

# The Louisiana Democrat.

"The World is Governed Too Much."

HENRY L. BLOSSAT, Business Manager.

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## LAY OF THE ORANGE PEEL.

I lie supine in the soft sunshine,  
Where the people come and go;  
I strive to wear an innocent air,  
Beware I am humble and low;  
But when the heel of the proud I feel,  
Which would crush me into the stone,  
Ah, woe! hour, I evolve the power  
That Keeley never has shown.  
My place I hold on the pavement cold,  
And never move out of my tracks,  
But I squirm the feet of the indignant,  
And land 'em upon their backs.  
The motive mule beside me's a fool,  
Though a dozen feet he might claim,  
I may look sick, but I'm mighty slick,  
And am loaded all the same.  
I floor the strong as they prance along,  
In all their princely style,  
One touch of a toe and away they go,  
They imagine a half a mile;  
I feel so good when I shock a dude  
That I chuckle at my luck,  
While he thinks outright it is dynamite,  
Or swears he was lightning struck.  
I had beware to the man without care,  
Who goes with mind and his gait,  
And the poet oft takes a flight aloft—  
Though he comes down for his pains,  
I was always known to hold my own,  
But folks I let go see,  
And there's plenty of fun 'neath the summer  
sun when they toboggan on me.  
Could they utilize the power that lies  
In me they could move the earth,  
They would laugh at steam as a by-gone dream,  
And value me at my worth.  
Still I lie supine in the soft sunshine,  
And the people think me asleep,  
But the cautious heel from the orange peel  
Will a courteous distance keep.  
—A. W. Hill, in *Detroit Free Press*.

## A MODEL MILLIONAIRE.

The Story of an Old Beggar's Wedding Present.

Unless one is wealthy there is no good in being a charming fellow. Romance is the privilege of the rich, not the profession of the unemployed. The poor should be practical and prosaic. It is better to have a permanent income than to be fascinating. These are the great truths of modern life which Hughie Eskine never realized. Poor Hughie! Intellectual, we must admit, he was not of much importance. He never said either a brilliant or an ill-natured thing in his life. But then he was wonderfully good-looking, with his crisp brown hair, his clear-cut profile, and his gray eyes. He was as popular with men as he was with women, and he had every accomplishment except that of making money. His father had bequeathed him his cavalry sword and a "History of the Peninsular War" in fifteen volumes. Hughie hung the first over his looking-glass, put the second on a shelf between "Ruff's Guide" and "Baily's Magazine," and lived on two hundred a year that an old aunt allowed him. He had tried everything. He had gone on the Stock Exchange for six months; but what was a butterfly to do among bulls and bears? He had been a tea merchant for a little longer, but had soon tired of Pekoe and Souchong, and he had tried selling dry sherry. That did not answer. Ultimately he became a young man, with a perfect profile and no profession.  
To make matters worse, he was in love. The girl he loved was Laura Merton, the daughter of a retired Colonel who had lost his temper and his digestion in India, and had never found either of them again. Laura adored him, and he was ready to kiss her shoestrings. They were the handsomest couple in London, and had not a penny-piece among them. The Colonel was very fond of Hughie, but would not hear of an engagement.  
"Come to me, my boy, when you have got £10,000 of your own, and we will see about it," he used to say; and Hughie looked very glum on those days, and had to go to Laura for consolation.  
One morning, as he was on his way to Holland Park, where the Mertons lived, he dropped in to see a great friend of his, Alan Trevor. Trevor was a painter. Indeed, few people escape that nowadays. But he was also an artist, and artists are rather rare. Personally, he was a strange, rough fellow, with a freckled face and red hair. However, when he took up the brush he was a real master, and his pictures were eagerly sought after. He had been very much attracted by Hughie, at first, it must be acknowledged, entirely on account of his good looks. "The only people a painter should know," he used to say, "are people who are *à la mode* and beautiful, people who are an artistic pleasure to look at, and an intellectual repose to talk to. Dandies and darlings rule the world!" However, after he got to know Hughie better, he liked him quite as much for his bright, buoyant spirits and his generous, reckless nature, and had given him the permanent *entree* to his studio.  
When Hughie came in he found Trevor putting the finishing touches to a wonderful life-size picture of a beggar man. The beggar himself was standing on a raised platform in a corner of the studio. He was a wizened old man, with a face like a wrinkled parchment, and a most piteous expression. Over his shoulders was flung a coarse brown cloak, all tatters and tatters; his thick boots were patched and cobbled, and with one hand he leaned on a rough stick, while with the other he held out his battered hat for alms.  
"What an amazing model!" whispered Hughie, as he shook hands with his friend.  
"An amazing model?" shouted Trevor at the top of his voice; "I should think so! Such beggars as he are not to be met with every day. A *trouvaillé*, *mon cher*; a living Velasquez! My stars! what an etching Rembrandt would have made of him!"

