The Louisiana Democrat.

"The World is Governed Too Much."

HENRY L. BIOSSAT, Business Manager. ALEXANDRIA, LOUISIANA, WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 19, 1887. VOL. XLII.—NO. 3.

RESIGNATION.

I do not care
If I may never climb the heights of fame,
If I may never win a glorious name,
Nor hear, with well-pleased ears, the world's acclaim,
I do not care.

I should not care
Though all obscure and lowly be my lot,
Though men pass idly by and know me not,
Though I should die and straightway be forgot,
I should not care.

I would not care
Though all the world should shun the path I tread,
Though words of shame and scorn of me were said—
Why, when the grasses waved above my head,
I would not care.

I would not care a cent
Were I a pious hermit, most austere,
Living, in lowly hermitage severe,
On thirty thousand dollars, say, a year,
I would not care.

—*Burdette, in Brooklyn Eagle.*

SWISS HOME LIFE.

Beautiful Children Who Are Linguists and Merchants.

Their Rude Valley Schools—Industrious and Cheerful Lace Makers — The Long, "Gay" Winters—Farming on the Sides of Mountains.

Every Swiss child, no matter what his or her position or condition in life, knows how to read and write—if he is capable of learning how. I have been surprised to see how rapidly many of of the guides and donkey boys can read any handwriting, or how quickly they will spell or write the name of any place or mountain inquired about. I have been frequently assured by our drivers and guides that all children must go to school three months in a year. The law they said was *sehr, sehr* strong (very strict) about that; none could be excused. I have been told, too, that now every Swiss child was required to learn German, whether it was the language of the canton in which he lived or not, and nearly all whom I have met could speak either French or German, or would answer in the language in which I addressed them, unless, quickly perceiving by my accent that I was English or American, they would answer a question put to them in French or German in English.

In one of the deepest of these valleys, into which the sun can only send its rays a very few hours in the longest days of summer, and in winter scarcely at all, I went into the little schoolhouse of the valley. It was a chilly, cheerless place, but there was a blackboard, and maps were on the wall. The narrow straight-backed seats, of the cheapest construction, seemed such a contrast to those pleasant, comfortable desks and seats with which nearly all our little country schoolhouses are now furnished; such a contrast to our bright school-rooms furnished, often, with globes and pictures, many of them with flowers, that I could not but with little vanity congratulate myself with having at home, in our country, the best schools in the world. Only that a terrible scarifyer of statistics which I found in a French magazine, comparing our own reports as to the numbers who could not read and write in some of our so-called most enlightened States that boast of a wonderful school system, with like reports of various countries in Europe, quite took a boastful spirit out of me. Schoolhouses are not schools, and the latter must be estimated according to what they do for the people who are taught in them.

Every little toddling in Switzerland must also earn its living as soon as it can lisp its own name, either in some work on in taking care of one younger than itself. All along the roadside through the valleys are little board shelters where, on shelves thus protected, wood carvings and Swiss lace are offered for sale, or a little bright-eyed, slender-limbed chamois, tended by some child, is to be seen for a few centimes to be added to the store, which is to keep these people from starvation during the long winter, for which they must look out with care.

Under one of these sheds to-day I saw two little girls, who had it in charge, and stopped to speak with them. Both were making lace, their little fingers flying so that I could hardly see them, as they handled the bobbins, any more than the spokes of a wheel in full motion, and the smallest of these children was no larger than are most children at five years old in our country, though she told me she was eight. When I patted the little head and expressed surprise that such a little thing should be able to make lace so nicely, the older sister told me with loving pride, that Anna had earned her own living by lace-working already for two years. They begged me to buy the piece I saw her making, "for there are five of us," they said; "two younger than we are, and we are *sehr arme, tres pauvre*, very poor," they said, trying, in three languages, to make me comprehend the situation and induce me to buy. Both could read and write, they told me.

"And where is your mother?" I asked. She was in the field, and their father was a "trager," i. e., one who stays about the hotels and gets any job that comes to hand of carrying people, afraid or unable to go up the mountain on horseback or on mules, up in a chair set upon a litter, borne by two such men for exactly the same price as is paid for a horse and the one man who leads him up with the man or woman on his back. Or a "trager" carries up their trunks upon his shoulders while they thus ride up, borne by other "tragers." The sisters begged me to buy, assuring me again that they were very poor; they wanted to get some breakfast, they said.

