

The Louisiana Democrat.

"The World is Governed Too Much."

HENRY L. BLOSSAT, Business Manager.

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EASTER MORN.

Ere yet the shadowy mountain-tops
Were silv'ered with the light,
Or off the lilies slipped the drops
Won from the dewy night;
Ere yet the morning's incense curled
O'er the glimmering Gaillee,
The grave had yielded to the world
Its awful mystery.

Through all the night the pallid stars
Watched trembling o'er the tomb,
And Olivet wrapped all its scars
Deep in the fragrant gloom;
The world one instant held its breath,
When from the flashing Heaven
God's angel swept, more strong than death,
And death's dark bonds were riven.

Forth from the sepulchre's embrace
Behold the Conqueror come!
O morning sun, unveil thy face!
O earth, no more be dumb!
From century to century
The pean now shall ring—
O grave, where is thy victory?
O death, where is thy sting?
—James B. Kenyon, in Current.

A NIGHT IN THE ALPS.

An Harmonious Combination of Nature's Beauty and Utility.

A Search After the Mysteries of "Schabziger Cheese."—Gretchen and the "Brown Switzer."—The Secret Found in the Native Clover.

I was an officer of our Government in Switzerland for many years, and an inclination for snow-fields and mountain-heights led me to spend my vacations in the higher Alps. I was, besides, a member of the Swiss Alpine Club, and this in itself led to many mountain excursions, in company with half a dozen members of the club, rigged out with heavy shoes, kneebreeches, a knapsack and canteen, not forgetting the never-to-be-neglected Alpine-stick. With what joyous spirits we left the crowded city, and climbed up into the beautiful mountain-land! What songs we sang, what tales we told, and what ruddy cheeks and stout lungs we carried home with the wreaths of Alpine roses about our hats!

Our Government sometimes requires queer work of its consuls abroad. The duty becomes the more interesting when the circumstances also are novel or unusual. I was once directed to learn, if possible, how "Schabziger cheese" was made. Some dairymen, probably, wishing the information, had requested the Department of State at Washington to write me on the subject. Now, the proper making of this very peculiar and little known cheese is a secret of a few peasants in the high Swiss Alps.

This was an interesting command for me, who liked nothing better than a climb above the clouds.

On an August afternoon I set out from Zurich, and crossing the lake, took a mountain railway train for one of the green valleys of the Glarus Alps.

The little mountain village where the train stopped is two thousand feet above sea level, but before me was a climb of four thousand feet up the sides of a mountain I had never seen. It was still early, and the sun was reflected from snow-covered peaks in the neighborhood, that were ten to twelve thousand feet in height. The weather was perfect, and it would not be dark before eight or nine o'clock.

After considerable searching about the village, whose log houses were the color of well-smoked hams, I found the home of a mountain guide. A good guide would be a necessity.

How very unfortunate, I thought, on hearing from the woman that opened the door for me that her husband was not at home. What was I to do? It would be dangerous to attempt the climb alone.

"Why, mamma, I'll go with the gentleman!" I heard a pleasant voice say. "I've been up there a hundred times, you know," and just then a pretty, roguish, coquetish-looking girl, with coal-black eyes and a sweet laugh, came to the door.

"But can you?" I said.

"Why, certainly, why not? I'm a better climber than the gentleman is," replied the bright-faced girl, who must have been sixteen, spite of her diminutive size.

"Good!" I said. "Very well; and the five-franc fee shall be yours."

Gretchen was, in fact, as good a mountain-climber as I, and I had prided myself on being a not unworthy member of the Alpine Club. For the first half-hour we trudged gaily along up smooth, steep slopes, covered with the greenest grass, and where herded hundreds of cattle known as the "Brown Switzer." Beautiful cattle they were, too, with their mouse-colored skins, their soft hair, and their great eyes! They are as good-natured as kittens, and are usually fat. It was an Arcadian scene to see Gretchen, as we ascended a path on the green hillside, call to half-a-dozen mouse-colored heifers that were grazing near us.

"Come, Reni! Come, Chery, Vetti! Don't you know me?" spoke Gretchen, kindly; and the household pets sprang over a little brook, and came to her little flock of doves.

The steep ascent began, and became steeper and steeper. Soon the little brown village seemed far below us, and the green pastures and Gretchen's pet heifers, being nearer the foot of the forest-covered mountain, were now out of sight. Once we stopped to rest, and walked out on a ledge of rock that overhung a precipice two thousand feet in height.

