

The Louisiana Democrat.

"The World is Governed Too Much."

HENRY L. BLOSSAT, Business Manager.

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UNDER HER PARASOL.

BALLAD.
The white sands glimmered in the sun,
And little laughing waves in gloe
Brought tiny tufts of seaweed won
From cool, dark caverns far and sea.
But fairer far than these to me
A well-loved figure, trim and small,
With blue eyes bending modestly
Beneath her scarlet parasol.

I know not how my words begun—
That they were idle well I agree,
I may have talked about the sun,
Or murmured mildly of the sea;
But she was so dear to me,
It can not matter whether I
What formal words I said to her,
Beneath her scarlet parasol.

She looked as grave as any nun,
And yet I knew I held the key
To both our hearts, for I had won
The fairest on this earth to me.
She was no more a maiden free,
And I was servant at her call;
My heart was holding jubilee
Beneath her scarlet parasol.

MAKING WALL-PAPER.

The Ingenious Machinery Used in Its Manufacture.

Modern Conditions of the Trade—The Changes of Fashion—Hand Printing—The New Material Employed for Wall Decoration.

The householder of the present day certainly has reason to be thankful that the wall-papers with which his rooms may be decorated can not be as easily discarded as a bonnet or a cloak, for if such were the case, it is probable that if his purse were deep enough, he would have to pay for new coverings for the walls of his house every year. Each year the manufacturers of wall-papers issue new books containing samples of the designs in stock, and each year the designs, coloring, and styles of these goods undergo changes more or less marked, and a paper which last year was eagerly sought for may this year meet with no sale whatever, should there be any stock left over. Not only do the styles change, but the colors also; one year the demand will be for the greatest for pronounced positive colors, and the next year soft, subdued tints and shades, almost indistinguishable, will be most in demand. Then, again, the manufacturer of wall-papers has to provide different styles and colors to suit the demands of the trade in different parts of the country. In New York and the Eastern States the demand may be for dark browns or greens or other colors of a deep tone, while at the West these goods will find no sale whatever, and the trade there will run altogether in colors of a light tint or vice versa. So with patterns also.

The manufacturers of wall-paper now calculate on a change of fashion every year, and only manufacture enough stock to last through one season. "If," said one of the principal manufacturers in this city a few days ago, "the fancy of the public should go so much taken by any special design that the demand for paper of that pattern should continue more than one season we could very easily turn off as much more stock as may be wanted. We keep the designs from which these goods are printed from year to year. They are all labeled and stored away where they can be produced at any time. It is not often, however, that we use the same patterns for two successive years, except it may be for the cheaper grades of goods. We manufacture enough of each style to supply the trade for the year, and if we have any left over at the close of the season, which rarely happens, these goods are sold at a discount to jobbers, or are disposed of at auction sales. It is a singular thing that goods which will meet with a ready sale right along one year will be refused by dealers as soon as they see a new book of designs. We print each design in from four to six or eight different colors, or shades of the same color. Of course, it is impossible for us to tell whether or not the designs and colors of the papers will meet with a ready sale, but it is very seldom that we fail to find somewhere a market for the stock. The improvements made in the machinery for the manufacture of the wall-paper enables us to accomplish a much greater amount of work, and also to produce a much more varied assortment of goods than we could in former years.

A tour of inspection through one of the largest manufacturing plants in this city was made a few days since by a reporter. The paper on which the designs are printed is manufactured especially for this purpose, and it is of varying weight. It is received in large heavy rolls, resembling the rolls of paper used in newspaper offices. This paper is first passed through the "grounding" machine, where the ground color, be it light or dark, is applied to the surface of the paper by rollers, and then is rubbed in and thoroughly distributed by means of a set of brushes, some of which move from side to side, while others are stationary. Some of the improved machines can apply this ground color to two rolls at the same time. If it is desired that the paper shall have the silvered appearance seen in some papers a "mica" coat, as it is called, is applied. This coloring matter is pulverized glass tints mixed with white lead. The colors of this mixture can not well be shaded, and therefore in such cases the differences in shade are made by using paper of different colors. After the ground color has been applied the roll of paper is placed on a framework and is slowly unrolled, and then carried on an endless band over a large drum, resembling the cylinder of a printing press. The machine on which the paper is printed, in fact, resembles very closely a cylinder printing press, except that the process of printing is reversed; the paper passes over the drum or cylinder, and the designs are printed by the rolls, which are placed on the lower part of the framework and revolve in the same direction as the cylinder. Each roller is stamped with a different part of the figure forming