"And have you had no breakfast yet?" I asked, for it was now past twelve o'clock.

"*Sehr wenig*," they said; very little.

The mother could not give them any any this morning; she must go to the field. The elder seemed, mother-like, most anxious that the little one should make a sale of her lace, though little Anna said: "You see hers is nicer than mine, for she is older, you see, and can make much nicer lace than I can; of course, my lady, it is better that you buy hers than mine."

I thought of Wordsworth's idyl, "We are Seven." The beauty of their kindliness and love for each other in their poverty, if not of face or feature, "made me glad." Both were exquisitely clean—face and hands and hair. This was also neatly combed. There were no bangs falling over their foreheads, but every hair was drawn back and fastened, as though not a stray hair should blind their eyes or hinder them in their work. We drove back through this valley, and the sun had long been out of sight behind the high western mountains when we passed their little stall. But both were there still at work, their little fingers flyingno less nimbly than in the morning when I first saw them. They recognized me and bowed and smiled gratefully for the poor, small purchase I had made of them. I dare say it was the only sale they had made during the day. Dear little Swiss lace makers, in the valley of Lauterbrunnen! you gave me far more than I did you in the few francs I paid for your lace. Your lives shall henceforth be a part of mine, and the red threads in your lace will signify to me the life-blood of two of my little sisters. I am sure I shall find you again somewhere, sometime! It was not chance that led me to your little stall today. Your paths in life crossed mine, to teach me a broader, tenderer humanity. I was never so thankful for my very imperfect understanding and use of the French and German languages (over which I have spent months and years of late night and early morning study. I did not know why, only that I was irresistibly drawn to read and know them), as I have been for their help to get at the heart of these poor people's lives—their homes; to find out how they lived, what sunshine came into them.

"And how do you live in winter?" I asked of the guide who was leading my horse through one of these passes the other day.

"*O' sehr gemuthlich*," he replied, which means both kindly and cheerily, and he explained to me that the people in these valleys were very "*freundlich mit einander*," they visited each other a good deal; in short were "*sehr munter*" —gay in the long winters.

"And what do these people live on?" I asked.

O, they had potatoes, he said, and the vegetables that they raised in summer, and they had their goats, and they had bread—a few had a cow. They could get wood from the mountains, they made their houses warm, and they lived gaily.

"And what do you do all the long winter when you can not work in the fields and when the sun scarcely shines on you for months?"

The women, he said, spun the flax that I saw them spreading and turning in the fields; they made the lace that I saw them selling; they embroidered the handkerchiefs I saw in the shops. The men got the wood and they carved the articles that I saw in shops in all Swiss towns, and that I saw in all these places along the road. They were very industrious, and skilful, and ingenious. The latter traits I could well believe they possessed when I saw them with a sharp-pointed knife alone turn a small block of wood into a deer or a chamois that really seemed alive and leaping from crag to crag of the mountain heights.

"Do you ever have meat to eat?" I asked.

"*Gar kein fleisch*," was his reply.

"Ever have coffee or tea to drink?"

"Nothing of that kind," he said, and yet like Wordsworth's little maid who ate her supper on her sister's grave, "he had his way" and insisted that they lived comfortably, though "*sehr arme*"—very poor—and were gay during the long winters.

"Do the slides of snow—avalanches—never come down here?" I asked.

"Yes, sometimes they did," he said, and he pointed out a place where one fell three years ago, burying a man and four children, the mother was out and escaped.

"And have the people never a warning of their fall," I further inquired, "so that they could escape to a safer place?"

"They were more likely to fall in the spring," he said, but they never knew when or just where they would fall. And so they lived on. That they could have their joys, gather some sunshine into their lives, live "*gemuthlich*" and "*munter*," as he said they did in the long, sunless winters, I was glad and thanked God. I was glad—more than glad—thankful with the deepest religiousness of my heart that by these simple and sincere revelations of their lives I could bring them nearer my own life, and without loving nearer neighbors less, love my most distant ones the more for these glimpses, if they sometimes make my eyes hot and my head ache with weeping over their hard lives.