We could look over the little brown villages for forty miles up and down the valley, and could trace the white roads, that looked almost like chalk-lines, stretching now on one side the rapid river, and now on the other, our

path lay by many a rugged and dangerous spot; here among clusters of heavy beech trees, there among rocks and gnarled pines, that clung to the edge of some abyss. As we were above the snow-line, though there was little or no snow on the mountain, the air, hot as the day was in the valley, was bracing and delicious. It was an intoxicating pleasure simply to open the mouth wide, and let the delicious draughts blow in.

"In five minutes we are up!" cried Gretchen, as we rounded a very steep point in the path that had almost broken our knees and used up our breath.

Sure enough, one little steep climb of a couple of hundred feet, and we stood on a beautiful plateau covered with grass. It was a mile long, and half a mile wide, and seemed like a fairy meadow hung among the clouds. This is what the Swiss call an "alp," and the shepherds, when talking of the alps, refer to these little green meadows above the clouds. Gretchen got her supper from a herdsman whom she knew, and who seemed much to like her. From me she had the five-franc piece for a new gown, and an American's sincere thanks. In ten minutes she was bounding, like a scared roe, down the steep sides of the mountain.

The fact that I was a member of the Swiss Alpine Club soon brought me acquaintances among the half-dozen dairymen, or "senns," as they call them in the Alps. There were sixty of the beautiful brown Switzer cows on the little alp, and six senns to herd them, and make their milk into "Schabziger cheese."

"Yes," said one of the senns, "I have been on this alp all the summers for seventeen years, and one of my comrades has been here nine summers. The other young fellows are here for their first season. We will get the cows in and milked, and after supper I will tell you something about the cheese."

"It is no great secret then, after all," I thought, "if I am to learn it so easily."

The chief senn stopped up on a great boulder that served as a wind-break for the little hut, and gave a Swiss "jodel," that peculiar and difficult song of the mountaineers.

"Ho ali! ho ali! ho ali! ho! hu-hu-ali ho!"

None but the strong, practised voice of the mountaineer, and then only in the air of the high alps, can safely venture on the weird melody, which the rocks take up and reverberate, and far off shepherds hear and answer back. Every cow of the drove, though half a mile away, knew the senn's jodel, and slowly marched into the low stone shed to be milked. One side of the hut was boarded off, and there stood a dozen of the soft-eyed, mouse-colored cows, tied all in a row, their heads looking over the manager toward us, seemingly listening to what we were saying, while their bells tinkled a curious accompaniment. It became a little chillier, later, and one of the senns brought in an enormous armful of dried Alpine roses. What a romantic sort of fire it was!

"We must dig them up by the tens of wagon-loads," said the senn, "or they overrun our meadows and spoil them." It seemed wasteful to be burning such rare and beautiful things, and I recalled that down in the valleys, and in the cities, a single little *boutannier* of them sold for a quarter, and that a fine bouquet of Alpine roses was worth two dollars when quite fresh.

"It is bed-time, so let us turn in," was the command, "for we are up in the morning at four o'clock."

There was but one bed for seven men. It was made of a number of rude poles, laid together, side by side, resembling a corduroy bridge. Our bedding was hay, pulverized to fineness from much use. Our covering a heavy canvas tarpaulin. Seven men, on seven poles, sleeping under one tarpaulin! As I tried and tried to sleep that night, the cow-bells that had seemed to tinkle so sweetly the night before, became a great annoyance. Would they never stop their rattle? In spite of them, I did sleep, at last, a little, and then other things conspired to wake me.

One was the deep snoring of my six comrades under the tarpaulin. Another was an army of what Mark Twain once described as the "Swiss chamois." They were, in fact, simply mountain fleas; but most superior in size, and numerous in quantity. What with the snores, the fleas, the hard poles, and the cow-bells, real sleep, even rest, became out of the question. It was after midnight, and the full moon was up. Without taking the trouble to make a toilet, I went out of the cabin.

What a sight! Never in my life had I seen such perfect, such glorious moonlight. It was like stepping suddenly into a brighter world. The perfect atmosphere made the shining of the moon a light almost beyond description. Great snow-fields and ice-gorges, lying on other mountain slopes far across the valley, reflected the light with a marvelous beauty. Far up to the right and left stood snow-peaks more dazzling and beautiful than the minarets of Oriental palaces. Here and there a gray mountain, bald of snow, held up its granite breast like some cathedral. The stars shone with a perfect splendor. Every constellation, every group, every star, stood out in startling detail.

