

# The Louisiana Democrat.

"The World is Governed Too Much."

HENRY L. BLOSSAT, Business Manager.

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## THE OLD-FASHIONED KITCHEN.

How dear to my heart are the days of my boyhood! What chestnuts arise as I call them to mind! The butter, the collar, the big pile of cord-wood, and the old chopping-block with the kindling behind. The wide opened farm-yard, the milking-stool by it. The cow—on her neck hung a discordant bell; The barn and the cow-house, the chicken-roost high in the air. The apple tree—out of its branches I fell. Near the old-fashioned kitchen, the gable-roofed kitchen. The old-fashioned kitchen built on an L. To hie to that kitchen I deemed it a pleasure. Forfeited at noon, when returned from the shop. I found on the table a half-gallon measure filled up to the brim with cold butter-milk gone. How ardent I seized it, there's really no knowing. How quickly I drank it I hardly can tell. Then soon, with the butter-milk down my chin flowing. In a manner on which I dislike now to dwell, I skipped from that kitchen, that old-fashioned kitchen. That old-fashioned kitchen built on an L. —F. H. Curtis, in Good Housekeeping.

## TORPEDO FISH.

### The Electricity in Them Will Knock a Man Down.

How a Savannah Athlete Tried to Pick One Up on a Bet—The Shocks Investigated by Scientists—Curious Results Shown.

On the beach of Tybee, the other day, an old fisherman in oilskins was unloading a boat that had been full of fish, when a lusty young man clad in white trousers and a white flannel shirt, met the old fellow's eye.

"You look like a likely heffer," called out the old fisherman, his hands and arms meanwhile falling to the perpendicular and a merry twinkle taking possession of his eyes.

"A likely what?" rather indignantly rejoined the youth.

"A likely heffer—a chap who can lift a heap," was the reply.

"Yes; I am considered pretty strong in the Savannah Athletic Club," was the answer.

"Did you ever lift much fish?" asked the old fellow, throwing a huge netful of tinkers on the dock, and looking his companion over with a critical eye.

"I never saw the fish I couldn't lift."

The fisherman thrust his hand into his pocket, from which, after a violent struggle and much invective, he hauled out a very flat, light leather pocket-book that was closed with a strap and a piece of rope-yarn. He took from it a clean ten-dollar bill and said: "I'm going on eighty-one years old next muster day, but I'll bet you ten dollars even you can't lift fish that I can."

"Where's your fish?" asked the youth.

"Well, I'll tell you. Here's a fish," and he poked among the tinkers and pointed to a large, solid and skate-like fish in the bottom of the dory.

"Let's see; it's about five foot up to the dock. I'll bet you the ten dollars you can't toss the fish up there."

"I don't want to take your money," replied the young man, magnanimously, as a number of spectators drew around. "But if you've got a half a dozen of the fish, string 'em all together and give me something worth doing. I've lifted 500 pounds before breakfast."

"Oh, yes, I've heard tell of you," said the old man, somewhat warmly. "You're the man that ate a piece of rubber hose for breakfast, and didn't find out it wasn't sausage till somebody told you. See that thumb-nail?" he asked, holding up a curious stub with a horny growth upon it. "Well, I served penance once to a box-maker, and used to put in all the screws with that nail, and pull 'em out with my teeth when they broke off. You know me, and I'll stick to it you can't heave that fish up to the dock, and there's the money."

The Savannah athlete, thus called upon, deposited ten dollars with a well-known gentleman who had joined the party, and went down the ladder into the boat, while the old fisherman climbed up on the dock to watch the feat.

"Stand back there!" shouted the boss tinner, rolling up his sleeves. "This fish might hit you, old man, and knock some of the blow out of you."

"Heave away," responded the man in oil-skins, tipping a wink at the crowd in general.

The young man now stepped into the dory and poked away the tinkers—small mackerel—that were sliding about. Standing on the edge of the boat he stooped down, grasped the skate-like fish and lifted, raising it about a foot. Then, uttering a yell, he staggered a moment and fell with a resounding splash into the water, nearly capsizing the boat in accomplishing the feat, which was received with shouts of laughter from the dock, the old fisherman fairly dancing a hornpipe on the rail.

"What's the matter with you?" he shouted, as the unfortunate athlete scrambled into the dory again, swearing like a pirate. "Trying to upset the boat, are you?"

