

The Louisiana Democrat.

"The World is Governed Too Much."

HENRY L. BLOSSAT, Business Manager.

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THE PROPOSAL.

"You've gone into business, have you not?
I heard so from a friend.
I'll call and see you when I've got
Some pin-money to spend.
I heard, too, you'd a lovely place
Within the city's heart
Of trade, and that your store would grace
The city's choicest part.
"I really hope you will do well;
In fact, I'm sure you must!"
His eyes before her clear glance fell.
So full of ardent trust.
"I know that you will never fail.
Whatever you may do:
Your energy will never cease,
'Er vict'ry comes to you."
"You're very good, I've every ground
For hope, I'm young and strong;
But, then, I want a hundred pounds
To help me get along.
"A hundred pounds?" her face grew sad;
"Why, what are you to do?"
"I know," her eyes shined bright and glad,
"I'll ask papa for you."
"Ah, no! the hundred pounds I seek
Is not of sordid pelf;
You said that with your weight, last week
I'll ask your pa myself!"
—Boston Budget.

WITH A LEPPER.

The Life and Romance of an Unfortunate.

Passing down Bayou Lafourche toward the gulf, after the broad acres of the well-kept sugar plantations have been left behind, one enters a region so entirely different it could hardly be called the same country, so unlike is it to the more prosperous sugar region. Between its narrow levees the bayou in serpentine turns winds along its devious way, and with every mile passed human habitations grow more scarce. The nearer the gulf the lower is the land, and here and there, the silent, shadowy swamps approach the stream quite nearly, leaving only a narrow strip for cultivation. The houses are all small and unpretentious, and the farms adjoining them in keeping with the houses. Sugar there gives place to rice, and the little fields are checked with the crossing lines of small canals used in the irrigation of the crops. In some places the long stretches of sea marsh and prairie have encroached far inland, and spread on either side like some broad lake, the clumps of oak and cypress in the distance rising above the rushes like islands. Patches of palmetto thrive beside the dusty road that meanders along by the bayou, and here and there a bunch of rich green foliage tells of a miniature orange grove. The fences grow more dilapidated as one progresses, until at last a few palings mark the front line of private property and keep nomadic cows off the few straggling flowers and vegetables. It is a sort of out-of-the-way region, and the people are simple and most unsophisticated. They are all descendants of the old Acadians, and by intermarriage have become so closely connected that the attenuated colony that borders the bayou for many miles may be said almost to belong to one family. Here for years the Natalies and the Pierres, the Susannes and Edgars, have billed and cooed, wooed and married without ever having heard the sound of a locomotive or having their eyes dazzled by the brilliancy of a starched shirt. The crops, the rise and fall of the bayou, the advent of a new priest and approaching marriages are about the only topics of conversation, so that there life moves along with the same even flow of the sluggish waters of the Lafourche. Sometimes a Saturday night ball enlivens the social aspect, violin and accordion breathe out those softer sentiments than can only find expression in the application of shuffling feet to a sanded floor. The people are most law-abiding and deeds of violence are rarely heard of. Miles beyond, where the railroad crosses the bayou, and after a long stretch of rice farms have been passed, the tired rider can not fail to notice one little farm that seems to be off by itself as if it did not choose to keep the company of the others. Between it and the nearest on either side is a space of a quarter of a mile overgrown with weeds, Cherokee rose and palmetto. The house belonging to the place is not unlike the others in build, although it is somewhat smaller, and the rice field shows just as much care as any along there. A sturdy live oak graces the space that would be called the front yard, if yards existed there, and just back of the house a small shed shows where the two little Creole ponies grazing in the road are kept at nights. Moving to the refreshing impulses of the bracing breeze that comes directly from the gulf, the bright green rice blades nod and blink under the warm sun, and from beyond the field out of the thicket comes the cheerful note of the cardinal bird. Beside this a somnolent silence rests, over the place. Presently, in the small front gallery of the house, a movement attracts the eye, which organ, after eager inquiry, succeeds in making out an old man seated in a hickory chair, gazing with curiosity at the newcomer. An approach to the house is interrupted by a deprecatory gesture from the silent figure, but, disregarding, such a slight display of opposition, one pushes along, it will be but a moment before the trespasser thoroughly comprehends the reason of this lack of welcome and show of displeasure. The figure rises slowly and comes out to meet you, and when it has reached a spot fifteen or twenty feet from you, then, and not until then, do you realize the fact that you are in the presence of a leper. Almost instinctively one recognizes the presence of this terrible disease. Dark gray eyes, as expressionless as those of a dead fish, look out at you from a face that is as immobile as leather. Each facial muscle seems to have lost its activity and no emotion can make them play. This rigidity of countenance gives a leonine expression that is most unpleasant, for the skin, thickened by the malady, remains almost passive no matter how moved the speaker may be with emotion. A closer inspection shows that there