It was a night only possible in certain seasons in the higher altitudes and perfect atmosphere of the Alps. I could see far down into the valley, thousands of feet below me, and I

thought at times in the stillness I heard the flowing of the rapid river. I soon forgot the annoyances of the cabin, the rattling cow-bells, and the hard poles, in admiration of a scene such as I may never see again!

At four o'clock the herdsman rose; the stone hut containing the little dairy was opened, and by daylight I had been initiated into the mysteries of making the "Schabziger cheese." The process was not greatly different from that used in making other Swiss cheese. It differed in detail, but the great secret lay in the use of a certain herb, which gives the cheese its delicious flavor and peculiar color. This herb does not grow in America, nor is it to be found anywhere outside of the little district of Lauchen, by the Glarus Alps. It is called cheese clover, or *melilotus coeruleus*.

These cheeses are little bits of green things, the shape of teacups, and they are shipped from Glarus as great delicacies to many quarters of the earth. Our common sage cheese is an imitation of them. When the autumn comes, these senns and their herd of cows will go down the mountain for the winter. The men will wear wreaths of roses, and the pretty cows will have festoons of roses around their horns, and all the villagers will turn out to welcome them, with song and dance.

It is the harvest of the dairy. The cows do not belong to the six senns on the mountain only; they are the property of all the villagers, and the cow that is reported as having produced the most milk while on the Alps, will be rewarded with a new bell, and will be called the queen cow of the village for a year.—S. H. M. Byers, in *Youth's Companion*.

THE PACIFIC CABLE.

Importance of the Proposed British-American and Hong-Kong Cable Line.

The time is not distant when the whole globe will be covered with a network of telegraph wires. Nearly all commercial ports on every continent are now in communication with the centers of trade in Europe and America. The last great gap is about to be filled up by the laying of cables under the Pacific ocean. A company of British capitalists has been organized to lay a cable from Vancouver, B. C., to Hong Kong, China. There will be branches and connections with Japan and the principal islands of the Pacific ocean. The importance of this multiplication of verbal communication between different parts of the world can not be overestimated. For one thing, it will probably lay the basis for a universal language—a telegraphic code will be established that can be read by operators the world over. Then, as has been frequently pointed out, mercantile profits are reduced to a minimum when a knowledge of prices in the various markets is flashed instantaneously from the buying to the selling marts of trade. The enormous profits of former periods was simply an insurance against the risks of sending cargoes to distant ports in ignorance of the prices that might prevail when the vessels reached their destinations. There are also those who dream that this instantaneous communication between one end of the earth and the other may bring about a single government for the whole globe, and thus usher in the era when peace will prevail, and industry be the one material pursuit of mankind. The labor question can never be settled until there is an agreement all over the world as to what the workmen's share of the aggregate production shall be.—*Democrat's Magazine*.

MORGANATIC UNIONS.

An Unnatural Restriction Recognized Among the Nobles of Royalty.

For centuries past the rule rigidly enforced by successive crowned heads of Europe has been that members of their families shall not marry out of a certain boundary—that is, shall always marry members of their own or a few other royal families. If ever a Prince or Princess, yielding to the natural influence of affection, should marry out of this select circle, such a union is not recognized by any of the exclusively "illustrious" persons who belong to it. The marriage may be solemnized in the most regular manner by a duly qualified clergyman, but the etiquette of royalty declares that it is null and void from first to last, and that its fruits shall be illegitimate. So much recognized is this exclusive and unnatural restriction, that all such marriages are called morganatic, a Germanized term, derived from *morgen*, morning, and *gift*, a gift, alluding to a dowry which used to be paid the morning after a marriage, when this dowry was given and received in lieu of all other dowry, and also of rights of inheritance that might fall to the issue of such marriages. Sometimes it is called a left-handed marriage, probably because it was believed that the royal personage contracting it gave the golden ring to the bride with the left hand, and not, as in all other cases, with the right. Any person not of blood-royal, who contracts such a marriage, knows, beforehand, that he or she is not publicly recognized as husband and wife, and that the children from such a marriage can neither enjoy the rank nor inherit the possessions of the superior party.—*Boston Budget*.