the general design to be produced, and each of these portions of the design is printed in distinct color. The colors are applied to the printing blocks or rolls by an endless band of mastic passing through a tank filled with the color for that particular block. As the band covered with the color passes from the tank it travels over or beneath a piece of metal having a toothed edge, technically known as a "doctor," and all superfluous paint is removed, running back into the tank. The printing rolls are so adjusted that each portion of the design is closely joined together, producing a harmonious effect. These printing machines print from two to twelve colors at the same time. The colors are prepared by a special process, so that they do not "run" or blend. The heavier shades are applied last, as a general thing, though the arrangement of the colors and the printing blocks depends in great measure upon the design which is to be produced.

After passing over the cylinder the printed paper is carried to the dryer on an endless chain. This dryer extends the whole length of the factory, and by an ingenious arrangement the endless chain carrying the paper passes around a pillar and returns to the other end of the cylinder. It is caught up at intervals of about eight feet on wooden sticks called "carriers." These sticks are moved along by little projections on the endless chain, the paper hanging in loose loops or folds between the "carriers." The paper is carried along for a distance of two or three hundred feet over coils of steam-pipe, and thus is quickly dried. After hanging for a length of time varying from six to twenty-four hours, the paper is taken from the carriers and laid in a dry room, where it remains until the drying process is thoroughly complete. It is then taken to another room, where, by ingenious machinery, it is rolled in lengths of marketable size. If it is desired to apply a coat of bronze powder to make a figure, the figure which is to be thus treated is stamped on the paper as it passes through the printing machine with a heavy coat of varnish. Then, after passing once over the coil of steam-pipe in order that the other colors may be dried, the paper is sent through a long air-tight box in which this bronze "dust" is sifted over the surface from a perforated tray, and the paper then passes around the end of the traveller and back over the hot-air or steam pipes.

The finest and most elaborate designs, however, are printed by hand. Each color must be stamped separately, and any one can at once distinguish a paper that is printed by hand from that printed by machine. In the former at one of the margins will be found, at distances of about eighteen inches, fine lines or dots containing the colors forming the design. These are the marks guiding the men in their work of stamping the pattern. The block or die for each separate portion of the pattern which is to be printed in a certain color is about eighteen inches in length. The workman presses the die upon a pad covered with the color, and then places it upon the paper as it lies on the table in front of him, taking care that the guide at the edge of the die joins the mark left on the margin of the paper. Placing a swivel over the block, he presses a lever with his foot, thus stamping the form of the die on the paper. A boy attendant spreads the paper on a rack, where it is permitted to dry, and it is then taken to another machine, where the same process is gone through in printing another portion of the design in another color, and this process is repeated in some instances a dozen or more times, until the entire design in all its more or less harmonious blending of colors is produced. With hand work the process of applying a velvet coat to any figure is much different from that used in producing a "bronze" effect in papers painted by machine. The figure which is to be thus produced in velvet is stamped with a heavy glue; the paper is then passed through a long trough having the bottom and sides of stout canvas. In this trough the floss or material which is used to produce the velvet effect is placed. A boy scatters this material over the surface of the paper, and then, taking a couple of sticks in his hand, he beats a tattoo on the pliable bottom of the trough, thoroughly distributing the floss over the figure. In fact, the boys raise such a dust that it is almost impossible to breathe.

Many of the finer qualities of paper are now made with fine lines pressed in the paper. This is done by passing between two rollers, one of which is brass, on which is engraved the design to be stamped on the paper, the other roller being of wood covered with paper, which by constant pressure has become almost as hard as metal. Between these rolls the paper is subjected to a tremendous pressure, and it is impossible to efface the lines thus created. These brass rollers, as well as all of the wooden dies used in stamping the designs by hand, and also the cylinder dies used in the machines, are engraved on the manufacturer's premises. Many of these dies, especially for work where it is required to produce fine lines, are made by setting pieces of brass into blocks of wood. These pieces of brass are moulded or bent into all sorts of curves and figures, and vary in thickness from an eighth of an inch to a line which is scarcely visible to the eye. On many of these hand-dies, which are not more than two inches long by eighteen inches wide, as many as one hundred to two hundred pieces of brass are thus laid.

