The Louisiana Democrat.

"The World is Governed Too Much."

HENRY L. BIOSSAT, Business Manager. ALEXANDRIA, LOUISIANA, WEDNESDAY, JULY 20, 1887. VOL. XLII.—NO. 29.

WHO KNOWS?

Who knows of the steps it takes
To keep the home together,
Who knows of the work it makes?
Only one—the mother.

Who listens to childish woes
Which kisses only smother,
Who's pained by naughty blows?
Only one—the mother.

Who knows of the untiring care
Bestowed on baby brother,
Who knows of the tender prayer?
Only one—the mother.

Who knows of the lessons taught
Of loving one another,
Who knows of the patience sought?
Only one—the mother.

Who knows of the anxious fears
Lest darling may not weather
The storm of life in after years?
Only one—the mother.

Who kneels at the throne above
To thank the Heavenly Father
For that sweetest gift—a mother's love?
Only one—the mother.

—*Home Journal.*

THRILLING ADVENTURE.

The Story of My Strange Deliverance.

There was a touch of comedy in the first and a decided tragedy in the latter scenes of a drama in real life, in which I played, involuntarily, a leading part, which has always been interesting in its telling, and may be equally so when written and read.

It was about a month after the close of our civil war when I was stationed at a town on the Mississippi, in Louisiana, busily engaged, in connection with my duties as Provost Marshal of the division and district, in paroling the many ex-Confederates who were constantly coming in—most of them sick and worn, all hungry and dirty.

Old Colonel C., a good "rebel" and a fine gentleman, considered himself under obligations to me for sending to his home in an ambulance, his young, brave, gray-coated and very sick soldier son, and he continually invited me to accept of his hearty old-fashioned Southern hospitality at the home plantation about eight miles from our post. He had three young daughters, good "rebels" all, but pretty, bright, sensible ladies, whose political opinions never tainted their courtesy. I was glad to seek such pleasant company, and often did so.

I received notice one day from the Colonel, that the next Sunday would be Miss Georgia's birthday—that my presence would add to the joyousness of the occasion, and that there would be ample home products for egg-nogg, which latter intimation I well understood to mean that I would be greatly thanked if I brought the spirituous ingredients for that seductive concoction.

Early on the day mentioned I mounted with two canteens, one of whisky and one of Jamaica rum, fastened to my saddle-bow, and with no weapons. Necessity required that I should be in uniform passing through our troops and lines, and as the day was very, very warm I wore only a flannel undershirt beneath my closely buttoned, double-breasted coat, and strapped behind me a clean white garment and two collars, polished in the best style of the laundry art. I knew I would have to throw off my tight-fitting "harness" on my arrival to put on the light gray jacket the Colonel always insisted suited me better than the blue and brass, and I wanted to look "nice."

The road was long, hot and terribly dusty. About five hundred yards from my place of destination I stopped, picketed my horse inside the fence, retired to a thick grove of light underbrush, I well knew, and through which ran a little stream of clear water. I disrobed and bathed, then, fresh, cool and clean, I proceeded to prepare for inspection and review. I was struggling with the over-starched "biled shirt," head and arms hidden, when I heard the crackling of twigs. As I thrust my head, with hair all tumbled, through the bosom opening of the garment, I looked directly into the muzzles of three revolvers and one shot-gun, all held within five feet of, and on a line with, my head in a manner not calculated to increase a man's appetite for the contents.

Behind each weapon was a villainous outlaw, specimens of that class who were rebels and murderers with Union men and murderers and Yankees with the Confederate men, who met with no mercy or sympathy from the true soldier of either side. Worse still, I recognized from descriptions often given me, that one of the party was Mat Kingsley, whose house, near the post, I had been forced to take as a small-box hospital, and who, I had heard, vowed vengence upon me for the act.

There was nothing to do but "throw up my hands," and I did it. There was no use in arguing or pleading with such a gang, so I put a bold front on the matter and tried to compromise.

I had a couple of hundred dollars in greenbacks in my pocket, and these, with my horse, I offered if they would free me. They laughed the proposition to scorn. They had me and all these belonging to me, and intended to part with nothing. They had not expected such luck as finding me, being on their way to some other cowardly, thieving expedition, and securing me was a prize unexpected.

Quickly as possible I was stripped of every piece of clothing and made to replace it with the ragged, vermin-infested rags of my captors. I was warned that if I made the least outcry my brains would spatter the brush immediately, and I knew the threat was in earnest.

