

The Louisiana Democrat.

"The World is Governed Too Much."

HENRY L. BLOSSAT, Business Manager.

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WILD OATS.

Now in the prime of the fairest lives, the fall, the seed, no culture needs, and thrives. And gives to him who sows an hundred fold.

All other grains, when sown, require our care: This only needs the sowing, and no more; And when winds be warm or foul or fair, The harvest surely will increase the store.

The sower of all other crops may reap or no; This must be garnered when it is grown: The law is fixed, we must reap what we sow, And each must gather what himself has sown.

Accursed seed! and since the fall of man Its baneful fruit has poisoned countless years: We sow it recklessly, and know we can But garner it with bitter, scalding tears.

—Walter Crozier, in N. Y. Ledger.

A STRAWBERRY FARM.

A Description of the Largest One in the World.

Where Mirth and Industry Go Hand in Hand and There is No Discrimination Between Male and Female Labor.

Did you ever see a strawberry farm? Not a strawberry bed nor a strawberry patch, but a farm of three or four hundred acres, on which nothing is cultivated but strawberries. Not unless you have been to Florida or somewhere along the southern Atlantic coast, and when you get as far up as Norfolk, Va., you can not only see a great number of strawberry farms, but one of 440 acres, which is the largest of its kind in the world, as Norfolk is the greatest strawberry shipping place in the world. Afar off the delicious odor comes wafted, and a little closer—mind, this is strawberry time—the glow, the picturesqueness, the work and fun are unsurpassed.

For nearly all the pickers are negroes, and the negro laughs, sings, shouts and dances at his work. It is a fine, clear May day—for the Norfolk strawberries are in their prime about the first week in May—and half a mile from the strawberry fields one can hear the shrill laughter, the wild cries of the laborers, the hoarse shouts of the overseers, the sounds of music and dancing, as when a strapping young fellow or a comely dusky maiden have got a good handful of parti-colored tickets, they are pretty sure to make a dash for the rude dancing pavilion and engage in a lively breakdown. Coming out of the skirt of brushwood into the field the scene unfolds itself. The hot May sunshine pours down upon hundreds of men, women and children, nearly all black. The field is divided into long rows and what appears to be a bedlam is soon found to be really a wonderful system of order. Every thing goes by the watch of the strawberry farmer, who knows to a minute when the gang-plank will be hauled in of the big New York steamer, puffing and steaming in her dock up the river, her dark hull outlined clearly against the wharves and shipping of Norfolk—who calculates to a second how long it will take the stalwart oarsman to pull the heavy lighters, laden with strawberry crates high above their heads, upstream to the steamer. He knows, too, that the instant it is flashed over the wires that the New Jersey berries have touched a certain figure he can not ship another basket, although he may have thousands of them filled with the luscious fruit. So, from the day he begins to ship until the New Jersey berries come in he has every energy under whip and spur to get the berries on the New York steamer. The negro is not like any other laborer on earth. He will not work unless he is amused. As in the old days when the harvest time came the masters furnished tea and whisky and had a banjo in the field and the head man in the long row with swinging scythes was ordered to sing his reaping song loudly, that the others might join in as the glittering blades moved down the wheat, so the strawberry farmer of today has to keep his hands amused or they will not work. He must allow the rough pavilion to be put up, he must let Josh and Yellow Jack and Sam Jubilee bring their rusty old fiddles and their bones and banjos on the shabby bench for the musicians; he must let a booth be erected where lemonade and candy and tobacco can be bought for strawberry tickets; he must allow a venerable dandy with a push-cart to shout energetically the beauty and lusciousness of his wares as he trudges his cart around the edge of the field. The merry, brown-faced laborers look ragged and poor, albeit their pockets are stuffed with tickets—the currency of the strawberry field—but the pickers always wear their fine clothes in strawberry time. They have flashy silk frocks and glossy broadcloth at home, and when they are kneeling or sitting squat on the ground would be death to those sacred garments. The men and some of the women wear big, coarse hats, but among the women the antediluvian flat sun-bonnet is by no means superseded, for the colored belle is always careful of her complexion. Each has a tray holding six quart-baskets. When this tray is filled up it is then taken to the paying booth, where the paymaster, with quart-baskets full of red and green tickets, receives the baskets and checks them off. Thus, no distinction is made between male and female labor, and the one that picks the most strawberries makes the highest wages. It is the rule on the large farms not to cash any tickets until after the rush of the strawberry season is over, but the ticket is a legal tender for anything in and about the strawberry farms.