Within the last few years the demand for something more substantial and "dressy" than the ordinary wall-paper has sprung up. To meet the demand, heavy embossed paper has sprung up. This new wall-covering is made of wood fiber, pressed on a background of linen which has been subjected to a special treatment of oxidized oil. By the use of this material the walls and ceiling of a room can be finished in a manner giving the appearance of handsome wood carvings or moldings in stone or metal. There is a steadily increasing demand for this class of goods, not only for use in covering the walls of dwelling-houses and public buildings, but also for furnishing the cabins of steamships, yachts, and for decorating rail-

road cars. It is light and water-proof, and can be washed and cleaned as readily as wood or marble. The wood pulp is applied while in a plastic state, and the design which is to be stamped on the paper is engraved on a die, which is pressed down upon the bed of pulp as it is spread upon the linen covering. The molded material hardens quickly, but does not become brittle; in fact, it is so pliable that this new wall-covering is rolled up the same as wall-paper, though, of course, not so compactly.

For the interior decoration of houses, especially halls, drawing-rooms and dining-rooms, this new material is gaining in popularity very rapidly. It is a poor conductor of heat, and thus the moisture in the room does not gather upon it. It has a smoother, warmer look than wood or marble carving, and has no glare to break up and reflect the light like tiling, nor does it become warped by heat. The fact that this material is made in continuous rolls renders it especially adaptable for dado work or friezes. A dado formed of this material can be carried all around a room, into any angle, corner or bay-window, without a break. It harmonizes with wall-paper much better than carved wood or stone, and does not chip or break when struck by any piece of furniture.

The variety of designs in which the new wall covering is made is as great almost as with ordinary wall-paper, but the colorings used are by no means so varied. After it has been hung upon the walls, however, it can be painted or gilded so as to resemble burnished metal, or can be colored and grained to imitate any kind of wood, leather, bronze, tapestry, ceramic or other style of decoration. Among the many styles in which this material is produced, the one which is the most popular at this time is the Japanese, but Egyptian, Greek, Byzantine, Moorsque, Medieval, Renaissance and many other patterns are produced.—N. Y. Post.

THE SENOUSITES.

A Mohammedan Sect with an Uncompromising Hatred of Christianity.

The Senoussite sect, founded in North Africa about the middle of the present century by an Arab of the Beni Senouss tribe, from neighborhood of Tiemsen, in Algeria, is organized on the system of secret societies of Europe, with uncompromising hostility to Christian civilization as its main spring of action. From its cradle in the Tripolitan Sahara it has extended its ramifications through all North Africa, from the Somali coast to the mouth of the Senegal. M. Henri Dureyrier, the eminent explorer of the Sahara, estimates the number of the khoutan, or brothers, at not less than a million and a half, while that figure may probably be doubled. "Each of these adepts," he says, "is not only ipso facto a missionary, but is ready at the signal of his superior to transform himself into propagandist agent, a soldier, a bravo or even a cowardly prisoner." To the agency of the sect he ascribes many recent risings in Algeria, and numerous massacres of European travelers, such as that of Mlle. Thine's party in the Soudan in 1869 and of the Flatters Mission in the Algerian Sahara in 1881. The Sultans of Morocco and Wadai are believed to be more or less subservient to its decrees, while its influence is felt as a disturbing element in many cities of Egypt, notably in Tanah and throughout the land of Yemen on the further shore of the Red Sea. Mussulmans, tainted with Western ideas, are held by it in a like abhorrence with the odious Nazarene, and its watchword is that Turks and Christians, being on a level, must be annihilated by the same blow. The founder of the society, dying in 1859, transmitted his authority to his son, Sidi Mohammed-ben-All-Senoussi, the present Sheikh, regarded throughout North Africa with a reverence almost equal to that felt for Mohammed himself. Like his Soudanese rival, he claims the title of Mahdi; hence a coalition of the two, despite the identity of their aims, was always, on personal grounds, improbable. There was, indeed, a certain effervescence of enthusiasm for Mohammed Ahmed among Senoussi's followers immediately on the fall of Khar-toum, but it rapidly subsided with the subsequent wane in the fortunes of the Warrior Prophet of the Soudan.—Gentleman's Magazine.

