

The Louisiana Democrat.

"The World is Governed Too Much."

HENRY L. BLOSSAT, Business Manager.

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AND STILL I LOVE HER.

It's true she writes a scrawly hand,
Puts in two "t's" where one would do,
And spells "dog" with an extra "g";
But not a girl in this wide land
Is half so dear, and very few
One-tenth as sweet as she to me.

Dear thing! she sometimes says: "I seen,"
"They was," "It's not," or "So be you";
"Them's yours," "They's good"—harsh to
my ears;

But she is still my lovely queen,
Whose heart-beats are to mine most true,
And will be yet for many years.

Some say that love is blind, and I
Would add that love is deaf also.
Though grammarless and spelling bad,
My love is handsome, sweet and shy
The secret of our love you'd know?
She's only five, and I'm her dad.

—Mark Beaudin, in Judge.

JAPANESE LIFE.

A Glimpse of It as It is at Home and in Public.

Handsome Feet—Good Babies—House Decorations—Simplicity of Dress—Cremation Very Common—Public Customs—Incomprehensible Music.

"The Japanese are remarkable for the beauty of their feet," said Prof. Edward S. Morse in his lecture on Japanese life and customs. "It is quite a common sight to see them bare-footed about their homes, and the practice is a characteristic of all classes, high and low. I remember once visiting a nobleman at his house, and he received me bare-footed. His dress and personal habits were exceedingly gorgeous."

The professor held up for inspection two pairs of shoes worn by the inhabitants of the Mikado islands. They were about the length of an ordinary sized foot and some three inches wide. The wood was light and grainless. Prof. Morse explained that the stockings worn by these people is so made that an apartment is left for the big toe, like the thumb of a mitten. The straps that hold the sandals to the feet are passed over the instep and between the large toe and the others. "Little children are seen with these awkward sandals upon their feet," continued the speaker, "strapped to the back of some young girl. Sometimes the little one goes to sleep and to illustrate the activity of the toe, the sandal remains suspended to the foot. The girl carries the infant about as she plays at battle-door and shuttlecock. Occasionally the infant cries, but it is a rare occurrence; indeed one might remain six months in Japan without seeing a baby ill-natured. Among the lower classes a crying child is supposed to be possessed of an evil spirit. An irritant plaster is put upon the child's back to draw out the evil being. The large children always carry something about. If there is no baby in the family, then a cat is brought into requisition. And let me say right here that the Japanese do not eat cats or rats, as is generally supposed. They do, however eat monkeys.

"An extraordinary feature of Japan is its houses. All the homes are low, one-story structures, unpainted and rather unimpressive. The attractive part of a Japanese house is in the rear. The front part of the house is not ornamented, but all fancy decorations are to be found facing the garden. The rear of all the houses being so adorned, many lovely courts are thus in vogue. A Japanese garden is beautiful all the year round. I must speak a good word for the simplicity and taste manifested in the interior of a Japanese home. We decorate our mansions with costly entrances and countless bric-a-brac. We even stick a Roger's group in the front window so that pedestrians may know we possess a piece of statuary. And right here I wish to remark that the place for a statuette is at the back of the room, with the light striking it from the side. In Japan simplicity and elegance characterizes interiors. There will be one painting of splendid workmanship. When the household wears of the work another picture is substituted.

"I had expected to find the women in Japan dressed in bright and gay gowns. The fairs in this country and other depictions of Japanese women led me to expect this. I was disappointed, for though some of the colors in dress fabrics are positive, the rule is some simple shade or tint. I observed, too, that the children at school were modestly and simply attired, and especially was it so of the sons and daughters of the nobility. Upon investigation I learned that from time immemorial it had been the practice of wealthy people to dress their children in an unostentatious manner so that no contrast could be instituted between them and the young of the poorer classes. This is a sentiment in a good many other features of the social Japan.

"Their temples with their bright-colored woodwork, rich and intricate carving and elaborate metal trimmings form a wonderful contrast with the homes of the people. Within is a strange medley of curious things: Old armor, Buddhist idols and other quaint and remarkable things. I remember that in one temple was hung a lithographic picture of the steamer City of China. It seems that this steamer years ago had rescued three mariners, and returned them to the island. In honor to the kindness, for Japan was not then on terms of peace with the civilized world, a lithograph of the steamer was procured by order of the priests, and it was framed and hung upon the walls as a monument of a good action. These temples are set usually in primeval forests, and the religion of Buddhism resembles the Catholic faith in a good many respects.