Mat Kingsley, the man I recognized, claimed me as "his meat." He told the others to go on their projected raid, while he took me to the rendezvous and "saved me up" for their return the next morning. Then securing my arms behind me, and hobbling my feet beneath Kingsley's lean mule, which they forced me to bestride, three of the party took their departure, carrying with them one of the canteens of liquor, my guard claiming the other as his share. He mounted my horse, and making me ride slowly before him, directed my way through a bridle path in and amongst the heavy, thick timber. Why he did not kill me at once I do not know, except that he may have desired to prolong my torture, or to really keep faith with his fellows. We rode in silence for an hour or more. At last we came to a small clearing, a "nigger patch," in the center of which was a tumble-down hut. Here Kingsley stopped, dismounted, untied my feet, motioned me to enter the cabin, and followed me.

The only occupant of the place was a little, thin, half-starved yellow woman. She seemed "scared to death" when we invaded her poor place, but, on demand, furnished us a drink of water, and Kingsley a pone of corn bread. She offered me one, but he struck it from her hand, saying:

"Let the cursed Yankee starve!"

This gave her a clew to the whole situation, and I could see that she sympathized with me, but was powerless to give me aid. Several times she made excuses and tried to go out, but was ordered, with many oaths, to remain where she was.

I will not attempt to describe my feelings; they can easily be imagined. The thoughts of such an ignoble ending to an extended and somewhat creditable military career was what troubled me most. But I knew that nothing short of a miracle could save me.

Kingsley had been frequent in his attentions to the canteen of whisky during our ride, and now he had it at his mouth every few minutes. With every drink his rage increased, and he poured upon my head all the vile curses and foul names he could think of or invent. He kicked and cuffed me, struck me almost stunning blows on the head with the butt of his revolver, and took devilish pleasure in picturing the torments to which I would be subjected.

From the way he tilted the canteen I could see that it would soon be empty, and I fully expected that my life would end with the liquor.

He was mad with rage and drunkenness.

He drained the last drop and threw the vessel from him; than he sat for a time in moody silence, casting glances of hate at me and playing with his revolver.

At last, with a terrible oath that he would "finish me now," he rose and placed the pistol within three inches of my forehead.

He meant to kill me. I could see it in his eyes. He delayed a moment in pulling the trigger. The little black woman sprang for him and grasped his arm.

"Not here! not here!" she cried, piteously.

The man turned upon her. I was so tied, arms and feet, I could neither aid nor escape. That woman clung to him; he could not shake her off, nor could his blows hurt her much at such close quarters.

Two shots he fired without effect, while the woman struggled and writhed, and wound herself about him.

To more easily grasp her he must have loosened his hold on the pistol; at all events, it flew from his hand and fell behind an old box that was standing in a corner. His hands both free, he seized the poor creature by the throat, choked her almost into insensibility, then lifted and "slammed" her in a helpless mass on the dirty floor.

There was no hope for me now.

Panting with his exertions he made his way to the box, and, his head turned to watch me, groped with his hand for the pistol.

Muttering hot curses he fumbled around for a moment or two, then gave a start, a quick glance at the dark cavity and uttered a fearful yell, straightened up, and I saw the most frightful, terror-stricken face my eyes ever looked upon.

In a second, a long, thin, black body glided across the floor and out of the door. It was a huge rattlesnake and its fangs had closed well and deadly in the hand of my would-be assassin.

The courage and bravado was all gone from him. He called upon the woman, on me, on Heaven to aid him. The woman was still senseless. I was bound so I could not move, and for a long time I was forced to witness the most terrible sight of my life.

At last the black mistress of the place recovered. In a dazed way she saw that our enemy was prostrated. She cut the ropes that bound us, and both of us did what we could to aid the unhappy wretch. The liquor he had drank made the poison more slow in its effect, but it was not able to save him. We had no remedies, and the woman could tell me of no place near by where I might procure help.

In less than three hours, so near as I could judge, Kingsley was a bloated, purple corpse, more revolting even in death than in life.

He had taken my trousers as his share of my clothing. In the pockets I found my watch, trinkets and money. Of the latter, my colored friend had the largest share. I was very sorry I could do nothing for the snake.