Believed in Fortifying.

A tramp entered a Washington saloon the other day and blandly asked the bartender: "Can you tell me, sir, if Congress has passed the Fortification bill?" "Well," spouted it or hasn't, what's that got to do with you?" "Oh, nothing much, only I feel a good deal run down and would like to fortify a little. I thought maybe, in case Congress had made an appropriation, you might fortify me about ten cents worth and charge it to the Government. Your forty-rod will fortify as well as any thing else, so don't hand out the best thing."

The bartender was about to hand out his best bung-starter when the tramp made a hurried exit.—Washington Oracle.

Don't Spread Too Much.

Young fancier, don't imagine that you are destined to sit upon the highest pinnacle of poultry fame the first year of your experience, nor even the second; don't for one moment think you will spring into such prominence as that enjoyed by Spaulding, Felch, Williams and others, by a few short years of breeding and caring for poultry. Don't, please don't try to commence with a dozen different breeds at once, but choose a variety that suits your taste, and devote your attention to that until you thoroughly understand the art of breeding it up to the desired standard. After awhile you might add another good breed, but don't be in a hurry about it.—Western Ploverman.

—It was not until about 1860 that the word "donkey" found its way into the dictionaries. It is a nickname for the ass and nothing more.

A PLAIN ISSUE.

It Now Remains with the Senate Alone to Show Cause Why an Honest Colored Democrat Should Be Slighted by the Republicans.

When President Cleveland came into office Frederick Douglass, who is, next to Senator Bruce, perhaps the best representative that the colored race has put to the front, was occupying the fat place of recorder of deeds for the District of Columbia. He had originally been appointed by Mr. Hayes, for the well-understood purpose of catering to the colored vote, to the position of United States Marshal of the District—a place which, under the well-established Washington procedure, makes its incumbent the usher of the White House receptions. When Mr. Arthur came to the Presidency he was quite indisposed to do any injustice to Mr. Douglass, and was equally indisposed to permit a colored man to occupy that high social position. So he appointed him to the much more lucrative position of recorder of deeds, and put in Morton Michael, of Philadelphia, as marshal. So it was as recorder of deeds that President Cleveland found him.

One of the first acts of the new President was to teach Mr. Douglass that he had no social scruples against him. He was personally invited to White House receptions even in cases where invitations were very rare. He was treated not only like a man, but like a gentleman. And when it came time for him to leave office he left it with so kindly an opinion of the Democratic President that his published card stands on record as one of the best of the tributes paid to the personal manliness of that officer. The card is a vigorous Republican document; but it is at the same time a glowing compliment to the worth of President Cleveland.

In the place of Mr. Douglass as recorder of deeds the President appointed another colored man—W. C. Matthews, of Albany. The Republicans of the Senate, who believe that no colored man should hold office unless he votes the Republican ticket, rejected the appointment. There was no question of the appointee's worth. The rejection was a purely partisan performance.

And now, after Congress has adjourned, the President reappoints the rejected nominee, Matthews. It is a sharp issue with the Senate. If there has been a similar case in the history of our country it has escaped us. Yet the President is a thoroughly sound lawyer and not likely to take a step of this kind without a full consideration of all its bearings. Whence does he get, or whence does he think he gets, his power?

Certainly not under clause 2, of section 2, of article II of the constitution. That simply gives the power to nominate, and, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, to appoint certain officers. This consent the Senate has refused. But clause 3 of the same section confers upon him another and wholly distinct power, as follows:

"The President shall have power to fill all vacancies that may happen during the recess of the Senate, by granting commissions which shall expire at the end of their next session."

NOT A SPOILSMAN.

The Appointment of Daniel Magone as Collector of Customs for the Port of New York.