"Who struck me? Somebody gave me a knock on the neck just as I was lifting."

"Nonsense," cried nearly every man in the crowd. "You wasn't touched."

"I'll take my oath I felt something hit me. If this is a skin game I want to know it." Bracing himself firmly in the boat, he again grasped the fish with both hands and raised it three

feet, and then fish, athlete and all went backward among the tinkers. Man, fish, oars and bailers were mixed up for a moment. At last the Savannah "heffer" made a break for the dock, and, once upon it, sank down upon a pile of boards. He was as white as a sheet and was covered with scales from head to foot.

"Send for a doctor!" he gasped, as the men crowded around.

"Why? What's the matter with you any way?"

"I've had a stroke," whispered the victim. "The moment I stooped to lift it, I felt it a rumin' all over me. It's in our family; but I've got it bad," and here he rubbed his arms and legs.

"It knocked me clean off my feet," he added, "and my limbs felt like sticks. Send—" and here a roar of laughter broke from the men, and one of them, seizing him by the arms, jerked him to his feet.

"You're all right, my lad; only next time don't go fooling around old Amos. He's a hard nut."

"Here's yer money, sonny," said the old man, holding out a bill. "You've earned it."

"What do you mean?" gasped the athlete.

"What do you mean? Why, jest this: Yer haven't had a shock of paralysis. Yer tried to heff one of these darned torpedoes. They'll knock a mule down if yer gives 'em the chance."

The athlete looked vacantly ahead, took back his money and left amid the renewed laughter of the crowd.

"He'll have a yarn to tell the Savannah folks," said the perpetrator of the joke, "but I do hate to hear a man blow and thought I'd take him down. Injured? No, sir-ee. He'll feel stiff for an hour or so, but it won't hurt him. I've been struck by them one hundred times, and it's no fun, I can tell yer. It's just like being struck by a mild stroke of lightning. I don't generally touch 'em, but a man gave me one dollar to fetch one in, so I kept it in the boat. They'll shock you right through the net. When I was a-hauling in the tinker since this morning I knowed I had a shock-fish from the jerking of my arms. The shocks come right up the wet cord, so that sometimes you can't hang on anyhow. I've seen a man who stuck one with an iron barpoon, thinking it a skate, knocked down so quick he didn't know what hit him."

"You remember old Curt, that used to do the chores around here ten years ago? He lived on rum; he'd do anything for it. Well, Perce Haldon put up a big job on him once. He'd had the jim-jams and he'd sworn off any quantity of times, but always got back again. He was just getting over a spree when Perce came along with a shock fish. Old Curt had never seen one before, so Perce walks up and says: 'Curt, where can I get this fish cleaned?' 'What's it worth?' says Curt. 'Well, half a dollar, I reckon,' says Perce. 'I'll draw it myself,' says the old nigger. 'G' ahead,' says Perce, and the old man fetched out his big case knife and began, two or three of the boys gathering round. 'You ain't so steady as I've seen you, Curt,' says Perce, nearly bursting a-lauding, for as soon as the old man touched the fish his arm shot out, so that the knife flew about three feet. He didn't say anything, but picked the knife up and jabbed it into the fish again. You'd have thought he was making passes like a sleight-of-hand chap; his hands jerked this way and that, and the sweat rolled down off his face like rain. At last he dropped her, and sat right down on the grass and says: 'Perce, give me something to steady my nerves; I've got 'em again.' Well, old Curt never heard the last of that, and I never saw him drink afterwards."

"What's the use of the shocks? Why, I reckon they kill fish with 'em or drive 'em off."

The latter assumption is probably correct. The electric apparatus of the torpedo fish is its defense, and is certainly a good one. Its electric organs have been compared to the voltaic pile, and consist of two series of layers of hexagonal cells, the intervening spaces between the plates being filled with a trembling, jelly-like substance, so that each cell can be compared to the Leyden jar. Each torpedo carries about 450 jars, each of these batteries, the whole being equal in power to about fifteen Leyden jars, making 3,500 square inches charged to the highest degree. The upper side of the fish is positive, the lower negative, the shocks evidently being entirely at the will of the strange electrician. The torpedo is met with frequently along the Atlantic coast, especially along the Georgia portion of it.

