

The Louisiana Democrat.

"The World is Governed Too Much."

HENRY L. BLOSSAT, Business Manager.

ALEXANDRIA, LOUISIANA, WEDNESDAY, JUNE 15, 1887.

VOL. XLII.—NO. 24.

AN OLD-FASHIONED CHURCH.

"Was an old-fashioned church in a new-fashioned town. Shrinking back from the turbulent street, and the sun through the untinted windows shone down Like a blessing beseeching to meet. If the old-fashioned worshippers knelt in the pews To hear the good minister pray, Was that cause for an unkindling stranger to lose The prayer, and to let his eyes stray? It was not! Then suppose that his straying eyes met. Just over the top of a pew, And beneath a hat laughing with feathers and jet. Two eyes of a heavenly blue— Was that very susceptible stranger to blame If he heard not the minister's prayer, If he thought of the creature and guessed at her name. And forgot the Creator up there? You insist that 'twas wrong! Well, perhaps you are right. But this much let a sinner man say: Every maiden's blue eyes should be kept out of sight. When she kneels in the old-fashioned way."

"NOT AVAILABLE."

The Romance of a Rejected Manuscript.

NEW YORK, N. Y., November 7, 1885.—Dear Madam: We regret that the manuscript has not been found available for the magazine.

So many considerations enter into the question of "availability," such as a previous acceptance of somewhat similar material, or a superabundance of matter on hand, or unfairness on account of the editor's present plans, that the return of your manuscript does not imply that it was thought deficient from a literary point of view.

With thanks for your courtesy, we are, very truly yours, EDITOR H—MAGAZINE.

Blanche Raymond read the letter through several times, and then with a little sigh took up the poor, rejected manuscript. "Not available," she murmured, glancing over the carefully-written pages. "Not deficient from a literary point of view." "Well, they are at least courteous; I shouldn't wonder, though, if they meant that last remark as a balm for my injured feelings. I am told that editors are so deceitful."

With these thoughts of editorial perfidy ranking in her bosom, Blanche relapsed into silence.

She compressed her lips until the dimple in her chin was scarcely visible, and a very perceptible frown darkened her usually serene brow.

It was evident that something important was being evolved from her busy brain, for the frown deepened till the gray eyes looked almost black beneath the long lashes. Suddenly she arose from the low rocker in which she had been sitting, saying, with a merry twinkle in her eyes which effectually dispelled the frown, "I'll do it! It will be a great lark, and I will at least get another opinion of my poor paper's literary merit of availability."

"A great lark," strangely improper language for an aspiring author.

"Where are you going, dear?" asked Mrs. Raymond, as Blanche, after a carefully-prepared toilet, descended to the sitting-room where her mother sat sewing.

"Well, mamma, you know I told you that the H—Magazine had returned my manuscript. I happen to think of the D—Magazine, of our own city here, which has not been long established, but is fast gaining popularity. The dazzling idea has occurred to me to take my story there, instead of sending it out alone. Perhaps I can make an impression if my story can't," laughed the little miss, casting a sly glance at the bright, sweet face reflected in the mirror opposite.

"But, my dear, is that the proper thing to do? I don't like to have you go alone to one of these places," said the old lady, evidently regarding "one of these places" as something uncanon.

"Why, mamma, there is no harm in it at all. It is purely a matter of business. The editor is probably a bald-headed, spectacled ogre, who will write me with one glassy stare. But I'm going to get him to accept my story before I will, even if I collapse immediately afterward," said this very determined young lady, who had not learned that saddest word in youth's bright lexicon, "fail."

"Well, hurry back, for I shall be very anxious till you return." With a kiss and a smiling good-bye, Blanche tripped from the room with a heart not quite as light as when she first thought of her venture, but she would not own it even to herself.

Our heroine was little more than a child, although the sums of nineteen summers had darkened her once flaxen curls. The youngest child and only girl of a family of five children, she was, of course, greatly petted and caressed. A girl of a less sweet, even disposition might have shown the effects of such a training in imperious manners and pettish exactions, but Blanche, without special effort, had escaped these evils. Living her happy life, surrounded by home love and comforts, she had not given herself up entirely to pleasure, but had labored diligently to improve a naturally bright mind, trying to make the jewel worthy of its fair setting.