The laborers are divided into gangs, over each of which is placed an overseer, colored, like the pickers themselves. Sometimes these are surly and disagreeable. But the African being naturally a good tempered creature, they are often very jolly fellows. Nothing is more amusing than one dandy's assumption of authority over another dandy. If a picker is alert and spry, and particularly if she belongs to the gentler sex, the overseer is patronizingly encouraging.

"Ah, sisters!" (all are brethren and

sisters in the gospel, a negro that isn't a zealous church member being an anomaly), "you see a nakin dem berries fly into de basket. Keep dem up and you'll hab to hire a kyart to haul yo' tickets home."

Mary Jane or Eliza Jane or Belinda Jane shows all her teeth at this, and, with a coquettish toss of her head, "reckons" she won't be turned out of church this year for not paying her dues. Next to the lively Belinda Jane a great hulking fellow is sprawled all over the plants, while he slowly picks half a dozen berries at a time. The overseer bawls out: "Git up dar, you lazy black nigger. Yo' legs 'too long and yo' feet 'too broad for dis hean strawberry field. You 're mashin' a peck for every quart you picks. Yander is de fiddlers scrapin'. Dat foot kin dance quicker'n dat han' kin pick."

The owner of the foot bestirs himself, if he has not been affronted by being called a nigger—a term of reproach common among the negroes, but strictly interdicted among the best classes of white people at the South, where the word is never heard. A bright-eyed youngster, with no clothes on to speak of, comes next under the overseer's eye.

"What you doin' on dis hean field, boy? You ought to have a broadcloth coat on yo' back and a beaver hat on you had, an' set in de shade in a park cheer. You doan know how to pick strawberries. You is a gentman, you is. I lay your mammy will have ole wuks wid you ter make you mind yo' business!"

Thus adjured, the youngster slyly opens a ragged pocket and shows a bundle of strawberry tickets, and, sticking his tongue out saucily, returns leekily to his work. Presently, in the midst of his exhortation, he comes upon a row half picked. Then he launches out and a perfect hurricane of profanity rages. An elderly sister, who is the president of the Daughters of Rebekah or the Order of the Galilean Fisherman, remonstrates earnestly.

"Bro' Samson, how kin you talk so, an' you a professin' 'Chriechun?" "Sis' 'Lisbeth, I ain't 'professin' nothin' in strawberry time. I 'e a backslider from de day I see de first strawberry crate. Now, step 'long lively an' lemme see you clean up arter dem good-for-nothin' black niggers."

Just then a half dozen pickers come out into the narrow path, with their trays balanced on their heads. Bro' Samson stops every one, and taking a basket at random, empties it into another basket. This is to see if any are picking green or decayed berries. If they are all right the pickers march off to the paying booth, where the busy tally-keeper checks them off. If not, a volley ensues from Samson, interspersed with numerous charges of being a "black nigger," which is always sullenly resented. If the berries are not up to the standard they are ruthlessly poured out on the ground, and if one or two of these corrections are not enough the worthless picker is driven out of the field. Meanwhile those that have gone off to the paying booth are making various dispositions of their tickets. Some go for pies, for beer—although the negro is not much of a beer drinker—and, if the picker is young and light of heel, with no fear of the "church," to the dancing pavilion. Old time jigs and backwoods prevail, the negro musicians playing with a wild abandon which generates a catching enthusiasm. Many of the couples are strangers to each other, as strawberries time brings a great influx of negroes from as far as North Carolina, but the steps of acquaintanceship are easy and progressive. A couple paired in the dance are sometimes paired for life. When the engagement is announced they may be seen picking in company and putting all their tickets into a common fund.