I threw the dead body over the mule's back and carried it a mile or more from the hut so as to prevent the people from getting into trouble. I left the terrible looking object in a thicket, and the woman promised me that "her man" should bury it after he came home that night. Then I turned the mule loose, mounted my horse and rode back to the post, where I astonished all who saw me, and gave as little explanation of my adventure as I could.

That night I spent with Colonel C. and his family, but I was not in my best uniform or my usual spirits. To the old gentleman in confidence I told my adventure.

I often dream that time over, and am not sorry to wake and find that my life does not depend upon a strange deliverance as before.—*L. B. Wilson, in Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

NEW GUINEA MARRIAGES.

Peculiar Ceremonies Characterized by Unusual Reserve and Modesty.

M. Reclus says the islanders of New Guinea are married, not according to their own inclinations, but those of their parents. They are most frequently affianced at a very tender age, but are afterwards forbidden to associate with each other; indeed, this is carried so far that the girl may not even look at her future husband. Both must avoid all contact with the members, masculine and feminine, of the family into which they are about to enter. Their wedding ceremonies are characterized by a reserve and a modesty very remarkable in a savage people of the tropics. Adorned with the most beautiful ornaments, the bride is conducted at night in a torchlight procession through the village. One woman carries her on her back, while another binds her arms as though she were a captive, and leads her by the rope to the house of her betrothed. This is a symbol of slavery, a souvenir of the ancient servitude which the aristocratic class has preserved. There is nothing of this in the processions of the poor. On reaching their destination, the bridegroom is presented to the bride's relatives, who lead him into her chamber. She awaits him with her back turned, indicating that she does not dare to meet his conquering gaze. The young man approaches till within two feet of her, turns on his heel, and then they are back to back, in the midst of a numerous assembly, the men on one side, the women on the other. After the entertainment the bride is led into her own room, still not daring to meet the terrible glance of her husband, and keeping her back turned to the door; seeing this, the husband also turns his back on her. The whole night is spent in this manner; they sit there motionless, having some one to brush away the flies, and without speaking a word. If they grow sleepy some one of the assistants, who take turns in doing this service, nudges him with his elbow. If they keep wide awake they are assured of a long life and green old age. In the morning they separate, still without looking at each other, in order to refresh themselves after the fatigues of the previous night. This performance is continued for four nights, and on the fifth morning, with the first rays of the sun, the young people may look each other full in the face. That suffices; the marriage is considered accomplished, and the newly wedded pair receive the customary congratulations.—*All the Year Round.*

THE FRANKISH KINGDOM.

The Power Wielded by the Kings of Jerusalem for Nearly a Century.

Those who are accustomed to think of the history of the Crusades as merely that of a succession of marvelous fanatic raids will have their ideas modified when they hear of this civil constitution of the Frankish Kingdom. For nearly a century the kings of Jerusalem held power over a district of about 15,000 square miles. For more than 150 years the Syrians were ruled by a Latin race, and there is, our author remarks, every reason to believe that they were content to be so governed; "truly, in the present century," he writes, "Syria might still be ruled well by a system founded on that of the Assizes of Jerusalem." Various were the races ruled by these Christian kings—Normans, Provencals, Italians, Germans, Frisians, and a few English and Spaniards, at one time Norsemen and Danes, among Europeans; among the native races, Christian and Moslem, were Greeks, Armenians, Georgians, Syrians, Moslem, Fellahin and Arabs, and apparently Persians among the Druzes and Assassins. As the natural result of the communion of the East and West, the *lingua Franca* contained a mixture of Arabic and Italian and other tongues of the Latin races. The language of literature and the church was Latin. Europeans married native women; thus arose the race called Poulains by the chroniclers. Baldwin I. and Baldwin II. married Armenian Princesses, but this did not result in placing a half-bred King on the throne. "The alliances of the noble families with Armenians were very numerous, and the rosy cheeks and dark eyes of the women of this race seem to have been more admired than the dusky beauties of Syrians, even when of Christian belief."—*Edinburgh Review.*

—"What is the best way to manage a man?" asks a feminine correspondent. The answer to this old conundrum is: "Don't let the man know you are trying to manage him."

HONESTY AND HYPOCRISY.

The True Voice and Sentiments of Ex-Confederate and Union Veterans.