is left but a bare remnant of the nose and two discolored protuberances in the forehead add a Satyr cast to the face. His appearance on this occasion was in violent contrast with the languid beauty of the scene, and was like a cauter spot on a rose, for on all sides nature had put on a freshness of spring and even the song-birds rioted in the voluptuous air. His dress was of the simplest character, a sort of blouse, a pair of jeans pants and a little cap, with wooden sabots for the feet, made up his entire costume. On closer scrutiny it was noticed most of his fingers had dropped off to the second joint, and in several places on his hands there were patches where the cuticle was flaking off. Holding a knife clumsily in his remnant of a hand, he was engaged in trimming the dead wood from a jasmine bush that ornamented the front gallery in a box of earth. He was surprised that visitors should care to call upon him, as every body had always shunned his presence; and he was willing to talk, and, after the ice had been broken, became quite loquacious about himself. His father had been a sufferer from the disease many years before he was taken off. He supposed he, too, should one day die of it, but as his health was good (?) he did not see why he might not live to seventy-five, for he was now sixty-three. Entering the dwelling the two rooms were found plainly furnished. In one there were several chairs, a table and a lounge, covered with rawhide. In the other, a small single bed, a rocking-chair and a few colored prints of the saints and a sandy landscape. A cypress armoire, probably of home manufacture, stood in one corner, from the interior of which came the faint, sickly fragrance of the plaitain leaf. A few dishes on a shelf completed the outfit. It was noticed there were no utensils for cooking, and when he was questioned regarding his mode of preparing his meals he pointed with that horrible hand over beyond the adjoining belt of wood. His cousin lived there, and three times a day sent his meals to a little shed on the boundary line of his land and left them. With his own dishes he repaired thither, emptied the vitals into them, and returned to his house, so that he never saw the person bringing them. This was to prevent any possible communication of the disease. It was by the little shed that he held intercourse with the outside world. Twice during the past year he had found letters there, one from a nephew in France and one from his step-mother living in Missouri, a very old lady who could still see how to write. Yes, it was a wearisome life, but he was used to it. He cultivated his rice, cut it, and carried it to the shed. His cousin then took it to the rice mill, where it was threshed and sold to New Orleans merchants. His cousin returned him the money in the same way. When he wanted any thing he left a note with the money in the shed, and he knew in a few days he would get what he asked. He did not need much. A little perique tobacco, some powder and shot in winter, and a bottle of wine for Christmas times. He did not wear out many clothes. "Lonesome? It was during the nights; they were sometimes very, very long, but he had his dog, and that was company." He believed that a man must have some living thing with him or he would die. His dog Pope was a great consolation. He did not care to see the outside world much, but he would like to see a locomotive once before he died. He had heard so much about them and how fast they went along the road with heavy loads behind them. He had seen a picture of them. It was left in the front road by a man who was selling medicine in a wagon. And so he talked on in a harsh, grating voice, Pope standing beside him looking up into his face wistfully, as if to ask what was going on. The dog always kept one eye on the visitors, not for a moment showing that he, in the least, was cajoled by their blandishments toward him. The old man showed his fishing lines, and crawfish nets, his axe, that once he could wield with any man, and from under the house dragged out his pigroque, cut from a solid cypress log. He had long since given up paddling, for people along the bayou did not like to meet him even on the water. There was something very pathetic in his manner when he went to the old cypress armoire and took out an old-fashioned daguerrotype in a morocco case. He fondled it for a moment and opening it showed the face of a girl of some eighteen summers. She was not at all pretty, but her eyes were lustrous and her profusion of hair jet black. His lackluster eyes gazed at the picture for several minutes and then he laid it down. He walked over to the table and made a cigarette, as if to seek solace in the fumes of the weed. He was engaged to her when he was a strapping young man and the discovery that he had leprosy separated them. He made no show of his sorrow, yet one could see he still felt his

loss. Something like tears moistened his leathery cheeks and his hand trembled as he replaced the picture. That was the only link connecting him with his past that he had kept, a mute evidence of the universality of romance, the longevity of sentiment. Though his sensations were all deadened to physical pain, yet no leprosy could harden the heart.

The afternoon was waning when the visitors started to go. A cool breeze came over the marshes from the Gulf, bearing before it the white sails on the bayou of the oyster luggers. With mellow note from their conch shells they announced their approach to the residents thereabouts, and if not hailed they swept by like spectres and disappeared around the bend. The tinkle of cow bells in the woods told of the homeward march of the herds. Islands of cypress with beaches silvered by the bright sunlight lay in the western sky, and lulling quiet seemed to enwrap the whole landscape.

