The Louisiana Democrat.

"The World is Governed Too Much."

HENRY L. BIOSSAT, Business Manager.

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TOLL'VER'S NELL.

She's a little mite o' creetur,
  Har'ly knee high ter a duck,
But ter sight a cuter, sweeter
  Face has never been my luck.
Ha'r a middlin' sorrel color,
Eyes that make the sky look duller;
Thet's her style and suits me well
Ez the rest o' Toll'ver's Nell.

Laws! she wouldn' rach my shoulder,
  Boosted up on tippy-toes!
Yet I feel er right smart bolder
  W'en she ain't so ve'y close.
Cur'us thet a gel sh'u' daze me,
W'en no man er beast kin faze me!
'Peers like its a kind o' spell
No one hes 'cep' Toll'ver's Nell.

I am not much use' ter takin'
  Any word off any man;
But I set plumb scart an' shakin'
  W'en she 'casion'ly sez; "Dan!
How long 'fore ye'll 'low it's true
Thet I hev no use for you?"
She's a master hand to tell
Cuttin' things, is Toll'ver's Nell.

Thar be men 'ud git erfended
  By sech plain-out talk, ye say?
Well, it 'pears ez ef I'm lended
  Stren'th ter stan' it this-n-way;
Fer I'm boun' ter stick till she
Takes me ter git shet o' me;
Ye kin wear out any gel,
Tho she's sot as Toll'ver's Nell!

—*Eva Wilder McGlasson, in Tid-Bits.*

MR. CLOVER'S GIFT.

The Thanksgiving It Made in the Deacon's House.

Two smiling middle-aged faces looked at one another across the library table. Mr. Clover was recounting to his wife the prospects of success that had opened in his business this fall. "Yes, my dear," he said, "we must do something unusual by way of a Thanksgiving offering this year. What shall it be?"

"How much shall it be? first," said Mrs. Clover.

"Well, say a thousand; we can spare it as well as not."

"I know what I'd like to do—have the church re-frescoed and some new carpets put in. That stained ceiling and that worn path up the center aisle do distress me."

Every thing in Mrs. Clover's house was fresh and shining. Her eyes were spoiled at home for shabby things abroad.

"Well, I'd like to beautify the church," said Mr. Clover. "I'll speak to some of the committee after prayer-meeting and tell them what we propose."

"Will they let us?"

"Let us? Well, I guess so."

"And let us have some choice about colors and carpets, I hope?"

"Oh, you'll see; you'll have it all your own way."

Mrs. Clover looked beaming. In fact, two very happy people went to prayer-meeting that night.

"Nice folks," said Ebenezer Grist, the sexton, as he saw them pass up the aisle; "but *sometimes* there's a leetle of the 'strut and crow' about 'em, too!"

Indeed, good Mr. Clover was that minute meditating a little Thanksgiving speech in the meeting, which perhaps might have had the echo of the "crow" only too audible in it for captious ears.

But the speech never was made; for he had not been five minutes in meeting before there came some words out of the New Testament which seemed to pull his heart right down from its place of jubilation and stick it full of thorns. A shadow fell over his ruddy face, and his wife, who did not in the least understand it, immediately reflected it in her own.

The words which had this unhappy effect were these:

"Therefore, if thou bring thy gift to the altar, and there rememberest that thy brother hath aught against thee, leave there thy gift before the altar, and go thy way; first be reconciled to thy brother, and then come and offer thy gift."

And there sat, across the aisle, nearer the door, but still within reach of every uneasy side glance, a brother who had something against Mr. Clover. It was only poor old Deacon Simon. His face was thin and severe; his hands shook; his hair was white; his clothes were shabby. He had been made deacon because of his burning zeal; but the severity of his spirit had not made him popular in the church. He was often at odds with his brethren. He scented heresy in every breeze. He mourned over a church whose members sometimes allowed dancing and card-playing in their homes, and even took drives on the Sabbath. Poor Deacon Simon, who often stood alone testifying for old ways of righteousness, and whose sensitive spirit was so rasped by the indifference with which his testimony was received!

Only last month he had objected to a children's October Sunday where there should be autumn leaves and kindred frivolities brought into church. Then Brother Clover, who looked so good-natured, but had a choleric temper of his own upon occasions, had fired up and spoken hasty words to the good deacon, words as rude as a blow. They had been received in silence; they had never been apologized for; there had been little intercourse between the two men since.