A naturalist once made some interesting experiments, one of which was the application of the telephone to a torpedo, to see if the shock gave an audible sound. Such proved to be the case, a short, low creak accompanying moderate excitement, the discharge lasting about one-fifteenth of a second. When the fish was greatly excited the creak became a groan, sounding, it was said, like the tonality of an ul, and occupying four or five seconds. When the attention of scientific men in England was first called to the torpedo fish, Dr. Walsh, F. R. S., amused himself and scientific London with one of these fishes, after a series of experiments at the Ile de Re. The performances took the form of pleasurable scenes, and it became the rage to take a fish shock. Wondrous medicinal virtue was ascribed to it, and the demand for torpedoes brought a rich harvest to fishermen. Their use

in medicine, however, was not new. As Discordis, the physician of Antony and Cleopatra, is said to have made use of them.

Dr. Walsh's method was to place a living torpedo upon a wet towel; from a plate he suspended two pieces of brass wire by means of silken cord, which served to insulate them. Round the torpedo were eight persons standing on insulated substances. One end of the brass wire was supported by the wet towel, the other end being placed in a basinful of water. The first person had a finger of one hand in this basin and a finger of the other in a third basin. The third person did the same, and so on until a complete chain was established between the eight persons and nine basins. Into the ninth basin the end of the brass wire was plunged, while Dr. Walsh applied the other end to the back of the torpedo, thus establishing a complete circuit.

At the moment when the experimenter touched the torpedo the eight actors in the experiment felt a sudden shock, similar in all respects to that communicated by the shock of a Leyden jar, only less intense. The torpedo was then placed upon an insulated supporter and communicated to twenty persons similarly placed from forty to fifty shocks in a minute and a half. Each effort made by the fish was accompanied by a depression of the eyes, which were slightly projecting in their natural state, and seemed to be drawn within their orbits, while the other parts of the body remained immovable. If only one of the organs were touched, in place of a strong and sudden shock, only a slight sensation was experienced—a numbness rather than a shock. The same result followed with every experiment tried. The fish was tried with a non-conducting rod, and no shock followed; glass or a rod covered with wax produced no effect; touched with metallic wire a violent shock followed. A Boston physician in making experiments with a powerful fish was several times completely floored, and when at a distance of twelve feet he struck a fish with a gig, the shock was so powerful that he could not release his hold.

Quite a number of electric fishes are known, of which the South American gymnotus is undoubtedly the most powerful. It is that they are caught by driving wild mustangs in the water, the fish exhausting their powers upon them, often fatally. The torpedoes are then captured by the natives. In all nine different species are known, three of the curious electricians belonging to the Ray family. One is a swordfish, another a catfish, called in the Nile, country of Egypt "the thunder fish," and the third is the electric tetraodon from Comoro. The latter gives only a faint shock, but strong enough to probably form a protection from various animals. —Savannah Cur.

## THE ART OF TRAVELING.

How to Girdle the Globe at a Comparatively Small Expense.

Have you ever talked with a man who has traveled around the world and seen every thing from the mouth of the Congo to the Chinese wall? I met one this morning on the west end veranda. He travels all the time, and he told me that he made a point of getting into cities and countries at their best. That is why he stays in America in summer. His next stopping place is Persia; then he goes into Egypt, and he will reach China in April, when the fetes are held. I asked him what it cost to live as he did. "It would cost you about \$12 a day to follow in my paths," he answered, "but I do it for \$7.25. Living expenses have averaged me that the past year. I keep a record of every thing, and know to a penny what I spend. I always travel first-class, see all there is to be seen, and I don't think I have the reputation of being niggardly. But I have traveling down to a science. It costs me now about 25 per cent. of what it did when I began. Of course some of the reduction comes from the cheapness of traveling facilities, but a good part of it comes from knowing what I am about."

Traveling is a business, and to do it economically one has to learn it as he has a trade. For example, tipping costs me about one-third what it would inexperienced people, because I know when to tip and when not to. Then in living I save again. I live on the European plan always, so that if I am sight-seeing I can get my meals anywhere without feeling that I am paying for another I do not eat. Then I always avoid a table d'hotel. That's another way of paying for more than you want. My biggest meal is my breakfast. If I get a good one I don't care much what I have the rest of the day. I find that most travelers feel the same way. I keep a diary of every thing I do, and I can tell what I did and where I was on any day for twenty years past. I can only speak one language—English, though I have picked up a smattering of French, but I get along with my native tongue. You will find English-speaking people the world over, and I never trouble myself about the language of the country I am going to. —Philadelphia Press.

