The Louisiana Democrat.

"The World is Governed Too Much."

HENRY L. BIOSSAT, Business Manager.

ALEXANDRIA, LOUISIANA, WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1886.

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AN OPEN SECRET.

Ah! dost thou love and dare not tell it?
And canst thou hide it in thine eyes?
And canst thou from thy Love conceal it?
And dost thou laugh to drown thy sighs?

Alas! I love and must not say it;
My secret sweet I must not show.
I close mine eyes lest they betray me;
I close my lips that none may know.

Yet can I hope to keep my secret
When all earth's creatures tell it so?
They sing it, sigh it, and repeat it,
Till all the world must know my woe!

The nodding grasses tell my story,
The flowers lisp it to the sun:
And all the birds, the chirping tattlers,
They seem to know it—every one.

Loud they sing it at my window,
And I'm happy while alone;
But I tremble lest they sing it
To some thoughtless, careless one.

Then the winds, how they repeat it
Till the crimson dyes my cheek
For very fear lest all may hear it;
So I pray them not to speak.

And the brook, while babbling onward,
Bears my story to the sea;
Then I'm sure the clover knows it.
Some one told it to the bee.

I would gladly share my secret
With the flowers, birds and sea;
But how wrong of them to tell it—
Why are they so false to me?

—*Lena Reed, in Current.*

IN THE MIDDLE WEST.

A Story of Life in the Great Mississippi Valley.

BY ALVA MILTON KERR.

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CHAPTER XII.—CONTINUED.

John Earling got up and stood looking down at him with gall-like contempt. "You have acted dishonorably," he said, in a low voice, as if striving not to break out into angry words; "you have been dark where you should have been clear, secret where you should have been open, and you have imposed upon me by keeping me ignorant! I have been grateful without a cause; be good enough to write me a check for the original amount that we may be done with each other at once."

Joel twisted himself around in his chair facing the young man. "I should think I had stood about enough of your infernal censure," he began, but John Earling stopped him with a gesture. "Write the check," he said. "The words we had before were over another man's wrongs. This is personal to myself, and I decline to quarrel with you," and he turned away to the window with his back to Joel. The big man looked at his back with a red face. "Well," he said, with an angry puff, "I'll write the check, and cursed if we don't quit! I don't have to, though, young feller, I want you to understand that. I could keep the money until you are twenty-one, just the same!"

John Earling did not look around. Joel wrote the check with his sweaty brows drawn into a pucker. "Here, sign this receipt," he growled, presently. John Earling turned about and signed the receipt calmly, took up the check, and said: "You do not return to the owner that which is not your own very gracefully, do you? I hope you will not consider me under any further obligation to you. Good-afternoon, sir," and he walked out.

The silent book-keeper glanced up and a flash of heat seemed to pass over him. When John Earling had gone the book-keeper wiped his forehead, and Joel, in the little office, got up and kicked the waste-basket of papers over and slammed the safe door shut. "Confound him! he sets me on fire like so much straw!" he fumed. "He's honorable! yes, too cursed honorable to sleep well! Ain't I just as good as he is? Course he's smart, course he can talk, but I've got more now than he will ever have if he lives to be as old as a pelican!"

The book-keeper in the outer room heard him muttering, and the corners of his nervous mouth twitched with a smile. As the years had advanced with Joel, and the little puffs beneath his eyes darkened and sagged a little, and his girth grew greater, he fretted more than formerly, and dealt with resistance in others less good-naturedly. Still, in the main, he was overflowing with rather unsavory humor, and adroit enough in using those about him. But with this fine-grained, scrupulous youth, he always seemed at sea. This made him angry, perhaps, in the very soul of the fact, more with himself than with the rather austere young fellow who seemed to see through him as if he were so much glass. Joel perhaps unconsciously magnified the other's perceptions, but he could not but feel when in contact with him, as every selfish and ignoble nature must in presence of a clear intellect and a clean heart, that he was more or less an open and unworthy book. That John Earling went forward on a plane above him he *felt*, but would not even confess in a whisper to himself. He could not go up to him, or bring him down that he might manage him; hence he was less chafed when he had washed himself entirely of the youth, as he thought; but inside that living time-piece which was ticking off his life's seconds within his bosom the trouble remained, and over him the impalpable altitude which the other had attained.

CHAPTER XIII.