"I won't apologize," said Mr. Clover now to himself. "I told him the truth, and nothing else would have stopped his talk, and served our turn."

"If thy brother hath aught against thee"— hummed the unwelcome words in his mind.

"He was going to spoil a good thing. We couldn't stir hand or foot in this church if somebody didn't put down his domineering spirit. I'm glad I did it."

"If thy brother hath aught against thee"— repeated the echo.

"He'd no business to lay it up against me! He ought to thank me for telling him the downright truth."

"Leave there thy gift before the altar"—repeated memory again.

"Stop a good thing because I don't please an old curmudgeon like that!"

"First be reconciled with thy brother"— sang the inexorable verse.

"There's no such thing! Might as well try to be reconciled with an old bear. There's no use wasting words with him."

"Then—then come and offer thy gift."

"Pshaw!—pshaw!—What a fool I am! I haven't heard a word Dr. Parsons has been saying. Now who's going to offer prayer? Dear!—if it isn't Simon!"

There were few of the customary greetings between the Clovers and their neighbors when the meeting was over. Without waiting to see any member of the business committee, Mr. Clover hurried headlong out of the church. His wife lost no time in asking for an explanation.

"Oh, I'm all upset; I'm such a fool!"

"What is it?"

He knew he would have to tell her in the end, and beside it was really a relief to him to do so. She asked some close questions. "Tell me just what you said," she demanded.

"Well, he said we were just teaching the children to make play out of worship. That made me mad, and says I: 'Deacon Simon, if you'd been there when they brought the children for Christ to bless you'd have been one to rebuke them as sure as fate.' That's just your spirit right through!"

"What did he say?"

"Not a word; though he kinder flushed up. Guess he was mad. You see, I was. The way I spoke was as bad as the words."

"You've got to ask his pardon."

"Yes," groaned her husband.

"You might as well do it now. I'll go the rest of the way alone; you go right back and find him."

"It won't be a might of use, Ellen. The minute he hears of the church being redecorated, he'll be mad again. He can't abide any thing new."

"But you'll have done your duty. I'd go right off."

Mr. Clover turned, slowly but obediently. There was nothing of the "strut" or "crow" in his manner now. He looked quite cowed and humbled.

Deacon Simon lived quite out on the edge of the town. There he had inherited a farm and homestead. He had toiled hard over his stony acres, and they had yielded him but a scanty living, yet he was deeply attached to the old place, as everybody knew.

Mr. Clover was surprised as he entered the old-fashioned hall to find the carpet taken up, and only a big packing box ready to be nailed up standing there in place of furniture. The parlor, too, was bare, except for some chairs piled up, two-and-two, as if for removal. One of these was given him, and he was asked to wait for a few moments. Presently, he heard the deacon's well-known voice at evening devotions in the next room. And these were the words that trembling old voice was speaking: "O Lord, we thank Thee that Thou hast blessed to us the shelter of this home so long. Now, go with us, as we go from hence. Thy will be done. O, Lord, Thou hast been our dwelling-place in all—in all"— and here there was a break, and, in the silence, the sound of a woman sobbing was audible.

A new idea broke upon Mr. Clover's mind and greatly agitated him. "Can it be that Martin has foreclosed that mortgage?" he thought. "Yes, it must be; I heard the deacon was hard pressed to raise his interest. Nothing else would have moved him out of his old place. I declare it's too bad! It's awful!"

His errand was forgotten; he was in a fever of desire to do something helpful. When Deacon Simon came in, he went toward him with extended hand and such earnest sympathy in his face as no troubled heart could have refused. "Brother Simon," he said, "I hadn't heard when I came, but it's just come to me that you're going to give up your home."

"Yes; I'm obliged to. It's the Lord's will."

"Oh, no," said Mr. Clover; "I can't believe it yet. Wait—wait; I want to talk to you."

Deacon Simon drew another chair from the corner, and seated himself.

"I came," said his visitor, "to ask your forgiveness for the rude way I spoke at the meeting last month. I'm ashamed that I spoke so; ashamed that I showed such a temper. Do forgive me!"