The old man stood on his gallery waving his cap as the party rode away, and he was left alone with Pepe and his faded souvenir of a lost love.—Chas. E. Whitney, in N. O. Times-Democrat.

BRINGING UP A BOY.

Carl Dunder Tells How He Raised His Hopeful Son Jake.
Sometimes somebody comes to me and says vhas I Carl Dunder? I vhas. All right, Mr. Dunder. How you do mit your poy Shake when he vhas a leedle feller? Vhell, I take him oop on my knee and say:
"Shakie, once oopon sometimes dere vhas a leedle poy about so high, and he haf a fat face and short legs, and his fadder vhas some Dutchmans."
"Vhas dot me, fadder?"
"Vhell, pooty near it vhas. Dis leedle poy vhas sent out to pick oop chips for his mother, and he runs avhay. He goes in some woods all py himself, and pooty queek a great big wolf shipps out on him and says:
"Leedle poy, how you come here?"
"I runs avhay."
"Doan't you haf some good homes, and wasn't your parents kindt mit you?"
"Yes."
"Vhell, you vhas a badt poy, and I shall oop you ALL to PIECES!"
Dot makes my poy understandt dot some badness vhas all wrong and shall be punished, und a good poy vhas all right, und so hedoon make us some troubles. Sometimes somebody comes to me and says vhas I Carl Dunder? I vhas. All right, Mr. Dunder, how do mit your poy Shake when he vhas eighteen? Vhell, I calls him oop und says:
"Shake, don't be afraidt of me. I vhas your fadder, but I vhas also your frendt. Come und tell me if you haf some troubles. I like you to haf lots of fun, but I like you to sitay home nights und not be foolisht mit your money. Be civil mit eafery body. Be honest und truthfull. It vhas brains dot make der money to-day, und brains vhas no good unless you go to school."
Vhell, dot makes Shake all right, and we haf some good times, und he vhas a good poy. Sometimes somebody comes to me once more und says vhas I Carl Dunder? I vhas. All right, Mr. Dunder, how you do mit your poy Shake when he vhas eighteen? Vhell, I calls him oop und says:
"Shake, you vhas a long time in school, und it vhas now time for peensness. Go mit a store—in a shop—in somebody's office. In three years more you vhas a man and must help der world moat on. A good man vhas work to get along, but a bad one vhas all gone to pieces in no time. I may gif you some money, but you must make yourself. Der worldt vhill shudde you by your character, und not by your money. If you vhas clean in your mouth und square in all your doings, eafery pody vhas your frendt und your life vhas pleasant. Go out, my poy, und remember dot I vhas always your frendt when you vhas right."
"Und dot vhas all."—Detroit Free Press.

DESIGNS FOR WAR SHIPS.

There is patriotism and patriotism. Secretary Whitney's idea in securing plans for war ships was to "get the best." The idea of the journalist defenders of the regime of Robeson and Chandler was to "patronize home talent" exclusively.
They would have war vessels built from American plans, of American material, armed with American guns, and supplied by American contractors. That the home-made plans would produce ships four or five knots slower than foreign-built naval vessels have attained; that the home-made armor-plates might be perforated like old cheese by foreign projectiles; and that the home-made guns would be knocked to pieces by the heavier armament of our foes, did not concern the Robesonian patriots. Our industries would be "protected," though our coasts would not be. We should have ships that could neither successfully fight a powerful enemy nor run away from him, and yet the pride of "Buncombe County" would have been satisfied and our contractors would be rich.
All the bother about Secretary Whitney's advertising for English plans is mere partisanship, and dishonest at that. The Secretary used the form of advertisement prescribed by a law of Congress passed in 1882, and precisely the form employed by the department ever since that time. He has secured, in an entirely open and honorable way, valuable designs for war vessels, embodying the latest results of the costly experience of foreign nations. These

AN AMERICAN NAVY.