Just what provision or disposition would have been made by Joel, had John Earling remained passive until his majority, could at the best be only guessed at. In view of his fat and rather inoffensive avarice, and his sometime streaks of generosity, the thought must needs be folded in and forwarded by the fancy. Certain it is that whosoever sets up no higher ideal than he, who sees out before him no guiding-stars of brighter light than the quagmire glint of dollars, must in some sense deteriorate and go downward. Joel of late, since his other possessions were so large, had begun to covet honor; not that silent light within the bosom which is infinitely above applause, but preferment at the hands of those who knew him. To this end, by a move here and a withdrawal there, praise in this corner and detraction in that, the supplanting of a scrupulous enemy by an unscrupulous friend, at least pretended allegiance on his own part to the interests of those who acknowledged him, and the keeping of his own claims well under cover—since he had no desire to accept and fulfill the rather menial duties of a county official, unless that should contribute to a more fortuitous end—he came at length to be the secret dictator of local political affairs. Also a growing reputation throughout the Congressional district was coming to be his for timely and munificent gifts to his party, when at elections it seemed most in need of succor.

Perhaps Joel's thirst was rather for glory than good fame. At any rate, his aim at reputation seemed something not bounded by the circle of his neighbors; forgetting evidently that the love and respect of those in and about one's own home is something to be more sensibly enjoyed even than a continent full of notoriety. Of course Joel did not hope for any thing so extensive as that, but he thought, and foolishly enough, that it would be exceedingly sweet to know that his name was going about on the unfeeling winds to thousands of people he never heard of, and who indeed might contribute quite as little perhaps as those far-off unfeeling winds to his own personal joy or betterment. However, many another heart in the world's life has fed upon the delusive honey of this same expectation, this idea that to be known, or rather widely heard of, is a grateful golden thing, and to set one's self violently upon Joel for this seems little less than flying into the face of half the race. Out of it at least has risen much we should be proud of, and not a little of which we should profoundly feel ashamed. In Joel's case the aim was doubtless well enough, and the object, though mainly vapor, not to be despised; but the means! Ah, there's the thing to put one's foot upon.

Joel went homeward that evening after squaring with John Earling, as he put it, with a soul not overflowingly sunny. It was autumn and the weather was very gentle, but his mental eye seemed jaundiced. John Earling's denunciation kept playing a kind of hide and seek in his mind, for as often as he thrust it back at one opening it popped out at another. "Pshaw! what does the spontin' of a youngster like him amount to?" he muttered, and turned off from the street and went over on the knoll, that looked down upon the river and across that upon the wooded eminence where Absalom Heater's cottage stood among the autumn-painted trees. "I think I'll build in the spring," he said, as he walked about flicking the few fallen maple leaves with his big cane and looking away with warming humor. "I guess I'll build a good one."

The sun falling to the westward was filling the tops of Absalom's woods with shattered fire, and the long rays slanting under the trees on Joel's knoll made it seem a very pleasant place. But when he had crossed the little hollow and come to his own gate among the lawns and homes that covered the gentle broad-backed ridge on which the town was mainly laid, his spirit seemed to darken with the evening shadows.

With all his farms, and bank, and store, and mills, and houses, and fat horses, and the rich bounty of good-humor which nature had given him at the start, his blood of late years seemed often very heavy. "Plague the stuff! I believe it's too thick to run well," he would sometimes say, smiting himself upon his great chest over the heart. That slowly throbbing organ seemed to clog a little by times. Perhaps he fed it too well, or the red tide that ebbed and flowed within it had tired and thickened with its half a century of motion. The edge of his spirit, too, seemed worn and blunted by his third of a century of uninterrupted delving after wealth. What an array of numerals 'twould have taken to cover his calculations, to exhibit his dealings, or represent the moments of his labors! Were his possessions worth it? With something like this moving in his mind he stood with his hand upon the gate-post looking at the long, low house, with its porch across the front clambered over by woodbine and a flowerless rose, and some great clay urns painted green and running over with smilax that stood on either side the graveled walk. "Well, I'll build a good one in the spring," he said. "May be it ain't worth while, but I'll do it. Then I'm ready for something else!"

After tea, when Harry had gone up to his room, which had an easel in one corner and two or three dauby pictures on the wall, and lit a cigar and lain down in his hammock with his lazy blue eyes looking up into the wreathing smoke, Joel went into the sitting-room and, unfolding a newspaper, began to read by the drop-light. Openstone had grown in these years and had gas, Joel being the largest holder of its stock. In the mellow flare he looked tired, and his hair glistened, for it was streaked with gray and had fallen away from the crown of his head, which glistened a little in its stead. It was not usual for him to remain thus at home in the evening, as his habit was to be about his business from seven in the morning until nine and ten o'clock, and often later, in the night. His had been a wonderful example of American push as applied to money-making. He seldom read except on Sundays; then he went over the entire week's papers, letting his wife for the most part do the church going.