The deacon looked bewildered for a moment, then he seemed to recollect. "Oh, that," he said; "I didn't lay it up against you. I might, perhaps, if I hadn't had so much trouble since; but other things put it out of my mind. I haven't any thing against you, brother; I'm used to finding the church folks differ from me."

He looked so meek, worn and patient—the old man who had been sometimes stern and severe—that Mr. Clover's heart was broken.

"The Lord forgive me!" he said.

"And me, too," said old Simon. "I know I've been too dogmatical with my judgments, and tried the brethren. I can see it all, now I'm going to leave."

"To leave! You don't mean you're going to leave the church?"

"Why, yes; we're going up country to my wife's folks, for awhile, at least. We've lost our home here, you know, and I don't see just how to begin again, yet. I'm an old man to begin again."

"But we can't spare! We can't spare you out of the church. We can't spare you out of the prayer-meeting."

Deacon Simon looked searchingly at Mr. Clover's honest, earnest face, and presently tears dimmed his eyes.

"You really mean it; you're saying it in earnest!" he said. "Well, thank the Lord! Seems to me now I can go in peace. I made sure everybody would be glad, and it hurt me most of all just now. I—I *have* loved the church. Nobody prayed deeper out of his heart for it than I."

"No; and I tell you we can't spare such praying; we won't, either, if I can help it. Come, I want to talk this all over. I've got some money to invest. This is the very place I've been looking for to put it in; near to the town; rising in the value every day. Martin's going to put it in the market; I'll buy it from him, if you'll stay here and keep it for me."

The deacon could not keep the light from rising in his face, but he said steadily: "The farm won't bring you the interest of your money. I've done my best on it and I know."

"Never mind, it'll be trebled in value in ten years for building lots, and besides wouldn't it pay if there was some capital put in, you know—fertilizers, and new machines? Wouldn't I like to try the experiment! But I couldn't do it alone. Won't you stay and help me out in it?"

Deacon Simon had been a proud man. He had never asked sympathy or help in his life. To have them poured upon him unasked in this hour of his desolation was very sweet to him; sweeter than he had words to express. His heart clung to the old place. He could not refuse the friendly offer thus made to him.

"What a Thanksgiving this will be for us!" he said, as he bade his visitor good night.

"You won't mind, Ellen," said Mr. Clover to his wife that night, "if the church is not re-decorated this year, will you?"

"No," she replied—"it can spare the paint better than it can Deacon Simon's prayers."

"You don't think I've fetched the gift off the altar changing my plan with it?"

"No;" and presently she repeated: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."—*M. E. Bennett.*

AN INCREDIBLE STORY.

A Story That Double Discounts Rider Haggard's Productions.

The great demand at present for improbable stories leads to the belief that the following yarn will be very popular:

It was night.

A horseman slowly wound his way at a mad gallop up the hill road which led to Cookport.

A ride of three or four miles brings him to his destination in two minutes and a half.

He stops before a humble vine-clad cottage, the palatial marble residence of Miss Agatha Hungerford Snipps.

Agatha is the only daughter of her parents, who manage to live sumptuously in hard-working retirement on an income of fifty dollars per year.

Mr. and Mrs. Snipps are both dead.

Although Agatha is an orphan, she has been reared to know no want. Her education was a finished one—finished this very year, in fact; and, incredible as it may seem, she not only knew as much when she left college as when she entered it, but she had actually learned something.

She had learned that it is not proper to ask for a second plate of soup unless she is very, very hungry.

"Agatha," said Mrs. Snipps, "who is that woman alighting at the gate?"

"That woman," observed Mr. Snipps, without giving Agatha time to reply, "is Mr. Montgomery Digby Jones, and he has come to see our Agatha. He loves her, but he does not like to propose, knowing she is the heiress of all these vast estates. He hesitates to incumber himself with so much property, as well as with a wife. But, Agatha," turning to the girl, "treat him well. He will make a good son-in-law."

"The old folks withdrew as Mr. Jones rang the bell. He was soon ushered into the parlor where sat the blooming Agatha, a tall, willowy girl of four feet high and weighing two hundred and seventy-two pounds ten ounces.

Agatha and Digby were engaged, although the girl's parent's knew it not.

They had been betrothed for two days.

"Evenin'," said Digby, as he stepped within the doorway.

"Howdy," replied Agatha.

She kept her seat by the window while Digby seated himself across the room by the door.