As fast as the baskets come in they are put in crates ready to be moved on the big lighters or flat-bottomed boats that lie in the river. All day long the scene is busy, but when the last half-hour comes every thing is accelerated. At a given signal every picker is to stop, as not a moment is to be lost if the lighters are to reach the steamer on time. Already the roar and rattle of the trucks on the wharves can be heard like distant thunder. Probably several loads have already been lightered down, but every load is valuable, and it is highly important not to miss a single one. The capacity of the immense steamers seems limitless, as, although the bulk of the strawberry crates is considerable, their weight is trifling, and they are stowed all over the ship, wherever they can find a lodging-place. By five Samson is fairly boiling over by five o'clock. He rushes to the dancing pavilion and, breaking up the festivities and the dancers down on their knees picking for dear life. Even the musicians are induced at this stage of the proceedings to help. The pie man is warned off the field until the last load is being headed for town. The owner, on horseback or in a light buggy, is giving orders and hurrying things up. The overseers are flying hither and thither, and no longer make jokes or bandy witticisms with the pickers. At last a long blast from the steamer's whistle is heard—that means perhaps that they have a half hour only to get the crates on board. Then every thing is trundled down to the shore, in five minutes the flat-bottomed boats are out in mid-stream meeting other flat-bottomed boats, and taking their place in line when they reach the pier. A great force of truckmen—all black—are hurrying the heavily-loaded trucks into the steamer's open hold. They have to rush, for sometimes the line of boats extends half across the Elizabeth river, and when the bell rings the gang plank must be pulled in, although it may break the captain's heart to leave so much valuable freight behind, but railroad connections must be made, and no matter how long it might wait the string of boats would only become longer. At last, however, the whistle is heard, and, almost as the plank is hauled in, a few more crates are rushed aboard, and then the big ocean-going vessel pulls out and heads away. Those who have not been able to get their crates on board the fast passenger steamer must now take their chances on

the slower freight steamer, which is somewhat risky. Nevertheless it is done with the hope which springs eternal in the human breast of better luck next time. The large shippers do not calculate to sell more than two-thirds and sometimes only one-half of their crops, as with such vast quantities as they raise they must allow a large margin for loss. It is necessary to the health of the plants, though, that every berry shall be picked off of them, so after shipping has ceased and the strawberries kept blushing out among the leaves a second picking takes place, out of which the owner makes nothing, as the strawberries are freely given to the pickers for the labor of getting them out of the way. But some of the same supervision exists lest the plants be trampled to death by careless feet, and some sort of tally is kept to see what the actual bearing qualities of each variety is. This is the strawberry time for Norfolk, for as long as the berries command a high price in New York and Northern cities they are not sold cheap in Norfolk. But when the second picking comes—a week or two after stripping has ceased—then a beggar might live on strawberries. Five cents a quart is a high price when they are cried about the streets—and often the very best can be had for two cents a quart at one's door, which is the usual price for picking. As a quart, however, can be picked easily without moving from one spot to the next, the fields, two cents is a very good price for such unskilled agricultural labor, fifty cents a day not being an unusual figure. As the negro commonly works only that he may enjoy a spell of idleness, it naturally follows after strawberry time, when they are all in funds, that labor is hard to get. The laborers can make enough in the three or four weeks to keep them in a delicious and continued idleness for as many more. Every employer around about holds his employes by a spider's web in the picking time. —Chicago News.

DE SOTO'S DISCOVERY.

A Spaniard Who Had the Good Sense of Finding the Mississippi River.