The cable-car sped along the frosty track, bearing Blanche nearer and nearer her destination. Her ardor was cooling rapidly. With all her bravery she began to feel that facing the lion in his den was not such a very pleasant matter. However, she was not the girl to give up a venture when once fairly begun, so she tried not to feel nervous, but to compose her thoughts into a neat little speech for the edification of the "spectacled ogre."

Finally she stood before the dread portal, and the shaky knock she gave told as plainly as any words the corresponding condition of her thoughts.

"Come in!" called a musical voice, but she didn't "come." With the admirable caution of her sex, she resolved that the "lion" should meet her at least half way. She knocked a second time, a little louder than before. After a brief pause—an awful pause to Blanche, the door was thrown wide open by a bald-headed, spectacled ogre. No, indeed! by a tall, slender man of perhaps twenty-seven years, with brown, curling hair and mustache, and mirthful brown eyes.

"Oh! ah! will you come in?" said the young man, with a little embarrassment in his voice.

Blanche entered and took the polite, proffered chair without a word. The "neat little speech" was forgotten—in fact she seemed to have lost all speech in her complete surprise.

"Did you wish to see me?" came the pleasant tones of the young man, after a moment of dreadful silence.

"Yes—that is, I wished to see the editor of the D—Magazine," faltered Blanche.

"I have that humble honor," he replied.

Blanche cast one swift glance him, and then slowly drew from her muff the precious manuscript. An amused smile played about the editor's handsome mouth, and his eyes assumed the unmistakable "I told you so" expression.

"I have written a little story, and I thought perhaps—it would be wise, if—I—I wanted to get it printed!" and an undignified tear dropped on the little muff.

"Certainly! may I see it?" She gave it to him without looking up, her thoughts in a tumult as to "what mamma would think" to see her talking to this handsome man, whose admiring brown eyes were harder to meet than the glassy stare she had anticipated.

The editor unfolded the paper and glanced over the pages, pausing occasionally to read a sentence through.

Blanche sat with downcast eyes. Nothing broke the silence save the rustling of the papers and the ticking of the clock.

"Ahem! excuse me, but is this part of the story?" asked the editor, as he held up before her gaze—horror of horrors! the very letter she had received from the H—Magazine!

In her haste and enthusiasm over her "great lark," she had gathered up with the manuscript the letter which had been lying open upon it, and the editor's quick eye had grasped its contents at a glance.

Blanche gave one terrified look, and then, forgetful of every thing, sprang forward and clutched the fatal letter.

"Oh, how could you!" she gasped, glaring at the innocently-offending editor through her tears.

"My dear young lady, it was wholly unintentional on my part! I had looked at it before I thought of its not belonging to the story," continued this soft-hearted editor, growing confidential in his efforts to be consoling. "I once received the same kind of letter. Your story is a very pretty one, prettily told, and I think I can use it in my magazine."

He would probably have taken it if it had been a Mother-Goose rhyme, so thoroughly sympathetic had he become under the magic influence of the bright tears.

"Well," said Blanche, recovering her self-possession, "I will tell you all about it," and in a simple, straightforward manner, she told him of the return of the manuscript, and the letter accompanying it. "I did not mean that you should know it had been declined once," she said, with charming candor, the swift blushes dying her cheeks. "Was it very wrong for me not to tell you?"

"Not at all, said this unabashed young man, smiling in spite of himself at her earnestness.

"Why?" he exclaimed, as he noticed the name and address at the bottom of the last page. "Do you live at No. 373 C—street?"

"Yes, I have lived there five years."

"Then I am delighted to have met my next-door neighbor. I live at No. 371."

It was now Blanche's turn to be astonished. To think that she had thus ignominiously introduced herself to her nearest neighbor!

"Why, I have never seen you," she began.

"Nor I you," he interrupted, "but that is not so very strange. I have been boarding there for only two weeks, and as I go away quite early in the morning and it is dark when I get home these short afternoons, we could easily miss seeing each other."