Shall I tell you how the Swiss of these valleys make land and get their farms? Passing along, I see on some high, steep mountain slopes which have a sunny exposure row after row of what resembles the milestones along our railways, only these stones are not more than three or four yards apart. Neither are they all stones, but slabs of wood fastened in the crevices of the rock or propped up in some way. As I came nearer to some of them lowest on the mountain side, I noticed that they were joined one to another by platted or interwoven withes and supple branches of trees, making a fence of a couple of feet in length. These rows extended up the steep rocky sides of the mountains to dizzy heights that one can hardly look up to, nor could I imagine how people had climbed up these steep bare rocks to fasten the posts, and then to weave and twist the withes that united them. On inquiring what these fences were for, I learned that they were made with great difficulty and danger to make a lodgment for the particles of rock that scale off and are washed down the sides of the mountains by the heavy rains. In time a soil is formed upon the top of these narrow, sloping beds thus made, on which potatoes and some coarse grains are grown. But it must be a trade, dreadful as that of gathering samphire, to make these little farms, and then to till them and gather the crops. One can not but ask what will not a man give for his life? or what not do to forestall starvation?—*L. H. S., in Detroit Tribune.*

BUSINESS AMIABILITY.

Courteous Treatment of the Rich and Poor, and Its Commercial Value.

Bishop Ames, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, once delivered a sermon in Washington in the presence of members of Congress, the President and a large number of other Government officials on the subject of amiability in business. His text related to the personal characteristics of the prophet Daniel, the leading characteristic of whom was amiability of deportment, winning to Daniel by his traits, nearly all with whom he came in contact. From this starting point the Bishop proceeded to sum up some of the observations of his own long life, showing how men of his acquaintance had succeeded in their several occupations by the practice of habitual courtesy without insincerity, this trait, of course, accompanied by honesty and industry. "Other things being equal," said the great preacher, "I always prefer to buy my goods at the store from that clerk who has a friendly word and a kindly look of recognition. So, too, I prefer to deal with that business man who has a pleasant demeanor, and treats me like a brother. Other things being equal, such a clerk and such a business man will win where others of different social qualities will fail."

The good Bishop long since passed to final rest, but the lesson he sought to impress upon the young, on the occasion of which we speak, is as important now as it was then, and employer and employed in all branches of trade and industry could heed it with profit. In politics, the lack of amiability has sent many a candidate to the rear, and in business depending upon the voluntary favor of the public (and what business does not?) it marked the line between success and failure for many a firm. Courteous treatment of the rich and poor alike thus has not only a commercial value above estimate, but it comes very near to the fulfillment of a divine command.—*Laundry Journal.*

AN OLD SOLDIER.

High Political Honors Declined by a Great-Nephew of Washington.

An octogenarian, formerly a Colonel in the United States army, and brother-in-law of General Robert E. Lee—both of whom married sisters, nieces of Mrs. Washington—lives at St. Louis, and is now the oldest surviving graduate of West Point. In a recent letter to one several years his correspondent, he writes: "A late number of the Boston *Herald* contains, in an article headed, 'In These Now Quiet Times,' the error that President Pierce alone had the honor, of the twenty-two Administrations, of having retained his Cabinet intact throughout the four years he was in office." Colonel E. G. W. Butler, the writer of the letter, who was a great-nephew of General Washington, says: "In order to vindicate the truth of history, I will state that I, a stranger to President Pierce and Secretary-of-War Jefferson Davis, declined the office of Secretary-of-War in the Cabinet of President Pierce, tendered me by Mr. Davis." With his eyesight impaired and for the most part confined to his house, Colonel Butler retains all his faculties in all their pristine vigor. He is an interesting link of connection between our own day and Washington's, whose life was ending as his own began. It may be interesting to recall that his father was one of the four fighting brothers, so called, memorable in the revolution and our early wars, while his own maternal grandfather was Colonel of the British grenadiers at Bunker Hill. He says modestly, in his letter, that President Pierce and Secretary Davis appeared to have placed too high an estimate upon his abilities; but he had laid down his sword and embarked in sugar planting, and was unwilling to resume public office. Though his letter is written with his own hand, he says he can not read it, for he is still suffering from his wounds, and nearly blind, but continues to take a deep interest in public events.—*Boston Transcript.*

STILL QUARRELING

The Republicans of New York and Mr. Blaine Cutting One Another's Throats.