"Poor old chap!" said Hughie, "how miserable he looks! But I suppose, to you painters, his face is his fortune?"  
"Certainly," replied Trevor; "you don't want a beggar to look happy, do you?"  
"How much does a model get for sitting?" asked Hughie, as he found himself a comfortable seat on a divan.  
"A shilling an hour."  
"And how much do you get for your picture, Alan?"  
"O, for this I get a thousand."  
"Pounds?"  
"Guineas. Painters, poets and physicians always get guineas."  
"Well, I think the model should have a percentage," said Hughie, laughing; "they work quite as hard as you do."  
"Nonsense, nonsense! Why, look at the trouble of laying on the paint alone, and standing all day long at one's easel! It's all very well, Hughie, for you to talk, but I assure you that there are moments when art approaches the dignity of manual labor. But you mustn't chatter; I'm very busy. Smoke a cigarette, and keep quiet."  
After some time the servant came in, and told Trevor that the framemaker wanted to speak to him.  
"Don't run away, Hughie," he said, as he went out. "I will be back in a moment."  
The old beggar man took advantage of Trevor's absence to rest for a moment on a wooden bench that was behind him. He looked so forlorn and wretched that Hughie could not help pitying him, and he felt in his pockets to see what money he had. All he could find was a sovereign and some coppers. "Poor old fellow," he thought to himself, "he wants it more than I do, but it means no happiness for a fortnight," and he walked across the studio and slipped the sovereign into the beggar's hand.  
The old man started, and a faint smile flitted across his withered lips.  
"Thank you, sir," he said in a foreign accent.  
Then Trevor arrived, and Hughie took his leave, blushing a little at what he had done. He spent the day with Laura, got a charming scolding for his extravagance, and had to walk home.  
That night he strolled into the Palette Club about eleven o'clock, and found Trevor sitting by himself in the smoking-room drinking hook and seltzer.  
"Well, Alan, did you get the picture finished all right?" he said, as he lit his cigarette.  
"Finished and framed, my boy!" answered Trevor; "and by and by, you have made a conquest. That old model you saw is quite devoted to you. I had to tell him all about you—who you are, where you live, what your income is, what prospects you have."  
"My dear Alan," cried Hughie, "I shall probably find him waiting for me when I go home. But of course you are only joking. Poor old beggar! I wish I could do something for him. I think it is dreadful that any one should be so miserable. I have got heaps of old clothes at home—do you think he would care for any of them? Why, his rags were falling to bits."  
"But he looks splendid in them," said Trevor. "I wouldn't paint him in a frock coat for anything. What you call rags I call romance. What seems poverty to you is picturesque to me. However, I'll tell him of your offer."  
"Alan," said Hughie, seriously, "you painters are a heartless lot."  
"An artist's heart is his head," replied Trevor; "and besides, our business is to realize the world as we see it, not to reform it as we know it. *Chacun son métier*. And now tell me how Laura is. The old model was quite interested in her."  
"You don't mean to say you talked to him about her?" said Hughie.  
"Certainly I did. He knows all about the relentless colonel, the lovely damsel, and the £10,000."  
"You told that old beggar all my private affairs?" cried Hughie, looking very red and angry.  
"My dear boy," said Trevor, smiling, "that old beggar, as you call him, is one of the richest men in Europe. He could buy all London to-morrow without overdrawing his account. He has a house in every capital, dines off gold plates, and can prevent Russia going to war when he chooses."  
"What on earth do you mean?" exclaimed Hughie.  
"What I say," said Trevor. "The old man you saw to-day was Baron Hansberg. He is a great friend of mine, buys all my pictures and that sort of thing, and gave me a commission a month ago to paint him as a beggar. *Que voulez-vous? La fantasia d'un millionnaire!* And I must say he made a magnificent figure in his rags, or perhaps I should say in my rags; they are an old suit I got in Spain."  
"Baron Hansberg?" cried Hughie. "Good heavens! I gave him a sovereign—did he sink into an armchair the picture of dismay?"  
"Gave him a sovereign!" shouted Trevor, and he burst into a roar of laughter. "My dear boy, you'll never see it again. *Son affaire c'est l'argent des autres*.  
"I think you might have told me, Alan," said Hughie, sulkily, "and not let me make such a fool of myself."  
"Well, to begin with, Hughie," said Trevor, "it never entered my mind that you went about distributing alms in that reckless way. I can understand your kissing a pretty model, but your giving a sovereign to an ugly one—by Jove, not besides, the fact is that I really was not at home to-day to