"Well," said Blanche, laughingly, comprehending the novelty of the situation, "I feel heartily ashamed that you have met me under such unfavorable circumstances. In the first place I had expected to see a bald-headed old man. I had the impression that all editors were old and bald. Being completely surprised at not finding the individual I had pictured to myself, and being a little conscience-stricken over my deceit concerning the manuscript, I fear I lost my self-possession."

"You are certainly excusable under these trying circumstances," said the editor smiling. "By the way, I beg the liberty to tell you my name; my name is also Raymond—Raymond Douglas," and he drew from his pocket a card, which he passed to her.

"Miss Raymond," continued this audacious young man, "I will look over this manuscript carefully, and if I should happen to find some little mis-

takes might I—hesitatingly—"might I call, say to-morrow evening, to have you recify them? I know that you would much prefer correcting them in your own way, and I would be extremely happy to afford you that privilege. Besides, I am a neighbor, and sometimes very lonely," he added, with a melancholy glance from the brown eyes.

How could Blanche refuse this handsome young editor who had all the wiles of his profession? Besides, was it not very kind of him to take such an interest in her poor little story?

With a blush and a smile she told him he might come, and then, with a pleasant good-bye, left Mr. Douglas to dream of a pair of gray eyes glistening through bright tears, and a sweet, sensitive mouth saying, "How could you!" in reproachful accents.

Did he find any mistakes? Trust to Raymond Douglas for that! The next evening found him fairly introduced at No. 373. The acquaintanceship begun under such novel circumstances progressed rapidly in the forty-five minutes Mr. Douglas spent under the hospitable roof of his next door neighbor, and a kind invitation to "call again" sent him on his way, rejoicing that fate had cast his lot in such a pleasant place. And Blanche? Ah, she was but a girl—and what girl has not had bright dreams?

Time passed on, bringing in the New Year, bringing the first faint breezes of spring and the perfume of the earliest violets, bringing Raymond Douglas often to the house of the gray-eyed damsel, and bringing a true, pure love to the hearts of these two.

And so, when the old earth looked its fairest in its emerald robe and flower garlands, these two were wed.

Blanche has escaped the distress caused by rejected manuscripts, by not writing any more. A sure way out of the difficulty.—*Miriam V. Crocker, in Chicago Current.*

CONVENIENT CRATES.

Directions for Making One-Bushel Boxes for Corn and Potatoes.

For economy of labor in the heavy work of harvesting and gathering corn ears and potatoes one-bushel crates are very useful. Cut 4-inch boards 12 inches wide and 12 feet long into 10 pieces 14 inches long, 14 inches wide, 4-inch battens are cut into strips 17 1/2 inches long; these are nailed to the endboards with 8d. nails at sides and bottom so as to form a crate; spaces of 1 1/2 inches are left between the strips; two 1 1/2-inch holes are bored in each end, about 5 inches apart, and the wood between these is cut away to make holes for lifting by. I nail a short strip over the hole and bevel the under edge to make a good hold. A strip is nailed across each end of the top of the box so that when the filled boxes rest upon each other there is an air space between them. The boxes are 15 1/2 inches long, 14 wide and 12 deep, inside measure (quite a convenient size), and hold 2.751 cubic inches, and as 2.750 cubic inches make a heaped bushel, these are bushel measures.

Two of them will fit lengthwise across a 36-inch wagon box, 24 boxes will fit into a 14-foot box, and two tiers may be loaded by using a top sideboard; 48 bushels will make a load. Each box has nearly 54 feet of lumber; 100 boxes require 20 boards, or 240 feet, and 200 battens or 300 feet, costing from \$4 to \$19, and thus the cost of each box is from 5 to 12 cents.

