

# The Louisiana Democrat.

"The World is Governed Too Much."

HENRY L. BLOSSAT, Business Manager.

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## BESS.

When yer talkin' 'bout yer beauties,  
With their purty eyes 'n' lashes,  
An' their lips like cherry-fruits is  
When the rain comes 'n' splashes,  
With their cheeks like plum-ripe peaches,  
An' their locks like sunbeams flashes—  
Why, listen at yer speeches,  
Sayin' nothin'; but I jes'  
Let my thinkin' loose on Bess.

I don't go much on beauty,  
Cuz I've always had the feelin'  
That a 'ligious man's first duty  
Wuzter keep his trunks from stealin'  
Cuz his judgement—but I'm free ter  
Say I never had the dealin'  
With the critter what could beat her;  
Far ez looks go, I confess,  
I'm a sorter stuck on Bess!

Now, her eyes—they're big, an' rollin'  
'Gaint a wis'ful brownish yellow,  
Like ez if a tear wuz 'bout 'em,  
Back ter paralyze a feller!  
An' the lashes heftin' over  
Whar the light hides soft an' meller,  
An' the curlin' kind, but cover  
Party light the nail possess!  
Roun', well-favored eyes of Bess.

"Like ter see her?" Sertain—all yer  
Her ter do is wait a second,  
While I jes' turn in an' call her  
From the medder whar she's peckin'  
Cuz she's an' 'ole juicy grasses  
'Mongst the other cows, I reckon;  
An' yer'll see she 'bout surpasses  
Common Jersey beauties, less  
I'm consarned mist ok in Bess!  
—Eva Miller, McCluskey, in Puck.

## ONLY AN AMATEUR.

### How He Played the Part of an Organ Grinder.

The organ man at the gate had been grinding away at the popular tunes which filled his music-box, and left room for a running accompaniment of grunt and groan, for full fifteen minutes. All the nurses, and all the children under their charge, had gaped over the fence, and thrown him plentiful largess of small change, and pitiful boarders of a larger growth had thrown sundry five-cent pieces from upper windows; not the head of the house, hard at work in the kitchen as he usually was, did the same.

"Some won't encourage 'em," she said to Sally, her assistant-in-general; "but I say they help boarders to keep lively; and if your summer boarder gets low-spirited you're apt to lose her; so take the beef the folks have left on their plates, warm it on the grid-iron, and put it on a clean plate, with hot potatoes and turnips—there's enough of that on the plates, too. What the eye don't see the heart don't grieve for, and I don't believe an Eycalian furriner would care anyway if he did know."

And Sally, obedient to the behest, called to the grinder to "Come in." While he was feeding within young Mortimer came back from fishing. He was, in the city, as regularly fashionable as any one else, but out amongst the mountains he elected to live in a red shirt and knickerbockers, a great fisherman's hat, and a big leather belt, in which he presented some thing the appearance of a theatrical bandit, being dark, handsome, and romantic-looking. He put down his rod and the small string of brook trout he had brought home with him, within the gate, and went back again to look at the brown box the organ grinder had left outside.

"Why, it's an organ," he exclaimed; "and all my life I've desired to grind an organ. It seems such a comfortable, easy way of making music. I never had an opportunity before. Here goes."

And placing the instrument in the proper position, he began to turn the crank in excellent time, looking up at the house out of the corners of his eyes in the most professional manner, and carrying out the idea by his costume. He expected some of the more youthful boarders to appear, and to get a little fun out of his organ-playing, but the young ladies were gone up the mountains in their short-dresses, and with their alpenstocks; the children were adoring the monkey in the kitchen, and the older people, thinking that the legitimate grinder had resumed his labors, took care not to look out lest they should awaken expectations of a second relay of five-cent pieces. Therefore Mr. Mortimer sauntered up and down the road, hitching his organ along, and singing the words of the popular songs without effect, until Miss Parker, from the house on the hill, turned the corner in her new red and gold "cart," and driving a very restive little horse.

Whether the horse did not like popular tunes, or hated Italians, or thought the organ was about to attack him, did not appear; but as soon as the figure of Mortimer and the music-box attracted his attention, he made an instantaneous photograph of himself and pawed the air with his fore legs.

Miss Parker used her whip and lifted her voice, and Mortimer, casting the organ strap from his shoulder, did the best a man could do under the circumstances; so that before the animal reached the foot of the lane, she was safe once more.