any one; and when you came in I didn't know whether Hansberg would like his name mentioned. You know he wasn't in full dress."  
"What a duffer he must think me!" said Hughie.  
"Not at all. He was in the highest spirits after you left; kept chuckling to himself and rubbing his old wrinkled hands together. I couldn't make out why he was so interested to know all about you; but I see it all now. He'll invest your interest every six months, and have a capital story to tell after dinner."  
"I am an unlucky devil," growled Hughie. "The best thing I can do is to go to bed; and, my dear Alan, you mustn't tell any one. I shouldn't dare to show my face in the Row."  
"Nonsense! It reflects the highest credit on your philanthropic spirit, Hughie, and don't run away. Have another cigarette, and you can talk there as Laura as much as you like."  
However, Hughie wouldn't stop, but walked home, feeling very unhappy, and leaving Alan Trevor in fits of laughter.  
The next morning, as he was at breakfast, the servant brought him up a card, on which was written, "Monsieur Gustave Naudin, de la part de M. le Baron Hansberg." "I suppose he has come for an apology," said Hughie to himself; and he told the servant to show the visitor up.  
An old gentleman with gold spectacles and gray hair came into the room, and said, in a slight French accent: "Have I the honor of addressing Monsieur Hugh Eskine?"  
Hughie bowed.  
"I have come from Baron Hansberg," he continued. "The Baron—" "I beg, sir, that you will offer him my sincere apologies," said Hughie.  
"The Baron," said the old gentleman, with a smile, "has commissioned me to bring you this letter;" and he handed Hughie a sealed envelope.  
On the outside was written: "A wedding present to Hugh Eskine and Laura Merton, from an old beggar," and inside was a check for £10,000.  
When they were married Alan Trevor was the best man, and the Baron made a speech at the wedding breakfast.  
"Millionaire models," said Alan, "are rare enough; but, by Jove, model millionaires are rarer still!"—*London World*.

## STEREOTYPE PLATES.

The Various Modern Processes Employed in Their Manufacture.

The stereotyping process is very simple. The type being set, corrected, made into pages and fixed in a frame, is laid upon the stone or hard table used, face upward. A little fine oil is brushed over it, to prevent the paper mache from adhering to the face of the type. This paper mache, which is formed by pasting upon a sheet of tissue paper and a sheet of soft, absorbent white paper. It is made in sheets, and usually to make a matrix of the desired thickness several sheets are used. It is kept moist for use, and lightly covered with pulverized French chalk when laid upon the face of the type. Then it is beaten with a stiff brush to force the soft paper into all the interstices of the type. Other sheets of the prepared paper are added to secure the desired thickness, the whole then is covered with a woolen blanket and put into a press, the bed of which is moderately heated and the press screwed down. The heat soon dries the matrix, which when taken out of the press is a stiff card showing a perfect reversed impression of the types. A mold of metal is then taken from the matrix, in which the exact face of the types is reproduced for printing. Stereotype metal is softer than ordinary type metal, and is made of a mixture of lead, antimony, and tin or bismuth. One of the best formulae is said to be lead, nine parts; antimony, two parts; bismuth, one part. When the plate is to be run on a rotary press, it is cast in a box which is curved inside, so that the form of the plate will fit the cylinder of the press, when complete. This is the method of stereotyping plates in large newspaper offices, and an entire large plate can be made in an quarter of an hour, or even less time. The paper mache process was first used in France in 1848, and a few years later was put to use in New York. The quickness and cheapness of the process has brought it into general use, but for fine book work the plaster process is still employed as giving a more perfect result. This process was invented about 1781, and was used altogether until the invention of the papier mache method. By it the matrices are made of plaster-of-Paris, which is a slower and more costly way than making them of paper pulp, produces a finer and cleaner plate when finished.—*Chicago Inter-Ocean*.