President Cleveland has appointed Daniel Magone, of Ogdenburg, N. Y., to be Collector of Customs for the port of New York, in place of Mr. Hedden, whose resignation had been received by the President. The appointment is one that in the highest degree reflects credit upon the President's motives and earnestness in carrying out the policy which he so distinctly and unequivocally announced as one of the guiding principles of his Administration when he entered upon it. The President has not been wholly satisfied with the conduct of the office under Mr. Hedden. The most successful Collectors have been lawyers of ability and experience. Many of the questions coming before the Collector for decision are purely legal, and the judicial experience, as the Springfield Republican points out, is especially valuable because it accustoms a man to sift evidence, discern truth and act with promptitude, well defined and intelligent purpose, and the courage of his reasons. Such a man is the new appointee, Daniel Magone. He is a lawyer of marked and admirable legal attainments, a scholar of deep research, a man of great force of character and resoluteness, and a firm believer in the reform policy of President Cleveland. He is known to be the personal choice of the President, and no one who knows the qualities of the man will doubt for a moment that he will successfully conduct the great administrative office, to take charge of which he gives up a large and lucrative practice in St. Lawrence County. Mr. Magone was for many years the trusted friend and co-worker with Samuel J. Tilden. When Governor Tilden determined to prosecute the canal ring, in 1875, he appointed Mr. Magone one of the commissioners, the other members being John Bigelow, of Orange; Alexander E. Orr, of Brooklyn, and John D. Van Buren, Jr., of New York. Mr. Magone was the only lawyer on the commission, and the successful termination of its difficult work was largely due to the legal acumen, tenacity of purpose, and keen instinct shown by him. While always an earnest and consistent Democrat, and for the past fifteen years prominent in the councils of the party, he has never held any other office than that mentioned. He was a member of the Democratic State Committee for a number of years, and was its chairman during the memorable Tilden and Hendricks campaign of 1876.

The appointment of Mr. Magone is a further proof of the President's sincerity of purpose in carrying out the reform policy to which his Administration stands pledged. It is proof, also, that the President is determined that the great office of Collector of the Port shall be administered on purely business principles and in accordance with the existing laws.—Albany Argus.

A SILENT SENATE.

That Body Has Nothing to Say About a Note of Explanation Sent by Attorney-General Garland to the Senate Regarding the Hill Suspension Case.

The person who unearthed the letter Attorney-General Garland sent to the President of the Senate, in reply to a resolution of the high legislative body asking for official papers and correspondence concerning the administration and conduct of the office of Marshal for the Eastern district of North Carolina from the first of January to July 26, 1886, is deserving of thanks for exposing to the public the hypocrisy of the Senate. It appears from the letter Mr. Garland sent to President-pro-tem Sherman that J. B. Hill, a Republican, who held the office of Marshal, left his home in Raleigh in 1884 while he was Marshal, and went to the Republican convention of the First Congressional district in which he did not live and by an active canvass succeeded in being elected a delegate to the convention at Chicago which nominated Blaine, and that he attended such convention and participated in its proceedings. Soon after President Cleveland entered upon the discharge of his duties, the people of the Eastern district of North Carolina asked for a change in the office and gave him facts relating to Hill's partisanship. It is not necessary to say that Hill's official head rolled in the saw dust of that a Democratic was appointed in his place. The Senate did not want Hill ousted for he was too handy in carrying caucuses and conventions in that State, and so the committee having the appointment of his successor under advisement applied to Attorney-General Garland for letters and papers on file in his office, thinking it could make a case against the Administration. The note the Attorney-General sent the committee must have disturbed the Republican members, for they said never a word, although they had been fishing for a hawl. But the case of Hill would not do by any means. It was too clear, and the President expressly stated that the suspension was made for the sole reason that Hill left his home and went to another district where he manipulated a Republican convention so skillfully that he was sent to the Chicago National convention. It is clear that if Hill had remained in office much longer he would have had the Republican party of North Carolina in his vest pocket to dispose of as he pleased. But it is not surprising that the Senate did not make public the information it received in regard to Mr. Hill and his conduct had Hill's everywhere, men without the slightest regard for the wishes or preferences of the party, fellows who trotted free speech and filled ballot boxes at caucuses, elected such delegates as they pleased, and nominated anybody they fixed upon for the office to be filled. They were here in Buffalo and are here now. Do the honest voters think that it was not high time for a change?—Buffalo Times.

SLAVERY IN FIJI.

What British "Civilization" Has Done for the Ex-Cannibals.