A recent interview with Senator Miller has stirred up a hornets' nest in the Republican ranks, and in the judgment of many of the Herkimer statesman's friends he has seriously impaired his chances for a re-election. In the interview in question Mr. Miller took occasion to defend his mistakes as a party leader. He declared that he was not responsible for the Republican reverses in this State since his elevation to the Senate five years ago. His advice had been disregarded. He charged the defeat of Mr. Blaine in 1884 to the National Republican Committee. It refused to accept the advice of the State Committee last year, which, he says, was controlled by his friends, and took the counsel of Thomas C. Platt.

The interview has brought forth a good deal of vigorous denunciation from the members of the National Committee, in particular from B. F. Jones, of Pittsburgh, the chairman of the committee, and from Stephen B. Elkins, who was the committee's executive officer. Mr. Elkins, in conversation with a friend, said: "Warner Miller is the last man to impute the defeat of Blaine to the National Committee, and you may put it down for a fact that the influence of that committee will be used against Miller in the coming Senatorial contest. We have direct proof that previous to the National convention of 1884 Miller worked secretly to prevent Blaine's nomination, with the idea of bringing himself forward as a compromise candidate. Then, after Blaine was nominated, Miller and his friends made no special effort to carry New York.

"The organization of the State Committee here was the most serious problem that confronted Mr. Blaine's friends immediately after the Chicago convention. The National Committee and the New York State Committee were called together on the same day at the Fifth Avenue Hotel. In the State Committee there were three factions about equal in strength—the half-breeds, who were controlled by Miller and his friends, and the Arthur and the Platt stalwarts. The Platt men had earnestly supported Blaine's nomination, and they were unqualified in favor of his election. The Arthur men were disgruntled and sore. Mr. Miller induced his half-breed friends to place the organization of the State Committee in the hands of men who had been bitterly opposed to Blaine's nomination. We thought then that Miller's action was prompted by his opposition to ex-Senator Platt.

"The Utica convention of 1884 was largely against General Arthur and could have been controlled for Blaine by any sort of skillful management. Mr. Miller refused to consult with the leaders of the Republican party there, and so dallied with his negotiations with the Edmunds men that he was beaten. The National Committee took the ground that its duty was to consult with all leading Republicans. Platt, Cornell, and other men of their following were constantly in consultation with Mr. Jones and his committee. Miller demanded that the committee take no advice but his. They did not regard that as a wise policy and Miller sulked in his tent. Chairman Jones has a right to feel indignant when charged with infidelity by a man in Miller's position. No man ever worked harder or more faithfully in any cause than Jones did for Blaine. He worked like a hero, and if he had received the vast co-operation of all Mr. Blaine's supposed friends in New York Blaine would have been elected in spite of Burchard."

Mr. Elkins and other prominent Republicans allege that Miller schemed in an underhanded way for the nomination at Chicago and was deeply mortified at the miscarriage of his plans. His recent attack on the National Committee is said to have been actuated by the direct refusal of the committee to help him in his Senatorial contest.—*Chicago News*

HAS HE FORGOTTEN?

What Will Kill All of Mr. Evart's Presidential Aspirations.

A dinner consisting in part of Boston brown bread, Boston baked beans and Boston crackers was lately eaten in St. Louis by the members of the New England Society of that town. This somewhat arid diet, it appears from the published reports, was relieved and bedewed by the eloquence of Senator Evarts, and by copious draughts of crab-apple cider. The occasion was also enlivened by the nomination of Mr. Evarts for President of the United States. Mr. James Richardson, of St. Louis, introduced the New York Senator as a statesman who had "filled the highest office in the land but one. The people of the United States," added Mr. Richardson, "are waiting his will and pleasure to adorn and exalt the Executive chair." There was a good deal of applause and considerable laughter when the waggish gentleman reversed the general understanding of Mr. Evarts' position in regard to the Executive chair, namely, that it is he who is waiting the will and pleasure of the people of the United States before seating himself therein.

Mr. Evarts, however, seems to have taken the nomination in earnest. He proceeded to develop his theories of popular government, and made an unmistable bid for the Western vote. His remarks were excellent, and there is only one passage in the printed report of his speech which we do not quite understand. He intends to run for President, we infer, on a platform declaring the inviolability of American suffrage. Every man is free and equal. Every citizen has an equal voice in the Nation's councils. "What an upheaval of society there would be," exclaimed Mr. Evarts, "if any man lawfully a citizen by the laws and constitution of the country should be prevented from voting or told that his vote when received would not be counted."