That lady, as a natural and very agreeable result of her husband's growing wealth, had felt her social weight increase with the years. Besides Rev. Mr. Cuttleton was now a widower, and she felt, much as she had ignored his wife, new demands left at her door, and if possible a freer flow of holy feelings. She seemed rather more pleasant to look at as she sat on the other side of the center-table from Joel, idling with a bit of needle-work, than when we first met her at old Jade Erric's some sixteen years before. Her outlines were rounder, for Mrs. Whitney had long since voted work indelicate, though from appearances she did not consider eating at all vulgar, and perhaps she was a trifle less sallow. Clearly there was something on her mind as she sat trifling with her tatting. She glanced at Joel, but I fear she did not notice how worn he looked for the matter that covered her mind.

"Joel," she said at length, as she lay back in her easy chair running her eye up and down the kind of thread Jacob's Ladder that she held up before her; "Joel, don't you think it about time that Harry was going away to college?"

"I think he's worthless enough now," said Joel, gruffly, without taking his eyes from the paper. He was evidently in that condition of weariness where a man contemplates almost any thing but a good bed with displeasure.

Mrs. Whitney frowned at the Jacob's Ladder. Not much had been said of Harry's future of late, and nothing touching John Earling's, as Mrs. Whitney curiously enough disliked him all the more since he had freed himself from their begrudging bounty. She said nothing for a time. Joel held the paper up with his head back a little, slightly showing his third chin inside his big collar, though evidently not getting much out of his reading. In a moment he laid the paper down and looked at Mrs. Whitney. Her mental eye had been too much under cover to see before that it was not a favorable moment for soft proposals. Mrs. Whitney remained silent with her mouth working a little; Joel took up his paper and went to reading again. But she could not hold out in her resolve not to say more.

"How can you expect him to ever amount to any thing when you stand in his way!" she queried, with asperity.

Joel looked at her with ineffable scorn. "Standing in his way?" he snorted, "hasn't he had every confounded thing under the sun but the one he ought to have—that is the disposition to work? Most people with good sense would have put it into him with a gad if nature left it out!" Joel was not so helpless here as when he came against the steel-gray anger of John Earling.

"Why, I suppose you know the boy has got to be educated according to his position?" said Mrs. Whitney, a little frightened, for it was not Joel's wont to be so bitter. A joke or some evasive sarcasm was his usual way, but in his heart he was having it out with John Earling.

"Fiddle!" he said, "have I ever seen the inside of a school-house since I was twelve years old? No; and he's not likely to come out much better, I venture, than I have if you feed him on paint and books the rest of his days. What he wants is *sand!*" and Joel brought his big fist down on the velvet table scarf with such force the bric-a-brac jumped.

"Well," said Mrs. Whitney, irritably, "you needn't call in the neighbors! You know very well that he has finer tastes than common folks."

"Finer foolishness! You're making a perfect mess of veal of him. What in creation, I would like to ask, is all this daubin' that he's been doin' ever goin' to 'mount to?"

"Why—why—it's clearly his inclination. It's a great thing; *nothing* is so fine and great as art."

"Pooh!" and Joel blew the subject and his paper from him and went to bed.

But the next day, when he was leaving the house after dinner, he handed Mrs. Whitney a check for six hundred dollars, and said, looking into her face rather unsteadily: "I guess you'd best send the boy away to school awhile: both of you will be better satisfied, I expect, but understand it's to be solid business now and no daubin'!"

Mrs. Whitney squeezed his arm in ecstasy and swung him around with his face to the open door. "We'll attend to that!" she laughed, and Joel went away in brighter mood. When he had gone Mrs. Whitney pursed up her lips and rocked her head with a smile. "I knew he couldn't stand it long," she simpered. Joel, indeed, was very adverse to coldness in his family, or in others for that matter, and had often purchased Mrs. Whitney's warmth with the golden baneful root of all evil.

So Harry Whitney went away to college "down East," and Joel the next spring broke ground for his new house, which grew through the two following years ere it felt the last stroke of the paint-brush. It was a huge affair of wood with mansard-roof, square and round bays, tower crowned with variegated shingles, and endless "gingerbread" trimmings. In Joel's eyes it was lordly and fair beyond the flight of adjectives, and Mrs. Whitney, as it drew toward completion, often swept up and down in front of it with much the air of a peacock. There were many rooms in it and unnumbered closets. Of these latter Mrs. Whitney had insisted that there could not by any possible arrangement or conceivable accident be too many. Joel had planned the house, despite Mrs. Whitney's protest that he would ruin it, and insisted upon bringing an architect out from Chicago to give the matter tone. But Joel blew the architects from him singly and in a body with one of his old-time "poohs," and continued sweating and drafting of evenings through the entire winter preceding the building's commencement. Mrs. Whitney stood faithfully by him, too, and talked forever of closets.