The worshiper spats his hands as he prays, to attract the attention of the gods. Then again he jingles bells, and at prayer in the temple, with the same purpose at heart.

"The funeral ceremonies are exceedingly odd. Cremation is very common in Japan. Probably half of the people who die are burned. I attended the rites upon the body of one of my students. At the grave the casket, or rather box, was placed upon two frame horses. His companion students stood about in a dignified way, manifesting, however, no indications of grief. There they remained smoking cigarettes while one made a prayer of fifteen minutes' duration. The prayer in itself was peculiar. Though I was partially familiar with the language I could not make out a single word. It sounded like the ceaseless buzzing of a bumble bee. When the boy was lowered into the grave each student poked a bit of dirt into the grave with his cane or umbrella. You never see a neglected grave in Japan. The anniversary of the demise is always observed by relatives, who decorate the graves. Graves of poets who have been dead five hundred years are carefully looked after.

"In public many conventional features are observed. Of course every body sits on mats. These mats, three by six feet square, fit into the floor like dominos in a box. At a public lecture you can sit where you please, but the reversed seat or stall system is in vogue with the theaters. The theaters are big, oblong, square structures, with two aisles running from the stage to the front of the house. These aisles are on a level with the stage, while the floor is eighteen inches below the aisles, and is divided into innumerable bins, nicely partitioned off. The playgoer walks along one of the aisles until he comes to his reserved bin. Then he walks the partition rail and so reaches the apartment. The play lasts from 6 a. m. to 10 p. m., as a rule. The patron fetches his food with him and eats, smokes and drinks tea throughout the performance. There is a revolving stage upon the stage proper, and the scenic effects are all real. While one act is going on the carpenters are at work upon the back of the revolving stage preparing the effects for the next act. The larger theaters are lighted by gas, but are not heated. Between the acts the children rush up the aisles and behind the curtain to see the carpenters at work.

"The actors are held in high esteem—are almost, in fact, worshiped. Their pictures are sold upon the streets and their names are household words. They have many of the stage mannerisms that are seen behind the footlights in this country. Women do not act. A youth of eighteen may be seen in one act as a crooning old woman, in another as a valiant warrior, and later as a coy maiden. The stage is not lighted and boys dressed entirely in black rush about holding candles on bamboo poles right in the faces of the actors in order that the facial expression may be studied. Boys, too, carry crickets, and it is their duty to place them in the warrior as he sits down. When any one is killed in the play a boy screens the body with a shroud, and the actor crawls off the stage on his hands and knees. The conceit is ridiculous, for the moving head and feet of the dead man are visible from each end of the shroud. When a night effect is desired a black box with a transparent crescent moon is let down from the flies. The orchestra is composed of human voices that follow the varying fortunes of the play with suitable groans, shouts or cooings.

"The music of Japan is incomprehensible until you have given it careful study. They have no war song, home songs or love songs. The priests sing and chant, but the people employ it done by professional vocalists. It is so with dancing. If a gentleman gives a dinner a dancing girl is brought in and gives an exhibition. They are capital entertainers, and dress beautifully. Fans and musical instruments are used in their performances. Some of these women are renowned for their wit and conversational attainments. While some of the Japanese acknowledge the superiority of our educational systems, they contend that their music is superior to our own. Some of us Americans sang them a number of patriotic songs. When the words were interpreted to them the deprecated the custom of connecting war with music.

"The child of Japan is a free thing. His parents use every means to familiarize him with life. I have seen a child asleep in the office of a big silk house in the busiest portion of the day. He lay amidst the busy book-keepers, but each was careful not to disturb the little one."

"—Always be placid. A physician says there is nothing like care or worry to plow furrows in the forehead, and these are badly marring the faces of our American women. We pass in the streets women of thirty-five whose foreheads are more wrinkled than the brow should be at seventy. Some of these may not have more cares than others, but they unnecessarily yield to the tendency to express them in the face.

"—One of our lady correspondents, who has just begun housekeeping, wishes us to inform her whether or not minced ham comes from ground hog.

"—The 'oldest inhabitant' always means well; but he is apt to get rattled on facts.—N. O. Picayune.

A COMMON-SENSE MOVE.

An Organization of Colored Men Promulgate a New Declaration of Independence.