The Grand Advance Which Has Been Made by a Democratic Administration in Giving It to the Country.
In the main, such provisions have been made as to justify the declaration that the country has at last a new navy in progress, of which it may be proud.
First of all come the new steel vessels, the Dolphin, Boston, Atlanta and Chicago, of which the first named is complete, the two next substantially finished, and the last capable of being soon put to sea if needed. These were the experimental vessels in the new navy; but of the Chicago there is some reason to hope much, while all four, though of far too little speed, yet mark an advance upon the former era. Next come three additional cruisers, which are expected to be among the fastest of their class in the world, the Baltimore, Charleston and Newark, of which the two former are now under construction, and the latter soon will be, since the Navy bill provides for the needed increase of expenditure. The advance in this second group of cruisers, in the matter of speed, is shown by the fact that while the Chicago, of 4,500 tons displacement, is required to get 5,000 horse power from its 337 tons of machinery, the Newark, of but 4,080 tons displacement, is required to get 3,000 horse power from only 820 tons of machinery. A comparison of the Charleston and Baltimore with the Atlanta and Boston will show a similar advance.
To these seven vessels must now be added the two cruisers provided for under the new Navy bill, which are to make nineteen knots an hour and may cost \$1,500,000 each. Heavy premiums and penalties for every quarter knot of speed above or below this maximum are to be put in the contracts. Besides the new cruisers, we find four fast gun-boats, two of these of 1,700 tons and 870 tons displacement, respectively, being already under construction, and the remaining two, which are of the larger type, provided for in the new bill. There is also under construction a pneumatic dynamite gun-boat, which is expected to have a speed of twenty knots, and which will throw from its three tubes projectiles containing each 200 pounds of some powerful high explosive. Still another addition authorized is a torpedo vessel, at a maximum cost of \$100,000, which is not yet designed.
More important than any of the vessels yet named are the two armored cruisers authorized at the first session of the late Congress. They will be of about 6,000 tons displacement, heavily armored, with powerful batteries, and having a speed of at least sixteen knots. The sum allowed for these fine line-of-battle ships is \$2,500,000 each, and the chief delay in their construction is due to the necessity of providing suitable armor. The Navy bill makes the very handsome appropriation of \$4,000,000 exclusively for armor and gun steel for these two vessels and for the double turret monitors. Those monitors, in turn, five in number, the Puritan, Amphitrite, Monadnock, Terror and Miantonomoh, must now at last be reckoned as part of the effective navy, since while their size and other peculiarities will make them of limited service they will undoubtedly perform a certain function in coast defense. Such armor as the Miantonomoh will carry no doubt can easily be shot through by modern guns of by no means the largest caliber, but she may prove of some service in harbor defense. For the completion of these monitors, exclusive of their batteries, the new act appropriates \$2,420,000, and for guns for these vessels and the others already named it appropriates \$1,128,362.
The record is not ended yet, since the new act provides \$1,000,000 toward floating batteries or rams for coast and harbor defense, the final cost contemplated being \$2,000,000 exclusive of armament. It also makes \$50,000 available for purchasing and testing naval torpedoes, and a further appropriation of \$25,000 is granted for buying the Silleto for use as a torpedo boat. The appropriations thus mentioned are exclusive of those made to the Naval Ordnance Bureau for its ordinary work in the manufacture of cannon, though in this latter the setting apart of \$20,400 for purchasing three steel-cast, rough-bored, six-inch, high-power rifle cannon, one of Bessemer, one of open-hearth and one of crucible steel, is worthy of special note.
As the matter sums up, then, we find here an entirely new navy, built according to modern methods, either in process of construction or authorized, comprising one steel dispatch boat, eight cruisers, four gun-boats, one dynamite gun-boat, two torpedo boats, two armored line-of-battle ships, five monitors and probably two floating batteries or steel rams. These twenty-five steel and iron vessels may fairly be considered the foundation of our navy of the future.—N. Y. Times.

KEEPING ENGAGEMENTS.

A Few Sensible Comments on the Grace of Being on Time.
The gross offenses committed against the acknowledged laws of good society by those who would resent with the deepest indignation the implication of ever offending, simply proves that the gods withheld one of the educating forces when the gift "to see wese's as thers see us" was withheld.
A course of lectures is being delivered Saturday mornings at an Eastern college. Through the kindness of the lecturers, professors and tutors of the college the lectures are free. The hour for the lecture, as prominently announced as the subject, 11:00. Promptly at that hour the lecturer on a recent morning began. For twenty minutes after that time the stragglers came in, singly or by twos or threes. The hall is small, and after the first late comers had filled the few vacant seats camp chairs were carried through the aisles. The lecturer had a strong voice, but even it was unequal to the task of drowning the footsteps of half a dozen people, the rustle of garments, and the necessary confusion attending the seating of these people. Courtesy demanded that these guests should have been in their places at the time designated by their entertainers. Certainly there can be no justification of their tardiness. Closed doors should greet people who do not know the value of time; they certainly can not gain enough to compensate those who give time and talents to enrich their minds, if they can not be on time to meet the lecturer's first words.
Punctuality is a grace of character almost as far-reaching in its influence as truth. He who steals my purse steals trash, but he who steals my time robs me of that which I can never regain, nor any human being be enriched by its loss.
The laggards are the impedimenta of life. Too much stress can not be laid on the obligation of keeping engagements on time. And in public connection but the rarest occurrences would excuse the disturbing of an audience by entering the room after the specified hour. It is an evidence of thoughtlessness that does not speak well for character, or of ill-breeding that shows lack in nature and training.—Christian Union.