CHAPTER XIV.

When John Earling walked away from Joel's office that autumn afternoon, he put the check for two thousand dollars in his pocket and went absent-mindedly along the street that led down to the river. He did not notice much that was about him, for his mind was working in that sad sort of anger of his over Joel's treatment of him. He did not at first feel the weight of this acquisition of dollars or think how it might freshen and change his life. He had liked to a certain limit this big energetic man from the first, though as his own soul opened from the bud of childhood into blossom, Joel's indelicate wit came to be distasteful to him, and his business methods something to be despised. But his heart was hurt, and an angry kind of loneliness was on him as he walked across the bridge and up and along the wooded bluffs that rose in the elbow of the stream that turned away to the west. Had Joel some ulterior and unfair object in thus always letting him believe himself penniless? He certainly had taken advantage of him by this secrecy.

These thoughts burned about in his mind as he walked along under the oaks that crowned the bluffs, with now and then an acorn dropping from among the boughs and bounding on the sward. Presently he stopped under an oak and, taking his hat off, stroked his forehead and hair back as if to throw off the dark humor he was in. His hat slid down on the grass, and he leaned against the tree with a slow wind falling against his forehead as he looked out over the prairie that dipped and folded away to the south under a blue film of autumnal smoke. He was not a pretty fellow, but many people doubtless would have thought him fine. He had no color—this perhaps from excessive mental work—and his brow, like his mother's, was square and high. His nose seemed rather large, but was strongly chiseled, with a nostril sensitive to every emotion. He was not twenty years of age, yet he had a touch of his father's square-shouldered sturdiness, though of a shapelier sort. His mouth and eyes, however, best voiced the inclinations of his spirit. The last being bold and clear, with an eloquent, eager look, and the first being cut so delicately one might conceive that he would never tire of looking at any thing that was beautiful. This, indeed, was one of his crowning tendencies, and brought him, from one direction in life at least, unmeasured anguish. He might have been a poet or an artist; nay, perhaps was both of these at heart, like many another in whom the sound of music, the sight of lovely flesh, the glory of the heavens and the beauty of the earth, awaken answering voices, that out of a kind of mental chastity forever refuse to mate with or expose themselves in ink and oil. Besides, he was of too practical a father for many visions, and the conditions of his life had tended little to rapture. But often he would pluck a flower, for instance, and look long and absorbingly into it, studying its minute and marvelous beauty, and thinking through it at the infinitely delicate and powerful, something whose thought it seemed sent through the ground to meet his own.

He took out the check and looked at it; not valuing it much yet for what it might bring him, but rather wondering at it as representing in some sense the mystery and tragedy that surrounded his beginning. Then his mind followed along the simple track of his life until of a sudden it came upon that evening at Judge Bower's, and the voice of little Celeste rang in the chamber of his memory like a sound struck from some exquisite fairy instrument of silver. He closed his eyes and produced it again and yet again by the help of fancy, and fell to thinking of her beauty, with something of the purity with which one might approach an angel, for to John Earling whatever was beautiful was to be touched by thought or hand in chastity and reverence.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

RUBBER GOODS.

An Adulterant Which Will Reduce Their Weight Fifty Per Cent.

The search for adulterants among rubber manufacturers keep a great many chemists busy. There are now many adulterants, some of which harden the rubber, others increase its spreading capacity, but until recently there has never been one discovered which, while permitting the rubber to retain all its elasticity and durability, will render the rubber compound fifty per cent. lighter than the original rubber.

The solid rubber goods, while answering the purpose for which they are intended, are ofter very heavy—too heavy for comfort in many cases. Consequently the attention of manufacturers has been turned to finding an adulterant, which has resulted in the origination of the idea of mixing ground cork and the rubber. By this method, it is claimed, that a compound which can be made light or heavy, as desired, and one that is at least fifty per cent. cheaper, while just as durable, is turned out. Cork of any condition and size can be used in this method, and it is then ground by running it between two rollers, one of which moves faster than does the other. After the cork is ground it is mixed with a solution of rubber, there being just enough rubber to hold the particles of cork together. The compound is now in a pliable condition, so that it can be easily molded. It is then run into a dryer, and heated till it is perfectly dry. It is then taken out of the heater and thin strips of rubber are wound around it. The article then has an irregular surface, as the folds overlap each other. To give it a smooth surface it is put in an iron mold a trifle larger than the article, which is heated in a "vulcanizer" or press heated by steam constantly passing through it. Under this heating the rubber coating melts, and the walls of the mold being smooth the surface of the article is also smooth.