There is no more reason for the organization of a colored man's party in this country than for the organization of a party of blondes or one of gray beards. Yet, if by this means the colored people of the South can gradually be brought into the exercise of their political rights in an intelligent manner, and can be made to understand the full dignity of the freedom and citizenship which were conferred upon them, perhaps the movement of an educated black of Richmond, Va., has not been without support in other circumstances, it would be vigorously combated. As outlined, the aim of the Virginia gentleman is to form in every populous community a progressive organization for social and political purposes. The political aspects of the organization are to be kept in the background for a time, and an effort is to be made to improve the condition of the race before its active participation in political matters will be recommended. This may or may not be the proper way to begin the elevation of the race, but the idea at the bottom of the movement is a correct one. The organization starts out with the understanding that the negro does not belong to any one party; that under the existing political divisions the intelligent voter of the black race, as well as the intelligent voter of the white race, must sometimes use his independence to check evil tendencies in both parties, and can never be said to have decided intelligently as to his duty until he has freed himself of the tyranny of the party idolatry.

In the language of the author of the new movement, "Mr. Cleveland's Administration has put more real value on the negro's citizenship than all the preceding Administrations since the war." Under Grant the negro was victimized by the carpet-bagger, who robbed and deluded him and his white associates as well, making sport of the liberties of both by incessant appeals to the military. Under Hayes the negro was turned over to the tender mercies of the whites on a trade. Under Arthur no move was made to lift the black man from the position in which he was found, and the recognition which he received at the capital was about on a par with that extended to Indians untaxed. Mr. Cleveland has by word and deed undertaken to deal with the enfranchised race as citizens on an equality with all other citizens. Many of them have been appointed to office, some of them to places of importance, and the encouragement thus extended has not been without its effects upon the more advanced members of the race everywhere. If the Virginian can organize even a minority of the blacks, and actuate them with a correct appreciation of their rights and duties as citizens, he will have accomplished a work which will be of the greatest value not only to them but to the whites, even if it shall be done under the form of a colored man's party.—Chicago Herald.

Want Relief from Blaineism.

Mr. Wharton Barker, one of Mr. Blaine's staunchest supporters in Pennsylvania, says in the American, discussing the Presidency in 1888: "We say, and we know that we are speaking for many Republicans when we say that it would be a most desperate experiment, in view of the consequences of failure, to renominate Mr. Blaine. He has had his candidacy. He was loyally supported by every element that will have the right, or the opportunity to consider the second proposal of his name. That he failed is not their fault but his misfortune. He can not justly ask them to enter with him again on so perilous a venture." He intimates, also, that Mr. Blaine, like Mr. Clay in 1844, reached the height of his strength in 1884, and he asks: "Is it possible to increase or even maintain the enthusiasm of his admirers of two years ago? Is it possible to bring him any new elements of support? Is there any quarter in which he is more popular now than in 1884? Is the confidence which he inspires in other public men and party leaders greater? All these questions he answers in the negative. Of Mr. Barker's suggestion of Sherman and Harrison as substitutes for Blaine, we will now say nothing, except this, that if Mr. Blaine's supporters mean to withdraw him from the field next year, they must do it thoroughly, and without reservation or subterfuge—that is, they must not only relieve the party of Blaine, but of Blaineism. They must not put up somebody who has a secret agreement with Blaine to work under his orders or influence, or to put him into the State Department, so as to enable him to begin over again the old pyrotechnics of 1881. For it must not be forgotten that Blaine's performances as Secretary of State disgusted and alarmed nearly as many Republicans as his financial trickery and falsehood.—N. Y. Post.

—Death has removed several stumbling blocks from the path of James G. Blaine. Mr. Arthur's influence in New York would have been against him. General Logan would have been a formidable rival. Beecher's eloquence would have been found on the other side, and even Eben F. Pillsbury, who has just died, was a foe who was not to be despised. Still there are a few people left who will denounce the man who assumes to take the lead again.—Chicago Herald.

THE OHIO MAN.

A Reminiscence Tending to Show That He and His Work Are Still Remembered in the South.

Our Washington correspondent has presented some of the details concerning Senator John Sherman's proposed Southern tour. This tour is undertaken at a time when the Ohio politician believes that he can mingle business with pleasure. He will go to Florida, thence to Cuba, and on his return attempt to tickle the ribs of the Solid South.