When a gentleman by the name of DeSoto, a Spaniard, obtained the consent of his Government to go into the discovery business on a large scale, he embraced the opportunity joyfully. He was sick, he said, of so-called explorers starting for America, with a great blow of trumpets, and bringing back only a few little creeks and outlets that they had discovered.

If the government would back him up, he said, he would discover a river that would amount to something. When he landed in America he started on foot and alone across the country in search of a river that was of some account. History is silent with regard to the incidents of that remarkable journey. You may have noticed that there are a great many chapters of silence in history, and DeSoto has not been neglected in this respect.

It was in the year 1541, to be exact, when DeSoto was forty-one years old, that he finally stumbled on the Mississippi river. He didn't shout "Eureka!" because that word had not then been incorporated in the slang phrases of the day.

His march back to the sea coast, bringing the joyful intelligence that the greatest river in the world, after studying observations for years and years, had at last been discovered, was one continued ovation, the people of Montgomery, Ala., going so far as to get up a barbecue.

There is a disposition in some quarters to criticize DeSoto's action. They say he was a foreigner and had no right to discover our rivers without first becoming a naturalized citizen. Others blame him because he did not stop with the Mississippi instead of crossing over and discovering Arkansas and the ague and fever. But some people are never satisfied. —Texas Sittings.

A MINISTER'S STORY.

Experience of a Clergyman Who Ran Away from Home in His Youth.

"When I was verging on manhood," said a distinguished divine, some time ago, "I ran away from home. I was, as I am now, a passionate lover of music. I desired above all things to learn to play the flute. I had heard that there was a famous teacher of the flute residing at Philadelphia, and I determined to seek his instruction. I knew my father would not consent to my purpose, and so I ran away. I reached Augusta with ten dollars in my pocket. At a little town in South Carolina my money was exhausted. I could play the piano, the violin and the guitar, and could sing. I determined to give a concert. I advertised an extended and tempting programme, and easily secured quite a large audience. The programme announced several performers, but, in reality, there was but one. I used my given, or Christian name, Richardson Stanhope, to make it appear that there was more than one performer. For instance, I announced a piano solo by Mr. Richardson, a violin solo by Mr. Richardson, a song by Mr. Stanhope, and guitar selections by Mr. Hope. Of course the audience soon discovered the fraud despite my change of costume, but it was a good-humored audience and I escaped without injury, and with some money. It was thus that I made my way to Philadelphia. The day I arrived, however, my punishment began. I was seized with brain fever, which I nearly caused my death. But I recovered, received my father's forgiveness and learned to play the flute." —Atlanta (Ga.) Constitution.

A great many drummers, when trade is dull, take the liberty of shipping goods without ever receiving an order for them. One of these liberty-taking drummers shipped a firm in Atlanta ten boxes of tobacco a few days ago, and wrote the firm that he took this liberty. The merchant wrote to the drummer that he took the liberty of leaving the tobacco at the station, subject to his disposal of the time. —Bradstreet's.

DEMOCRATIC SENSE.

President Cleveland does not believe that measles affect the spinal column except in pension cases; nor that diarrhea causes sore eyes; nor that suicides by drowning and morphine poisoning were the result of injuries received in the service. On all these points of practical medicine he takes issue with Dr. John A. Logan. —St. Louis Republican.

As Mr. Edmunds compares 1886 with 1884 he must feel a slight depression of spirit, a consciousness of an aching void beyond the consolation of any cocktail. He has had his private diversion and revenge, but at what expense! Now let him promise and swear to support the Republican candidates in 1888 or he is a lost statesman. —N. Y. Sun.

President Cleveland's disposition to use the veto is of bad augury for the advocates of extravagant appropriations. During the year and a quarter that he has been in office he has interposed many more vetoes than any of his predecessors; in fact he has more than doubled the highest record thus far, that of General Grant. Most of these vetoes have been called forth by private pension bills, and doubtless there would have been many more if the President had time to examine the mass of this class of legislation which has come before him. The President's disposition is happily adapted to the needs of the time. —Bradstreet's.