It certainly seems a strange anomaly that we "Britishers," who have gone about the whole of the habitable globe, ever foremost in the abolition of slavery, should have taken such very great pains to re-establish a most undeniable form of slavery as soon as we annexed Fiji. Great Britain only consented, under pressure from Australia, to replace King Thakombau on the understanding "that Fiji was to be governed for the benefit of the Fijians." No doubt, from a certain point of view, notably that of Sir Arthur Gordon, the former Governor, and Sir Wm. Des Voeux, the present one, this understanding has been carried out; but, unfortunately, opinions materially differ as to whether "the Fijians" mean the chiefs (or "local nobility") or the commoners. Certainly Fiji has been governed "for the benefit" of the chiefs, who, backed up in every one of their aggressions on their serfs (for they are nothing more) by Government House, have grown rich and prospered exceedingly. The authority of these chiefs was confirmed by England for several reasons, chiefly that they were practically the representatives or delegates of the people, and that if the chiefs were brought into contact with civilization, it could, through them, reach the people in the pleasantest and easiest fashion.

Unfortunately what the chief understood by civilization took a practical form very speedily. Manchester goods were very pleasant evidences of civilization, preserved meats were toothsome; and the chiefs also found superior merits in boots and cutters built on European lines. But all these things meant money, and to get money was easy enough to men who were perfectly well aware that they were privileged beings in the eyes of the officials at Government House. What a native chief might do to a native commoner mattered little to the Governor who had ratified to the former the right to do practically as he pleased so long as he avoided cannibalism. "Native customs were to be scrupulously respected," and the native custom of Lala was the very thing as a lever for money raising in the hands of the chiefs. The right of Lala is the right possessed by the chiefs to collect indiscriminate taxes at their own will and for their own uses; and in old days this feudal right was seldom abused for two excellent reasons. Firstly, before the arrival of the Europeans and their civilization, the chiefs had but few wants beyond a house and food; and, secondly, because the chiefs knew quite well that if they oppressed the people they would be deplored and clubbed to death. Even before the annexation, the growing influx of trade was raising the greed of good things in the chiefs with so distinct an effect in the matter of Lala that the old Fiji Government was doing its best to break down this feudal right, and it was in the hope of doing this still more effectually that annexation was so strongly urged by the whites. Instead, however, of doing any thing of the kind, Sir Arthur Gordon determined to govern through chiefs by the old feudal system, and the Lala was not only broken down, but was revived in far greater force than before without any of its old restrictions. It can easily be imagined, therefore, what Lala is made to mean in the hands of the men intrusted with such absolute power. Whatever the chief wants in town or country he gets, and his people have to pay. Resistance is out of the question for them, for they know that the chief is supported by the British Government. They have nothing which belongs to them; every little possession on which money can be raised may be, and generally is, seized and sold by the chief. They plant but few yams (their staple food); for, if they do, they know the chief will seize the crop. If the women and children are hungry, they endure their hunger with sullen, hopeless patience, or go and grub for wild roots in the bush to satisfy their cravings. One night a planter was awakened by a native who begged to be allowed to place his two pigs in the planter's outhouse; the chief was to be round at the village next morning, and, though the pigs were all this native possessed, he knew they would be taken from him. Only by bringing them under cover of the night to the planter could he hope to keep them. If a native undertakes work on a plantation, he is liable to be called off for Lala by the chief. If he has received any wages, the chief can take them from him; if he plants food, the chief can sell it.—London Saturday Review.

BOY INVENTORS.

How the Steam Engine Was Made an Automatically Working Machine.

There are a good many useful inventions which are the outcome of some boy genius, and the records of the Patent office show that quite a number of patents have been issued to minors through their guardians. The invention of the valve to a steam engine is said to have been made by a mere boy. The story runs that Newcomen's engine was in a very incomplete condition, from the fact that there was no way to open and close the valve except by means of levers operated by hand. He set up a large engine at one of the mines, and a boy (Humphrey Potter) was hired to work these levers. Although this is not hard work, yet it required his constant attention. As he was working the levers he saw that parts of the engine moved in the right direction and at the same time he had to open and close the valves. He procured a strong cord, and made one end fast to the proper part of the engine, and the other end to the valve lever, and the boy had the satisfaction of seeing the engine move with perfect regularity of motion. A short time after the foreman came around, and saw the boy playing marbles at the door. Looking at the engine he saw the ingenuity of the boy, and also the advantage of his invention. The idea suggested by the boy's inventive genius was put in a practical form and made the steam engine an automatically working machine.—Scientific American.