John Sherman is a very cool hand, and a very cunning one, and, since the war, he has had one of his glittering eyes continually fixed on the South. It will be remembered that John was conspicuous among the "visiting statesmen," appointed by President Grant to visit the South when the three returning boards were expected to do the bidding of Zachariah Chandler. Honest John went to Louisiana, and there he made the acquaintance of Madison Wells and the other returning board thieves, and of Anderson and Liza Pinkston.

The estimable Senator cut a pretty wide swath in the sunny South. He and his colleagues made the champagne and the broth fly. They destroyed free lunches and facts without compunction. The details of this great scandal are still fresh in the minds of newspaper readers. The stay of the "visiting statesmen" in the South was a continued orgie of political crime and corruption, and the result was that Hayes, who was defeated by the votes of the people, was seated in the President's chair by means of the corrupt machinery set in motion by John Sherman and his co-partners. We have no feeling about this great crime, but we should be glad to see Mr. Sherman become the Presidential candidate of the Republican party; we should be glad to see him placed in a position where the honest voters of the country could get a whack at him.

Still keeping his eye fixed on the solid South, John Sherman's next effort, after the Hayes fraud, was to secure the Southern delegates to the Republican National convention which nominated Garfield. He had his agents in every Southern State, but we can not speak for these. We know that in Georgia his representative was confessedly guilty of some very dirty work. But it was all to no purpose. The negroes knew nothing of him and they would have nothing to do with him.

Since that day Mr. Sherman has been growing more and more genial, with the solid South still in his eye. For some weeks now he has appeared to be in a melting mood. He has recently had himself interviewed at some length in a Cincinnati paper, and it is said he proposes to use his chin in the South to some extent.—Atlanta Constitution.

An "Outrage" at Home.

About the same time that the Republicans of Ohio were rejoicing over the fact that, after having controlled the State most of the time since slavery was abolished, they had finally wiped from the statute-book the last of the "black laws," the Massachusetts Legislature received a petition from certain colored citizens for the redress of a grievance so extraordinary in its character as to challenge National attention. Twenty years ago the colored Methodists of Springfield secured an old building for their church and moved it upon a lot just large enough to hold it. The property on either side was owned by a man who did not like his new neighbors, and he built a tight board fence close to the church on each side, the fence he painted black. As the fence rose above the windows, its blackness shut out the light of day so effectively that candles or lamps had to be used at every service. The performance attracted some attention at the time, but as the man who built the fence was a good Republican, and the Republican party of Massachusetts was then fully occupied in looking after outrages upon the negroes in the South, nothing was ever done about it, and the unfortunate negroes of Springfield waited for the fence to rot and fall. But since the Democrats came into power at Washington they appear to have plucked up courage, and they have appealed with success to the present Legislature for an act which will end this abuse, planned and committed by a Republican, who in the meantime has been elected to office repeatedly by the party which claimed to be the especial friend of the negro. The revelation of such an outrage upon negroes by a Republican in a city of his own State at the very time that he was fretting himself over an alleged outrage by Democrats upon negroes in Texas would seem irresistibly amusing to Mr. George Frisbie Hoar if he had any sense of humor.—N. Y. Post.

—The river and harbor bill which died in the President's hand this year was a monster in some respects. As it came from the House of Representatives it appropriated \$7,000,000 for what seemed like judicious improvement of the rivers, coasts and harbors. But in the hands of the Senate the measure was recast, the amounts appropriated largely increased, and a large number of them introduced that looked wonderfully like big jobs. In this shape it was completed and in this shape it died.—Harrisburg Patriot.

—Blaine is evidently a sinking ship. Wharton Barker, of Pennsylvania, has deserted him, and it is said the clan Cameron of the same State has followed suit, and will sound the slogan for Sherman.—Detroit Free Press

PITH AND POINT.

—A lie is like a brush-heap on fire; it is easier to let it burn out than to try to extinguish it.—Kennebec Reporter.

—Boodle may indeed be derived from the Dutch, but the general impression is that it is taken from the pockets of the people.—Philadelphia Item.

—"Well, but if you can't bear her, whatever you propose?" "Well, we had danced three dances, and I couldn't think of anything else to say."—London Punch.

—It may be that Caesar was right when he declared that "all Gaul is divided into three parts," but we certainly know some men who seem to have got it all, and undivided.

—Variety is the spice of life, but yet every man who wears patched pants wants the patch put on precisely the same color, and put on so neatly that it will not show.—Philadelphia Herald.