"Saved," as she said to herself, "by this beautiful, graceful, elegant organ grinder, who certainly must be an Italian prince in disguise."

Now Miss Parker had not been at boarding school and had the advantages of modern travel for nothing; she "knew Italian," and as soon as she caught her breath she aired it for the organ grinder's benefit.

"Signor," she said, politely, "how can I thank you for saving my life?"

"Ah, an Italian lady, I suppose," thought Mortimer—an Italian never would have supposed it for a moment, and he instantly replied in the same language.

"Signorina, that I have done something to spare you alarm makes me

happy. If by chance I have saved your life, I am too much honored and favored."

"Never was such an organ grinder," thought pretty Miss Parker. Then, as she looked down from her perch, while Mortimer led her horse by the bridle, she saw the organ lying the road.

"Is it hurt—your organ?" she asked again in the Italian language as spoken at Miss Quimby's school. And Mr. Mortimer, all unconscious of her opinion of his social position, interrupted her in the same language as taught by Prof. Sprachemall.

"That is my affair, Signorina."

"How proud he is," thought Miss Parker, and her heart fluttered as she alighted at the gate and a servant hurried up.

"Thank you again and again," she repeated.

"Thank you for the thanks," sighed Mortimer, bending over her hand; and so they parted—Mortimer to meet the Italian and deliver up the organ.

At tea time Mortimer made many inquiries as to a young Italian lady who drove a spirited horse, but his landlady declared she didn't know any foreigners that had a horse, and she "didn't believe but them poor Eycalians on the railroad was all bachelors, for she had seen 'em mending their own stockings outside the shanties many a time."

However, he could not forget the pretty face and gentle voice, and found himself singing "Some Day" with expression as he wandered about in the moonlight. And he got down his Italian books and brushed up his knowledge of that language, and looked often along the lane for the red and gold cart, but did not see it, for the good reason that Mr. Parker had informed his daughter that he thought she was only going to make a fool of herself in that juggle-box; but if she was going to risk her life, that was another thing, and had condemned her to the family carriage and the safe driving of old Casper Wumps, the family coachman, who never drove down the narrow side lane.

So, for many days, Mortimer saw no more of his charmer, while the pretty Miss Parker hardly knew whether she was wretched or happy when she thought what a wonderful romance had come into her life; for she owned to herself that she adored that "exquisite organ grinder" who certainly was a prince in reduced circumstances.

At last they met. It was in this way. Mortimer was fishing and Miss Parker was taking a walk. She bent her steps toward the little cove where he had established himself, and they met face to face. His fishing-rod dropped out of his hand; her book fell from hers.

"My gallant preserver!" she cried, in Italian. "Oh, Signor! is it possible?"

And he answered, in Italian also: "Signorina, this is the happiest day of my life."

And so they began to meet and make love to each other in a foreign language. Miss Parker felt sure that her father would not welcome an organ grinder as a guest, and did not ask him to call. Mortimer, on his part, fished for an invitation as he had never fished for trout. He was a gentleman, and he felt that, having given his heart to a young lady, he ought to know her parents and pay his addresses properly. As for Miss Parker, she was quite ready to elope whenever he proposed it, and to hold the tamborine for pennies while he played the organ over the whole world; but she was not equal to introducing her papa, General Porrywinkle Parker, to an organ grinder, however charming.

"I wish she knew a little English. I could explain better," thought Mortimer. "Wonder why she don't say, 'Call.' I expect something unpleasant will come of this."

One afternoon, about twilight, as the big tea bell was ringing violently on the boarding-house lawn for the benefit of wandering boarders, Mortimer and Miss Parker sat by the trout stream upon some rather damp but very mossy rocks.

His arm was about her waist, her head on his shoulder, and he had called her "Carissima," and "Bella Carissima" several times, when an avalanche rolled down the hill upon them. That was the effect. It was, however, only the portly person of General Jobkins Perrywinkle Parker, who had come upon them suddenly, and slipped in rushing down the slope. They broke his fall, and were not quite crushed flat, but when he was picked up and had become himself again he began to use language his favorite preacher would not have liked to hear him use, and inquired, in the pauses, "what his daughter meant by this, and who this rascal was."