COMMON HONESTY.

This, According to a Chicago Judge, is the Chief Lack of Our Times.
One of the circuit judges of this city, who has on many occasions presided over the criminal court, and has had ample opportunity to "know what he is talking about," spoke the other day:
"Since I have been on the bench I have seen go down to darkness and doom hundreds of youth of tender years, men just ripening into manhood, and those who have grown gray in crime, and have learned from the lips of many of them that in their youth they were thrown rudely upon the world and never learned the meaning of the words, common honesty.
In their peculiar world, the ideal man is the cool and intrepid explorer who lays tribute upon costly goods and wares, who can unlock all known combinations of safes and bank vaults, and who can face death unmoved; or he is the polished gentleman who has reduced lying and deception to a fine art; and these men gloat over their skill and reputation. But these are thieves. How high does the standard of honesty among mankind reach outside the court of justice? Here is the jail, and yonder is the State's prison—the one is the gymnasium, the other the university of crime. Lying and deception seem to be recognized as legitimate in the marts of commerce, and fraud and misrepresentation are among the most ordinary matters for investigation in our courts. The standard of public and private integrity must be elevated, or all will be lost. I give it as my candid opinion that the greatest evil with which modern society and modern governments are afflicted is want of common honesty. One-half the world has no idea of economy, and extravagance is but another term for dishonesty. The words Conscientiousness and Common Honesty ought to be engraven on the dome of the Capitol and on the diadem of 'Liberty Enlightening the World.'"
—Chicago Journal.

A Curiosity of Numbers.

The multiplication of 987,654,321 by 45 gives 44,444,444,445. Reversing the order of the digits, and multiplying 123,456,789 by 45, we get the result equally curious, 5,555,555,505. If we take 123,456,789 as a multiplicand, interchanging the figures of 45, take 54 as the multiplier, we obtain another remarkable product, 6,666,666,606. Returning to the multiplicand first used, 987,654,321, and taking 54 as the multiplier again, we get 53,333,333,334—all three excepting the first and last figures, which read together 54, the multiplier. Taking the same multiplicand, and using 27, the half of 54, as the multiplier, we get a product of 26,666,666,567—all six except the first and last figures, which read together 27, the multiplier. Next interchanging the figures in the number 27, and using 72 as the multiplier, we obtain a product of 71,111,111,112—all ones except the first and last figures, which, read together, give 72, the multiplier. Equally curious results may be obtained by multiplying these digits, written either way by 9, or by figures composing the multiples of 9 variously interchanged.—Philadelphia Call.

PITH AND POINT.

—The most steadfast followers of one's fortunes are his creditors.
—The woman that maketh a good pudding in silence is better than she who maketh a tart reply.
—A correspondent says that "\$50,000 in New York don't go far." It frequently goes as far as Canada, anyway.—Norristown Herald.
—"Never eat pies," is the advice of some physicians, but a wiser doctor said recently, "Never eat pastry, unless it is first rate."—Boston Journal.
—From a Gallic Point of View.—"Ah! but zis ez a fooney contree. If a man haf a fast horse he call it mere after his muzzard, and if he haf two he calls it pere after hees fathaire."—Life.
—A Brooklyn man came near getting into hot water by calling a music teacher "a musical quack." But he got himself right into summer land by explaining that he meant she was a duck of a teacher.
—Client—"Now, Mr. H., isn't your fee rather large?" Lawyer—"I am sorry you think so, Mr. B.; but you must remember I had a great deal to do. I spent a great deal of time preparing my charge for the jury." Client—"Great Scott! Do I pay the jury?"—Boston Budget.
—"I started West," said a penniless young man to the chief of police in Chicago. "I had \$2,000 when I left New York. I paid \$22 for my railroad ticket and took my meals in the dining car." "Say no more," exclaimed the chief. "That's what's gone with the rest of your money."—Burdette.
—Drummer for a cuff and collar firm to customer—"These collars I offer you, sir, are the very best in the market at the price. They are fourly linen face, hand-sewed button-holes and won't wear out. I've got one on that I've been wearing six months." Customer, looking at it—"Ugh! I should say you had."
—John—Do you understand this currency question? Abijah—Sometimes I think I do, and then again I don't. Landlady—Is there any particular time of the week when your mind is specially uncertain on the question? Abijah—Not that I know of. Why do you ask? Landlady—Because I've noticed you had an absent-minded way for two or three days after I left your bill on the table.—Boston Record.

ANSWERING LETTERS.