After some desultory conversation Digby remarked:

"Agatha, I hear that they have some excellent ice cream at Brown's confectionery. Let us go and get some."

"No," replied Agatha, "I never eat ice cream."—*Tid-Bits.*

—There are few more disagreeable people in this world than the people who are always doing wrong and then telling you how bad they feel about it. They ought either to do right or else get a tougher conscience.

WHOLESOME REFORM.

Dishonest Republican Postmasters Made to Disgorge Their Spoils.

Very little has been said about the good work done by the Democratic Administration in turning the rascals out of post-offices they held all over the country, but nevertheless it has resulted in a very considerable retrenchment of expenses. There was widespread stealing by Republican postmasters, but it would never have been heard of if the people had not decided to open the books and have Democratic officials to examine. That is why a great many fourth-class post-offices which used to pay the postmaster from $50 to $100 a quarter do not pay the present incombent more than one-tenth of that revenue. The reason is that the new Democratic postmasters charge just what their business entitles them to, whereas their Republican predecessors charged just as much as they thought they could get from the profligate Republican Administration. Fourth-class postmasters are paid according to the number of stamps they cancel, or, in other words, according to the amount of mail originating at that office to be forwarded to the rest of the world. "The department," says Chief Clerk Roy, "has very frequently to send out an inspector to see what is the reason for the serious falling off in postal business, as indicated by reduced salaries earned by the new postmasters. A postmaster now at the end of the quarter claims only $5 or $6 as the amount due him on the business of his office for the three months. The books show that his predecessor was in the habit of making $70 or $80 every quarter. The inspector investigates and finds that there has been no apparent falling off in business. The office is not boycotted; fully as many people patronize it as formerly, and they send as much mail matter as they had been accustomed to send. The explanation is that while the Republican postmaster had only done $5 or $6 worth of business he represented that he had done ten times as much and claimed accordingly. The department has practically had to take the word of the postmaster; at least, it has generally done so. The marked difference between the large charges made by the postmasters of the old regime and the small charges made by their Democratic successors, who did not know how to steal, suggested to the Democratic Administration that there appeared to be something wrong, and that an investigation was needed. The investigation has proved that the Republican postmasters have been charging away out of all proportion to the business done. The charge has been brought home to a large number of them, and so thoroughly that generally the delinquent returned to the Government what he had wrongfully drawn in years past, and whenever the delinquent official has failed to settle the bondsman has generally come to the front with alacrity. In this way the present Administration has already recovered about half a million dollars from Republican fourth-class postmasters who had been in the habit of drawing for a bigger business than they really transacted."—*Washington Post.*

LAND ACQUISITIONS.

Some of the Most Gratifying Products of Democratic Policy.

The United States originally comprised the old thirteen colonies east of the Alleghenies which fought the revolutionary war and afterwards became the thirteen original States. When the treaty of peace was made at Paris in 1783 it was an interesting question what should be the Western, or rather the Northwestern boundary, the British commissioners proposing to draw a line from Lake Erie to a point somewhere on the Upper Ohio river. This would have reserved to the mother country all the magnificent Northwest Territory, as it was called, which the old colony of Virginia had partially conquered from the Indians and then claimed as part of its domain. The American commissioners insisted on the surrender of it to the United States, and two of them, Franklin and Jay, declared if it was not conceded they would return home and leave matters where they stood at the battle of Yorktown. The British commissioners yielded at last; they could not foresee the future value and importance of a wilderness occupied at the time by hostile Indians, and, in surrendering their claim to it, they had little conception of what they were doing. The country, as defined by this treaty, comprised all the domain south of the St. Lawrence river and lakes on the north and east of the Mississippi, with the exception of that part of the present State of Louisiana east of the river, and the Territory of Florida—an area of 827,500 square miles. This was the beginning. The domain was a magnificent one and the statesmen of that day thought—if they ever took the trouble to think about the matter at all—that it was enough for all time. But they could not grasp the tremendous future that was about to press upon them. Twenty years later, and while some of the American commissioners who had negotiated the treaty of Paris were still living, President Jefferson, by a stroke of statesmanship which, in the language of James G. Blaine, deserves to be commemorated by a statue to the Father of Democracy in St. Louis, bought the Louisiana territory from France, paying $15,000,000 for it. In telling the Louisiana territory Napoleon had a better idea of what he was doing than the British commissioners had when they gave up the Northwest territory in 1783, but even Napoleon only dimly discerned what the wilderness he was parting with would grow into. It included the vast domain lying west of the Mississippi and north of Texas, Mexico and California, and extending to British America, now embracing the States of Arkansas, Colorado, Missouri, Louisiana, Kansas, Nebraska, Iowa, Minnesota and Oregon, the Indian Nation, and the Territories of Dakota, Idaho, Montana, Wyoming and Washington—the whole having an area of 1,173,000 square miles—nearly a third greater than the original domain of the country.