BRILLIANT LEGISLATING.

Senator Edmunds' Measure to Reform the Much-Abused Civil Service.

Senator Edmunds has brought in a bill for the reform of the civil service. It is a simple measure. It gives the President the appointment of all the minor officials without the advice or consent of the Senate, but makes them irremovable during their term without a trial on charges before a United States judge. One does not need to know much about the United States civil service to know what the result would be. One only needs to know a little of human nature. No man of capacity or business experience would take charge of an office containing a large number of subordinates if he could not get rid of any of them without a formal trial in a law court. Four-fifths at least of the things which make a clerk incompetent are small things, any one of which would seem ridiculous on paper, and would seem to a United States judge. It is the repetition of them which mostly decides that a man is not worth his salary. Nothing in the whole art of administration, whether civil or military, is so well settled as that there can be no proper responsibility in the chief if he have no discretion in the selection of his subordinates. Some capable men might be found ready to take charge of offices under Mr. Edmunds' bill, but if they did so they would probably at once go to work to break it down. They would let inefficiency and disorder have full swing, and refuse to go into court with trumpety stories about A's coming late, and B's drinking, and C's being unmannerly, and D's spelling badly, and blotting his books, until the public offices became public nuisances, and the law was repealed.

Nothing is more wonderful in the history of this whole Civil-Service reform movement than the way in which public men toil and moil and twine and twist in order to avoid having the Government business conducted like other business. Every bank and corporation in the country furnishes a perfect model of the way in which the treasury and post-office should be managed and managed; and yet there is hardly any experiment too queer or fantastic for grave statesmen to attempt with the Government service in order to avoid imitating these old and well-tried private methods. If the stockholders of the Pennsylvania road were to propose that the manager should not be allowed to dismiss any subordinate without filing a bill in equity against him, we should consider them crazy; but when a Senator proposes it about the public offices, we bury our faces in our hands, ponder the plan deeply, and discuss it at great length in the public prints. —N. Y. Post.

NOT RUINED BY A PARTY.

We have always held that one good result of the last national election would be the dissipation of the fear that a Democratic Administration would bring some sort of disaster upon the country. Some of our Republican friends in the Presidential campaign indulged in the wildest forebodings about the probable effect on business. Even the Republican candidate for President, well known as a business man, expressed grave apprehensions. Some of our esteemed contemporaries really seemed to suffer anguish on account of their fears.

We have now had a full fiscal year under the Democratic Administration, and the comparative receipts and expenditures are as follows:

RECEIPTS.		EXPENDITURES.	
1885-6.	1884-5.	1885-6.	1884-5.
Customs.....	\$192,747,822.12	\$181,471,939.34	
Internal revenue.....	11,631,533.89	23,438,725.54	
Miscellaneous.....	28,351,945.08	29,738,041.50	
Totals.....	\$352,631,299.87	\$234,648,706.38	
Ordinary.....	\$138,323,411.15	\$162,738,411.15	
Pensions.....	54,702,451.08	54,102,337.49	
Interest.....	50,805,427.64	51,388,257.67	
Totals.....	\$243,831,299.87	\$268,228,936.11	

Truly, there is nothing in these figures to justify the fears of those who prophesied disaster as the inevitable result of Democratic rule. An increase of \$12,400,000 in revenue, a decrease of \$14,400,000 in expenditures—of which last pensions increase over \$3,000,000—a decrease of \$21,000,000 in ordinary expenses.

On the whole, we are forced to conclude that Democratic Administration is as safe as Republican and somewhat cheaper, and that the indications of returning prosperity are not unfavorably affected by the political change. This is a great country, with rich resources and enormous advantages, and it will never again be believed that only one party can govern it. —Boston Herald.

AN AUTHORITATIVE OPINION.