A Duty Which Should Be Performed as Promptly as Possible.
Even in this business-like age, when every thing is done by system, and not even the smallest inquiry by mail is supposed to remain unanswered, there is now and then found a business man who does not fulfill the duties of a correspondent. Such a one was the head of a large agency in one of our seaboard cities, who had, in front of his desk, a long row of pigeon-holes, all of them marked "unanswered letters," and all stuffed full.
"Why don't you answer those letters?" a visitor asked of him one day. "What would be the use?" he answered. "Why, they would only go and write to me again!"
Another man, a lawyer, was found by a caller one day sitting in front of an open grate, with his elbows on his knees and his chin on his hands, watching a great heap of letters burning fiercely in the grate.
"Why, I thought your man said you were very busy," said the caller. "I am," said the lawyer. "What are you busy about?" "Answering my correspondences," said the lawyer, as he pointed to the letters burning in the grate.
It is worthy of note that the agent who feared that his correspondents would write to him again if he answered their letters lost his place, while the lawyer had means of earning an income other than those attending to the business details of his profession. There is no safer rule that a business man can follow than this: "See that all your letters are promptly and politely answered, by somebody in your employ, if you can not do it yourself."—Youth's Companion.

Hold-Over Leases.

"I do not think that tenants generally understand the law in regard to hold-over leases," said a lawyer. "It has been decided by the Supreme Court of the State that a tenant who occupies premises beyond the time covered by his lease may be considered a trespasser on the premises or a tenant of another term equal to that of the original lease, should it not exceed one year, at the option of the landlord. To a layman this looks like a queer decision, but among attorneys it is generally considered as sound law. I understand there are landlords in Chicago who, during the period of falling rents, took advantage of this construction of the law to hold tenants who occupied premises one or two days beyond the terms of their leases for another year."—Chicago Journal.

WITH A LEPPER.

Passing down Bayou Lafourche toward the gulf, after the broad acres of the well-kept sugar plantations have been left behind, one enters a region so entirely different it could hardly be called the same country, so unlike is it to the more prosperous sugar region. Between its narrow levees the bayou in serpentine turns winds along its devious way, and with every mile passed human habitations grow more scarce. The nearer the gulf the lower is the land, and here and there, the silent, shadowy swamps approach the stream quite nearly, leaving only a narrow strip for cultivation. The houses are all small and unpretentious, and the farms adjoining them in keeping with the houses. Sugar there gives place to rice, and the little fields are checked with the crossing lines of small canals used in the irrigation of the crops. In some places the long stretches of sea marsh and prairie have encroached far inland, and spread on either side like some broad lake, the clumps of oak and cypress in the distance rising above the rushes like islands. Patches of palmetto thrive beside the dusty road that meanders along by the bayou, and here and there a bunch of rich green foliage tells of a miniature orange grove. The fences grow more dilapidated as one progresses, until at last a few palings mark the front line of private property and keep nomadic cows off the few straggling flowers and vegetables. It is a sort of out-of-the-way region, and the people are simple and most unsophisticated. They are all descendants of the old Acadians, and by intermarriage have become so closely connected that the attenuated colony that borders the bayou for many miles may be said almost to belong to one family. Here for years the Natalies and the Pierres, the Susannes and Edgars, have billed and cooed, wooed and married without ever having heard the sound of a locomotive or having their eyes dazzled by the brilliancy of a starched shirt. The crops, the rise and fall of the bayou, the advent of a new priest and approaching marriages are about the only topics of conversation, so that there life moves along with the same even flow of the sluggish waters of the Lafourche. Sometimes a Saturday night ball enlivens the social aspect, violin and accordion breathe out those softer sentiments than can only find expression in the application of shuffling feet to a sanded floor. The people are most law-abiding and deeds of violence are rarely heard of. Miles beyond, where the railroad crosses the bayou, and after a long stretch of rice farms have been passed, the tired rider can not fail to notice one little farm that seems to be off by itself as if it did not choose to keep the company of the others. Between it and the nearest on either side is a space of a quarter of a mile overgrown with weeds, Cherokee rose and palmetto. The house belonging to the place is not unlike the others in build, although it is somewhat smaller, and the rice field shows just as much care as any along there. A sturdy live oak graces the space that would be called the front yard, if yards existed there, and just back of the house a small shed shows where the two little Creole ponies grazing in the road are kept at nights. Moving to the refreshing impulses of the bracing breeze that comes directly from the gulf, the bright green rice blades nod and blink under the warm sun, and from beyond the field out of the thicket comes the cheerful note of the cardinal bird. Beside this a somnolent silence rests, over the place. Presently, in the small front gallery of the house, a movement attracts the eye, which organ, after eager inquiry, succeeds in making out an old man seated in a hickory chair, gazing with curiosity at the newcomer. An approach to the house is interrupted by a deprecatory gesture from the silent figure, but, disregarding, such a slight display of opposition, one pushes along, it will be but a moment before the trespasser thoroughly comprehends the reason of this lack of welcome and show of displeasure. The figure rises slowly and comes out to meet you, and when it has reached a spot fifteen or twenty feet from you, then, and not until then, do you realize the fact that you are in the presence of a leper. Almost

DESIGNS FOR WAR SHIPS.