—Canada averages \$25,000,000 to \$30,000,000 worth of lumber exports per annum. One-third comes to the United States.

## POLITICS IN THE G. A. R.

The Rebuke Administered to Foraker, Tuttle, Etc., by Loyal Veterans.

President Cleveland was not mistaken in his estimate of the Union veteran when he considered him as animated by the desire of aiding and respecting the Government he helped to save. Of course there are exceptions, such as the blasphemous Fairchild; the ex-cotton grabber, Tuttle, and the crank, Vandervoort, as during the war there were bidders in Sherman's army and outlawed guerrillas everywhere in the track of the Union and Confederate forces. The Grand Army of the Republic, as an organization, must be commended for the decided manner in which it sat down on the partisan demagogues who wished to put on record as openly insulting the President of the United States. Every thing that malice and ingenuity could suggest was put in operation to secure the official sanction of the order to the infamous conduct of Tuttle, whose mouthpiece, Vandervoort, expended all the blatant eloquence he was capable of in the attempt to bolster up the ex-cotton grabber. But thanks to the healthy public sentiment which has revealed itself in all parts of the country and to the better and more patriotic element in the Grand Army itself, an unequalled rebuke was administered to Tuttle, Fairchild and their adherents. It has been officially determined that the Grand Army of the Republic does not countenance blackguard attacks upon the President of the United States, even though he be of a different political faith from that upheld by that organization.

For the Grand Army has distinctly shown its allegiance to the Republican party in the attitude it assumed during the recent encampment. Politics took up a great portion of its time, and it served notice on the party which it affiliates as to what its choice would be during the Presidential year. One of the most prominent and gallant Union commanders, General Slocum, who was the principal candidate for the position that Fairchild disgraced, was rejected for an obscure Minnesota lawyer, simply because he was a Democrat. There was something more than mere unbecoming in the expression which one fool partisan member of the organization is reported to have made, that "there never had been a Democratic Commander-in-Chief, and, by the Eternal, there never would be."

The fact that it is a Republican organization, emphasizes the more the refusal of the Grand Army to countenance attacks upon the Democratic President, and testifies that Union veterans, whatever their politics may be, can not be seduced into a disunion policy at the beck of unscrupulous demagogues. Vandervoort's resolution, urged with all the vehemence of a malignant nature, was defeated by such a decisive vote that we will likely hear little for the future of Tuttleism, Fairchildism and Forakermania in the ranks of the Grand Army. A great deal is due to the wise and temperate councils and wholesome influence of General Sherman in bringing about such a satisfactory result.

The defeat of the much-discussed service pension measure by the National encampment was a stinging rebuke to those degenerate members who would turn the order into a mendicant body and play into the hands of the most outrageous lobby that ever cursed the halls of Congress. "We will continue to ask for aid until no wail of sorrow is heard from destitute and disabled veterans," hypocritically exclaims "Palsy" Fairchild, knowing as he does, that the government is now paying \$70,000,000 a year to the 480,000 pensioners on its rolls. Another beautiful specimen of the pension shark was one Comrade Stephen J. Burrows, of Mansfield Post, No. 35, of this State, who naively stated that the surplus should go to the veterans and "the taxpayers be damned." We also have one General Bennett, of Richmond, Ind., who puts the matter in this modest light: "The annual surplus reaches \$136,000,000. Give the boys the \$95,000,000; let the thieves keep the \$40,000,000 remaining." Such expressions show what a disreputable element the decent members of the Grand Army had to contend against. The bluster and fury of such an element will have little effect now that the organization at its highest council deliberately and effectually sat down on them. It is a pity, however, that narrow-minded partisanship should have been carried so far as to reject such a distinguished soldier as Slocum because he is a democrat. His election would have tended to purify the position in which Fairchild brought such lasting obloquy. —Albany (N. Y.) Argus.

## SIGNIFICANT FIGURES.

Retrenchments Inaugurated by the Present Administration.

When the Democratic party assumed control of the affairs of the Federal Government it was with the fully-expressed promise that those affairs should be conducted upon an honest and economical basis.

Honesty and economy have been high-sounding titles in political party promises for years, but while the Republican party remained in power the people have in vain looked into the records of the Government to discover the fruits of an honest and economical administration of its affairs.