The stuff may be cut out by one man and the crates put together by another man in one day. I put up 100 in less than 10 hours, and I cut out the stuff in 8 hours the day before. The potatoes are picked (sorted at the same time) into the boxes, loaded and carried into the root-house or cellar; a row of them, full, is set up 4 or 5 feet from the side of the cellar and another the same distance apart, and thus one may make the bins for the bulk of the crop, the spaces in the boxes forming ventilators for the circulation of air. In marketing the tubers the boxes serve the same useful purpose, saving much handling and avoiding injury by the common use of a shovel for this work. In harvesting corn the ears are husked into the boxes and loaded and emptied into the crib. It is easy to know precisely the yield of the crops by the use of these boxes, and how much is put away into the root-house or the corn-crib. When corn is cut up in shocks of 7x7, or 49 hills each, and each shock yields a bushel box of ears, the crop is fifty bushels per acre. If two shocks give three boxes, the yield is 75 bushels, as 49 is very nearly a hundredth of 4,840, the number of hills at 3x3 feet to an acre, and a heaped bushel of ears is about equal to a half bushel of corn.—*Cor. N. Y. Tribune.*

Taking the Census.

"I have a scheme to make some money when the next census is taken in Dakota," said one Sioux Falls man to another.

"What is it?"

"Why, I'll make a proposition to the Legislature to take the census of the towns at about five dollars per town and make a whole barrel of money."

"Why, you couldn't make a cent at that rate."

"Couldn't he? Well, I know I could get rich at it. I can take the census of a town for fifty cents. You see I'll give a man half a dollar to hitch up a sick horse and drive it out on the main street and let it lie down and then after about five minutes I'll get up on the wagon and count 'em."—*Dakota Bell.*

Do not walk with your eyes on the ground; the gravel is apt to wear the sight off.

FLATTERING FIGURES.

An Immense Improvement Over the Republican Pension Policy.

The following comparative statement of the work of the Pension Bureau during the last two years of the Republican rule and the first two years of the Democratic Administration speaks volumes. The records of the Government are, of course, kept by fiscal years, the appropriations being made by Congress in that manner:

In the year ending June 30, 1885, under the administration of W. W. Dudley, there were 52,279 pension certificates issued, of which number 38,161 were original cases, and the remainder increase and miscellaneous claims. For the fiscal year ending June 30, 1884, the total number of certificates issued was 56,729, of which 34,190 were original, and the remainder increase and miscellaneous cases. In the next fiscal year, up to the 17th of March, 1885, when the present Commissioner entered upon the duties of his office, there were 39,154 certificates of all kinds issued. From March 17 up to June 30 of the same year, a period of only two months and a half, there were issued 81,252 pension certificates. The fiscal year ending June 30, 1886, made a splendid showing for the new administration, there having been issued 76,654 pension certificates, 40,852 of which were original cases. In that same fiscal year of 1886 there were also issued 79,985 supplemental certificates to widows and dependent relatives whose pension had been increased by the act of March 19, 1886—a grand total for that one year of 156,639 allowances. These supplemental certificates were issued within a very few months after the passage of the law, the Commissioner of Pensions having personally directed how the work should be done. At no time in the history of the office has such an enormous number of pensions been increased without interference with the regular work of the office, or without a call upon Congress for additional help. From the 1st of July, 1886, up to and including the 30th of April, 1887, there were 74,608 certificates issued, of which 34,852 were original cases.

There is yet remaining one month of the present fiscal year, and the result will be a magnificent showing, greater by far than any previous year in the history of the office. It should be borne in mind that this immense amount of work has been performed with a reduction of the clerical force of over 100. With the administration of the present Commissioner a new era was inaugurated in the Pension Bureau. He determined to conduct the office upon strict business principles, and required that the entire time of the clerical force during office hours should be devoted to the consideration and transaction of the public business, and the settlement of long delayed pension claims. As one result of this regulation the fiscal year exhibited a saving in the matter of leaves of absence of 15,664 days of the aggregate time of the clerical force, or forty-two years, eleven months and four days of the time of a single clerk.

In the year of 1886 the present Commissioner turned over to the treasury one hundred thousand dollars (\$100,000) of unexpended appropriations on account of the hire of clerical force, and he effected a saving in the same year in the item of stationery of over thirteen thousand dollars (13,000)—this notwithstanding the fact that the business of the bureau has been very largely increased.