There is patriotism and patriotism. Secretary Whitney's idea in securing plans for war ships was to "get the best." The idea of the journalist defenders of the regime of Robeson and Chandler was to "patronize home talent" exclusively.
They would have war vessels built from American plans, of American material, armed with American guns, and supplied by American contractors. That the home-made plans would produce ships four or five knots slower than foreign-built naval vessels have attained; that the home-made armor-plates might be perforated like old cheese by foreign projectiles; and that the home-made guns would be knocked to pieces by the heavier armament of our foes, did not concern the Robesonian patriots. Our industries would be "protected," though our coasts would not be. We should have ships that could neither successfully fight a powerful enemy nor run away from him, and yet the pride of "Buncombe County" would have been satisfied and our contractors would be rich.
All the bother about Secretary Whitney's advertising for English plans is mere partisanship, and dishonest at that. The Secretary used the form of advertisement prescribed by a law of Congress passed in 1882, and precisely the form employed by the department ever since that time. He has secured, in an entirely open and honorable way, valuable designs for war vessels, embodying the latest results of the costly experience of foreign nations. These

KEEPING ENGAGEMENTS.

A Few Sensible Comments on the Grace of Being on Time.
The gross offenses committed against the acknowledged laws of good society by those who would resent with the deepest indignation the implication of ever offending, simply proves that the gods withheld one of the educating forces when the gift "to see wese's as thers see us" was withheld.
A course of lectures is being delivered Saturday mornings at an Eastern college. Through the kindness of the lecturers, professors and tutors of the college the lectures are free. The hour for the lecture, as prominently announced as the subject, 11:00. Promptly at that hour the lecturer on a recent morning began. For twenty minutes after that time the stragglers came in, singly or by twos or threes. The hall is small, and after the first late comers had filled the few vacant seats camp chairs were carried through the aisles. The lecturer had a strong voice, but even it was unequal to the task of drowning the footsteps of half a dozen people, the rustle of garments, and the necessary confusion attending the seating of these people. Courtesy demanded that these guests should have been in their places at the time designated by their entertainers. Certainly there can be no justification of their tardiness. Closed doors should greet people who do not know the value of time; they certainly can not gain enough to compensate those who give time and talents to enrich their minds, if they can not be on time to meet the lecturer's first words.
Punctuality is a grace of character almost as far-reaching in its influence as truth. He who steals my purse steals trash, but he who steals my time robs me of that which I can never regain, nor any human being be enriched by its loss.
The laggards are the impedimenta of life. Too much stress can not be laid on the obligation of keeping engagements on time. And in public connection but the rarest occurrences would excuse the disturbing of an audience by entering the room after the specified hour. It is an evidence of thoughtlessness that does not speak well for character, or of ill-breeding that shows lack in nature and training.—Christian Union.

COMMON HONESTY.

This, According to a Chicago Judge, is the Chief Lack of Our Times.
One of the circuit judges of this city, who has on many occasions presided over the criminal court, and has had ample opportunity to "know what he is talking about," spoke the other day:
"Since I have been on the bench I have seen go down to darkness and doom hundreds of youth of tender years, men just ripening into manhood, and those who have grown gray in crime, and have learned from the lips of many of them that in their youth they were thrown rudely upon the world and never learned the meaning of the words, common honesty.
In their peculiar world, the ideal man is the cool and intrepid explorer who lays tribute upon costly goods and wares, who can unlock all known combinations of safes and bank vaults, and who can face death unmoved; or he is the polished gentleman who has reduced lying and deception to a fine art; and these men gloat over their skill and reputation. But these are thieves. How high does the standard of honesty among mankind reach outside the court of justice? Here is the jail, and yonder is the State's prison—the one is the gymnasium, the other the university of crime. Lying and deception seem to be recognized as legitimate in the marts of commerce, and fraud and misrepresentation are among the most ordinary matters for investigation in our courts. The standard of public and private integrity must be elevated, or all will be lost. I give it as my candid opinion that the greatest evil with which modern society and modern governments are afflicted is want of common honesty. One-half the world has no idea of economy, and extravagance is but another term for dishonesty. The words Conscientiousness and Common Honesty ought to be engraven on the dome of the Capitol and on the diadem of 'Liberty Enlightening the World.'"
—Chicago Journal.

A Curiosity of Numbers.