Minks—"Beats all what people these women are about business. I gave my wife \$5 this morning to go shopping, and all she had to show for it at noon was a couple of pairs of stockings." Jinks—"Yes, that's the way it goes. I've been there. By the way, these are mighty good cigars, Minks." Minks—"They ought to be; cost me \$12 a hundred."—*Omaha World*.

—Some electric-light wires were broken by a gale of wind at Augusta, Ga., a few days ago, and falling in the street gave severe shocks to people who happened to touch them.

## IN A SAD CONDITION.

The Republican Party in the Shoes of the Poor Fellow Who Is Waiting for Something to Turn Up.

A large number of Republican politicians, of greater and less degree, have been interviewed in various parts of the country within the last few weeks regarding the prospect for their party in the approaching Presidential campaign. Nobody can have read many such interviews without being struck with the unanimity with which all these politicians confess that they are trusting to luck for success next year. As a rule they say that the Republicans will carry the election, but when pressed for an explanation as to how they will do it, they always fall back upon the theory that there will be a Labor candidate for President; that he will draw off about twice as many votes from the Democrats as from the Republicans; and that the Republican nominee will thus slip in. In other words, they virtually confess that on a square test between the old parties the Republicans are beaten before the fight opens, but they trust to luck that something will turn up by which their party may win, without any reference to the question of merits.

It is curious to observe how completely the old "issues," which have so long been the stand-bys of the Republicans are now disposed of. There was the "scare" argument, to begin with, which did such excellent service so long as the Republicans were in power and could fool business men and laboring men into the belief that a Democratic administration "involves financial, industrial and commercial peril," to quote the words of the Massachusetts platform in 1884. But with business better than it was in 1884, and with the increased deposits showing that the laboring men are able to save more than ever before, it is simply ridiculous to tell business men or laboring men that the country will be "ruined" if a Democrat is again elected.

The "rebel claims," "rebel pensions," and "rebel debt" bugaboos have also been done for. There may be places in the backwoods where a Republican stump speaker would still venture to get off those ancient "gags," but among respectable people nobody longer has the assurance to talk that sort of nonsense. And it had a tremendous hold upon intelligent people only three years ago. If they would be honest about it, tens of thousands of men, who now see that there was no foundation for their dread, would confess that they were only frightened into voting for Blaine in 1884, against their convictions, by the "rebel claim" business.

The State-rights issue has gone the same way with the "ruin" and the "rebel claims." That a Democratic President would have the chance to fill vacancies in the Supreme Court with men who believe in State-rights, and that this would be dangerous to the Nation, was once an effective argument. But the Supreme Court itself, while composed entirely of justices appointed by Republican Presidents, has made it of no avail in future, for that court has settled the State-rights issue in a way which no Democrat wants to unsettle, and Justice Miller has declared that "the autonomy of the States, and their power to regulate their domestic affairs" are now established upon a firm basis.

The "solid South" cry no longer frightens any body. It used to be urged that if the Democrats came into power, they would virtually re-enslave the negroes, make the South uninhabitable by Northern men, and generally cut up all manner of mischief. But the negroes themselves admit that they are better off than ever before, Northern men are settling in the South in steadily growing numbers, and the relations between the races are found by such observers as General Armstrong of Hampton, a Union soldier and Republican, to be more kindly than at any previous time since the war. On the sectional issue all that the Republicans have to offer is the assurance, for which they may appeal with confidence to their record in the past, that if they are restored to power, there will be more "outrages" in the South than there have been since Mr. Cleveland was inaugurated; but it may be doubted whether even "Bill" Chandler or General Tuttle would venture to stomp the country on that basis.

After all, when one comes to review the field, it is not so evil as it appears at first thought that the Republican managers are trusting to luck in 1888. All of their old devices are used up, and they see as plainly as anybody else that no new ones can be invented to take their places. So it is that the organization, which as a "party of moral ideas," elected Abraham Lincoln in 1860, rests its hope of victory in 1888, not upon the promise to the wisest voters of the best candidate, but upon the chance that a Labor nominee for President will draw more foolish voters from the party than from its own.—*N. Y. Post*.