The next acquisition of territory was that of Florida, bought from Spain at a cost of $5,000,000 by the Monroe Administration, in 1821. By this purchase we gained 70,000 square miles of new territory, and secured a continuous line of seacoast from Maine to the Sabine river.

Texas was annexed in 1845, under the Polk Administration, giving us an additional 270,000 square miles. Out of this annexation grew the Mexican war, under the same Administration, in 1847, which ended in the conquest of the territory now embraced in part of Arizona, California, Colorado, New Mexico, Nevada, Utah, and small parts of Kansas and Wyoming, and having an area of 636,000 square miles.

Under the Administration of Mr. Pierce, in 1853, we negotiated the "Gadsden purchase," as it was called, by which we acquired an additional 45,500 square miles, now included in Arizona.

The next and last acquisition was that of Alaska, under the Andrew Johnson Administration, in 1868. This added a territory of 575,000 square miles area to the country, and extended its northern limit up within the Arctic circle. We paid for it $7,500,000. An examination of the map will show that Alaska is the only part of the public domain separated from the body of the country. A part of British America lies between the two. This awkward arrangement grows out of the Oregon boundary treaty of 1846. The British and ourselves both claimed the whole of Oregon Territory; we up to latitude 54.40, and the dispute waxed so warm and warlike that "Fifty-four Forty or Fight," actually became an alliterative warcry; but a treaty was finally made at Washington, by which the British backed up and we backed down to the forty-ninth parallel, which has ever since constituted the boundary.

It will be observed that this succession of acquisitions by which, in the brief period of sixty-five years, the original domain of the country was expanded from 827,500 to 3,600,000 square miles, or more than quadrupled, was the work almost exclusively of Democratic administrations. Indeed, if we call James Monroe and Andrew Johnson Democrats—and they can not properly be called any thing else—then every foot of territory added to the original domain is the product of the Democratic policy which Mr. Jefferson inaugurated in the Louisiana purchase in 1803.—*St. Louis Republican.*

PRESS OPINIONS.

——The political conundrum of the day: What has become of John Sherman.—*N. Y. Post.*

——Who is the greatest weather prophet in the world? Mr. Blaine, because he can already feel the frosts of 1888.—*Puck.*

——The Democratic party guarantees free and fair elections, and an honest count, so long as it shall administer the Government.—*Richmond Whig.*

——The return of one hundred million acres of land to the people is certainly ground enough for continuing Democratic administration.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

——A cablegram from Paris to the New York *Herald* says Mr. Blaine is far from well. He is also far from his Bar Harbor home, and far from the White House at Washington. Very far.—*N. O. Picayune.*

——To the Hon. J-m-s G. B-a-ne, Paris—Cleveland's tour ended. We watched him close, but he failed to put his foot in it once. Sorry I can't send you more cheerful news. Burn this dispatch. St-p-en B. E-k-ns.—*St. Louis Republican.*

——The fact is there never yet was a politician in the wake of Mr. Blaine who would not rather distort the truth than acknowledge any lack of popular strength in the mendacious statesman. Like leader, like followers.—*Chicago News.*

——There are more Union veterans in the employ of the Government at Washington under this Democratic Administration than there ever were under any Republican Administration. Of course Republican papers can't spare space to give their readers items like this.—*Boston Globe.*

——Ten years ago, or even five, a Democratic President could not have visited the Southern States or addressed Southern audiences without making audible to the Republican partisan organs "the Rebel yell." These organs are now afraid to insult the intelligence of their readers by assuming that the South is the theater of political plots against the Union, and that the President is a party to the plots. It was well worth while for the President to make his journey if it had had no other result than to extort this confession.—*N. Y. Times.*

GAMES OF ANIMALS.