PITH AND POINT.

Sometimes we vote a man a mob simply because we suspect that he is a smarter man than we are.—Detroit Free Press.

Reformation makes such slow progress because each man tries to reform his neighbor instead of himself.

—First Senator—Come, now, you haven't opened your mouth. Second Senator—Pardon me, I have gaped all through your speech.—Burlington Free Press.

—Almost any body can take a compliment when it is thrown at him, but not every body knows how to wear it after he gets it.—St. Albans (Vt.) Messenger.

—At this season of the year a man who can't carry a hoe handle a hundred yards can lug a fishing rod twenty miles. The rod is so much lighter, you know.—Merchant Traveler.

—"Doctor," said he, as he entered the office, "I don't know what the trouble is, but I can't sleep at night." "What is your business, my friend?" "I'm a plumber, sir." "Young man, you need a clergyman. I can't undertake to cure your conscience."—Chicago Tribune.

—Fair Traveler—"What does this mean? The expressman says he can't find my trunk. Here is the check for it." Baggage-man—"The trouble is, ma'am, that you changed cars too often. The check and part of the handle has arrived, but the other pieces haven't got along yet."—Omaha World.

—"Rev. Mr. Unity was quite liberal, but so absent-minded. They were making up a whist party, when Miss Mabel said to him: 'Mr. Unity, won't you join us?' Mr. Do Beans is going to take a hand and be my partner." Mr. Unity wakes up with a start, and breaks everybody up by remarking: "Isn't this rather sudden? Have you got a license?"

—Fashionable Lady—"Don't you think, doctor, that my husband ought to send me to some fashionable watering-place for my health? Doctor—Why, madam, you have a phenomenally robust physique. Fashionable Lady—I knew there was something the matter with me. Where have I to go to get rid of it?—Long Branch or Saratoga?—Chicago Tribune.

—An exchange says it is just as important for a girl to make good bread as to paint a picture. It may be; but a girl can't throw "soul," tone, technique, feeling, chiaro oscuro, and such things into a loaf of bread. The latter, however, put in a frame and hung against the parlor wall, would no doubt look quite as attractive and artistic as the picture painted by the girl.—Norristown Herald.

—"What college do you intend sending your son to?" asked an Allegheny gentleman of another this morning. "I thought of sending him to Harvard, but now I'm thinking more favorably of Columbia." "Indeed, why have you changed your opinion?" "Well, Columbia outrowed Harvard at the recent trial. You see, I want my son to have the best education the country affords."—Pittsburgh Chronicle.

—A late judge, whose personal appearance was as unprepossessing as his legal knowledge was profound and his intellect keen, interrupted a female witness: "Humbugged you, my good woman. What do you mean by that?" "Well, my lord," replied the woman, "I don't know how to express it, but if a girl called your lordship a handsome man she would be humbugging you."—N. Y. Telegram.

A PATIENT WIFE.

Why She Considered It Wrong to Complain of Her Husband's Cruelty.

"I have heard," said the kind-hearted Austin female philanthropist to the woman who lived in a dilapidated shanty in the suburbs, whose head was tied up, and who had one arm in a sling, "I have heard that your husband beats you, and I thought I would consult you to see if we could not restrain him."

"You are mistaken, madam; my husband never beats me. We have lived together fifteen years, and he has never beaten me yet," and the woman adjusted her arm in the sling.

"I am so glad to hear that I am mistaken," replied the female philanthropist.

"No," continued the woman, sadly, putting the bandage over the eye. "He has never struck me a blow yet. He has kicked me in a dozen different places forty different times; he has taken me by my two ears and bumped my head on the floor, or on the corner of the mantel-piece; he has poured hot water down my back, pulled out my hair by the handful, and he has stuck pins in me a time or so; he feeds his dog in my new Sunday bonnet, but he has never yet beat me, and until he does I don't think I ought to complain."

The visitor then withdrew without saying another word.—Texas Siftings.

WHEN SHE SPOKE.

How a Superb Creature Drove Away Two Enchanted Admirers.