Has Mr. Evarts already forgotten how he happened to occupy "the highest office in the land but one?" Has he forgotten two very ingenious speeches which he delivered on February 5 and February 15, 1877, before a body known to history as the Electoral Commission, in which he told certain citizens of Louisiana and Florida that their votes, although received, ought not to be counted?—*N. Y. Sun*

AN ABUSED MAN.

The Republicans Now Admit That Secretary Bayard Is No Hot-Headed Blunderer. But a Wise Statesman.

While the Blaine organs, inspired by the arch-disturber himself, were abusing Secretary Bayard for what they termed his cowardly policy in relation to the seizures of American fishing vessels by the Canadian authorities, he was pushing forward with skill, judgment and vigor the American side of the question, and manifesting a spirit and determination worthy of the great country he represents. Blaine, Frye and other demagogues accused him of truckling to England and sacrificing the rights of our fishermen by not provoking a rupture with the British Government. Mr. Bayard remained silent under this fire, quietly attending to his duty in a far more practical and vigorous manner than his detractors recommended.

When the proper time came he laid the matter before Congress and covered his detractors with shame and confusion. There was an instantaneous reaction in his favor, even on the part of those who most violently abused him, and it is now universally acknowledged that the course of the State Department all through this fishery dispute has been eminently wise and patriotic. Even the New York *Tribune*, which most fiercely assailed Mr. Bayard, is forced to acknowledge: "The State Department has argued various phases of the fisheries question with lucidity and logical acumen during the year. It has had a strong case, and with the powerful aid of Mr. Phelps has forcibly presented it." This is a change of heart from an unexpected quarter and shows that truth must prevail even where falsehood is most cultivated.

But the *Tribune* might spare its advice to the Administration in urging commercial retaliation against Canadian vessels in American ports. It criticises the Administration for preferring diplomatic method to aggressive action. Fortunately for the country, the Administration does not propose to use such an extreme policy, unless as a last resort, and selects the safer and more satisfactory method of conciliatory argument. The State Department does not intend to submit to the Canadian Government's arbitrary interpretation of the treaty of 1818, the only agreement on which the question can be discussed.

The only treaty that had brought peace and prosperity to her fishermen was deliberately abrogated by the Republicans, and when Mr. Bayard endeavored to serve the interests of American fishermen, by making an arrangement with the British Government, by which the fishermen should have the spring and summer fishing and enjoy privileges and opportunities without expense, he received only abuse for it. The Republicans refused to entertain his project for a joint commission to settle the points in dispute and Mr. Bayard could only fall back on this treaty of 1818. The beneficent treaty effected by Hon. Wm. L. Marcy, in 1854, brought about a peaceful settlement of difficulties similar to those which now confront Mr. Bayard. The Republicans chose to abrogate this treaty in order to place a grievous burden on the shoulders of the incoming Administration. Mr. Bayard is making a bold stand for the interests of our fishermen, but a great deal depends upon Congress. If that body refuse to consent to a commission to get at the damage incurred and open the way to remove all difficulties, it is not Mr. Bayard's fault. He has proved himself one of the ablest statesmen that ever guided the affairs of the department, and he disregards attacks and slander, his whole mind being absorbed in the faithful fulfillment of his duty.—*Albany Argus.*

——Mr. Blaine seemed fated to have a Rev. Burchard. He spoke to the Congregational Club meeting of ministers at Boston. Among the other speakers was Rev. Dr. Herman Lincoln, of Newton. Dr. Lincoln, by an historical allusion, recalled the episode at President Arthur's funeral, and wound up his discourse by saying: "There is still enough energy here to sweep heresy from the face of the earth, though the Boston of the Collinses and the O'Briens is not the Boston of the Winthrops and the Pilgrims." Commenting upon this the Boston *Transcript* says: "It is somewhat remarkable that the 'heresy' which Dr. Lincoln thinks sustains the Collinses and the O'Briens here is just that sentiment upon which Mr. Blaine and his friends rely to make him President two years hence. And to speak slightingly of it anywhere was a capital blunder on Dr. Lincoln's part. But what can you expect when intelligent men are so beguiled as are Mr. Blaine's devotees?

CARRIER PIGEONS.

Where They Were First Trained for Making Long Journeys.