It was formerly the practice that when a pension claim had been neglected—that is, when the claimant or his attorney had failed to call up the case for a certain length of time, to mark the case "abandoned," and consider it in about the same light as a rejected case. The Commissioner reversed this unjust practice, and required of his chiefs that all claims should be given a chance of being considered and finally adjudicated. Every case filed during his administration has received prompt attention, and his order that all cases filed prior to his entry into office should be examined before the 1st of June has already been fully complied with, and there is not a single case in the pending files of the office which has not been examined, and in which steps have not been taken toward its final settlement. To illustrate the enormous increase in the business of the Pension Bureau, during the month of March, 1884, there were received 159,883 pieces of mail matter, and there were sent out from the office 141,898 circulars and letters. In the month of March, 1887, there were received 287,263 pieces of mail matter, and there were sent out from the office 188,142 letters and circulars.

The following table will show the number of pension certificates issued during the fiscal years ending June 30, 1883, 1884, 1885, 1886, and for the year 1887 up to the 30th of April:

	1883.	1884.	1885.	1886.	1887 (to April 30).
Original cases	38,161	34,190	34,771	40,852	34,852
Increase and miscellaneous	18,118	22,539	21,958	35,802	39,752
Total	56,279	56,729	56,729	76,654	74,608

In the fiscal year of 1886 there were also issued 79,987 supplemental certificates to widows and dependent relatives whose pensions had been increased by Congressional enactment of March 19, 1886.

There are thousands of our comrades in Indiana that can testify to the efficiency of the present administration as compared with that of other years.

—*Washington Cor. Indianapolis Sentinel.*

WORKING UP A BOOM.

The Delightful Programme Arranged by Maine's Plumed Knight.

It seems that all Mr. James G. Blaine's health needs is a voyage across the Atlantic. It is expected that the salt ocean breezes will tone up his system to endure the political squalls of the next eighteen months and that the boom he will get by cable will be more efficacious with politicians and voters than any manipulation possible from Bar Harbor. To this end it is given out that Mr. Blaine and his factotum, Joe Manley, ex-postmaster of Augusta, Me., will sail for England. The only health seeking part of the trip will be that on shipboard. When the party lands at Liverpool the managers of the circus will have arranged a spontaneous outpouring of the people to welcome the only genuine plumed knight of American dubbing who ever sought those monarchist shores. His journey from Liverpool to London will be a voluntary ovation all along the line.

In the metropolis Mr. Blaine will be invited to eat at Democratic dinners and to speak at home-rule meetings. Of course the matter of his public utterances will be made as offensive to English ears as possible in order to arouse the bitterest criticism, which will be promptly cabled to the New York Tribune to show the brutal manner in which "bloody Britons" handle a favorite son of Maine. When the indignation of the English public has been sufficiently aroused and this country has been harrowed with the reports of frequent attempts to mob Mr. Blaine he will shake the dust of London from his feet and cross the channel to Ireland.

Before doing so, however, Mr. Blaine will meet Gladstone, and, having fallen on his neck, the grand old man will be chained to the plumed knight's chariot wheel for a triumphal tour of the Green Isle. No effort will be spared to induce Mr. Parnell to accompany Mr. Blaine on his tour. Should this combination be effected it is expected that the aggregation will produce nothing short of a convulsion in Ireland, the mere vibration of which will awaken the wildest enthusiasm for Mr. Blaine among Irish-Americans.

This is a very delightful programme, to be sure. And there can be no doubt that it will land Mr. Blaine in the White House if all the Irish voters in America turn Republicans and all who are Republicans now vote for Mr. Blaine. But there is an ominous shadow of a doubt in that "it."—*Chicago News.*

SOUND IN PRINCIPLE.

A Measure Which Will Operate Only Against Unfit Government Clerks.

Opposition to the new Civil-Service rules, providing for examinations for promotions in the classified service, is already heard at Washington. It is difficult to see what can be accomplished by opposition, as the President has approved the rules, and they are now in operation, unless it may be hoped to frighten some of the examiners, a result which is most unlikely to be reached. The new rules, indeed, are not only sound in principle, but they extend the system to the most important part of the service, where they have not yet been operative. They provide for the establishment of a board of promotion in each department, which is to ascertain, by examinations, which "are not to be technical," but which "will be arranged with reference to the duties to be performed," the qualifications of the employees. From the list of those found qualified, promotions are to be made. In this examination, or rating, the record of the employee is given great weight, including "attendance, habits, ability and adaptability of each to the duties of the class in which he is serving."