—The organs of the Republican party have only one motto, and if you keep that in mind you will understand all the fine rhetorical trapeze work which they are now getting in. That motto is, "When the bloody shirt goes to the laundry we go to the cemetery of dead issues."—*N. Y. Herald*.

—Now the statement is that "Blaine of Maine—Right" on the Kansas Pacific documents was a brother—a long deferred brother. If a strawberry mark can be produced the story is complete.—*Albany (N. Y.) Times*.

## DRIFT OF OPINION.

General Tuttle's reputation would have been in better trim to-day if he had defended the Union by means of a substitute.—*Chicago News*.

—Mr. Blaine, it seems, can not prevail upon Mr. Gladstone to come to America. But can't Mr. Gladstone prevail on Mr. Blaine to remain in England?—*Chicago Times*.

—Rev. R. R. R. Burchard has been interviewed on the Grand Army business. He sympathizes with Tuttle, but evidently thinks the General has made a fool of himself.—*St. Louis Republican*.

—General Tuttle says that "the Southern people hold just as bitter feelings toward the North as they ever have." That is good Republican doctrine. It is the platform on which the party will fight and lose in 1888.—*St. Louis Post-Dispatch*.

—Thomas E. Powell, the Democratic nominee for Governor of Ohio, was a private soldier in the Union army. As he is not a very ferocious man, it is not likely that he ever killed and swallowed whole Confederate brigades, as Foraker did.—*Cincinnati Enquirer*.

—Whitelaw Reid, as organ-grinder-in-chief in America, attempts to make out that if the Republicans were in power every man appointed to office would be a good one. There is no need of overhauling history to refute this nonsense. Harvey, the forger, just sentenced to prison for twelve years, was appointed on Mr. Reid's recommendation.—*Chicago Herald*.

—Ex-Senator Dorsey is reported to be arranging to return to the glowing arena of politics, with his eye fixed upon a Senatorial chair. Perhaps it would be better for Mr. Dorsey to remain a simple sheep herder in New Mexico and cool off his political ambition, which will rob him of that peace of mind which he has no doubt enjoyed since he retired to the New Mexican sheepfolds.—*St. Paul Pioneer-Press (Rep.)*.

## THE OLD SOLDIERS.

How They Have Been "Abused" by the Democratic Administration.

In their eager desire to make out an essential antagonism between President Cleveland and the old soldiers, the Republican politicians undertake to dispute the fact that the present administration has put more Union veterans in office than were given position under Republican rule. The fact remains, however, a sober, serious, unquestionable fact. It is true, and the unalterable records stand as irrefutable evidence of the fact. The great Interior Department, which has as its head a former "rebel," affords a brilliant example of this fact. A comparison of the official register of the department, showing the roster of officers on October 1, 1884, being the last issued under President Arthur's Administration, gives a total of 770 veteran Union soldiers and sailors employed under the department at that time. On February 1, 1887, however, with Secretary Lamar, the ex-Confederate, at the head of the department, there were sixty-four more Union veterans on the roll, the total at that date being 834. The total number of employees at present aggregates 3,600, and the list was certainly not so large on the 1st of October, 1884, so that the ex-Confederate Secretary, carrying out the general policy of President Cleveland with exceptional vigor, has given a much larger percentage of the offices under his control to Union veterans than did his Republican predecessor.

A similar comparison of the rolls of the other departments would show that the same policy has prevailed every where under this Administration. Almost without exception, whenever a Union soldier or sailor has gone out his place has been filled by the appointment of another Union veteran. This course has been so invariably followed that such exceptions as can be discovered are only of the kind that prove the rule. In addition a number of positions not heretofore filled by Union veterans.—*St. Louis Republican*.

## A FAITHFUL ENGINEER.

How He Protected the Property of the Company That Employed Him.

A few years ago the rolling stock of the Washburn road was in a bad state of repair, and all train men were instructed to exercise the utmost caution in order to prevent accidents. I was a passenger one day by a train running from Indiana to Springfield, Ill. Not far from the Illinois capital the train ran for two or three miles with aggravating slowness barely moving, and at length came to a halt. I was one of the dozen passengers who got off to ascertain the cause of the delay.