An occasion like the reception of Confederate veterans in Boston on Bunker Hill day, with its striking interchange of friendly feeling and patriotic sentiment, puts to shame the paltry practices of politicians, now thrust upon our attention on every hand in anticipation of the Presidential campaign of next year. The Old Dominion and the old Bay State, the two foremost Commonwealths of the revolution, which were also prominent and representative States of the antagonism of our civil war, were here in perfect accord. The soldiers of Robert E. Lee encampment of Richmond, with wives, sisters, daughters and cousins in their company, were the honored guests of John A. Andrew Post of the Grand Army, and were escorted around Boston by other Grand Army posts and Union veteran associations, and fed in Faneuil Hall. The platform where they sat was decorated with the State shields of Massachusetts and Virginia. The invited guests numbered men of distinction on the battle-field, in Congress and in various walks of public and of business life on both sides of the old line of division. But there was not a word of division uttered; not a hostile emotion found vent. It could not have been the mere courtesy of the occasion that inspired the enthusiastic tone of the utterances.

Comrade Harrison Hume, of the Andrew Post, as toastmaster of the banquet, began a singularly-impressive address by quoting the words of a Virginian: "That there is some thing higher than the Confederate soldier—that there is some thing higher than the Federal soldier—it is the brotherhood of brave men." And he declared that now, in Faneuil Hall: "New England offers you the hand which straight from his soldier's heart, Grant offered Lee at Appomattox." She meant it, said the speaker; and "if there be some with us as with you, who, having 'learned nothing and forgotten nothing,' to satisfy their mad ambition would fan anew the flames of strife and discord, would doubt what I have said, the boys who wore the blue, who bared their bosoms to the storm of battle, will tell you that I speak the words of truth and soberness." He addressed the guests as "Comrades of the Gray," and bade them remember when on the heights of Fredericksburg they beat back the hopeless assaults of the Union army; he reminded the "Comrades of the Blue" of the assault of Pickett at Gettysburg, to the moment when "the limit of human endurance has been reached, * * * and the most magnificent charge in the annals of war has passed into history." Then he said:

Comrades of the Gray, you have failed, for the all-wise God of battles had decreed that the American Union should be one and indivisible; but you then and there wrote your names on the page of history as the "bravest of the brave." Comrades of the Blue, it was Virginians that made that charge. To-night those same men extend to you the right hand of fellowship. * * * Comrades of the Gray, as I stood upon one of your hills of blue, as an October sun was sinking to rest, and looked forth upon your beautiful valley of the Shenandoah, with joy and exultation, I exclaimed: "This is my country." Do I presume too much when I say that as you stood to-day upon the green turf of yonder venerable summit, once wet with precious blood, spilled in defense of human rights and human liberty, overlooking this great metropolis of New England, * * * while near you were beautiful cities and villages, where freedom and knowledge and morals and religion are the birthright of all; while near you were Concord and Lexington, where the "embattled farmers stood," and "where was fired the shot heard round the world;" and near you that ancient university under whose shadow Washington, to whom Virginia gave birth, of whose fame all other States are proud to claim a share, first drew his sword in command of American armies—that you, too, exclaimed: "God governs in the affairs of men. These, these are my brethren; and this, oh! this, too is my country."

It was the true voice of the North that spoke through the lips of Comrade Hume, and the South knows it, politicians with their "mad ambition" to the contrary notwithstanding.

Nor is there any doubt in the North as to the true voice of the South. We all know perfectly well that the South has turned over a new leaf, and that it is going to stay turned. There is not left in the whole stretch of the former slave States a corporal's guard of men who do not know that the Nation is henceforth and forever above the State; the war settled it, and none of them wish it were otherwise, none of them want slavery back again, they are all faced to the front. The speech of John Goode, of Virginia, emphasized and reiterated that fact. For the very purpose of emphasizing it he recalled how all through the war Virginia was a battle-field, and "almost every house a hospital," and when it ended there was nothing left but the soil. But, he declared, when any man supposes that Virginia, the mother of Henry, of Jefferson, of Mason, of Madison, of Marshall, of Washington—does not love the Union, "he is most egregiously mistaken." "We are ready to grasp hands," he said, "with the men of Massachusetts in starting our country upon a new career of prosperity." These are honest words, and the men that utter such words when they are visiting here, under the influence of hospitality, talk the same way when they are at home and the occasion rises. The Northern men who go South will all vouch for this; it is only the politicians who lie about it.—*Springfield (Mass.) Republican.*

——There is to be in the near future a terrible rivalry between Senator Sherman and General Fairchild. Sherman's bloody shirt has somewhat lost its novelty, but those three kinds of palsy which the General keeps in his waistcoat pocket are "gems of purest ray serene."—*N. Y. Herald.*

THE SOUTHERN FLAGS.