The esteemed evening Capitalist thinks the Confederate bonds will never be paid. There is not a question but it believes just what it says. There are very few if any people in this country who believe those bonds will be paid, but there are a great many orators and organs advocating the principles of the Republican party that endeavor to make people believe they will be. Before a Democratic President was elected, the payment of the rebel debt was discussed on the stump and in the organs as one of the misfortunes which were sure to befall the country in case Democracy triumphed. The Capitalist does well to correct the wrong impressions his party is responsible for, especially when it is known that one of New York's shrewdest and most eloquent lawyers has accepted a retainer of British gold to present the cause of the foreign holders of Confederate bonds, and has actually been before Congress and argued the case in the interests of his clients. —Des Moines Leader.

A VOICE FROM ABROAD.

Prof. H. Von Holst, the famous German author of "A Constitutional History of the United States," says in a recent number of the Berlin Nation that the opinion formed of Cleveland's ability and character has proved in the main correct.

"He has now shown," says the historian, "in a higher and wider sphere that he possesses sound and sober judgment, the best instincts, energy, which are proof even against the violent and continuous attacks of those machine politicians who find themselves menaced in their most vital interests. What he has already done for his country in the display of these qualities suffices to link his name to those of the best Presidents. The 'bloody shirt,' the legacy of the late war, has forever ceased to be a factor in American politics; the best sounding phrases and the most vehement declamations of shallow-trained trimmers, as it is called, can not scratch another shred from his grave. The more obstinately and furiously they persist in the attempt, the more surely and rapidly they dig their own political grave."

The Republicans who applauded Von Holst's judgments upon Jackson, Van Buren, Pierce and Buchanan ought to step up to the mark and say what they think. —Detroit Free Press.

BLAIR VS. THE PRESIDENT.

The Republican Senator's Weak and Dishonest Attempt to Cast Discredit upon the Chief Executive's Efforts to Uphold the Prerogatives of His Office.

Senator Blair's defense of Congress from the imputations of recklessness or dishonesty put upon it by Mr. Cleveland's veto messages is a very weak affair. As a Senator it is his privilege to secure the passage of these vicious bills in spite of the President's objections if he can do so, but he can not criticize the vetoes as he does without placing himself in the attitude toward the President which he thinks it is wrong for the President to assume toward Congress. In spite of the demagogic which Mr. Blair has introduced into his report, and of his attempt to create the impression among ignoramuses that Mr. Cleveland has no right to veto these little jobs, the fact remains that he has such a right, and that it is his sworn duty to exercise it if he regards the measure presented to him as dishonest.

In the case of every one of the sixty or seventy private pension bills which the President has vetoed he has given good and sufficient reasons for his course. He has shown that the great majority of the bills objected to were in the interest of frauds, bounty-jumpers and deserters, and in cases where the hardship was undeniably he has shown that the relief proposed was no more properly a pension charge than would be any other instance of destitution occurring without reference to the war. The reasons given for the vetoes have satisfied as well as surprised the country. Pleased with his resolute opposition to the most contemptible form of swindling, the people have been astonished at the extraordinary capacity of the Congress of the United States for such dirty work.

Senator Blair's attempt to shield himself and his money-grabbing associates by casting discredit upon Mr. Cleveland will hardly succeed. He writes like a man who is in the wrong and who knows it. Against his generalities and innuendoes it is all-sufficient to get the facts which the veto messages complain of contain. —Chicago Herald.

MAKING A NAVY.

It is evident from the way in which the Secretary has addressed himself to his duties that he means to inaugurate a naval establishment worthy of the United States. He believes and says, and such is the opinion of all informed and just men, that the naval service should be considered quite apart from the naval administration. The naval service, the personnel of the navy, is in the main composed, to use his own words, "of a body of accomplished men, representing a high, social standard of personal character, who are deservedly respected and honored throughout the world." Continuing his own language: "This, unfortunately, can not be said with equal justice of the Navy Department, and whatever dissatisfaction the country has ever experienced with the naval arm of our Government will be found to have had its origin, not in the naval service, but in the naval administration, and even there dissatisfaction should be limited to certain branches only of the business of the department." The plan of business reorganization which he outlined in his annual report has business principles of directness, economy and practicability on its side. It has commanded the approbation of thoughtful men everywhere. The evils and blunders of the present mail system he laid bare with an unsparring hand; but he was careful to discriminate between the blame due to faulty methods and the consideration to be extended to honorable men who were at the mercy of such methods. The large discretion of power given him under the law is to be used by the Secretary in the direction of a business-like reconstitution of the department itself. —Brooklyn Eagle.