It is not known with what nation the use of the carrier pigeon originated, but there is no doubt that the custom is very ancient. The Romans used the birds for this purpose, and Sir John Mandeville, one of the earliest travelers from Europe to the Orient, states that he found them used in the same way among the Asiatics. We have the assertion of the poet Tasso for believing that they were so employed during the siege of Jerusalem in 1099, and it is an undoubted historical fact that they were used during the crusade of St. Louis in 1250. The most remarkable instance of the use of carrier pigeons in modern times, was during the siege of Paris in 1870. They have been more generally used in Turkey than in any other country for many centuries, and the art of training them is understood to be carried to its greatest perfection there. The trainer takes the pigeons when they have acquired full strength of wing in a covered basket to a distance of about half a mile from their home; here they are set at liberty and thrown into the air, and if any fail in returning home from this short distance they are regarded as naturally stupid, and no time is wasted in endeavoring to train them. Those that do come home are trained by being taken to greater distances, progressively increased to forty or fifty miles. When the bird is able to accomplish this flight he may be trusted to fly any distance over lands within the limits of physical power. This drilling must be begun very early, or even the best breeds of birds will not become good carriers. It is the general plan to keep the birds in a dark room for some hours before they are used. They are then fed sparingly, but are given all the water they can drink. The paper on which the message is written is then carefully tied round the upper part of the bird's leg or to one of the large feathers of the tail, so as not to impede its flight in any way. The feet are washed in vinegar to keep them from getting too dry during the bird's flight so as to tempt it to descend to water and run the risk of getting its message wet. The ordinary rate of flight for a carrier pigeon is from twenty to thirty miles an hour, though instances of much more rapid flight are on record. The pigeon, when thrown up into the air, at first flies round and round. This is evidently for the purpose of sighting some landmark that it knows. When this is perceived the bird instantly flies toward it, and as other familiar landmarks come gradually into sight, continues its journey on till its home is reached. If no landmark is perceived the bird is bewildered and lost and finally returns to the earth again.—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

MUSIC'S CHARMS.

Staid Scotchmen Whose Indignation Was Soothed by a Tenor Voice.

Here is a story of a meeting of creditors. The place was an old-fashioned Scotch borough, fast dwindling into a village, and the meeting was held in the smoke-room of the largest inn, the time being an hour in the evening when every one's work was done. A chairman was appointed, the usual preliminaries were gone through, and then the statement of affairs was read. Sad to say, there were no assets. By this time most of those present had filled their pipes and ordered comforting and soothing drinks. The debtor's solicitor had no offer to make, and for a time there was a dead pause, and every one looked very blue indeed. But presently one of the company remembered that the debtor had a capital tenor voice, and he suggested to the chairman that, as he (the debtor) could make no offer to his creditors, he could at least give them a song. The suggestion was met with considerable approval, and was at once acted upon. The unfortunate man was called into the room, and, very much to his astonishment, was asked to sing to the meeting. He gave them: "Then You'll Remember Me," and several other appropriate songs, which met with rapturous applause, and before the company broke up they unanimously voted him his immediate discharge. Who will say after this that the art of singing should not be cultivated?—*Christian Union.*

Valleys of the Atlantic.

In the report of the London Geographical Society on the deep-sea explorations of the Atlantic bed previous statements concerning its configuration are verified, namely, that the bottom of the North Atlantic is occupied by two valleys, the eastern extending from ten to thirty degrees west longitude, and traceable as far as the equator, with an extreme depth of less than thirteen thousand feet, while the western valley reaches from the thirtieth to the fiftieth degree of west longitude. The two are separated by a ridge in thirty degrees west longitude, along which the average depth is only one thousand fathoms, and which can be traced northward to Iceland, and southward to the Azores; it is volcanic in character at both extremities. Its extreme breadth is somewhat less than five hundred miles, the depth of water increasing on both sides of it according to the distance of its axis. —*N. Y. Sun.*

—A newly discovered Mexican flower is quite a wonder, if reports are true. It is said to be white in the morning, red at noon and blue at night, and is further credited with emitting perfume only at the middle of the day. It grows on a tree of the Isthmus of Tehuantepec.

PITH AND POINT.