How the Lower Orders of Creation Display Their Love of Sport.

That insects have their games and sports I am convinced. This first occurred to me while in the Adironacks some years ago. I was some distance in the wilderness, and having found a small clearing, was resting from my climb, when suddenly the sun, that had been obscured, sent a band of light through an opening in the trees and at once transformed the spot into a veritable fairyland. From all about innumerable forms of insect life seemed to spring into the gladsome light, and soon the great sunbeam was the scene of such revelry as is only imagined by tellers of fairy stories. A band of gnats, or insects resembling them, seemed to be performing some mystic dance. They floated on the beams of light; rising and falling in undulating lines, forming and reforming, now disappearing, as if at some preconcerted signal, only to appear again in some new shape. So regular and exact were these movements that I was impressed that they had some meaning. In and about this band of players various other forms were darting. Such games of tag! such ærial leaps, dives and plunges! all showing that this sunbath was being enjoyed to the utmost extent.

Once, when lying on the rocks that face the ocean, not far from Nahant, I was attracted by a curious clicking sound, first on one side, then on the other; as if a system of signalling was going on. Recognizing the note of one of the locust tribe, I carefully turned and saw half a dozen large, rusty-brown fellows, commonly known as grasshoppers, which so exactly imitated the rocks in color that it was with the greatest difficulty I distinguished them when not in motion. It was apparent that they were engaged in some curious performance, as they were marching about in the most erratic manner, dodging and hiding behind pieces of stone, and exhibiting remarkable acuteness in avoiding each other. All the little irregularities of the rocks were carefully taken advantage of, and their motions in creeping upon one another reminded me of those of a cat, so stealthy and sly were they. This game of hide-and-seek was occasionally varied by a leaping performance. Two locusts would gravely face each other, and then as if at a given signal they would jump into the air, one passing over the other in the flight, alighting and assuming the same positions, only reversed. I watched their maneuvers for some time, and listened to the curious clicking that accompanied them; but finally an incautious movement broke up the games, and the players flew away, seemingly uttering vigorous protests.

The love of sport is not confined to these lowly creatures. I doubt that an animal can be found which does not in some way or at some time show a desire for what we term "amusement." Among the land animals, or rather the land and water animals, the otters are especially noticeable from the fact that some of their games are exactly like those of human device. It was Audubon who first chronicled their actions, he having watched them from a secluded spot, and since then their games have been enjoyed by many observers. The otters (lutra canadensis) are perhaps the originators of the games of sliding down hill and tobogganing.

Otters are always found about streams; building their tunnel-nests in the banks, having as a rule, one entrance into the water, and another on shore. During the winter a bank is selected having a good incline and leading into the water, or sometimes out upon the ice. The snow is then carefully patted down and rendered as smooth as possible, and finally becomes a glare of ice. This accomplished, the otters start at the top of the hill, and turning upon their backs give themselves a push with their hind feet, and away go the living sleds, dashing down the incline, turning at the bottom and with a splash entering the cold water, or darting away on the smooth ice. So fond are the animals of this sport that they keep it up for a long time, and hunters watch the slides, knowing that here they have the best chance of finding the otters.

The sea-otters are just as playful. They are found lying on the great kelp-beds off shore, and have been seen tossing their young into the air, riding on the breakers upon their backs, and going through a number of motions of an extremely interesting nature. That these occurrences are truly games, one needs but to watch the domestic cat and her kittens; and young lions, tigers and all the cat tribe have similar dispositions, while if we turn to the monkey its entire existence is seen to be a continuous game, or an endless series of practical jokes perpetrated upon its fellows.—*Wide Awake.*

—Little Georgie used to say his evening prayer while sitting in his mother's lap. One night he hopped down, and dropping on his knees, raised his hands in a very devotional attitude, and repeated: "Now I lay me down to sleep." Charmed at the manifestation of reverence, his father asked: "Georgie, do you suppose God likes to have you say your prayers this way better than the way you used to?" "O, I don't suppose God cares anything about it," the child replied. "I was thinking of the kangaroo." He had been to the menagerie and seen the animal sitting on its haunches with its fore feet placed together somewhat as he placed his hands in saying his prayers.—*Boston Post.*

PITH AND POINT.

—Probably, of all sensational developments, boils are the worst.

—When supply and demand cease to play, values completely disappear.