After-Thoughts Which Appeal Forcibly to an Intelligent Mind.

Now that there is no danger of the battle flags being returned, we may perhaps carefully discuss the whole situation in regard to them. We have held from the first that it would be a great mistake to return them. We should rather have all the battle flags of both sides turned over to the United States Government, not to be put away where they would decay and do nobody any good, but to be kept and preserved from decay, as mementoes of a past age, when the present age becomes a past age.

In the heat of the moment a good deal has been said which those who said it would now be glad to recall. There is no occasion for any deadly strife over the matter. There was no "plot" of any kind. No Southern State has imperiously demanded its battle flags.

The leading Southern newspaper, the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, expresses the Southern sentiment on the matter in the following way:

Nobody in the South, certainly no Southern State and no Confederate soldier, cares a nickel whether the battle-flags are returned or not. If there is a single soldier in the North who would retain them as trophies, he is welcome to all the glory and all the display which they can recall to his mind or bring to his heart. To us they mean nothing whatever. Assuredly, they betoken no greater loss on the side of the North than on that of the South, and, to a sound and healthy understanding, it is inconceivable how their possession can be a matter of moment or concern to any patriotic bosom. As well might we rejoice in the preservation and exhibition of the bloody pharaphernalia of the hospital or the rotting cerements of the grave.

All of which is very sensible. The South has no need of the battle-flags. We have said that they should be kept as mementoes of a mighty struggle. Perhaps it is better that they should rot away in the vaults of the War Department. Perhaps the sooner they rot the better. So far as we are concerned we have no use for them, one way or the other, preferring to turn our minds to the victories that Peace has, no less than War.

It has been the history of mankind in general, and no less of modern man, that the issues of the present have been less poten than the issues of the past. Humanity is always a generation behind its own interest. We boast of the progress and the discoveries of our age. So did our fathers. But why did their fathers, and why did ours, leave so many things to be discovered? Because they were always fooling away their time on just such ancient out-of-date nonsense as this battle-flag outcry.

If half the thought and energy that has been bestowed on a victory already securely won had been devoted to the new conquests needing, and sadly needing to be won, the world would be much further advanced than it is to-day. But it seems the fate of human beings to be always excited about every thing else except what concerns them. For this reason more than any other they grovel and toil and suffer.

The moment they learn some sense and forget all about war and its follies and agonies they will begin to prosper, and the prosperity will become general. What is the matter with Europe to-day? Every nation there is imbued with exactly the same instinct, and no other, that animates the Republican party of this country. It is the instinct of war. This war feeling leads to big armies, and big army expenses. The reuslt is that the industrious toiler is crushed to the earth.

On this side the war feeling does not result in big armies, because it is so plainly evident that they are not needed. But it disturbs our politics, and leads to their being cast on lines entirely inconsistent with the best interests of the country. Instead of thinking about the matters of to-day we are kept constantly in agitation about the securely-settled matters of a generation ago. Greater folly could not even be dreamed of.—*Des Moines (Ia.) Leader.*

WHAT THE PAPERS SAY.

——The President's mistake being promptly corrected by himself, it is rather small business for newspapers to attempt to make political capital out of it.—*N. Y. Independent.*

——The rate at which New York and Brooklyn Republicans are forsaking that party and joining the Democracy, threatens to depopulate the bloody shirt organization. The absurdity of raking up issues that were settled more than a quarter of a century ago, evidently does not meet the approval of the more intelligent adherants of the party of "great moral ideas."—*Lockport (N. Y.) Union.*

——There is no mistaking the state of the National mind so far as all attempts to revive sectionalism are concerned. The people will not have it. Whether it is Sherman in Ohio, Tuttle in Iowa, Rosser in Virginia or Fairchild in Wisconsin, every effort to blow the embers of the old strife into a flame is received with a general public indifference that is simply chilling.—*Boston Globe.*

——The wild and ferocious war-whoop of Mr. Halstead, the Cincinnati man who didn't go to the war, but who wanted Sherman turned out of the army for insanity and Grant for drunkenness, and who wanted somebody to take Abraham Lincoln by the heels and beat his brains out against a wall, is heard even above the frenzied screeches of Foraker, Fairchild and Private Dalzell. The flag incident has been as salt upon his abraided cuticle. The bellowing of the casual kine of the pennyroyal variety has not been so acute since the stock of fodder gave out in 1884.—*N. Y. World.*

WEIGHING THE SUN.