The Boston Journal has the news that "the Republican clerks can not conceal their apprehension." This is a bad sign, for them, as Commissioner Obery says that "no person who is competent will be deprived of promotion by these rules; they will operate only against the incompetent and unfit."—*Boston Post.*

BRIEF MENTION.

—If Blaine can't get the Presidency he would take a Senatorship. Blaine will take any thing but a "tumble."—*Chicago Times.*

—The President will bring the railroad land grabbers up with a sharp turn, and soon he will be in a position to give every honest man a farm.—*N. Y. Journal.*

—The evil effect of the Hayes fraud of 1876 will not be entirely removed for some time. It is no doubt that which gives Foraker assurance enough to aspire for the Presidency.—*Harrisburg Patriot.*

—The Pension Office costs less than under Republican control, and issues half as many again certificates annually. Nearly double the former work is now done, and it is done more promptly.—*St. Louis Republican.*

—It has taken John Sherman a long time to get his war record in shape for use, but it is now fixed for the campaign of 1888. He has letters and other documents going to show that he was determined to lead an Ohio regiment to the front, and was disavowed only by the most pathetic appeals of Abraham Lincoln himself, who insisted on his remaining at home and running for Congress. This is a very fair excuse. President Lincoln has been charged before this with not wishing to have the rebellion put down too precipitately.—*Chicago Herald.*

RUSSIAN GIRL STUDENTS.

The Desperate Effort Made by Them to Secure a Little Education.

The attempt on the part of the Russian lady students here to much nagging police espionage. One rarely sees them unless in the Quartier Latin, although I came across a nest of them a short time ago in a hotel in the Cours de la Reine. Quakers could not have been more plainly dressed, and most of them had their hair cropped. They were good musicians, and one and all hardened smokers. Russian girls take to the fragrant weed like Kaluucks. I am not sure that their air of quiet, settled sadness is due to impunctiousness. A studentess told me that the only cheery one among them are Jewesses, and that they are not very wealthy; but they meet with moral, and, indeed, often material, support from persons of their race settled in Paris. I also learned from her that not a few of her companions are girls of influential families, and that they have broken away from home and come here under assumed names to study. The difficulties with which some of them had to contend in making their way here would strike you, were I to relate them, as belonging to the domain of romance. What do you think of the daughter of the Governor of a province who was sent south by her family to be out of the way of restless spirits with whom she came into sympathetic contact in Moscow, working her way as a cabin boy to Varna? She there entered a hotel as "boots," stayed some time, and, when she had money enough to buy a suit of clothes suitable to her sex, took service as a nursery-maid in a family about to start for England. When there, she was engaged as a nursery governess in a noble family, and was taken to the country-seat of some cousins of her own, high in the English peerage. But they had no idea who she was. As soon as she had saved a small sum she came to Paris, and before she could find a lodging, she used to pass her nights in a casual asylum. Being a person of first-rate education, she now prepares girls wanting to be admitted to the new high schools. The place where she resides is a big loft over a cart-maker's shed, which has been fitted up as a dormitory and living-room for about twenty studentesses. Another loft serves as a refectory, where meals are cooked at a large stove. Each studentess takes a turn at cooking. The tables on which dinner is served are made of boards placed on trestles. When the plates and dishes are removed in the evening, all sit down to study. The brain of the Russian girl is a receptive one, and retains what it takes in. I don't think that the studentesses I describe are engaged in dynamite conspiracies; but they wish well to those who are.—*Paris Cor. London Truth.*

—The remark of the colored brother that "Cussin' de wedder is mighty po' farmin'," is unquestionably true.—*Rural Vermont.*

—If you wish to win the unselfish devotion of the waiter you must show him a good deal of "quarter."—*Boston Commercial Gazette.*

—In murder cases where there is danger of hanging the prisoner the defense makes every effort to hang the jury.—*N. O. Picayune.*

—Conceit is a fool; deceit a knave. The first deceives itself, the second practices deception upon others. Both are intolerable.—*Boston Budget.*

—Lady Shopper—"I am looking for a wedding present." Druggist—"You were fortunate in coming here, madam. We have just laid in a large stock of the latest half-restorer."—*New Haven News.*

—A little chap, told by his mother to say his prayers and to ask for what he wanted, prayed "for one hundred brothers and fifty sisters." The mother hurried the little sinner off to bed before he could say amen.