By this method all kinds of articles, from a stopper to a life-preserver, can be cheaply and well made. Cork will last forever if moisture can be kept from it, and this process, it is said, completely secures this point, as the rubber keeps the moisture from the cork, so that the point of durability is at least obtained.

In corrugated ware also this invention is successfully being applied. A great deal of friction is obtained with but little wear of the article. The manufacturers of the article are confident that their invention will revolutionize the solid rubber goods manufacture.—*Chicago Shoe and Leather Review.*

—"Do you see that man? That is Pharaoh Banks, the successful gambler." "Indeed, is that he? They say his skill with the cards absolutely beggars description." "I shouldn't wonder if it did. It beggars every one he plays with."—*Chicago Rambler.*

THE ACTUAL FACTS.

A Comparison of the Net National Expenditures Under Republican and Partially Democratic Control of the Government.

In a late speech Senator F. M. Cockrell, of Missouri, gave the following conclusive statistics regarding the National administration of public affairs under the different parties:

The Republican party assumed the control of National affairs on March 4, 1861, and continued in uninterrupted control of the judicial and executive branches up to March 4, 1875, and of the legislative up to March 4, 1875, the beginning of the Forty-fourth Congress, which first met in December, 1875. The House of Representatives has been Democratic since March 4, 1875, during the Forty-fourth, Forty-fifth, Forty-sixth, Forty-eighth and Forty-ninth Congresses, and was Republican during the Forty-seventh Congress. The Senate has been continuously Republican except during the Forty-sixth Congress, when the Democrats had a small majority. The executive branch passed into Democratic hands on March 4, 1885. The Forty-first, Forty-second and Forty-third Congresses, from March 4, 1869, to March 4, 1875, six years, being Republican in both the House and Senate, made the appropriations for the expenditures of the six fiscal years, 1871 to 1876, inclusive. The Forty-fourth, Forty-fifth and Forty-sixth Congresses, from March 4, 1875, to March 4, 1881, six years, with a Democratic House and Republican Senate, except in the Forty-sixth Congress, made appropriations for the expenditures for the six fiscal years 1877 to 1882, inclusive. The Forty-seventh Congress, Republican in both branches, made the appropriations for the expenditures in the fiscal years 1883 and 1884. The Forty-eighth and Forty-ninth Congresses, from March 4, 1883, to March 4, 1887, Democratic in the House and Republican in the Senate, made the appropriations for the fiscal years 1885, 1886 and 1887.

In the comparisons I shall give I shall state the figures from the final official records made in the Treasury Department about the last of August after the close of the preceding fiscal year, and after all the expenditures for each fiscal year have been audited and determined, being the final record of net ordinary expenditures for such year.

The net ordinary expenditures for the six fiscal years 1871 to 1876 during full Republican control amounted to the sum of $1,680,257,459.59, and for the six fiscal years 1877 to 1882, with a Democratic House, amounted to $1,528,909,504.20, thus showing a reduction by a Democratic House of $151,347,955.39, or an annual saving of $25,224,659.23 1-6, including the expenditures for pensions and interest on the public debt during the two periods, and we still have a total saved by a Democratic House in six years of $126,818,239.28, or an annual saving of $21,136,373.21⅓. What were the items of these large reductions or savings? The record shews them to be as follows: In civil and miscellaneous expenditures, $5,944,522.28; in War Department, $7,181,338.73; in Navy Department, $43,394,561.27; in Indian service, $4,175,346.06; in premiums on loans and purchase of bonds, $18,619,495.84; in interest on the public debt, $103,844,866.79. These items shown an aggregate saving of $239,663,106.07 in six years under a Democratic House. In what item of expenditure was there an excess sufficient to reduce this sum to $151,347,955.39? The excess of expenditures for pensions to our country's wounded and disabled heroes and their widows and orphans during these six years of Democratic supremacy in the House over the expenditures for the same objects during the six preceding years of Republican control was $79,315,150.68, the exact sum making the reduction. Now compare the same expenditures for the fiscal years 1883 and 1884 under a Republican Congress with those for the fiscal years 1881 and 1882 under a Democratic House and we find that the expenditures were for 1883 and 1884 $509,534,381.87, and exclusive of pensions and interest on the public debt were $274,354,070.14, and were for 1881 and 1882 $518,694,327.16, and exclusive of pensions and interest on the public debt were $253,703,905.62, thus showing an apparent reduction in 1883 and 1884 over 1881 and 1882 in total expenditures of $9,159,945.29; but an actual excess of expenditures, excluding pensions and interest on the public debt of $20,659,164.82, not considering the fact that there was no appropriation for rivers and harbors for the year 1884.