The Most Surprising Result of the Advancement of the Sciences.

The power we have of weighing a star is, without doubt, one of the most surprising results of the advancement of the sciences, that one indeed which persons unacquainted with the principles of celestial mechanics most hesitate to accept. To weigh a star is a fact more extraordinary, again, than to measure the distance of one; and certainly, neither Copernicus, nor Galileo, nor Keppler, nor Newton could have imagined that the day would come when their successors would be able, by the application of their immortal discoveries, to determine the mass of a star moving in the depths of celestial space. Let us attempt to give an idea of the method employed in acquiring a knowledge of the magnitude and the masses of stars.

The mass of a star is calculated by the energy of the action that it throws around it. If the earth were ten times heavier than it is, still preserving the same volume, it would draw bodies toward its surface ten times more forcibly than it now does, and an object which now falls a given number of feet in the first second of time, would then drop ten times that number of feet in that second. Again, if the earth, still preserving its volume, had the mass of the sun, it would attract bodies with an energy increased 324,000 times, and an object which now weighs one pound would then weigh 324,000 pounds; a man of the mean weight of 160 pounds would weigh 51,000,000 of them! We measure the weight of a star by the intensity of the attraction to its surface. Reduced to its simple expression, in its application to the fall of bodies, this attraction would be hard to verify; but we can determine it by the velocity of a satellite gravitating around a star whose mass we wish to know.

For example, the attraction of the earth has the power of curving the straight line which would be followed by the moon in space if this attraction did not exist, and it bends the line by its attraction in such a way that the moon runs round the circumference of a circle in twenty-seven days seven hours and forty-three minutes. If the mass or the energy of the earth should increase, the velocity of the moon in its orbit would also be augmented; if the mass should be diminished, the contrary effect on the moon's orbit would be produced. Attraction varies in the direct ratio of the masses. The velocity of the moon around the earth comes from the same force as the earth. The earth is the hand which causes the moon to turn in the sling. If the earth had more force, more energy than it really has, it would cause the moon to turn more swiftly, and, vice versa. If the sun should increase in weight the earth and other planets would turn more rapidly around it, and years would decrease in length. If the mass of the sun should decrease, the contrary results would take place. By comparing the action of the earth on the moon, we have found that the sun is 324,000 times more powerful, more heavy than the earth.—*Prof. Paul A. Towne.*

READY MONEY IN BANKS.

Difficulty of Cashing Very Large Checks at Any Financial Concern.

In a gathering recently of five or six men, most of whom are at least reputed to be wealthy, doubt was expressed by each one if there is a man in New York who could draw his check for $1,000,000 and have it honored in actual cash.

One of the group, a prominent financier, said: "I know of an instance not long since which is a fair illustration of these million dollar checks. A London man had a business transaction in which a payment was to be made to him of £68,000. For business reasons he did not wish the checks to be passed as in business transactions. A check had been given to him on Mills, Glynn, Currie & Co., who are the recognized outside bankers of the Bank of England. He went to them and demanded the cash for the check. They had not so much money on hand and were obliged to ask him to wait until they could go to the bank of England and procure it. When he had secured the cash he went to the other bankers to make a deposit. The second house refused to accept the money on deposit until he had explained to them in the fullest manner where he got it. They had never had so large a deposit made in cash at one time. They would not accept it without knowing where it came from and looked upon him with suspicion for having so much cash in his possession until he had explained the circumstances of his business.

Of course the bank of England had money enough to meet such a check or a much larger one, the same as the United States Treasury would be able to meet a great demand. But the fact that £68,000 should be a stumper for two of the biggest banking establishments of London indicates how small a part actual cash plays in the business transactions of the day."—*N. Y. Tribune.*

—On Robert's Island, California, one day last week Farmer Gibson shot a dove, which dropped dead in the grass near his house. As he started to pick up the bird he saw something move toward the spot where it had fallen; and, thinking it a coon, he fired at the object, which proved to be his thirteen-year old son, who was hiding in the grain. The charge entered the lad's breast and he died shortly after.

PITH AND POINT.