Mortimer, quite conscious that he deserved this, was feeling his pockets for a card, and finding none; and wondering, too, at the ease with which his Italian angel's parent spoke English, when Miss Parker flung herself on her knees before her cruel parent, and to his astonishment, uttered these words, with no foreign accent whatever:

"Dear, dear papa, don't be angry. This is the noble organ grinder who saved my life. He don't know a word of English, but his name is Danz Mortimer, and he's far above his station. And in saving me, he broke his organ, and has to support himself by fishing. Remember, papa, I shouldn't be here if he hadn't saved me. I love him. Be merciful."

"Hetty Parker," cried the old gen-

tleman, "you're an idiot! Here, you, Mr. Organ Grinder, can you speak any English, you know?"

"Perfectly," said Mortimer. "In fact, I am an American. I thought your daughter an Italian lady until this moment. Allow me to explain. I have the most respectful admiration for Miss Parker, and wish to—"

"I can't have any explanation," interrupted the old gentleman. "What business have you to make love to my daughter, or she to let you? If you broke your organ saving her life, I'll buy you a new one. I'm deeply grateful; but you see, organ grinding or fishing is not—that is—"

"Oh, as to organ grinding," cried Mortimer, "I am only an amateur. I'm no more an organ grinder than I am an Italian. And perhaps you know Daniel Mortimer—white goods—rather extensive. I'm his only son. It was a mutual mistake."

He entered into an account of the manner in which he came to perform upon the barrel-organ in the public road, but during the recital Miss Parker vanished.

However, it so happened that the General knew Mortimer, senior, and so he quite understood what a good match Mortimer, junior, was. And so there will be a wedding in Grace Church shortly—Daniel Mortimer, Jr., to Hester, only daughter of General Jobkins Perrywinkle Parker.—*Mary Kyle Dallas, in N. Y. Ledger.*

## A SINGULAR THEORY.

Why the President Should Never Shake Hands with an Indian.

In speaking with an old army officer on the subject of the frequent Indian outbreaks within the past few years, he advanced a singular theory, which, to his mind, at least, accounted satisfactorily for much that has heretofore seemed inexplicable. Said my friend:

"In old times, when it was necessary to prove the assent to a written contract of persons who could neither read nor write, this was done by affixing their seals. When the Indian makes a contract he does so by word of mouth, sealing the contract with that solemnity which, to a red-skin, means all things—he shakes hands upon it. This is a custom with the Indian which is reserved exclusively to ratify his contract, and never, as with us, in salutation. When an occasion of importance demands that the chiefs shall come to Washington, before starting they represent to their tribes the business in hand, and state that they will go and see the Great Father, with whom they will enter into treaty. Arrived in Washington, an interpreter presents their case to the President, who in good will to show that he is not above giving a kind reception to the humblest man in the country, advances and proffers his hand. The chiefs are delighted, and return to their tribes setting forth that the Great Father has acceded to their wishes, because, after hearing the case, he shook hands with them. If, after the execution of a contract in the presence of witnesses subsequently sworn to and recorded, we should then break it so that a suit in court was the only remedy to the party injured thereby, the situation would not be more serious here, while the President shakes hands with an Indian who afterward does not get or enjoy what he understood would be given by that act of handshaking. All of which goes to prove, in conclusion, that the President should never shake hands with an Indian."—*Washington Letter.*

## Railways and Food.

One of the most momentous, and what may be called humanitarian, results of the recent great extension and cheapening of the world's railway system and service, is that there is now no longer any occasion for the people of any country indulging in either excessive hopes or fears as to the results of any particular harvest, inasmuch as the failure of crops in any one country is no longer, as it was no later than twenty years ago, identical with high prices of grain; the prices of cereals being at present regulated, not within any particular country, but by the combined production and consumption of all countries made mutually accessible by railroads and steamships. Hence it is that, since 1870, years of locally bad crops in Europe, have generally witnessed considerably lower prices than years when the local crops were good, and there was a local surplus for export.—*Hon. David A. Wells, in Popular Science Monthly.*

## A Pair of Shoes Per Minute.

"Yes," said the proprietor of one of our largest shoe manufactories in this city to the writer, "it doesn't take long to make a pair of ladies' shoes. Some time ago a gentleman and his wife walked into our factory, and in just one hour and thirty-three minutes the lady left the house wearing a pair of fine shoes which were made for her from the stock while she was in the factory. This was simply an experiment. These shoes were made on a single set of machinery and passed through the hands of the different operatives at their machines. By running a double set of machinery and crowding the machines our crew of one hundred men make six hundred pairs of shoes in a day, or one pair of shoes per minute. That is six pairs of shoes per minute."—*Portland (Me.) Press.*

—It is certain that either wise bearing or ignorant carriage is caught as men take diseases, one of another; therefore, let men take heed of their company.—*Shakespeare.*

## GENUINE DEMOCRATS.

Why Republican Tricksters and Office-Grabbers Hate Honest Voters.

