies a different portion of the brain, and the one that has worked obtains rest. Monotony of occupation is always irksome, no doubt because certain portions of the brain are exclusively occupied. A hard-worked man should think no form of recreation beneath his notice; he is fortunate if he has a really satisfactory hobby or two. Talleyrand's prognostication of the kind of old age that awaited the man who did not know whist, is full of truth, if it be applied to amusements and hobbies in general. Perhaps its author would scarcely have recommended whist for an old man had he been able to foresee the bewildering modifications which have been made in the way of playing the game. In this, as in other things, the tendency is to turn play into work. Let us hope, however, that some of our simpler forms of recreation may be permitted to survive at least for our time. Books remain, and we may be thankful for the stock we already possess. Reading offers the most available means of recreation. Dean Hook's practice in this respect also is worthy of adoption. He tells us himself that he always had a novel in hand. It lasted him a long time, "but when a man has much to do a little time thus spent does the mind good." Books, however, should be suited to the occasion. As Bulwer tells us, "when taken indiscriminately they are no cure for the diseases and afflictions of the mind. There is a world of science necessary in the taking of them. I have known some people in great sorrow fly to a novel or the last light book in fashion. One might as well take a rose-draught for the plague. Light reading does not do when the heart is really heavy." By all means let the recreation be conformable to the tastes of the individual and adapted to his condition. When a man over sixty, who has led a sedentary life, suddenly and vehemently takes to tricycling he may feel pretty sure that he has failed to catch the meaning of the term "recreation," and that a very different process will certainly develop itself.—*Fortnightly Review.*

CORK IN THE ARTS.

Its Application in the Manufacture of Overcoats and Underclothing.

The peculiar properties of cork which have led to its application to many familiar uses are probably still very imperfectly understood by the majority of the reading public. A careful exposition of its nature by Mr. William Anderson at the Royal Institution comes therefore in good time, and opens up a prospect of wider and more important adaptations of this singular substance in the arts. The essential character of cork consists in its retentive porosity with regard to air. In other words, it is a substance composed of fine closed cells whose wall permit the gradual entrance and storage of air while they resist its ready egress, or the entrance of denser fluids. It is therefore not only a gas-holding but a gas-retaining substance, and as such possesses in a greater degree than any other solid the power of allowing cubical condensation from pressure applied in all directions. It is proposed in various ways to carry out in practice this explanation of the nature of cork. It may be employed, for example, in hydraulic apparatus where the air-laden cork will take the place of air itself, and Mr. Anderson was able to show that in some cases, at all events, it was competent to discharge this function. A suggestion was made that the porosity of cork rendered it a fit substance for the construction of overcoats, and greatly preferable to india-rubber in this respect. The latter part of this suggestion we have no difficulty in conceding, and we hope that experience will prove that it is wholly justifiable. Cork underclothing has been advocated by some on similar grounds; but this proposal does not in our opinion guarantee the wearer the comfort and sanitary advantages which are conferred by the use of wool.—*London Lancet.*

A Hebrew University.

It is said that incipient steps have been taken to founding in the city of New York a university with special reference to the wants of the Jews in this country who are seeking for higher forms of education. Not long since a large meeting of delegates from different sections of the United States was held in the vestry of the Nineteenth Street Synagogue to take the matter into consideration and determine upon the feasibility of the proposed plan. It is understood that the institution is to be based on Judaic law, is to be faithful to the ancestral spirit, and means to set itself against the rationalistic tendencies which have shown themselves in our times, to cut loose from the old Hebrew moorings. Well it has been remarked that "as the seat of Hebrew and Oriental learning," the proposed university "will be an important addition to our collegiate institutions."—*Morning Star.*

Use Your Ashes.

Ever farmer has more of less ashes every year. Many just allow them to be thrown out without making any effort to use them to the best advantage. Old bones, hats and shoes are allowed to go to waste, while if they were gathered up, the bones broken up and all dissolved, it would make an extra good fertilizer for special crops. Very few farmers make any special effort to save poultry manure or to utilize house waste, when they are the very best fertilizers we can possibly secure, and could be saved and used to the very best advantage. One of the principal items in good farming is, as much as possible, to increase the fertility of the soil, and this can only be secured by turning every thing of value as a fertilizer to the best advantage.—*Chemical Fertiliser.*

PITH AND POINT.