—When sleeping a rat rolls himself up into a ball and places his nose down between his hind legs; he curls his tail around the outside of his body; no part of him projecting but his two delicate ears, which are adapted for catching every sound.

THE TRACKS COVERED.

The Time When the Greatest Republican Rascality Might Be Punished Is Past—Responsibility of the Republican Party.

Our esteemed contemporary, the *Albany Argus*, has not yet explained to its readers why the Democratic Administration has neglected to bring action against the Republicans who have robbed the Government while they were in office. The *Argus* charged that the Government, under the Republicans, was a "mass of festering corruption." It asserted that millions of dollars were stolen and that there were hundreds of defalcations. Its charges were so clear and specific that it was asked why the guilty men were allowed to go unpunished. Since then the *Argus* has dropped the subject. This is singular action.—*Troy Telegram*.

The *Argus* dropped the subject precisely because it had given it the fullest and most exhaustive consideration, and, when accused of glittering generalities, replied by what our esteemed contemporary in Troy justly terms clear and specific charges. There was nothing more to be said on the subject. But the *Telegram* is surprised that the Democratic Administration has not applied itself to the task of hunting down the public plunderers and punishing them for their rascality, and it regards the silence of the *Argus*, in not explaining this matter, as singular action. Nothing singular about it. The first duty of the Democratic Administration was to purify the public service from the corruption with which nearly a quarter of a century of Republican rule had poisoned it. This was a task that called for all the time and energies of the Administration.

The defalcations of United States officials during the Administrations of Presidents Grant, Hayes and Arthur, as compiled from the public records, show that \$12,893,476.48 were stolen from the Government, and this does not include the money stolen under the whisky-ring frauds, star-route frauds, Post-office Department defalcations, Burnside's frauds, Howgate's frauds, the Naval Medical Bureau frauds, or the defalcation of the disbursing clerk of the State Department. Those frauds extended over a considerable period. Some have been investigated under Republican Administration, but the guilty men were, in the most important instances, allowed to go unpunished. Dorsey and Brady were lucky in this respect.

It is easy to speak of punishing those rascals by due process of law, but next to an impossibility to corner them so as to obtain a conviction. The ramifications of their schemes were so widely extended and involved so many interests that, like the spider, they felt secure within the web of their own weaving. They covered up their tracks without difficulty, since they had high officers of the Government to shield them. Investigation after investigation was called for in vain, or, when responded to, it was so bunglingly managed that no satisfactory results were attainable. The only result was to cause the rascals to be more cautious and to destroy, as far as possible, the legal proofs of their infamy.

At the time when they might have been punished for their misdeeds, the Republican Administration refused to do so. Now that the necessary proofs are in many cases no longer attainable, witnesses spirited away or documents missing, the Democratic Administration is called upon to punish the delinquencies and defalcations of Republican office holders. We recall to the attention of our esteemed contemporary the case of Surgeon-General Wales and the correspondence between Secretary Chandler and the lamented Mr. Hendricks in the summer of 1884.

Mr. Hendricks thus alluded to Chandler's connection with this case: "For the Bureau of Medicine and Surgery the defalcation is large, but the more serious fact is that it could and did extend through two Administrations of the department, a period of nearly four years, without detection. You testified that some inquiry was made, and the conclusion was, that while there were suspicious circumstances, they did not warrant a conclusion of guilt. After a notice, verbal and in writing, you left the men in office. You did not bring the frauds to light nor the guilty parties to punishment. What is your next excuse? Worse, if possible, than before. You say a large number of Congressmen recommended that the head of the bureau, Dr. Wales, should be reappointed. Members of Congress knew nothing of the frauds; they had no opportunity to know. It was within your reach and power. But Dr. Wales was not one of the three guilty rogues. He neither forged the vouchers nor embezzled the money. His responsibility in the case is just the same as your own. He was the official superior of the three rogues, as you were of himself as well as of them. Neither he nor yourself exposed the frauds nor punished the parties."

This is but a single instance of the unwillingness of high officials under the Republican Administration to bring defalcators and swindlers to justice. *Ex uno disce omnes*. So secure did the gang of rascals who so long fastened upon the Government feel in their long immunity from punishment, by the strong grip they held on those who might have brought them to justice, that they did not realize for a long time the consequences of the change from a corrupt to an honest Government. When they did realize they formed a "combine" against Mr. Cleveland and his Administration, a tribute to honesty rarely paid a Chief Executive of this Nation. Where most of the creatures of the lobby congregate there will be heard angry mutterings against the Administration. When agents of rotten corporations sit down together and heard curses deep and loud.