Missouri Democrats are not likely to trouble themselves to be offended at the charges of "Bourbonism" preferred against them by a Republican organ printed in this city. They do not hold it the fault of a cur that he is curish, and when he snarls at his betters it need not provoke them beyond a smile. If there ever was any reproach in "Bourbonism," the application of the epithet to such honest and sturdy Democrats as those of this State has removed it and made it a title of honor. Missouri is full of Bourbon Democrats. They have made it a great State; filled it with school-houses and churches; driven out ignorance; checked intolerance; subdued Republicanism.

One characteristic of the Democrat is his ability not to steal himself rich when he has the opportunity. This brings him into great contempt with Republicans who expect to steal, who have already stolen, or who are enjoying the usufruct of the theft of others. In the days of the French monarchy, when breaking the Decalogue was a necessity of fashion, there was yet one reservation, there remained yet one crime, unpardonable in the eyes of men. It was said that "a gentleman never steals." But Stalwart Republicanism has changed all that. The pudgy fingers of the Stalwart which have clutched money won at the expense of a felon's stripes, wield a pen which glorifies the successful thief and makes honesty a mark of weak-mindedness. There have been Stalwart Republicans not a few in Missouri, and the State is unfortunately not yet free from them, though several left it after serving their sentences. The belief that it is a mark of superior intelligence to steal from the Government has always been one of the Stalwart's most prominent characteristics, but as he has not always been able to show himself superior to the dogged Bourbonism which insists that thieves must be punished, it is natural that he should not only despise the Bourbon, but hate him heartily. This hate and contempt is shared by the two great classes of Stalwarts—those who have stolen already and those who expect to steal when they get the opportunity. In the city Stalwart, who has embraced his opportunities, it makes itself apparent in labored sneers. Among the "one galled" Stalwarts of the swamps and hills, who have only such poor opportunity as is afforded by the chance to "squat" on land which does not belong to them, it shows itself in bald-knob leagues which assault Bourbonism with bukshot. Nevertheless, Bourbon Democracy holds the State, and the State thrives as the doors of the penitentiary close on one Stalwart after another.

Though forced to maintain a penitentiary for knaves, the Bourbon Democrat believes in liberty for all who are fit for it. His chief aim is to remain free himself and to leave others as free as he is. When Stalwart Republicanism, with no conscience of its own, attempts to take charge of the consciences of others, it is Bourbonism that thwarts it. When the Republican Stalwart undertakes to subvert the free institutions of the Bourbons of a century ago, it is the Bourbon of to-day who foils him. When the Stalwart clamors for a military dictatorship to shield knaves from the punishment of knavery, it is the Bourbon sentiment of the country which crushes him. It is the Bourbon who meets him at every turn, and for all his cunning, for all his thousand shifts, the Bourbon who beats him at every turn. This enrages him the more because he can not understand it, feeling himself, as he does, immeasurably superior to all that has not the characteristics of inolution and duplicity. It is useless to try to explain it to him, or to attempt to make him see that there are ways higher and nobler than his ways. He counts nothing worth that does not pay, and having no other standard than his own he can apply no other. To present others to him is idle, for he returns to his Stalwartism as the dog returns to his vomit. The country will never be free from him, for while the world lasts there will be a supply of knaves and tricksters to keep Stalwartism alive. And it is a comforting belief that while the Stalwart is in the world the Bourbon will also remain to put him to confusion.

When every thing in Rome was for sale there remained the Bourbon Metellus, whose virtue money could not buy. When Republican Stalwartism offered every thing at auction in the United States, Bourbonism alone could neither be bought nor sold. It saved this country. It will preserve it.—*St. Louis Republican.*

## TOM PLATT REPUBLICANS.

The Pitiable Condition of the Republican Party of the Empire State.