—Schoolmaster—"Well, Bobby, my little fellow, what is your eye for?" Bobby—"Seem' wi'." S.—"And your ear?" B.—"Hearin' wi'." S.—"And your nose, B. bby?" B. (after a pause)—"For takin' the cauld wi'."

—Why it is that crying babies are allowed to ride in passenger cars, while well-behaved dogs are relegated to the baggage car, is almost enough to puzzle a seven-thousand-dollar Inter-State Commerce Commissioner.—*Puck.*

—Such a difference in people.—Some wear because they part, and laugh because they break. And others—O my heart! Because they never part.—*T. B. Aldrich.*

—"O, dear!" exclaimed Cousin Jane, "my throat is so raw I can't sing any more. Doesn't singing make your throat raw, Uncle Charles?" "I think," was the guarded reply, "that it has a tendency to make those raw who hear me."—*Boston Transcript.*

—When a crowd of a dozen or more young men congregate in a billiard room at night, a stranger to the entire company can easily pick out those who are married. The latter consult their watches every five minutes after the clock strikes ten.—*Drake's Traveler's Magazine.*

—Hush! Papa is reading the paper. Do not disturb him, for the daily paper is the "great educator of the people." His has finished his murders, outrages, and minor horrors, and is now in the midst of some juicy details of the latest scandals. Be silent or you may interrupt his education.—*Life.*

—If some amount of enthusiasm into sawing wood that they put into sitting on a plank and watching nineteen men play ball their wives could kindle the kitchen fire every twenty minutes through the twenty-four hours and still have kindlings to spare.—*Journal of Education.*

PITH AND POINT.

—Study a dimple, work hard at a smile.

—We desire to be underrated only by the assessor.

—If time is money some men have enough to start a bank.

—Be not simply good, but be good for something.—*Thoreau.*

—The lazy man's happiness consists in sitting on the soft side of a pine plank and seeing other men work.

—A bald-headed expression is generally better understood than a long-haired one.—*Pomeroy's Demo.*

—"Whatever you do, my boy, begin at the bottom and work up." "But, father, suppose I was going to dig a well?"

—The young ladies who have "nothing to wear" generally have nothing to keep them warm.—*Merchant Traveler.*

—The remark of the colored brother that "Cussin' de wedder is mighty po' farmin'," is unquestionably true.—*Rural Vermont.*

—If you wish to win the unselfish devotion of the waiter you must show him a good deal of "quarter."—*Boston Commercial Gazette.*

—In murder cases where there is danger of hanging the prisoner the defense makes every effort to hang the jury.—*N. O. Picayune.*

—Conceit is a fool; deceit a knave. The first deceives itself, the second practices deception upon others. Both are intolerable.—*Boston Budget.*

—Lady Shopper—"I am looking for a wedding present." Druggist—"You were fortunate in coming here, madam. We have just laid in a large stock of the latest half-restorer."—*New Haven News.*

—A little chap, told by his mother to say his prayers and to ask for what he wanted, prayed "for one hundred brothers and fifty sisters." The mother hurried the little sinner off to bed before he could say amen.

—Schoolmaster—"Well, Bobby, my little fellow, what is your eye for?" Bobby—"Seem' wi'." S.—"And your ear?" B.—"Hearin' wi'." S.—"And your nose, B. bby?" B. (after a pause)—"For takin' the cauld wi'."

—Why it is that crying babies are allowed to ride in passenger cars, while well-behaved dogs are relegated to the baggage car, is almost enough to puzzle a seven-thousand-dollar Inter-State Commerce Commissioner.—*Puck.*