Now compare such expenditures for 1883 and 1884 under a Republican Congress with those for the fiscal years 1885 and 1886 under a Democratic House again, and we have for 1883 and 1884 $509,534,381.87, and excluding pensions and interest $274,354,070.44, and for 1885 and 1886 $502,710,073.61, and, excluding pensions and interest, $231,236,539.65, thus showing an apparent saving in 1885 and 1886 in total expenditures of $6,824,308.26; but excluding pensions and interest, an excess of $6,882,469.21, which was caused largely by appropriations in 1885 for deficiencies not provided for in 1884. The Republican press and leaders have made a great clamor over the alleged and pretended extravagance of the appropriations for the fiscal year 1887, made by the present Democratic House of the Forty-ninth Congress at the last session, and have attempted to make the impression upon the people that the present Democratic Administration was extravagant and wasteful. We can never know what the net ordinary expenditures for any fiscal year may be until the expenditures have actually been made, the year ended and the books in the treasury closed. The expenditures may be more or less than the appropriations, and, if more, the deficiencies will, during the ensuing session, be provided for. Therefore, at this period in the fiscal year 1887, we can only take the appropriations already made, as a basis for comparison. Now, compare the ordinary expenditures for the fiscal year 1884, under a Republican Congress with the appropriations made at the last session for the present fiscal year 1887. The aggregate appropriations for 1887 are $264,783,679.50 for all objects and purposes. Now, deduct from this aggregate the several appropriations not incident to the necessary operations of the Government and not made in 1884 and not ordinary in their character, as follows for paying Alabama awards $5,769,015.8. For a new navy, $3,500,000; excess of pensions over 1884, $20,645,971.94; for rivers and harbors, not appropriated for in 1884, $14,473,900. Now, deduct these sums, amounting to $44,388,887.22, from the total appropriations and we have $220,394,692.37. Deduct the same from the net ordinary expenditures of 1884, which were $244,126,244.33, and we have the sum of $23,731,551.96 as the saving or reduction by the appropriations for 1887 over 1884. This clearly shows the falsity of the Republican clamor and the actual economy of the present Administration. In this calculation no account has been taken of the interest on the public debt, which is gradually being reduced, and will be less this year than in 1884. Making proper reductions for the decreased interest, and we will still have a saving of near $20,000,000. Thus the records show a reduction, a saving in the ordinary expenditures of the Government in the enormous sum of over $170,000,000 by the Democratic House of Representatives, and establish the Democratic principle "economy in the public expense that labor may be lightly burdened."

——Under the clause of the United States constitution giving power to Congress to regulate inter-State commerce Mr. Reagan, of Texas, has been trying to get a law passed to regulate the cost of transporting passengers and freight from one State to another. A Democratic House passed the bill, but it was defeated in a Republican Senate. When the Democratic party makes it its special mission to break up pools, combinations, monopolies and syndicates, it will command the sympathy and support of a suffering people. These great monopolies have furnished the Republican party with boodle to corrupt the ballot, run their political campaigns and pauperize the masses.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

——The *Tribune* publishes a "scathing review" of General Black, the Commissioner of Pensions, by Colonel Dudley, his predecessor. Colonel Dudley complains that the office as now conducted is "very little else than a political machine." Colonel Dudley, it will be remembered, is the man who forced President Garfield to discharge a most efficient Commissioner in order to give him the place, because he had carried Indiana for the Republicans in 1880, and who distinguished himself in the compaign of 1884 by abandoning his official duties to "run" the Republican canvass in Ohio.—*N. Y. Post.*

THE PARTY OF MORALITY.

Attitude of the Republicans Toward the Champion of the Spoils Policy in 1884 and Their Virtuous Indignation Over Present Democratic Abuses.