—"Physician, heal thyself." Jocularly said a rich man to the doctor as he came into his office. "Thanks; that is what I propose to do," replied the doctor, presenting a bill for \$300. He went out well healed.

—"Big fire, was it?" "Yes, Joe. Fifteen persons barely escaped with their lives." "That wasn't remarkable." "What's the reason it wasn't?" "If they had escaped without their lives it would have been remarkable."

—One of the clerks at Brentano's is madly in love and very jealous. Yesterday one of his rivals came in to buy a book. "I want 'Siva,'" he said, carelessly, looking over a pile of Harper's publications. "Well, you can't get her," replied the clerk, savagely, and then he took a second thought and apologized.

—"What is the origin of the custom of throwing an old shoe after the departing bride and groom?" Ethel wants to know. We don't know, Ethel, unless it is some barbarous suggestion of shoe aside, in which case it is undoubtedly the invention of some miserable, heartless, dried up old mummy of a bachelor.—Burdette.

—Little Tommy was taken to see the Stewart collection of paintings and stood for a long time in front of Jerome's "Gladiator." "At length he said: 'Mamma, which one is Simon?' "Why, what do you mean, child; there is no Simon there." "Yes, there is; you see he's just said 'thumbs down.' I think the picture would have been a great deal prettier if he had said 'thumbs wiggle-waggle.'"—N. Y. Independent.

CHEAP BOARDING.

An Ethereal Theory Which Will Strike Terror to the Hearts of Hotel Men.

A book has just been published in Boston which no boarding-house keeper can afford to be without. For if the author is correct there is no reason why a human being should be served with a meal more than once or twice a year. One of the chapters of the work treats of fasting. He argues that fasting is conditioned on spirit power, that Doctor Tanner never could have performed his celebrated feat of abstinence had he not been a "medium." Then he goes on to remark: "I have no doubt that with a suitable organization, such as is more common in India than in America, a fast could be sustained by spirit power for six or twelve months."

Here we have a grave menace of the boarding-house business. It is only necessary for the boarders of a city to combine, form a suitable organization on the best model that India affords and possess themselves of sufficient spirit power in order practically to get rid of the necessity of incurring board bills. To be sure, even with suitable organization and spirit power, they would still be required to eat, one meal on New Year's day and another on the Fourth of July. But almost everybody could count upon being invited out on those two holidays. And even the boarders who were not so fortunate could doubtless find fair to middling board for those two meals at fifty cents a meal. One dollar a year for table expenses—will the writer of that pleasing little work, "How to Live on Three Hundred Dollars a Year," please tell us how that strikes him? Just as soon as the Boarders' Anti-Meal Association is ready for business we may expect to see some such advertisements as these in the newspapers:

WANTED.
A gentleman and his wife desire board for a year. He will expect to be served with two meals, one in the spring and the other in the fall. She being of a more ethereal nature, will merely require one meal—to be served in whatever month may be most convenient to all concerned. References exchanged. Address "Spirit Power."

A RARE CHANCE.
Those wishing good board at the lowest terms should call at the Eureka Boarding House. Spirit power always on tap. We guarantee to take any person, no matter how large his appetite, and after one infusion of the spirit power leave him so that he will be satisfied with two meals a year, or five meals for three years. It will pay you to call on us.

WE DEFTY COMPELTIOS.
Why pay a dollar a year for board when we can sell you ten meal tickets calling for all the food you will want for five years, including pie, for three dollars and ninety-nine cents? Address the Economy Boarding-House Company (limited). Parties not readily yielding to spirit power need not apply.

We hazard nothing in affirming that the boarding-house keepers of the United States never before were confronted with precisely this sort of an amazing emergency. Still, let the boarders beware of rejoicing prematurely at the prospect of phenomenally cheap board. Suppose, while they are absent in India getting points on organization, the boarding-house keepers manage to corner the spirit-power market—what then?—N. Y. Tribune.

READING FOR THE YOUNG.

SEVEN YEARS.

Seven summer suns have brightly shone
Since first you saw the light of day;
Seven winter snows have come and gone
Since first in loving arms you lay.
A father's pride, a mother's joy,
A darling little baby boy.

The little darling robes of white
Have long ago been laid away;
The little kilts of plaid so bright
Are worn by you no more to-day;
In trousers, every true boy's pride,
You now affect a manly stride.

Our baby boy with dimpled hands,
With stalwart limbs and sturdy lungs,
For he is both polite and kind,
With abliest of all baby-linguages—
Has he been stolen, lost or sold?
Why, bless me! he is seven years old.