A LAND OF LIARS.

How the Persians of To-day Evade All Truthful Statements.

After speaking of their parental and filial affection, their respect for the aged and their politeness and hospitality, a writer on Persia winds up apropos of the people of the country with the following phrase: "But as a race they are very untruthful and procrastinating." About these two traits of the Persian character I'd like to say a word. You've often heard of the champion liar, and many people in the United States even at this present day pretend to believe that the book agent, the lightning-rod man and Eli Perkins are the three great liars of the world. But these people don't know the Persians. With our liars at home mendacity is an acquired science and has taken years and years and even then they often—at least occasionally—speak the truth. With them artifice lying is an effort. It takes thought and pains to produce it to perfection. Not so with the Persian. The modern Persae is a natural liar. It goes against his grain, against all he holds most sacred in this queer world, to speak the truth. It is born with him, this inveterate love of peravariation, and it is bred in the bone for generations and generations.

I have noticed with the interest the student of human nature is liable to feel in such cases, how astonished the Persae is when he has caught himself unawares telling the truth. He then is out of his role, and feels so ashamed and ashamed of himself that he looks sheepish and guilty; much as American might after getting off an awful fib. Even with such a people, however, when the noble art of romancing is carried to such perfection, moments will arise when it is desirable to know and hear the truth. And for such occasions the stock of Persae's adulation, oaths, curses and appeals seems almost inexhaustible. One of the funniest is *Rishe mera Kaffin Kerdi!* (Literally, May you put my beard in the winding sheet.) I do not know where they get their lying propensities from, these Persians; but that they are the most invidious, insidious, unconscionable story-tellers in the world there is no doubt. It is true that every race which has suffered for many centuries from oppression and has been trampled under the foot of despotic rulers of foreign blood has become steeped in insincerity, and that Punia faith has taken with them the place of the genuine article. The people of Persia have been so down trodden, misruled and frightened out of their wits for a thousand years past that that fact may explain all I do not know. I leave that for somebody else to find out. —Teheran Cor. San Francisco Chronicle.

"Are you enjoying your dinner?" asked Bobby of the minister, who was taking a Sunday dinner with the family. "Yes, Bobby," responded the minister, pleasantly. "Mamma said this morning that she thought you would, as she didn't suppose that with your small salary and big family you got much to eat from one week's end to another." —Exchange.

PITH AND POINT.

If the safety of the great Brooklyn structure were questioned, 45,000,000 persons would praise the bridge which carried them safely over. —Brooklyn Union.

When a coil of lead pipe in front of a hardware store begins to wiggle and stick out its forked tongue a Dakota man knows it is time to swear off. —Estelline Bell.

"The barbers in some cities are striking for a rest on Sunday." Well, why don't they let their customers do all the talking one day in the week. —Norristown Herald.

Fashionable mother—"You must never use the word 'tony,' Clara. It is only used by common people." "What word shall I use mamma?" Fashionable mother—"Swell." —N. Y. Sun.

"Is he a man of much calibre?" said a Connecticut avenue girl to a Dupont Circle belle about a certain gay and giddy Congressman. "O, yes, he is the greatest bore I ever saw." —Washington Critic.

A minister has been lecturing recently on "Suicide." He is causing and curing. "We believe he is right, but still it is a pretty impossible task to cure a man of suicide. Nearly all the cases thus far reported have proved fatal." —Burdette.