She was a sweet-faced, blue-eyed young girl with great waves of golden hair brushed carelessly back from a noble-looking, snow-white brow. Her ruby lips were full and sweet. Innocence itself was in her great blue eyes. Fair and sweet was she in all the purity and guilelessness of her fresh young womanhood. Two young men have long been watching her with eager interest. Her glorious beauty had enthralled them. "What a superb girl!" said one. "Never was Lily fairer! How I would love to hear her speak. No 'sweet bells jangled' could be like words she must utter with lips like those and a face like that."

She spoke. A friend came down the aisle, and said carelessly: "A cold day, Miss D.—"

—Sometimes we vote a man a mob simply because we suspect that he is a smarter man than we are.—Detroit Free Press.

Reformation makes such slow progress because each man tries to reform his neighbor instead of himself.

—First Senator—Come, now, you haven't opened your mouth. Second Senator—Pardon me, I have gaped all through your speech.—Burlington Free Press.

—Almost any body can take a compliment when it is thrown at him, but not every body knows how to wear it after he gets it.—St. Albans (Vt.) Messenger.

—At this season of the year a man who can't carry a hoe handle a hundred yards can lug a fishing rod twenty miles. The rod is so much lighter, you know.—Merchant Traveler.

—"Doctor," said he, as he entered the office, "I don't know what the trouble is, but I can't sleep at night." "What is your business, my friend?" "I'm a plumber, sir." "Young man, you need a clergyman. I can't undertake to cure your conscience."—Chicago Tribune.

—Fair Traveler—"What does this mean? The expressman says he can't find my trunk. Here is the check for it." Baggage-man—"The trouble is, ma'am, that you changed cars too often. The check and part of the handle has arrived, but the other pieces haven't got along yet."—Omaha World.

—"Rev. Mr. Unity was quite liberal, but so absent-minded. They were making up a whist party, when Miss Mabel said to him: 'Mr. Unity, won't you join us?' Mr. Do Beans is going to take a hand and be my partner." Mr. Unity wakes up with a start, and breaks everybody up by remarking: "Isn't this rather sudden? Have you got a license?"

—Fashionable Lady—"Don't you think, doctor, that my husband ought to send me to some fashionable watering-place for my health? Doctor—Why, madam, you have a phenomenally robust physique. Fashionable Lady—I knew there was something the matter with me. Where have I to go to get rid of it?—Long Branch or Saratoga?—Chicago Tribune.

—An exchange says it is just as important for a girl to make good bread as to paint a picture. It may be; but a girl can't throw "soul," tone, technique, feeling, chiaro oscuro, and such things into a loaf of bread. The latter, however, put in a frame and hung against the parlor wall, would no doubt look quite as attractive and artistic as the picture painted by the girl.—Norristown Herald.

—"What college do you intend sending your son to?" asked an Allegheny gentleman of another this morning. "I thought of sending him to Harvard, but now I'm thinking more favorably of Columbia." "Indeed, why have you changed your opinion?" "Well, Columbia outrowed Harvard at the recent trial. You see, I want my son to have the best education the country affords."—Pittsburgh Chronicle.

—A late judge, whose personal appearance was as unprepossessing as his legal knowledge was profound and his intellect keen, interrupted a female witness: "Humbugged you, my good woman. What do you mean by that?" "Well, my lord," replied the woman, "I don't know how to express it, but if a girl called your lordship a handsome man she would be humbugging you."—N. Y. Telegram.

A PATIENT WIFE.

Why She Considered It Wrong to Complain of Her Husband's Cruelty.

"I have heard," said the kind-hearted Austin female philanthropist to the woman who lived in a dilapidated shanty in the suburbs, whose head was tied up, and who had one arm in a sling, "I have heard that your husband beats you, and I thought I would consult you to see if we could not restrain him."

"You are mistaken, madam; my husband never beats me. We have lived together fifteen years, and he has never beaten me yet," and the woman adjusted her arm in the sling.

"I am so glad to hear that I am mistaken," replied the female philanthropist.

"No," continued the woman, sadly, putting the bandage over the eye. "He has never struck me a blow yet. He has kicked me in a dozen different places forty different times; he has taken me by my two ears and bumped my head on the floor, or on the corner of the mantel-piece; he has poured hot water down my back, pulled out my hair by the handful, and he has stuck pins in me a time or so; he feeds his dog in my new Sunday bonnet, but he has never yet beat me, and until he does I don't think I ought to complain."

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