The Democratic Administration has so well fulfilled its first and most important duty, the purification of the Government, that the scandals that produced such a fruitful harvest every year have ceased to exist. It needed only an Administration that believed in business principles and honest execution of the laws, dominated by a resolute, fearless man, to bring about the change. To the Democratic Administration is due the reform that pervades every branch of the public service; to the Republican Administration is due the failure to punish those who robbed the Government. The time when the biggest rogues could be punished, when documentary evidence and witness were within easy reach of the Government, has passed by. The statements of defalcations and swindling of all kinds are to be found in the public records, and form incontrovertible and damning evidence against the party that controlled the Government and allowed official rascality to sprout, come up and grow to luxurious maturity.—*Albany Argus*.

NEWSPAPER DRIFT.

The action of the House in refusing to hold communication with the Senate prevents the Soldiers' Monument bill from becoming a law. This bill was first proposed in the Senate and unanimously passed. It was sent thence to the House, where it was also passed. President Smith and Governor Gray are both ready to sign it, but the House withholds it, thus preventing its becoming a law. The ex-soldiers of the State will hold the Republican party responsible if the bill fails of becoming a law because of the foolishness of the House Republicans.—*Indiana State Sentinel*.

The Portland (Me.) *Advertiser* (Rep.), discussing the appointment of colored men to office in the District of Columbia, remarks that "times have changed," and goes on to say: "Mr. Matthews has been twice rejected for the ostensible reason that he was not a resident of the District, but really, as every body knew, he was a black Democrat." It adds: "All the objections raised against Matthews apply to Trotter. Frederick Douglass was a citizen of New York when he was first nominated for the same place, and nobody seems to have thought of objecting on that account."

The attention of Senator Hoar of Massachusetts and Senator Sherman of Ohio is demurely directed to the sworn testimony of residents of Washington County, Texas, given before the Senate Investigating committee, on the alleged election outrages in that district. The preponderance of evidence flatly contradicts the statements of the memorialists, who, it is said by numerous witnesses, are a worthless lot of Republican politicians, who have for years been manipulating the colored vote in their own interests, but, having been ousted from power in 1884, they have since been endeavoring to pose as martyrs. Ex-Congressman Giddings of Texas says the whole trouble arises from the fact that the memorialists are "Republicans for revenue only. This is sad news for the above-mentioned standard-bearers of the army of bloody-shirt orators. It will compel those gentlemen to conduct a little investigation of their own and remodel the occurrence to suit the exigencies of the next Presidential Campaign.—*Chicago News*.

Undignified Haste.

It is part of the duty and power of the President to negotiate treaties. It is the privilege of the Senate to ratify or reject such treaties. But for the first time in the history of the country a cheeky Senator has proposed to tie the hands of the President before the treaty is negotiated. Here is a resolution introduced into the Senate by the distinguished mackerel Senator from Massachusetts:

"That it is the judgment of the Senate that under the present circumstances no negotiation should be undertaken with Great Britain in regard to existing differences with her province of Canada, which has for its object the reduction, change or abolition of any of our existing duties on imports."

This is a nice specimen of gall, indeed. Why can't the lordly Senate wait until it is called upon to act in the regular constitutional way? What hurt will a Presidential treaty do until the Senate has acted on it in the regular way? The Senate need not be in such a frightful hurry to assert its rights. There is plenty of time for it to knock a treaty into a cocked hat for any whim it chooses to entertain.—*Des Moines Leader*.

A Few Administration Acts.

Next in order of importance among the acts of the late Congress after the bills regarding the Presidential succession and the electoral count and the bill repealing the Tenure-of-Office act is to be ranked the Inter-State Commerce bill—an experiment in Federal legislation regarding railways, the workings of which will be awaited with great interest. The law granting lands in severalty to Indians marks a long step forward in the solution of the Indian problem. The passage of a bill authorizing a building for the Congressional library is cause for congratulation. The act referring all private claims, which have long occupied an unreasonable share of the time of Congress, to the Court of Claims is an important measure of reform in legislative methods. The steady improvement in the postal service receives another impetus in the acts extending the free delivery system to all places of 10,000 inhabitants and reducing the fees on postal money orders.—*N. Y. Post*.