—At some of the afternoon "teas" no tea is served at all. Again we ask, "What's in a name?"—*Lowell Citizen.*

—"We were both the victims of a too heavy load," as the burst gun said to the drunken sportsman.—*St. Paul Herald.*

—It may be supposed that the man who has been sent to the House of Correction twenty-three times is not ashamed of his convictions.—*Chicago Journal.*

—"Courtships are often carried on in poetry," according to an English writer. And in this relation we may remark there is a great deal of bad poetry.—*N. Y. Graphic.*

—In China the fee for medical attendance is from five to ten cents a visit. The Chinese are an intelligent people. They always pay exactly what a thing is worth.—*N. O. Picayune.*

—Father (to spendthrift son)—Yes, my dear boy; nothing would give me greater pleasure than to pay off your debts for you. The only question is, who's going to pay mine?

—A good deal is being said lately about the ability of young wives to cook. The ability of young husbands to provide them with something to cook ought not to be entirely left out of the question.—*Philadelphia Call.*

—The editor of the *Deseret News*, Salt Lake, is in jail for supporting four wives. We will guarantee the payment of his fine if he will give it away. Just let the profession know how he supports four on one paper.—*San Francisco Alta.*

—It is a question for the mathematicians to solve how much time two women save who risk their lives running across the street in front of a horse car and then have to stand and wait for the other woman, who was afraid to run.—*Somerville Journal.*

—"There was a man, once on a time, who thought him wondrous wise. He swore by all the fabled gods he'd never advertise. But the goods were advertised ere long, and thereby hangs a tale. The ad was set in nonpariel, and headed 'Sheriff's Sale.'"—*Peck's Sun.*

—"Say, Mr. Gogglescope, what do you come to our house so often for?" Gogglescope (patronizingly): "Now, Tommy, you must ask your sister Clara that, when she comes into the parlor—just ask her." "Well, I did, and she said she'd be blest if she knew."—*Exchange.*

—Bertie, aged nine, is a great admirer of athletic sports. His cousin Lizzie, being about to enter the matrimonial estate, a family council was held upon the bridal toilet. Everything had been satisfactorily settled except the gloves, upon which quite a discussion arose. Bertie finally being appealed to rather astonished the meeting by his prompt and emphatic response: "Get boxing gloves!"—*Pittsburgh Chronicle.*

FORGOT HIMSELF.

The Difference Between Theoretical Knowledge and Practical Efficiency.

The adage, "It's easier said than done," is only a variation on what we are constantly observing in life of the difference between theory and practice. We may be fully equiped with a theory, and ever ready glibly to expound it, though when the occasion arises for putting it into practice we forget all about it.

The teacher of chemistry in a large public school was speaking to his class of the properties of a particular acid. In one hand he held a glass vessel filled with the acid in question; in the other he held a stick of chalk with which he had just been writing a chemical formula on the blackboard.

"By the way," he said, addressing his class, "I may remark here, that should any of you by accident spill any of this acid on your hands, I should advise you not to give way to the very natural impulse to rub it off with your pocket-handkerchief. Take a piece of chalk instantly and rub it over the wet surface, and the chalk will neutralize the effects of the acid."

Just then, by an accidental movement, he spilled the acid on his own hand. Quick as a shot he dropped the piece of chalk which he held in his hand, pulled out his pocket-handkerchief and began rubbing the injured hand vigorously. Everybody who was present laughed at this unexpected application of theoretical knowledge: and after a bewildered glance round the room the teacher laughed too. The demonstration of the difference between theoretical knowledge and practical efficiency was complete.—*Youth's Companion.*

OLD-FASHIONED LARD.

What an Old-Timer Considered the Best Stuff for Cooking Purposes.

Grocer (to clerk)—Say, what became of that barrel of soft-soap?

Clerk—Don't know.

"That's mighty strange, for it was setting here."

"Oh, you mean that pale-looking stuff?"

"Yes."

"I sold it for lard."

"Did, eh?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did anybody kick?"

"Not exactly about the soap, but one man came along and said that the last flour he got here made him slobber like a horse in a white clover pasture, but—here comes some one."

Old-timer enters—Say, got any more o' that lard?

"No, sir, just out."

"Wush you had some more. Makes the best bread I've eat sense I was a boy. W'y it jolts like bein' punched with a rail. That's the sort o' viddults I like—somethin' I can feel. Wife don't like it, but then she ain't been ustar good livin'."

"We'll order you some more."

"Wush you would. You may talk erbout your cotton-seed oil, an' all that, but old-fashion' lard is the best stuff fur cookin' purposes after all. It's nachul, an' nobody has ever improved on natur' yit. Wall, good mornin'. Don't furgit to order the lard. Say, I wouldn't care if it was a leetle stronger."—*Arkansaw Traveler.*