—The crutch of Time accomplishes more than the club of Hercules.—*Balthaser Gracian.*

—When you put your fingers into somebody else's pie you must expect to get tart rejoinders.—*Burlington Free Press.*

—Man must work. He may work grudgingly or gratefully. He may work as a man or as a machine.—*Henry Giles.*

—Most of the people who are willing to tell how to become rich are finally buried at the expense of the county.—*Lincoln Journal.*

—Some o' de tenderest words is spoken by de ugliest men. De sweetest hick'ry nuts grows on de roughest trees.—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

—What some people call their sensitiveness is merely a disinclination to be treated as they would treat others under the same circumstances.

—A great many good men have missed the top of the ladder by attempting too many rounds at the first jump.—*Shoe and Leather Reporter.*

—A Chance for Some Inventor—

Of late they have chimneys invented
  Which all of their own smoke consume;
Now a music-consuming piano
  Is needed to help out the boom.

—*Tid-Bits.*

—Omaha Dame — "My daughter, your husband is a villain." Bride of a Month—"Wha—." "He's married before, and for all we know has a wife living yet." "Horrors! How do you know?" "I asked him to step into the store and match these zephyrs for you, and he wouldn't do it."—*Omaha World.*

—An Irishman, who was a witness in a recent case at the Tombs, gave a lawyer who was cross-examining him so much trouble by his witty evasions that the counsel at last said to him: "See here, my man, if the devil could have his choice between you and me, which of us do you think he would take first?" "Which of us would the devil take first?" said the witness. "Why, me, of course, because he knows that he could have you at any time."—*N. Y. Ledger.*

WHITTIER'S YOUTH.

His First Published Poem and the Friend It Brought Him.

Whittier began to rhyme very early and kept his gift a secret from all except his oldest sister, fearing that his father, who was a prosaic man, would think he was wasting time. He wrote under the fence, in the attic, in the barn—wherever he could escape observation; and as pen and ink were not always available, he sometimes used chalk, and even charcoal. Great was the surprise of the family when some of his verses were unearthed, literally unearthed, from under a heap of rubbish in a garret; but his father frowned upon these evidences of the bent of his mind, not out of kindness, but because he doubted the sufficiency of the boy's education for a literary life, and did not wish to inspire him with hopes which might never be fulfilled.

His sister had faith in him, nevertheless, and, without his knowledge, she sent one of his poems to the editor of the *Free Press*, a newspaper published in Newburyport. Whittier was helping his father to repair a stone wall by the roadside, when the carrier flung a copy of the paper to him, and, unconscious that any thing of his was in it, he opened it and glanced up and down the columns. His eyes fell on some verses called "The Exile's Departure:"

Fond scenes which delighted my youthful existence,
With feelings of sorrow I bid ye adieu—
A lasting adieu; for now, dim in the distance
The shores of Hibernia recede from my view.
Farewell to the cliffs, tempest-beaten and gray,
Which guard the loved shores of my own native land;
Farewell to the village and sail-shadowed bay,
The forest-crowned hill and the water-washed strand.

His eyes swam; it was his own poem, the first he ever had in print.

"What is the matter with thee?" his father demanded, seeing how dazed he was; but, though he resumed his work on the wall, he could not speak, and he had to steal a glance at the paper again before he could convince himself that he was not dreaming. Sure enough, the poem was there with his initial at the foot of it—"W., Haverhill, June 1, 1826," and, better still, this editorial notice: "If 'W.,' at Haverhill, will continue to favor us with pieces beautiful as the one inserted in our poetical department to-day, we shall esteem it a favor."

The editor thought so much of "The Exile's Departure," and some other verses which followed it from the same hand, that he resolved to make the acquaintance of his new contributor, and he drove over to see him. Whittier, then a boy of eighteen, was summoned from the fields where he was working, clad only in shirt, trousers and straw hat, and having slipped in at the back door so that he might put his shoes and coat on, came into the room with "shrinking diffidence, almost unable to speak, and blushing like a maiden." The editor was a young man himself, not more than twenty-two or twenty-three, and the friendship that began with this visit lasted until death ended it. How strong and how close it was, and how it was made to serve the cause of freedom may be learned in the life of the great abolitionist, William Lloyd Garrison, which was the editor's name.—*St. Nicholas.*