"Locomotive broke down?" I inquired of the engineer, who sat in the cab with his hand on the throttle.

"No; I guess not," was the reply.

"Bad track along here?"

"Not very. No wuss than other places."

"Are you out of coal, or water, or anything?"

"Not's I know on."

"Then, why in thunder don't you go ahead? We passengers have seen enough of the scenery about here."

"Look-a-here, stranger, he you runnin' this engine, or me? I guess I know my business. D'ye see that mule on the track up ahead that, with his tail this way? I've been follerin' that mule for two mile. He's stopped now to get some bottle-flies off hisself, an' we can't go on till he gets through."

"But why don't you drive ahead and scare or knock him off the track?"

"Looky here, stranger, he you runnin' this engine, or me? I guess I know my business. My orders is to exercise all possible caution in runnin' trains on account of the lives of the passengers, an' to protect the property of the comp'ny; an' I'm goin' to do it if it takes all summer. Stranger, you don't know that mule as well as I do, or you wouldn't talk about scarin' or knockin' him off the track. If I was to run down ag'in him and disturb his meditations 'bout the meanness of bottle-flies, he'd up an' kick this engine all to smithereens. If you'll be a little patient, I'll get you into Springfield some time afore morning; but if you go to foolin' with that mule, we shan't get there till next week."

"But," says I, "if—"

"Hi, there!" yelled the engineer; "you'd better git abroad. The mule is comin' this way, an' I'm goin' to back up."—*Drake's Traveler's Magazine*.

## WILLIAM PENN'S TABLE.

The Interesting Piece of Furniture Owned by a Pennsylvania Doctor.

Dr. J. H. Hepburn, of Reimersburg, Pa., has a table which was once the property of William Penn. The table and four chairs that matched it were presented to William Bradford, the pioneer printer and publisher of this country. They were sacredly kept in the Bradford family until 1820, when they fell into the possession of the third William Bradford, a printer in New York City. He set no value on ancient furniture, and stored it in his garret. Among his apprentices was an Irish boy named Baragay McGowan. His parents were very poor, and at one time were forced to part with such scant furniture as they had to pay the rent. Young Barney mentioned this circumstance to his employer one day, and Bradford had the Penn chairs and table brought from the garret and gave them to McGowan with the remark: "These things once belonged to William Penn, and my father and grandfather prized them highly. But I have no liking for such rubbish, and if they will relieve the distress of your family, you are welcome to them." A few years ago the McGowans moved to Gloucester, N. J. There lived there at that time J. H. Hepburn, owner of what was once a celebrated collection of curios in Philadelphia known as Grot's Museum. To Hepburn the McGowans became indebted for rent, and in other ways, to the amount of thirty dollars. They could not pay, but offered Hepburn the Penn table in liquidation of his claim. He investigated the history of the furniture and found that it was genuine. He took the table and canceled the debt. The four chairs were no longer in possession of the McGowans, and it is not known what became of them. Hepburn was the father of Dr. Hepburn, the present owner of the ancient table. The table is of solid walnut and has two folding leaves. It is oval in shape. There are two drawers, one in each end. The table is four feet and seven inches long and five feet wide when the leaves are raised. It is very heavy and solidly built, with no attempt at ornamentation. An offer of five hundred dollars was refused for it.—*Baltimore American*.

## AN EXCELLENT RECORD.

The Sort of Figures Which Talk Louder Than Republican Party Lies.

Several Republican papers have recently taken occasion to deny the statement that more pension work is now being done in the Pension Bureau and in Congress than ever before. The statement is true, and the bureau has the figures to show it.

The number of private pension bills which have passed Congress and been approved by the President in two years is double the number Hayes signed, and more than both Grant and Hayes or Garfield and Arthur signed. These four, in the fifteen years from 1870 to 1885, approved 1,524 private pension bills. President Cleveland, in the two years from 1885 to 1887, approved 863 such bills, over half as many. If the proportion continues to hold good Mr. Cleveland will sign two hundred more pension bills in four years than Grant, Hayes, Garfield and Arthur did in fifteen years.

The number of pension certificates of all classes issued from July, 1885, to July, 1887, double those from July, 1885, to July, 1885, and \$16,000,000 more paid out.

There are now about 402,000 pensioners on the rolls, an increase of over 55,000 since July, 1885, as against an increase of 41,000 from July, 1883, to July, 1885.