In 1884 "the party of moral ideas" appealed for popular support on the ground that it was the only party which could be trusted to enforce Civil-Service reform. In order that no doubt might be left as to the attitude on this question which Mr. Blaine occupied, he proceeded to give the country an object-lesson as to the relation which members of the civil service should hold towards party politics. He started from his home on a long electioneering tour, which consumed several weeks and carried him over a large part of the country. He took with him on this long tour, as political attendant, to render him all manner of personal service, the postmaster of Augusta, who was paid a large salary by taxes raised from the people of both parties for discharging the duties of that office. He called to his aid the United States District Attorney for the Eastern district of New York, and the occupant of that judicial branch of the Federal Government abandoned his post to deliver a series of stump speeches, in which he virulently assailed the man who was then likely soon to be, and who shortly after really was, his official superior as head of the Government. He commended the zeal of the Commissioner of Pensions—a man who had been appointed by Garfield three years before solely on the ground of partisan service in the campaign of 1880—when this Commissioner left a bureau in which the work was shamefully behindhand, and devoted weeks which he owed to the public service to the management of the Republican campaign in Ohio, then an "October State."

Not only did Mr. Blaine thus prostitute the civil service of the whole people to the advantage of one political party, but it was notorious that such partisan abuse of official position was the surest road to his favor should he become President. The conduct of Postmaster Manley, District Attorney Tenney and Pension Commissioner Dudley in the fall of 1884 should have insured their prompt dismissal, yet every body knew that they not only incurred no danger of that just penalty in case of Mr. Blaine's election, but, on the contrary, were taking the best course to secure their promotion to higher positions. Moreover, it was made known to all Federal officials that it was at the risk of losing their places in case of Republican success that they refused to do any partisan service required of them, and it was notorious that a black list was made of clerks at Washington who failed to display proper activity in the campaign and who were to be decapitated as soon as Mr. Blaine came in.

In the autumn of 1886 it seems almost incredible that in the autumn of 1884 a great political party presented a candidate for the Presidency who made such open proclamation of his contempt for Civil-Service reform and of his purpose to "have no nonsense" about his Administration in case of his election. If Federal officials under a Democratic President were to be guilty of such shameless abuse of official trust now, the Administration could not stand up for a day under the volume of just criticism which the misconduct would provoke. Yet two years ago no Republican organ raised even a faint protest against Mr. Blaine's conduct.

That even the mildest abuse of power by a Federal official is now visited with public censure constitutes the surest proof that reform ideas have made wonderful progress. But the Republican newspapers which kept silence under the performances of their own party and their own candidate two years ago show a rare quality of impudence in their criticisms upon Democratic officials under Mr. Cleveland for less flagrant offenses now. The people have a keen scent for hypocrisy, and they rate at its proper value the present virtuous attitude on the question of interference in politics by Federal officials of Republican organs which sustained the champion of the spoils policy in 1884 and are now clamoring for his renomination as the best exponent of their party in 1888.—*N. Y. Post.*

PRESS PARAGRAPHS.

——The man who puts his finger on James G. Blaine and finds him there during the next two years is going to be a very smart person. Blaine is a smart man himself.—*Chicago Herald.*

——Mr. Blaine declines to take the stump in Ohio, because, as he says, the Republicans of that State have a sure thing of it without him. If they really have a sure thing of it, they had better retain it by keeping him out.—*Chicago Times.*

——The rumor that Mahone will retire from politics with the expiration of his term in the United States Senate is doubtless unfounded. Though shorn of political power, the renegade will, in all probability, remain in the arena until after the November election of 1887, when a new Legislature is to be chosen. He will make a desperate effort to carry the Legislature and have himself elected to the Senate to succeed Riddleberger. After his defeat then Mahone will bid farewell to all his ambitious schemes.—*Richmond State.*

——It was the distinguished unfitness of the nominee of the Republican party for the Presidency in 1884 that detracted from his standard thousands of conservative Republicans, and it was the peculiar fitness of the Democratic nominee that brought the honorable dissidents straight into his camp. That the same two men are to head the National armies in 1888 is a conclusion already reached, and with this view the lines are already drawn in Massachusetts, and the Democrats have put at their head one of the young men of 1884 who bolted from Blaine and supported Cleveland on the express ground of personal fitness to establish a pure Administration.—*N. O. Picayune.*

—There is a fortune in store for the man who will invent an umbrella with a burglar alarm.—*New Haven News.*

PITH AND POINT.