What is the case with the present Democratic Administration? In no branch of the Government does an economical management manifest itself more quickly than in the department of internal revenue and customs, and that the people may have some

insight into the workings of this branch of Government service under a Democratic Administration their attention is directed to a consideration of the following figures taken from the records of the Treasury Department at Washington, making a comparison between the receipts from customs and from internal revenue, and the respective cost of collecting the same under the last year of President Arthur's Republican Administration and the first two years of President Cleveland's Democratic Administration.

The receipts from customs for the fiscal year of 1885, the last year of Arthur's Administration, were \$183,116,808.60. For the fiscal years of 1886 and 1887, the first two years of Cleveland's Administration, the receipts from the same source were \$194,189,356.00 and \$217,286,893.13, respectively, being an increase in collections over 1885 of \$11,072,547.40, for 1886, and of \$34,140,084.53 for 1887. Now as to the expense of collecting these customs the records show that it cost \$6,918,221.19 to collect \$183,116,808.60 in the Republican Administration of 1885, and only \$6,487,613.00 to collect the same amount, and \$11,072,547.40 more in 1886, and only \$5,870,671.43 to collect the same amount, and \$34,140,084.53 more in 1887, the two years Democratic control. That is to say in 1885 the cost of collecting the customs was 3.77 per cent., while in 1886 it was 3.30 per cent. and 1887 only 3.16 per cent.

An analysis of the collections of internal revenue and the cost of collecting the same shows that the same economy was practiced as in the case of the customs. The receipts from internal revenue for the fiscal year 1885 were \$112,498,725.64. For the fiscal years 1886 and 1887 the receipts from the same source were \$116,805,936.48 and \$118,837,301.06, respectively, being an increase in collections over 1885 of \$4,307,210.84 for 1886, and of \$6,338,575.52 for 1887. It cost under the Republican Administration in 1885, to collect \$112,498,725.64 the sum of \$4,455,430.27, and only \$4,299,485.28 to collect the same amount, and \$4,307,210.84 more in 1886, and only \$4,076,150.20 to collect the same amount and \$6,338,575.52 more in 1887, the two years of Democratic rule. In other words, the cost of collecting the internal revenue in 1885 was 3.96 per cent., while in 1886 it was 3.68 per cent., and in 1887 only 3.43 per cent.

These figures are full of significance. They tell of retrenchment and reform in these branches of the Government. They tell of party promises redeemed, and they show the fruits of honest government which the Democratic party brings as an offering to the people. —Harrisburg (Pa.) Patriot.

## PUBLIC OPINION.

—If John Sherman does not believe the South is solid let him run against it. —N. O. Picayune.

—It is proposed as a proper platform on which to run for office the sons of their fathers, this: "Dad did it." —Alta California.

—An organ friendly to the Bell telephone monopoly says "there is another call, loud, long and deep, for the dismissal of Attorney General Garland." It is natural for the organ to mistake a bray for a call. —Philadelphia Record.

—An Eastern exchange maliciously suggests that some Eastern university may confer upon Mr. Blaine the degree of Doctor of Letters. Mr. Blaine already wears the titular distinction of Destroyer of Letters. —Chicago Herald.

—Both in Massachusetts and Ohio Democrats are making a fight to win squarely on Democratic principles without shuffling or evasion. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred this kind of a fight to win means a winning fight. —Missouri Republican.

—A good thing not to forget these days is that a Democratic Administration has restored twenty-one million acres of land to the people, which the Republican party had recklessly given away to the railroads, or allowed them to seize and hold without even that much warrant of law. —Des Moines Leader.

—However much the people may reverence the names of Lincoln and Grant, the general verdict will be that their sons must take their chances for popular favors on their personal merits alone, as did their fathers. The level-headed genius of Democracy can not be led far with reflected light, the mere inheritance of a lustrous name. —Boston Globe.

## The President's Oratory.

President Cleveland has made speeches at Indianapolis, St. Louis, Chicago, Milwaukee and Madison, every one of which has been a model of its kind. He makes no attempts at oratorical flourishes. Every thing he says is plain and direct, full of strong common sense and good humor. His position is delicate, speaking as President of the United States to crowds which represent every shade of political opinion and prejudice; but to a man of his character it presents no such difficulty as it would to the professional popular orator. He is honest, strong and simple, and his language is honest, strong and simple. He has a sense of fitness which makes him say the right thing at the right time, and the absence of all affectation in what he says wins for it immediate favor from his audiences. That he leaves affairs of state for his messages is an evidence of good taste that can not be too highly commended. —St. Louis Republic.