A study of the Republican party and its policy in the State for a year or more past reveals with startling distinctness the power that can be wielded by one bad man in shaping the course of a party that numbers among its membership a great many men active in its counsels who are vastly superior in point of intelligence, integrity and honor to the winner on the political checker-board. The fact that this man occasionally steals a man from the checker-board, and indulges in other discreditable tricks to win does not seem to imperil his position in the party or to bring upon him the condemnation that his venal course would seem to demand. These thoughts are

suggested by a contemplation of the combination of circumstances that forced the Republican State Committee to suit the ends of one man, that placed Fred. D. Grant at the head of the State ticket in order to quiet him on account of his rejection by a Republican Senate for the office of Quarantine Commissioner; that placed and brought into line an ex-United States Senator. All this and more has been accomplished through the shrewd manipulation of Thomas C. Platt, now an official snuper and an impudent defier of the State under its constitution by holding in opposition to public sentiment a prominent office for years beyond the time for which he was appointed. To do this he had to own a Republican Senate, and he owned it, and used it to defeat Colonel Grant so that he might remain in control of the Quarantine Department. In order to quiet the press and the defeated candidates, he promised Colonel Grant that he should be placed at the head of the State ticket. In order to deliver the goods he was compelled to own a State convention, and he owned it and delivered the goods; Colonel Grant is the candidate for Secretary of State, and when he is defeated, as defeated he will be, he will be only one of "Tom" Platt's victims upon the prostrate form of which he will climb to higher planes of influence and political power.

These are but means to an end. While there is much to be gained in influence, as well as in pelf through holding on to the quarantine office, Mr. Platt considers it of minor importance only so far as it will aid him to gain control of the delegation of New York in the National convention of 1888. This is only a portion of the story told in substance by that powerful Republican journal, the *New York Times*, a paper that does not propose to be controlled by party policy as formulated and represented by "Tom" Platt and his satellites. Recognizing the hand of Platt in the control of all the party gatherings, the *Times* concludes as follows:

"It is plain that this is to be a Platt canvass, and that party success this year means a Platt Legislature and prestige for Platt as a leader which will give him control of the delegation in the National convention whose preference will be deemed of the highest importance. It is possible that this is what the Republicans of the State want, but whether it is or not it should be distinctly understood that it is what is presented for their acceptance. It is possible that the harmony which prevails among the politicians does not pervade the rank and file of the party. It is pretty certain that it will excite enthusiasm. There is no pretense that the Republican party, with Platt at its head, and with its organization subject to his will, can command the support of a majority of the people of the State. Its only hope is in the Labor party, and the members of the latter should realize that the only result that can be looked for from their support of an independent ticket is the triumph of Platt and Plattism. Meantime, self-respecting Republicans can derive little comfort from the party they are expected to play in this campaign."—*Buffalo (N. Y.) Times.*

## PUBLIC OPINION.

—Fred Grant was never the Napoleon of finance. He was rather the Bazaine of business.—*Missouri Republican.*

—Fred Grant is said to be the equal of his father in the single regard that he can make very short speeches.—*Chicago Herald.*

—The wife of one Grover Cleveland is a very sweet and sensible little woman, but no correspondent can make capital by telling lies about her.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

—The United States, under a Democratic Administration, in the last year paid in pensions one-third more than all the pension-paying Governments on earth.—*Alta California.*

—Senator Evarts will establish a country home near Washington, and has bought one thousand acres of land for that purpose. It will be fenced in with one of his sentences.—*Pittsburgh Post.*

—The people are getting tired of the controversy whether Mrs. Cleveland snubbed Governor Foraker or not. They don't think she did it, and don't blame her much if she did.—*Washington Star.*

—In the midst of all the hubbub that Foraker has stirred up poor, lone-some old John Sherman is being lost sight of and his feeble fluttering of the bloody shirt fails to excite remark.—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

—A good many Union flags are being sent North by their "rebel" captors, and not a single Foraker, Tuttle or Fairchild has arisen in the South to protest. The war appears to be over in that section.—*Chicago Times.*

—Without any issue to go before the people with, the Republican party of the United States is in about the same shape as a boy in a rowboat without oars and ten miles from land. They may get there, but it will take a very long time.—*Little Rock Gazette.*

—Sectionalism is in its last struggle. How strong it will be in its death throes the events of the next twelve months will determine. If the sins of the fathers, who fought the civil war, are not to be visited on the children, the sectional party will die with sectionalism, giving place to a party of opposition which will be National in its methods, issues and votes.—*St. Louis Republican.*

## AN INTEREST IN LIFE.

How Existence Can Be Made Attractive in Spite of Discouragements.