—Which is the worse, the man who can sing and won't or the man who can't and will?

—No one is likely to accomplish much who moodily indulges in a desponding view of his own capabilities.

—When some men draw up a note they have to draw it up pretty small before any one will take it.

—A man has hard work to make his wife believe that he doesn't own the earth when she gets him into a bonnet store.

—If a vixenish wife ever takes back her words, it is in order that she may use them again with redoubled effect.

—A correspondent writes to ask what kind of cloth is most durable. Convict stripes, dear sir. They are never worn out.—*Buffalo Express.*

—A newspaper man has written an article on "Ladies' Hats," but we must say he doesn't rise to the height of his subject.—*Burlington Free Press.*

—All is not gold that glitters—

A beauty fair may criticise
When cheeks are red and glances twinkle;
'Tis freckles which philosophize,
And wisdom comes with scar and wrinkle.

—*Texas Siftings.*

—A Dakota man recently got fifty dollars damages from a railroad company whose line runs through his farm. His claim was that the trains were so long passing across his fields that they injured the crop to that amount by shading it.—*Dakota Bell.*

—A Good Recommendation—Old Podgers—"You may be right, Mr. Sappington, still, I shall send Willie to Yale." Sap (who entered Harvard with '83)—"My dear sir, you will always regret it. Now look at me; I entered eight years ago, and——" (Willie goes to Yale.)

—Mrs. DeGarmo—"I understand your son is quite sick at college Mrs. Smythe?" Mrs. Smythe—"Yes. Poor John! The president writes me that he entered into his work with too much ardor, and he has broken down." Mrs. De Garmo—"What seems to be the nature of his trouble?" Mrs. Smythe—"He was hit on the head by a foul ball, I believe they call it."—*Harper's Bazar.*

—There is a legend of one who, day-dreaming in his chair, behind a vision, which stood there before him and beckoned him to follow her to fortune. He waited sluggishly, heeded not her call nor her beckoning, until at last she grew dim and disappeared. Just as the vision faded he sprang to his feet and cried out: "Tell me who thou art!" and received the answer, "I am Opportunity; once neglected I never return."—*Indianapolis Journal.*

—Couldn't stand the atmosphere.—"The air in this room makes me feel faint," said a husband to his wife in a large dry goods store on Sixth avenue. "The smell of dry goods always was unpleasant to me. I'll cross the street and wait for you." Then he went across the street and into a lager beer saloon, the floor of which was covered with stale beer, cigar stumps and sawdust, and enjoyed the pure ozone until his wife came out.—*Drake's Traveller's Magazine.*

ABOUT THE ZITHER.

A Charming Instrument Which Is Growing in Popular Favor.

The zither (pronounced tzit-ter) is an instrument which has of late been engrossing the attention of quite a number of people, and bids fair to become popular in fashionable circles. In European cities it has attained unusual prominence and won well-merited distinction, which in this country, for lack of good teachers, it has failed to receive proper attention. Its name is derived from the Greek (Kitharia), the precise shape of which is not known, but it is supposed to have resembled the lyre in construction. It has been wonderfully improved within the last half century, and to-day is as complete as any instrument of its kind known to the world. Its qualities are clear, having a degree of refinement and delicacy possessed by no other instrument except the human voice or the violin. It, like other musical instruments of the higher order, has its technicalities, being capable of portraying a variety of emotion and expression if manipulated by a first-class performer. Its advantages are many, being small in compass, easily carried from place to place, especially adapted to parlor amusement, and furthermore comprising in itself melody, bass and accompaniment. According to the form of to-day, the instrument has five melody-strings, tuned in fifths, comprising in the chromatic order a range of four octaves and two or three semitones, and twenty-five or more bass and accompaniment strings, also tuned in fifths, comprising a range chromatically of two octaves or more. It has created quite an interest among the ladies, being well adapted to leisure moments, and will in a short time become a favorite among them.—*Baltimore American.*

Got Them Mixed Up.

"I haven't a fair show," said a tough whom a policeman in the northeastern part of the city was ordering to move on. "I can't fight you in your official capacity. If you were only a citizen for a few minutes!"

"Consider me a citizen," replied the officer, as he laid down his baton and removed his badge.

An interval of seconds elapsed, and as the tough hitched nearer the fence to get a brace for his back he wearily observed:

"Say! there is some mistake! I guess I got the capacities mixed up!"—*Detroit Free Press.*