## THE COIN OF SOCIETY.

A Comprehensive Definition of the Mystery of Good Breeding.

Subtle, fragrant, indescribable, but all-pervading is that lovely thing we call good breeding. As subtle and as indescribable, but by no means fragrant, is its ungainly opposite. Keenly conscious of the absence of the former, but unable to exactly specify and define when present, we know and feel, but can not analyze nor tabulate—save in cases of exceptional sweetness and refinement, when we can touch the exact action and repeat the commanding word which governed all. So with ill-breeding. We can scarcely say where it was unless the demeanor was as deep as a well and as wide as a church door; but there it was, and we felt and knew whether we were able to define it or not. No one can describe discord nor harmony. So with the mystery of good breeding—the subtle harmony and passing flavor of true politeness. It is heard in an intonation—an inflection—in the choice of one word over another seemingly its twin, but with just that difference of application, rather than meaning, which creates the essence of good breeding. The almost microscopic recognition of a stranger—the specialized attention of an unobtrusive kind—is its evidence; the careless neglect of an apparently insignificant form is its death-warrant. To be the only stranger in a room full of intimates and to be unobtrusive and neglected is an act of ill-breeding specially Britannic. If by chance one more kind-hearted to begin with, takes pity on the poor social waif and strays, and offers any attention or reels off the thread of a conversation, that person has this marvelous charm we call good breeding, in which all the rest have been deficient. When you enter a room and are presented to the hostess her reception of you proves her good breeding or her bad. The way her children meet you—the way in which, at any age beyond the merest boyhood they speak and hold themselves—is so eloquent of their gentle training or ungentle as is a correct accent or a provincial. No idiosyncrasy mars the real essence of good breeding, and all the excuses made for lapses and lesions are futile. A well-bred person may be as shy as a hawk and her limbs may be as awkwardly bung together as so many crooked sticks badly pinned. All the same her good breeding will be evident, and neither her shyness nor her awkwardness will tell against it. Though it costs her the well-known agonies to sustain a connected conversation, and though by the very fact of her shyness, her brain will run dry, she will sustain it with the most consummate politeness, if not always with the most flawless fluency. She will put a restraint on herself and talk her best, but at that best may be, because she is versed in the art and mystery of good breeding, and thinks of others rather than herself. But an ill-bred person, if shy, is simply boorish, and makes no trouble to conquer the dumb demon within him, but gives way to it and lets it conquer him at its pleasure. You feel that the excuse made for him—or her—by those who wish to smooth over asperities with vanity—that excuse of being so "dreadfully shy" is no excuse at all. For you know by experience how sweet and anxious to be supple and at ease—for all the pain it costs her—can be that well-bred bundle of nerves and fears, who is as timid as a hare and as sensitive as a minnow, but also who is as thoughtful for others as the boor is disregarding.

Good breeding is the current coin of society. He who is bankrupt therein ought not to take rank with the rest. The defaulting Lombard had his bunch broken in full convulsion, and was chased out of the street where his better endowed brethren carried on their business. What the old money-draggers and money-lenders society ought to do to the ill-bred—to the people who oppose all you say for the mere sake of opposing you, and not for any thing approaching to a principle; who contradict you flatly, and do not apologize when they are proved in the wrong; who tell you home truths of a bilious complexion and vinegar aspect; who repeat ill-natured remarks made in their presence, or repeated to them, making you feel that you are scorned and despised you know not why, and vilified without the chance given you of self-justification; who abuse your known friends, and ascribe to them all the sins of the Decalogue; who brutally attack your known principles in religion, morals, politics; who sneer at your cherished superstitions and fall foul of your confessed weaknesses; who take the upper hand of you generally, not counting your susceptibilities as worth the traditional button. Such people as these—and there are many of them masquerading as ladies and gentlemen of good position and irreproachable credentials—but no matter what their lineage nor fortune they should be cashiered; and society would be all the sweeter and more wholesome for the want of them. Contrast these spiny hedgehogs, these aggressive thorn-bushes, these stinging mosquitoes and ramping tarantulas with their opposite—the well-bred and gentle folk who never wound you, never tread on your corns nor offend your susceptibilities in any way, and who carefully carry out of sight all their own private little flags which may be your red rags. This is not want of courage, but it is good breeding. —London Queen.