Half the unhappiness in life come from the want of some active outside interest—something to take the person out of himself; chiefly thought out of herself; and give her things to think of beyond her own sensations—things to sympathize with beyond her own vague disappointments and shadowy desires. The spiritual barrenness of egoism and of idleness makes life a very desert, where no green thing flourishes, which no dew from Heaven refreshes, nor living water rejoices. Self-centered and uninterested, life to such an one is but a poor entertainment for the senses; and the deeper emotions and affections have no share therein. The order of the day, with all its necessary circumstances of food, and gradual wearing of the morning through the noon to evening, and the sleep, which is only the culmination of the lethargy of the waking hours—is one long round of weariness and dissatisfaction. Like withered boughs which bear no roses, not an hour has its moment of delight, not an action has its hope of joy or fulfillment of pleasure. The dull day creeps sluggishly from dawn to close, and not a new thought has been awakened nor a new sensation aroused. Marked in the "Moated Grange" was not more dreary than the man or woman who has no outside interest, and whose life is bound up in self; and no prisoner ever hailed the free air of Heaven with more rapturous gratitude than would such an one if set in the way to make that interest and enlarge those boundaries. For we must never forget that many things which look like faults, and pass under the name of faults, are in reality misfortunes—the result of conditions made for us and not by us, and not to be broken by such energy as we possess.

In this one word indeed lies the heart of the matter. With energy we make an interest for ourselves, in spite of the poverty of our circumstances. Without it, opportunities of rich enjoyment pass by unutilized, and we let slip all chances for bettering our fate. It is a misfortune to be born one of the passive, the negative, unenergetic, who divide the world with the active and energetic. Most things in life that are worth having at all have to be sought and pursued, if they are to be captured and held fast. Neither fortune nor pleasure knocks persistently at any man's door, but each has to be at the least looked for up and down the street, and invited in if it is desired to entertain either. But the unenergetic take no pains to find these radiant guests. If they do not come unbidden they do not come at all; and the flowers and gems borne by the sluggish steam on its bosom are left to drift into the great ocean of things now impossible, because of the want of energy to seize them as they passed. The energetic, on the contrary, are of those who improve their holding. No matter how poor the soil—how unpropitious the surroundings—they know whence to gather rich material and fertile seed for the better harvest and the heavier crop. If they are of those whose circumstances preclude the need of exertion, they make some extraneous interest for which they have to work and think, and in a manner sacrifice their comforts, and break up the deadly monotony of their self-indulgence; that monotony which kills the finer nature when indulged in without a break, and which makes the very misery of the rich.

No matter what the interest so long as we make one for ourselves. From art to religion, and from philanthropy to needle-work, all is useful, if some forms are purer and nobler than others. Many people do very bad art—paint pictures that are caricatures; sing in voices to which tin kettles are as silver bells; write books, innocent of the very elements of composition—but all the same they have an interest which has lifted them out of the deadly dullness of the past. If they have no higher vocation, and their powers are not capable of attaining greater results, it is better for them to use them on these lower levels than not at all; and the world benefits, at least in so far that they are thereby rendered happier—with the consequent result of greater happiness radiated on to others. If they are well endowed they do good work in itself, and the world is the richer by the achievement.—*Chicago Standard.*

## A Medical Socrates.

A quack doctor recently removed to Austin, Tex., and is doing a flourishing business. He was employed to attend old Mr. McGinnis, who is in a pretty bad way with typhoid fever.

"Well, doctor, how is he coming on?" asked a member of the family.

"There is still hope to save him if he lives until to-morrow, but if he dies in the meantime he is a gone case."—*Texas Siftings.*

—Belgium is the great home of pigeon fanciers, containing, as it does, more than a thousand pigeon societies, which send away from a hundred thousand to one hundred and fifty thousand homing birds every summer to different parts of Europe (mostly France and Spain), there to be let go and find their way back again. Races have sometimes been flown from Rome, nine hundred miles distant, but the *Athenaeum* says that this long flight has proved too destructive to valuable birds, owing to the difficulty of passing the Alps.

—In this world joy is measured by the cup; trouble by the peck.