Little Tony, aged eight, asks his little playmate—"How old are you, Lucille?" "I'm six, Tony." "Oh! six years, indeed! Are you quite sure? You women are always making yourselves out to be younger than you are." —N. Y. Tribune.

Our little Johnny, who has just attained his fifth year, listened attentively to a lady visitor who gave an account of the late appearance of her wisdom tooth, and then astonished her by asking: "Do foolish persons also get wisdom teeth?" —Babyhood.

The reason the man who minds the other man's business doesn't get rich is because the other man whose business he minds generally isn't grateful enough to be reciprocal and mind the business of the man who minds his business. See? —Somerville Journal.

Husband (mildly)—"You must remember, my dear, that the most patient person that ever lived was a man. Wife (impatiently)—"Oh, don't talk to me about the patience of Job! Think of Mrs. Job! The patience that poor woman must have had to put up with such a man!" —Toledo Blade.

The oldest newspaper man in New York has been on duty continuously, on the same paper, for thirty-five years, and is called the "dean of the press." We have been on duty running a paper for thirty-five weeks, and have only earned the title of "durn Southerner." —Martha's Vineyard Herald.

First newspaper humorist (at dinner party)—"I flatter myself that is not a bad story. Second newspaper humorist (without smiling)—"Yes, it will do. F. N. H.—Then why don't you laugh? That is a nice way to treat a friend's joke." S. N. H. (laughing)—"O, I didn't know this was a social matter. I thought you wanted my professional opinion. Pray pardon me." —Pack.

ODD ADDRESSES.

Some of the Curiousities Which Have Passed Through English Post-Offices.

Many oddly-addressed letters daily pass through the post-offices. Several of the rhyming kind are somewhat remarkable for the poetical skill displayed by the writers.

A clever example is given in the following, addressed to Sir Walter Scott during one of his visits to London: Sir Walter Scott, in London or elsewhere; He needs not ask, whose wide-extended fame Is spread about our earth, like light and air; A local habitation for his name.

Charles Dibden, the naval-song writer, sent a letter to Mr. Hay bearing the following address: Postman, take this sheet away, And carry it to Mr. Hay; And whether you find mare or colt on, Stop at the Treasurer, Bolton; If it is what country you inquire, Merely mention Lancashire.

A letter addressed as follows was mailed in the provinces, and was duly delivered in London: Where London's column pointing to the skies, Like a tall bell, lifts its head and lies, There dwells a citizen of sober fame; A plain, good man, and Balaam is his name.

The letter was delivered without delay to a Mr. Balaam, a fishmonger near the Monument.

Turning from poetry to prose, we find the following vague direction: Mr. Travelling Band, one of the Four playing in the street, Persha (For-shore) Worcestershire. Please send him if possible.

Another envelope bore the following: This is for the young girl that wears spectacles, who minds two babies, 3 Sherill street, of Prince Edward street, Liverpool.

Mr. J. Wilson Hyde, in his book, "The Royal Mail," says that two letters directed as follows were duly delivered: "To my sister Jean, Up the Conangate, Down a Close, Edinburgh. She has a wooden leg."

The other was addressed: "My dear Ant Sue as lives in the Cottage by the Wood near the New Forest."

"In the latter case," says Mr. Hyde, "the letter had to feel its way about for a day or two, but 'Ant Sue' was found in the cottage near Lyndhurst." —Horns Chimney.

LOOKING AT SAMPLES.

"If I pick out some wall paper right away, can you send a man to my house to hang it this forenoon?" she asked in a paper store three or four days ago.

"Yes'm."

"Very well; you may show me some samples."

She sat in a chair before the sample rack until a quarter of twelve, and then went to dinner. She was back at one and remained until almost five, when she finally heaved a long sigh and said to the patient clerk: "Dear me, but it's such a task and so late in the season that I guess I won't get any at all. Much obliged, and I'll probably buy of you next spring.—D. P. Iron Press.