—We are thinking seriously of establishing a poet's corner. It will be connected by a trap-door with the basement.—*Burlington Free Press.*

—"Spirit," says Emerson, "primarily means wind." Now we understand why a windy harrangue is referred to as a spirited address.—*Boston Transcript.*

—A man must look up and be hopeful, says an exchange. How can he, with three plumbers working in the cellar and his wife housecleaning.—*Day's Outing.*

—A poet has discovered that it is always summer somewhere. Yes, and there is always a poet around to discover something that everybody always knew.—*Philadelphia Call.*

—Book Agent—Councilman, don't you want to buy an encyclopædia today? City Father—What do I want with such a thing? I'd break my neck the first time I rode it.—*Chicago Ledger.*

—Isaac, instructing his son: "Ven you zell a coat to a man vot vants a coat, dot's nodd ng; but, ven you zell a coat to a man vot don't vant a coat, dot's peeziness, my boy."—*N. Y. Mail.*

—An editor with nine unmarried daughters was recently made justly indignant by the misconstruction his contemporaries put upon his able leader on "The Demand for More Men."—*Peck's Sun.*

—Young man, it is well enough to be neat and tasteful in your dress, but it is better to be more concerned as to the social set in which you move than about the set of your coat or pantaloons.—*Boston Transcript.*

—"I hate that man!" exclaimed Mrs. Upperbea. "I'd like to make his life miserable." "Tell you what," said her husband warmly, "I'll send the villain an invitation to your musicale. We'll torture him."—*Burdette.*

—Some one is said to have invented a substance that can be seen through more clearly than glass. We don't know what it can be unless it is a man's excuse to his wife for not returning home before 2 a. m.—*New Haven News.*

—A down-town druggist has a parrot which he has taught to say "What a pretty girl!" whenever a woman, young or old, enters his store, and they do say that a poor, weak man can hardly get into the store to buy a cigar on a fine afternoon.—*Philadelphia Call.*

—Farmer—Maria, there's a tramp sleeping in the wood-pile. Farmer's wife—Well, let him alone. He won't disturb anything—Yes, but he may have a nightmare and get up and split it all up. I couldn't stand the shock, Maria. Guess I'd better wake him.—*Tid-Bits.*

—"Ann," said a landlady to her new girl, "when there's bad news, particularly private afflictions, always let the boarders know it before dinner. It may seem strange to you, Ann, but such things make a great difference in the eating in the course of a year."—*N. Y. Telegram.*

A FIRM TEACHER.

How an Arkansaw School-Marm Maintains Discipline Among Her Pupils.

Firm Schoolmarm—You children must behave yourselves. I'll go wild if you don't. Jimmie Smith, stop cutting that desk. (Jimmie does not stop.) I'll put your knife in the stove if you don't. Never mind, I'm going to write a note to your father.

Jimmie—Don't care if you do.

Schoolmarm—Don't you talk to me that way. Put up that knife this very instant or I'll box your ears. (Starts toward him.) Never mind, sir (taking her seat), I'm going to tell your mother.

Jimmie—Don't care if you do.

Schoolmarm—Don't you talk to me that way. Never mind, sir, I'm going to keep you in after school. Willie Brown, you must not eat in school. Willie! Willie *Brown!* Never mind, sir. I'm going to tell your father.

Willie—Ain't got no father.

Schoolmarm—Well, I tell your mother.

Willie—Ho, she won't do nothin' but scold me.

Schoolmarm—Then I'll whip you myself. Robbie Guns, go out and get me a switch.

Bob—Bill might hit me after school.

Schoolmarm—I never saw the like in my life. If you all don't stop making such a noise my head will split open. All of you except Jimmie Smith may go now. Jimmie, don't you go out of this house. Jimmie, *Jimmie!* Well, then, go on, you good for nothing thing. No, I won't kiss you. Go on away, I won't. Well, then, (kissing him) I'll kiss you this once. Don't put your dirty little arms around my neck. Oh, look how you have mussed my hair. You little rascal (hugging him), I can't help loving you.—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

Fattening Swine.

Some years ago it was the custom among farmers to keep their pigs over winter and fatten them the next fall. They would sell them during the winter, when they were from eighteen to twenty months old, at which time they were expected to weigh from 450 to 500 pounds. Now it is found that a good spring pig can be made to weigh about 300 pounds the next winter, if well cared for and properly fed, and where this weight is reached it is plainly to be seen which plan is the more profitable. The younger the pig is, the less food it takes to make a pound of weight, and the food that would be required for the older hog the second year can much more profitably be given to a younger animal, as any farmer can find by trying the experiment.—*National Live-Stock Journal.*

Preparing for Contingencies.

Mrs. Bagley—Aurelia, what is that book you are so intently studying?

Aurelia—It's a geography, ma.

"You are looking for Boston, no doubt."

"No, I am looking for the map of Canada. Since I am to marry George Hopskip, the banker, I must make myself acquainted with our future home."—*Philadelphia Call.*