## PITH AND POINT.

—Habit is the dress of character.—*Whitchell Times.*

—Truth is beautiful, but society as yet has not offered a premium for its steady use.—*Pomeroy's Advance Thought.*

—An Omaha editor has discovered that there is no such thing as a bald-headed idiot.—*Atchison Globe.*

—"Train up a child in the way he should go," and keep a little ahead of him in the same way during the training, to be sure he goes.—*Plymouth.*

—A Western editor asks, "How shall we get our girls to read articles on scientific subjects?" Why, mix them up with the fashion notes, of course.

—Young women ought never to get into a way of thinking that it is better to marry imprudently than remain single and exposed to absurd comment thereby.—*Pittsburgh Chronicle.*

—Laziness grows on people; it begins in cobwebs and ends in iron chains. The more business a man has to do the more he is able to accomplish, for he learns to economize his time.—*Texas Siftings.*

—A printer up in Canada is said to be one hundred and three years old. He has made so many typographical errors during his career that he is afraid to die.—*Somerville Journal.*

—Small boy (at church picnic)—"I say, Johnny, where's them nice ham sandwiches your ma put up for you? Those ain't no good." Johnny (bitingly)—"The superintendent 'an' the teachers is a-catin' of 'em."—*N. Y. Sun.*

—While a man was nailing up a gate in Jonesboro, Ga., lightning struck the hammer and killed him. How many shiftless men will make this an excuse for never nailing up the gate.—*Texas Siftings.*

—The lover who writes the sweetest valentine poetry before marriage doesn't always make the sort of a husband who will bring up the coal and soothe waiting twins five years after the wedding day.

—If a man and wife are one flesh, no wonder it is such a painful operation for them to get divorced. And, by the way, that reminds us that divorces should only be granted on Two-day.—*Charlestown Enterprise.*

—If there is nothing leveler in the world than a well-behaved and good-tempered child, there are few creatures more odious than one who is lawless and quarrelsome. Half a dozen such would render a large hotel uncomfortable.—*N. Y. Ledger.*

—The difference—  
Oh! the girl's beautiful,  
Loving and dutiful,  
When we are hopeful to win her.  
Let her out suit-dress,  
Then she is but a girl,  
Shunned as the veriest sinner.

—Experienced Dry-goods Clerk—"Ladies, have you seen this pattern elsewhere?" Ladies—"No, we came to you first of all." E. D. G. C.—"Then you will pardon me if I decline to show it to you, for if you have just begun shopping you will not buy here."—*Pinegrove Blatter.*

## Old Chocolate's Philosophy.

Dar's many a lie on a tomb-stun.  
Ef de cat's asleep de bacon am safe.  
Tears dat flow behin' de do' am de fules' ob sorrer.  
Dar's no use lookin' at de sun of hit spiles yo' eye.  
De wicked offen wondeh how oddahs kin be good.

De dog dat doan' baak gits de big-ges' mouf ul' ob brooches.  
Doan' weep 'ol' faded blossoms. Dar er seeds on de same bush.  
De bird on de wayin' branch a'n't hit ez easy ez de bird on de stump.  
Ef de doctah kin en' yo' lumbago, w'y can't he cu' 'is own rummyit?  
De lightnin'-rod man does a quick job wid de faamah w'ose baan was struck.

Ef a straight face war ev' dence ob honesty, nobody ud evah catch de man dat stole dat coonskin.—*Judge.*

## The Case Was Dismissed.

"Did you strike this man?" inquired the judge.

"Yes, sir, I did."

"What did you do it for?"

"Well, yer Honor, it was this way. I was out in my yard fixin' up an apple tree that had been broken by the wind. I had a little method of my own, that I thought would make the tree grow together. This man came along and says to me:

"What yer doin'?"

"Then I went through the whole thing, and when I'd finished I says: 'Don't you think it's a big undertaking?'"

"Tree-mend-ous," says he, and as for the rest of the facts, the police officer knows 'em."—*Morchant Traveler.*

## A Square Man.

No sort of elaborate eulogy can so completely define character to the appreciation of the many as the declaration of a man that he is "square." This is an abbreviation of "square-toed," which, in its turn, was a contraction of "He squarely toes the line." An upright, honest man comes "square-toed" to the line of duty, and is accordingly a square man. The term is simple, and it is sufficient. A voter asks to know no more who learns that a candidate is a "square man." The word "square," to denote honesty and integrity of character, is common in business and political phraseology, and the man who has the reputation of being "square" in all things, is pretty apt to be trusted implicitly by his fellow-beings.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*