We well recall his baby bow,
The kiss he threw we bring to mind;
He doffs his hat to ladies now,
For he is both polite and kind.
The baby boy we erstwhile had
Is now a gentlemanly lad.

With other lads he goes to school,
He reads his book, he joins in games;
Knows the result of many a rule,
Knows many scientific names;
This lad, still a pride and joy,
No longer is a baby boy.

'Tis said that every seven years
Brings change complete to every one;
A change that manifest appears
In all who dwell beneath the sun.
That you are changed who will not say?
You who are seven years old to-day.

When seven more years shall pass away
Another change will then appear;
You'll be our boy, though, as to-day,
For he is both polite and kind.
—Perhaps you'll wear long trousers then
And short coats like your cousin Ben.

Your longer legs will want to stride
A big bicycle by that time;
A live horse then you'll want to ride,
And up steep mountain-sides you'll climb.
And many other things you'll do,
And taste the joys of camping out.

You'll want a rod to fish for trout,
For Cousin Ben says "it's such fun"
And—mercy on us!—I've no doubt
But by that time you'll want a gun;
And I shall be beset by fear,
Lest you should shoot yourself, my dear.

You'll play base ball, and tennis, too,
With other big boys on the lawn.
And many other things you'll do,
When seven more years are gone.
This seven gone and seven more,
Our boy will stand at manhood's door.

Al, little lad, we all can guess
What you will do, both great and small;
But boyhood passed, I must confess
I can not prophesy at all.
Although I sometimes half-way plan
What you will do when you're a man.

What cause will claim your hand and voice?
The world affords so wide a range!
'Twere idle to foretell your choice,
For hopes and aspirations change—
The last fond hope you have expressed
Is for a ranch somewhere out West.

Whatever work may come to claim
Your hand, your head, and loving heart—
Whatever be your name or fame,
I pray you may act well your part.
Be faithful, honest, earnest, true,
And grace whatever work you do.

May Heaven grant all these years to you,
To crown a boyhood pure and sweet;
May all your life be good and true,
A blessing unto all you meet.
And blessings rest upon your head
When ten times seven years have fled.
—Abigail Adams Foster, in Wide Awake.

SAVED BY A SONG.

What a Knowing Little Bullfinch Did for His Mistress Who Had Been Kind to Him.

In a far-away Tyrolean valley lived little Elsa, in a log chalet, alone with her old grandfather. Frowning precipices encircled the narrow strip of meadow that bordered the rushing stream flowing from the giants of snow and rock towering into the sky all around. But old Franz was getting old, and Elsa had to help him to fill the little plots of Indian corn and millet round the chalet, and when the sheaves were ripe, to hang them up to dry upon wooden staves with branching arms, which made the fields look as if peopled with scarecrows. She had to drive the cows to the upland pastures, and to make the cheeses which, every week, old Franz carried in a basket on his back down the valley, to sell at the nearest village. But when her work was over, she would have been very dull in the evenings, while her grandfather sat and dozed in his arm-chair, but for the companionship of her pet bullfinch, with his glossy head and back, and his brick-dust-colored waistcoat.

The grandfather had brought him back as a present to Elsa, when he was quite a young bird, and the latter's kindness soon tamed him so that he would eat out of her hand. Then his education began, and on long winter evenings, when the wind roared through the forest and the river raged past the hut, old Franz would pull out his clarinet, and by the light of the wood fire teach Bullie to pipe.

After much time and patience had been expended on him, one day, to his little mistress' delight, he whistled through the Austrian National Hymn: "God save Franz the Emperor," without a mistake.

Elsa was never dull now, for there was always some new tune to be taught Bullie, and she and the bird became inseparable. And thus, when one Sunday morning, early, she and her grandfather, both of them dressed in their best, started over the mountain to the feast at Inst, she tied up Bullie's cage in a handkerchief, and took him with her.

The streets of Inst were crowded with peasants in holiday dress proceeding to the outdoor stage, where was performed the annual religious play. The roof was the blue sky, the background the snow peaks; and Elsa sat and listened, open-mouthed, to the quaint mixture of Old Testament story and ancient legend.

Dinner followed at Frau Luis's, a cousin's; after which Bullie hopped out of the cage and went through his performances. His skill notes rang out into the street, and Melchior, the peddler came, and taking him on his finger, listened critically. Melchior dealt in every sort of ware, and was a

great traveler, knowing every village and valley in the district, and sometimes even going as far as Innsbruck or Munich.