These are the sort of figures which talk.—*Washington Post*.

## PITH AND POINT.

—Sometimes it is extremely hard to tell where frankness ends and impudence begins.—*Chicago Ledger*.

—Education is a good thing when it does not directly unfit a man for working for a living.—*N. O. Picayune*.

—Fruitless is sorrow for having done amiss if it issue not in the resolution to do so no more.—*Bishop Horne*.

—If some men knew as much as they talked there wouldn't be any sale for the encyclopedia.—*Somerville Journal*.

—A doctor says "onions are about the best nerve remedy known." It requires a good deal of nerve for a society girl to eat them.

—Our chief want in life is somebody who shall make us do what we can. This is the service of a friend.—*Emerson*.

—Bobson—"Don't you think Simpkins is a very bright young man?" Dumpey—"Well—yes; he would be if his cheek was polished."—*Burlington Free Press*.

—There are lots of men in this world who are born to rule, but the other fellows are such a pack of ignoramuses that they can't be made to realize it.—*Merchant Traveler*.

—A great and good mind only can properly value and really comprehend the mental and moral excellence of a great and good mind.—*Youth*.

—In all things throughout the world the men who look for the crooked will see the crooked, and the men who look for the straight can see the straight.—*Ruskin*.

—"What is a masked ball?" asked an old gentleman from the country, of his niece, who was both a beauty and a wit. "A masked ball is a charitable institution for the benefit of ladies of homely features," she replied.

—"What They May Find."—*Coquette who refuse to discover True love, and mislead with a ruse, Who will not from the heart choose a lover, May find there's no lover to choose.*—*Texas Siftings*.

—"How does it happen that there are so many old maids among the school teachers?" asked a reporter of a teacher the other day. "Because school teachers are, as a rule, women of sense; and no woman will give up a \$60 position for a \$10 man," was the reply.—*Carleville (Ga.) Courant*.

## CHESTNUTS AND RATS.

An Important Classification Prepared for Young Lady Readers.

For the benefit of a young lady reader the *Globe* furnishes the following classification of "rats" and "chestnuts."

CHESTNUTS.

1. An old story, which, though not heard for years, has been common property at some time in the world's history.
2. A new story, so far as circulation is concerned, but which has been heard before.
3. Repetition of the same idea or phrase, as when your best fellow rises for the twentieth time during the evening and says: "Well, I must be going," just for the sake of getting you to ask him to stay.
4. Old songs. Old saws. Cold victuals left over from a former meal. Last year's suit. Colds. Coughs. Sneezing doors. Weak coffee. Dried apple pie. Hard doughnuts. Baked beans.

## RATS.

1. The fellow who asks when your next birthday comes, for he wants to make you a present.
2. The girl who gave a party and did not invite you, because she "didn't know you were in town."
3. The fellow who wants to take you out to ride, but all the horses are engaged.
4. The breakfast bell in the middle of a nap. Rain beating on the roof the morning your new dress is to be finished. A letter from home that does not contain money. A walk to the post-office to find a note from an aged aunt when you expected one from "Ned." Tight shoes. A hole in your stocking. Buttons off. A bad fit. Pimples. Can't do as you want to.—*Boston Globe*.

## GIVE IT A TRIAL.

Carbolic Acid as a Never-Failing Sanguifer Against Insects.

Many people do not know how easily they can protect themselves and their children against the bites of gnats and other insects. Weak carbolic acid sponged on the skin and hair, and in cases the clothing, will drive away the whole tribe. A great many children and not a few adults are tormented throughout the whole summer by minute enemies. We know persons who are afraid of picnics and even of their own gardens on this account. Clothing is an imperfect protection, for we have seen a child whose foot and ankle had been stung through the stocking so seriously that for days she could not wear a leather shoe. All this can be averted according to our experience, and that we believe of many others, by carbolic acid judiciously used. The safest plan is to keep a saturated solution of the acid. The solution can not contain more than six or seven per cent, and it may be added to water until the latter smells strongly. This may readily, and with perfect safety, be applied with a sponge. We have no doubt that horses and cattle could be protected in the same way from the flies, which sometimes nearly madden them, and it even seems possible that that terrible scourge, the African Tsetse fly, might be kept off in the same manner.—*London Lancet*.