—Terrapin, canvasback duck, and brook trout, chopped fine, with plenty of seasoning, make a very nice hash. Cut this out and paste it on your landlady.—*Puck.*

—Jakey—Fader, dere's a fly in der soup. Mr. Cohn—Vell, eat all but der fly before you show it to der vaiter; den you can get some more.—*Rambler.*

—It costs twelve dollars a night to illuminate "Liberty Enlightening the World." This is another evidence of how costly it is to make a woman look attractive.—*N. Y. Graphic.*

—"Smile when you can," warbles a new-fledged poet. We can do that easy enough, but what we are anxious to know is how a fellow is going to smile when he can't.—*Warren (Pa.) Mirror.*

—Holding a skein of yarn for a young lady is universally considered one of the lightest and pleasantest of occupations, but "holding yarn" for a fellow's sister gets awful tiresome.

—Anastasia (about to be married): "Ned, see if this reads all right for the invitations: 'Your presence is requested ——'" Devoted brother: "Stop there, sis! It isn't grammatical. You mean: 'Your presents are requested.'"—*N. Y. Independent.*

—Thirty-two hundred babies are born in the United States every day, but a man never thinks of the other thirty-one hundred and ninety-nine when he is confined in a railroad car with a cherub that wants to see if it is possible to howl louder than the engine can whistle.—*Boston Budget.*

—"Oh, my dear, generous husband!" murmurs the fond wife. "How grand you are! I only wish I could be you for just one day." "Why, dearest?" asks the unsuspecting man. "Because then I would buy a new bonnet for my loving little wife," replies the designing creature.—*N. Y. Ledger.*

—First Omaha man—Have any success on your hunting expedition? Second Omaha man—Yes, considering the weather, I did admirably. By the way, you remember Simpkins, the poet; he lives near where I was and I called on him. "Well! Well! Did he read any of his poetry?" "O no! I had my gun along."—*Omaha World.*

—"Dere am t'ree t'ings," says Uncle Ned, "w'ich ebery young pusson mus' keep in mind good, an' dem t'ree t'ings am dese: De wise man an' de fool doan quarrel, but two fools or two wise men kain't get along so well. De man what marries a 'oman 'cause she's got more sense den he has is neber allowed ter lose sight o' dat fack. De chile dat too soon shows signs of smartness doan turn out ter be de smartest man."—*Toledo Blade.*

SOLAR ENGINE.

An Invention Whose Importance Can Not Yet Be Estimated.

The telegraph recently mentioned the completion of Captain Ericsson's improvement on his solar engine. For a dozen years or more this incomparable inventor has devoted his genius mainly to the perfection of this engine, although in the meantime he has invented a torpedo boat that promises to revolutionize once more the methods of naval warfare and coast defense. Indeed, a dozen years ago he had a solar engine in practical operation, but it was not his design that it should be able to compete with engines using ordinary fuel in temperate regions. His purpose has been to invent for the future when the supply of fuel shall have become depleted in the great manufacturing regions of Europe. "Due consideration," he has said, "can not fail to convince us that the rapid exhaustion of the European coal-fields will soon cause great changes with reference to international relations, in favor of those countries which are in possession of continuous sun-power. Upper Egypt, for example, will, in the course of a few centuries, derive signal advantage and attain a high political position on account of her perpetual sunshine and the consequent command of unlimited motive force. The time will come when England must stop her mills for want of coal. Upper Egypt then, with her unceasing sun-power, will invite the European manufacturer to remove his machinery and erect his mills on the firm ground along the sides of the alluvial plain of the Nile, where an amount of motive power may be obtained many times greater than that now employed by all the manufactories of Europe."

Captain Ericsson has computed the mechanical power that would result from utilizing the solar heat on a strip of land a single mile in width along the rainless coast of America, the southern coast of the Mediterranean, the Nile, the Tigris and Euprates, the Persian Gulf and the Red Sea—an aggregate length of land exceeding 8,000 miles, accessible by water communication. On such a strip 22,000,000 solar engines equal to 100 horse-power each, could be kept in operation nine hours a day by utilizing only the heat now wasted on the water-fronts of these sunburnt regions.

It would require pages to merely mention the inventional and scientific achievements of the wonderful genius who gave us the "Monitor" in the most trying period of our National struggle for existence. There is hardly a field of scientific inquiry in which he has not operated. At the age of thirteen he was put in charge of the work of a section of an important ship-canal, and when only a child of nine years he devised a remarkable pumping engine. He is now in his eighty-seventh year, yet he works ten hours a day and is in robush health. In many respects he is the most remarkable mechanical genius the world has ever known.—*Milwaukee Sentinel.*