"That's a fine bird of yours, Father Franz! I don't mind giving you ten florins for him! What do you say?" Poor Elsa gave a little cry of dismay, but was relieved to hear her grandfather reply:

"Gold won't buy him, friend Melchior, thank you. He's my little maiden's pet."

After dinner the three made the round of the fair; they watched the peasants rifle-shooting at targets, dancing under the trees, and singing songs to the "zither," with wild "jodding" choruses, and only late regained their valley home.

A few weeks later winter set in, with unusual violence of storm and rain, and brought dire misfortune to Elsa. Her grandfather was confined to bed with rheumatism, and the river rising suddenly in the night, and flooding the valley, carried off their crops, and drowned the two cows, their chief support. The damp and anxiety made the old man so ill, that Elsa became quite anxious. Their food and their money were exhausted, and there was no more milk to make cheeses for sale.

Elsa was at her wits' end what to do, when a cheery pipe from Bullie reminded her of Melchior's words. If she sold the bird, she could procure medicine and food for her grandfather. But it was a bitter wrench, and the tears rolled down her cheeks, and watted Bullie's glossy coat, as, taking him from his cage, she pressed him to her lips for a last kiss.

Then she told her grandfather she was off to Inst to buy provisions.

There was a lull in the storm, but the mountains were swathed in a cotton-wool-like fog, as the brave little maiden ascended the winding path.

The moisture chilled her to the bone, and the white world around her frightened her by its silence. But on she went, and the fog closed stealthily round, and gradually hid the path and every landmark from her sight. Struggling on in terror, a rift in the mist showed her she was utterly lost, and on the brink of a yawning precipice. Overcome with fatigue and fear, Elsa sank to the ground, hiding Bullie's cage under her cloak, and gave herself up for lost. The cold fog wrapped her in its chilly embrace, and a death-like torpor gradually stole over her.

It was nearly midnight when two wood-cutters, sent by her anxious grandfather to search for her, came groping their way through the fog, fearing the worst for her. Suddenly, through the awful stillness, a familiar sound struck on their ears, and the shrill notes of the Emperor's Hymn came ringing through the gloom. It was Bullie piping away cheerily from beneath the warm shelter of his poor little mistress, whom they found lying unconscious in a most perilous spot.

Thus had the little bird saved Elsa's life!

The wood-cutters carried her down to Inst to Frau Luis, to whose care the old grandfather, too, was presently removed. And I need not say that none ever dreamt again of selling the bullfinch.—Edith E. Cathel, in Little Folks.

MILITARY PRESSURE.

The Tremendous Political Influence Exerted by the Armies of Europe.

The pressure of the army staffs of Europe toward war is an element in the situation of which too little account is taken. The civil power is here so completely supreme that the opinion of the army counts for little, even in foreign politics, and in home politics does not count at all. Upon the Continent, however, the Governments, even when, as in France, they are nominally civil, rest ultimately upon vast armies, whose chiefs are as potent in affairs, especially in foreign affairs, as leading statesmen. The Russian and Austrian Emperors look to the army as the mainstay of their power—there are men who say there is no true Austria except the Imperial army—and would regard any widespread discontent among their officers or any contempt for their action felt within the barracks as grave calamities. Even when not soldiers themselves—and they are both soldiers—those two sovereigns listen to their Generals with deep attention; and when told that great military opportunities are passing away, or that grave military dangers may arise from delay, are as much influenced as an English Minister is when he perceives that his party is eager for a special course of action. They court, in fact, their most effective supporters. In France the Government is at times actually afraid of the army; which if irritated can overstep it; and through that fear is not felt in Germany, where loyalty is a military passion, any "loss of heart" among officers is sincerely dreaded. That is a loss of the impulse which makes a discipline tolerable, induces all classes to serve, and helps in the hour of danger to insure the sacrifices which can alone produce victory. An army which believes in its chief's capacities is a different instrument from an army which doubts them, and an indefinitely stronger one. If, therefore, the great group of picked and scientific soldiers who form the army staff of Germany report as their deliberate judgment that "the retention of Metz will in the next war save 100,000 men," or that the delay of a year will add five per cent to the mobility of the French army, the German Court, including Prince Bismarck, are compelled to listen with grave attention.—Spectator.