CARE OF CLOTHING.

Some Wholesome Advice on the Subject for Both Women and Men.

The proper care of men's as well as women's clothing has a great deal to do, not only with its looking well, but with the length of time which it lasts. Clothes of wool which are rarely brushed and never hung out of doors soon come to have an appearance of long use, when the same clothes if carefully brushed every day and frequently hung out of doors will always be fresh, and will keep their good looks very much longer. Care should be used to select a brush-broom or whisk of fine broom-corn. It will cost more than the coarser ones, but in the end will be a saving, as the coarser ones wear the clothing more rapidly. Coats and cloaks should be hung always on the little wire frames, costing but five or ten cents, which come for that purpose. The frames should first be covered with some soft material to prevent the garments from breaking over their edges. If made of wood this is not necessary; the wooden ones, however, are a little more expensive. It is better to hang than to fold almost all dresses, if one has sufficient room, but if the room is limited and the dresses crowded if hung, then they should be folded, as any thing if better than the "stringy" look which dresses crowded together in a small closet may soon acquire.

If a dress of woolen material has any drapery it will be found to keep its freshness very much longer if the skirt is always bottom upward. With a little practice and care this will be easily done, and the creases prevented which come so quickly even in the best of materials from the folds hanging always the same way, both when in wear and when not. Never sit down in a damp dress if it can be avoided, for nothing so successfully creases it. It should be at once taken off and hung in a good position to dry. Careful attention should always be paid to dress braids and facings. If a braid is replaced as soon as it commences to wear the facing will in many instances be saved. A dress braid should always be put on by hand, and, in most instances, "rolled on." If sewed on by machine more time is consumed in ripping it off, when it requires replacing, than in both sewing on and ripping off a braid sewn on by hand. If one has to be much in the kitchen woolen dresses should not be worn there. They hold the odors and smoke, and soon become grimy and smoky.

Closets in which clothing is kept should be aired every day. If dresses are to lie in trunks or drawers they should be folded with great care, and always right side out, particularly if lined, as the dress material, folding over the lining, prevents in a measure its creasing. Dresses which can be hung right side out crease and string much less than those which are hung wrong side out. They may be easily protected from dust by hanging a sheet or a curtain made of calico over them. Hats and bonnets should be kept well brushed with a soft manilla brush. Whisks are too stiff and harsh to be used. When not in use they should be kept in a box or close closet or drawer, if one chances to have them of sufficient depth.

If summer dresses of wash materials are always folded smoothly on taking them off they will require, unless actually soiled, much less frequent laundering than when hung. Treated in this way by a moderately careful person, a linen lawn dress may some times be worn every day for two weeks. The dress, however, must have been well done up to commence with.

The care of boots, shoes and slippers, which they all share in giving one a tidy, well-dressed air, must not be forgotten. Firstly, never allow a boot or shoe to become run over at the heel. No heel is better than a run-over one. If you can not afford to keep them straight by frequent rebuilding cut off the lift each time one becomes run over. With great care this habit of running over heels may be almost entirely cured. A greater assistance than nails on the side run over is to have a small wedge forced between the layers of the heel on the run-over side, thus forcing the foot to tread the other way. If this is persistently kept up, the boot will soon show a great improvement. A boot should never be worn with buttons off or with knots in the shoestings, both being untidy. No matter how old a boot may be, even if patched, if the buttons are all on, the heels straight and it is well blackened, it has a tidy, well-dressed appearance. Slippers above all things must be irreproachable in the way of being whole and well blackened.—*Philadelphia Press*.

Take Care of the Babies.

The great mortality among children is very noticeable in the death rates of most American cities. It would be greatly lessened if parents would use some common sense. Babies are much more susceptible to cold than are adults, and yet a mother will go out, herself warmly clad from head to foot, and allow her child to patter beside her on the cold pavement in its little house shoes. Another practice which should be protested against is allowing a nurse to stand near a window with the babe in her arms while she indulges her curiosity in looking at the passers-by. Many a baby has had an attack of croup from the cold which radiated from the window with the double sash there is generally cold air coming through the openings, and the pines themselves, with the weather at zero, chill the air to the close vicinity.—*Detroit Tribune*.

PITH AND POINT.