The multiplication of 987,654,321 by 45 gives 44,444,444,445. Reversing the order of the digits, and multiplying 123,456,789 by 45, we get the result equally curious, 5,555,555,505. If we take 123,456,789 as a multiplicand, interchanging the figures of 45, take 54 as the multiplier, we obtain another remarkable product, 6,666,666,606. Returning to the multiplicand first used, 987,654,321, and taking 54 as the multiplier again, we get 53,333,333,334—all three excepting the first and last figures, which read together 54, the multiplier. Taking the same multiplicand, and using 27, the half of 54, as the multiplier, we get a product of 26,666,666,567—all six except the first and last figures, which read together 27, the multiplier. Next interchanging the figures in the number 27, and using 72 as the multiplier, we obtain a product of 71,111,111,112—all ones except the first and last figures, which, read together, give 72, the multiplier. Equally curious results may be obtained by multiplying these digits, written either way by 9, or by figures composing the multiples of 9 variously interchanged.—Philadelphia Call.

PITH AND POINT.

—The most steadfast followers of one's fortunes are his creditors.
—The woman that maketh a good pudding in silence is better than she who maketh a tart reply.
—A correspondent says that "\$50,000 in New York don't go far." It frequently goes as far as Canada, anyway.—Norristown Herald.
—"Never eat pies," is the advice of some physicians, but a wiser doctor said recently, "Never eat pastry, unless it is first rate."—Boston Journal.
—From a Gallic Point of View.—"Ah! but zis ez a fooney contree. If a man haf a fast horse he call it mere after his muzzard, and if he haf two he calls it pere after hees fathaire."—Life.
—A Brooklyn man came near getting into hot water by calling a music teacher "a musical quack." But he got himself right into summer land by explaining that he meant she was a duck of a teacher.
—Client—"Now, Mr. H., isn't your fee rather large?" Lawyer—"I am sorry you think so, Mr. B.; but you must remember I had a great deal to do. I spent a great deal of time preparing my charge for the jury." Client—"Great Scott! Do I pay the jury?"—Boston Budget.
—"I started West," said a penniless young man to the chief of police in Chicago. "I had \$2,000 when I left New York. I paid \$22 for my railroad ticket and took my meals in the dining car." "Say no more," exclaimed the chief. "That's what's gone with the rest of your money."—Burdette.
—Drummer for a cuff and collar firm to customer—"These collars I offer you, sir, are the very best in the market at the price. They are fourly linen face, hand-sewed button-holes and won't wear out. I've got one on that I've been wearing six months." Customer, looking at it—"Ugh! I should say you had."
—John—Do you understand this currency question? Abijah—Sometimes I think I do, and then again I don't. Landlady—Is there any particular time of the week when your mind is specially uncertain on the question? Abijah—Not that I know of. Why do you ask? Landlady—Because I've noticed you had an absent-minded way for two or three days after I left your bill on the table.—Boston Record.

ANSWERING LETTERS.

A Duty Which Should Be Performed as Promptly as Possible.
Even in this business-like age, when every thing is done by system, and not even the smallest inquiry by mail is supposed to remain unanswered, there is now and then found a business man who does not fulfill the duties of a correspondent. Such a one was the head of a large agency in one of our seaboard cities, who had, in front of his desk, a long row of pigeon-holes, all of them marked "unanswered letters," and all stuffed full.
"Why don't you answer those letters?" a visitor asked of him one day. "What would be the use?" he answered. "Why, they would only go and write to me again!"
Another man, a lawyer, was found by a caller one day sitting in front of an open grate, with his elbows on his knees and his chin on his hands, watching a great heap of letters burning fiercely in the grate.
"Why, I thought your man said you were very busy," said the caller. "I am," said the lawyer. "What are you busy about?" "Answering my correspondences," said the lawyer, as he pointed to the letters burning in the grate.
It is worthy of note that the agent who feared that his correspondents would write to him again if he answered their letters lost his place, while the lawyer had means of earning an income other than those attending to the business details of his profession. There is no safer rule that a business man can follow than this: "See that all your letters are promptly and politely answered, by somebody in your employ, if you can not do it yourself."—Youth's Companion.

Hold-Over Leases.

"I do not think that tenants generally understand the law in regard to hold-over leases," said a lawyer. "It has been decided by the Supreme Court of the State that a tenant who occupies premises beyond the time covered by his lease may be considered a trespasser on the premises or a tenant of another term equal to that of the original lease, should it not exceed one year, at the option of the landlord. To a layman this looks like a queer decision, but among attorneys it is generally considered as sound law. I understand there are landlords in Chicago who, during the period of falling rents, took advantage of this construction of the law to hold tenants who occupied premises one or two days beyond the terms of their leases for another year."—Chicago Journal.