—The only things we desire to know are those which will benefit us.

## PITH AND POINT.

—It takes much less to start a quarrel than to stop one.

—Some men get down on their neighbors when they find that they can't come up to them. —Boston Courier.

—True criticism consists in assorting the just things from the false, and not the false things from the just.

—A girl may be like sugar for two reasons. She may be sweet, and she may be full of grit. —Burlington Free Press.

—Be thankful every time a friend deserts you, and thus forces you to strengthen yourself. —Pomeroy's Advance Thought.

—The Journal's ideal reckless man is the one who does not take off his hat when speaking to a railway official. —Lincoln Journal.

—Do you know why Mr. S. — allows his hair to grow long, while Mrs. S. — keeps her's cut short? "Yes, they're both literary." —Harper's Bazar.

—A loving wife, at Long Branch, said: "The horrid surf makes me keep my mouth shut." Sarcastic husband: "Take some of it home with you."

—The age in which we live thinks the accumulation of money the most practical matter of life. But it is a mistake, a great mistake. —Western Rural.

—If you wish to know just how little patience you have left, try to raise a refractory car window to please a fidgety woman on a hot day. —Philadelphia Telegraph.

—Let no man boast that he is free from color blindness until after he has been sent to the dry goods store to match his wife's black silk and has come out of the ordeal satisfactorily.

—No," said an old maid, "I don't miss a husband very much. I have trained my dog to growl every time I feed him, and I have bought a tailor's dummy that I can scold when I feel like it."

—The reason.—I asked a bachelor why he in singleness had tarried; He answered that, Be sure, you see I've friends who've long been married to.

—No hoodlum could be hired to strike an average, lick a postage stamp, beat a carpet, or do any thing useful. He wants to be in a crowd of his kind and strike a little fellow. —N. O. Picayune.

—Pastor—"Thomas! Don't you think your parents would feel very sore if they knew you were fishing on the Sabbath?" Thomas—"Yes, sir; but not half so sore as I'd feel if they found it out." —Judge.

—Will you please insert this obituary notice?" asked an old gentleman of an editor. "I make bold to ask it because the deceased had a great many friends about here who'd be glad to hear of his death." —Philadelphia Call.

—Integrity is the first moral virtue; benevolence the second and prudence is the third; without the first the two latter can not exist; and without the third the two former would often be rendered quite useless. —Home Journal.

—The square stick is easiest to make round. The square man finds no difficulty in rounding out a beautiful life. A man of years and virtue is something to reverence and love; a wicked old man is simply disgusting. —N. O. Picayune.

—Who is your lawyer, young man?" asked old Hyson, looking over the papers. "O. N. T. Coatsworth," replied Spiling. "Why, he's no lawyer; he's a tailor." "Can't help that; he's brought more than a dozen suits for and against me, and I'd like to see any lawyer do better than that." —Burdette.

## REMOVING VARNISH.

How It May Be Easily Done Without Injury to Paintings.

"Yes, varnish can be removed from oil paintings without injuring the sketch, but it is a difficult job," said a Fifteenth street expert on paintings to a reporter.

"Well, how do you go about it?"

"To begin with, every thing depends on the varnish used originally on the picture. If it is permanent, then its removal is absolutely necessary, but if retouching varnish has been made use of there remains nothing but to paint over it, which may be done without fear of injuring the picture."

"How would you remove this permanent varnish?"

"A wooden box, the size of a stretcher must be procured, and in this I would place the picture face up. This receptacle is to be shallow of course, say from three to five inches in depth, according to the thickness of the stretcher. Its lid must fit closely, and before placed in position a lining of cotton batting, saturated with alcohol, should be attached. Then, after putting in the picture, I should nail down the cover, and the varnish will soon be dissolved by the fumes from the alcohol."

"How long would you have the picture in this position?"

"That is determined only by experience, and to novices the above experiment is sometimes costly, for the greatest care must be exercised in judging the length of time necessary to remove the varnish. If left exposed too long the painting itself will be injured by the alcohol. If the painting is valuable, I wouldn't advise an inexperienced person to try this arrangement, unless under the personal supervision of an expert. —N. Y. Mail and Express.