—There is no law to prevent a man's making a fool of himself. If there was, some men would be at a loss to pass the time.—*St. Albans Messenger*.

—A lady, in speaking of a recent failure, remarked, quite innocently, that Brown had given up his pew in church, but not his horses and carriage.—*Harper's Bazar*.

—He (tenderly): And what do you think of the engagement ring I sent you, Gertrude? She (delightedly): Oh it is beautiful—in fact, the handsomest one I ever had given me!

—An exchange says: "It is usually the unmarried women who write about 'How to Manage a Husband.'" Of course it is. You don't find the married woman giving away her little plan.—*Boston Transcript*.

—K street girl to her brother—I say, Harry, the girls on Sixteenth street have organized a "Thought Club." Harry—"Thought Club," eh? Thinking about whether they'll catch a husband this season or have to wait over another year.—*Washington Critic*.

—Epitaph on a Kitchen Girl.—
Departed from this world of strife
To regions pleasant and serene;
The last scene of this maiden's life
Was kerensie.

—A self-swinging mop is one of the latest inventions. By and by mops will be intelligent enough to heat water and go through the whole ceremony without the help of the hired girl. This will give the girl one more afternoon out (making eight in all) every week.—*St. Albans Messenger*.

—"How do you like your new position?" inquired a traveling man of a friend. "O, first rate." "Your employer treats you well, does he?" "Yes, indeed. He has already given me a raise." "What, so soon? When was it?" "Last Sunday night, when I called on his daughter."—*Merchant Traveler*.

—Young Clammy (with a tremendous idea of his conversational powers)—My mother will be down in a few moments, Miss Keene. Cawn't I enter-tain you until she comes? Miss Keene—"How good of you, Mr. Clammy. Will you be kind enough to watch my coachman out of the window and see that he keeps his cape buttoned up tightly? The poor fellow is so delicate, you know."—*Vid-Bits*.

—Said the saleslady at the hair store: "Women are funny things. When they come to purchase false hair it is never for themselves. It is invariably for a friend. Then they take out a lock of hair as a sample for matching. Right from their own heads, of course. They can't fool me; I've seen too many of 'em." This is what the saleslady said. Of course we don't believe a word of it.—*Boston Transcript*.

PASTEUR'S WORK.

One of the Most Beneficial Discoveries Made by the Great French Scientist.

Pasteur's next work was to demonstrate that spontaneous generation was a myth; and he then discovered the germ which caused so much havoc among the silk-worms of France and other countries. He demonstrated that the disease among the silk-worms was contagious, and gave practical directions for its prevention, which restored the silk industry to Europe. This work led him to the great work of his life—the development of the theory of the parasitic origin of communicable diseases; and in this effort he took up the disease known as anthrax or splenic fever, which was decimating the flocks of all Europe. He put a drop of splenic fever blood into sterilized yeast water; in a few hours it swarmed with myriads of bacteria. A drop of the first cultivation he put into a second flask containing the same kind of liquid and the bacteria multiplied as before.

The process he repeated fifteen or twenty times, and by this means freed the initial drop of blood from any substance it might have carried with it. And now, if a drop of this last cultivation is injected under the skin of a rabbit or a sheep, the animal dies with all the symptoms of idiopathic splenic fever. Pasteur had studied vaccination, and he now undertook to "vaccinate" for protection of animals against splenic fever. Before the close of the year 1881 Pasteur had "vaccinated" 33,946 animals. In 1882 the number amounted to 399,102, including 47,000 oxen and 2,000 horses. In 1883 100,000 were added to the list. In 1881 it was the common practice of farmers to "vaccinate" one half of their herd and leave the remaining half unprotected. It was found at the close of the year that the loss in protected sheep was ten times less than in the unprotected, being 1 to 740 as against 1 in 78. In cows and oxen it was fourteen times less.

Saw-Dust for Litter.

Pine saw-dust is of no value as manure, and from considerable experience with it some years ago, when it was used for bedding for twenty head of horse and work cattle, we would never use it again. The manure was so dry and light that it mildewed and fire-fanged in spite of all efforts, and when plowed in for a crop of potatoes there was a very small yield as far as this manure went. Hard wood saw-dust, on the other hand, is far better; it decays quickly and keeps moist. We are using as much of it as we can procure for littering horses and cows and consider it valuable. The two manures, however, should be mixed together as the horse manure is apt to heat too much.—*N. Y. Times*.