The Louisiana Democrat.

"The World is Governed Too Much."

HENRY L. BIOSSAT, Business Manager. ALEXANDRIA, LOUISIANA, WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1887. VOL. XLII.—NO. 52.

THE CHRISTMAS STOCKING.

Oh, it's all very nice for *you!*
But for me it's a tale of woe.
I'm an article sad to view,
For they've stuffed and they've crammed me so

That I'm ruined beyond repair.
There's a dreadful tin horn, dear me!
That has made an enormous tear
By punching straight through my knee.

And that red woolen dog—his tail
Is stuck through a hole in my toe;
And that sail-boat—I hope 'twon't sail—
Has burst through my seam, I know.

And that jumping-jack—I can feel
Where he's made a rip in my leg;
And that popgun's gone through my heel,
And I'm slipping off from my peg.

And the fire—I'm hung so near—
Has melted that candy cane,
And I'm all stuck up. Oh, dear!
I'm a total wreck, it is plain.

And the worst of it is, you see,
That to-morrow I shall depart,
With a very mixed company.
In the depths of a rag-man's cart!

—*Emma A. Opper.*

CROSS PURPOSES;

Or, The Widow Mack's Disappointment—A New Year's Story.

[Written for This Paper.]

FOR almost three years the sharp-voiced, black-eyed Widow Mack, Dr. Paul Blake's housekeeper, had ruled with a rod of iron. But the Doctor, who was a single man of thirty odd, peace-loving and absorbed in his profession, submitted meekly, principally from the fact of his housekeeper's culinary skill and general ability. Hence the frivolous youth of Barmouth insisted that it was simply a matter of time as to the ultimate matrimonial results.

Three times a year Mrs. Mack had been in the habit of giving Dr. Blake "warning" in more or less impassioned terms. The alleged causes were sins of omission or commission on the respective parts of the "hired help," Bob, the office-boy, and Miss Doris Lane, the Doctor's nineteen-year-old ward.

It was the morning after Christmas Day in the year of grace 188—. Dr. Blake was in his library and office combined, hoping for a quiet hour with the *Lancet*, which he held in his hand with pages uncut, as Mrs. Mack, whose black eyes were snapping ominously, flung—I use the word advisedly—into the room.

With a premonition of what was coming, the Doctor laid aside the pamphlet.

"Well, Mrs. Mack," he said, wearily, "which—that is, who—I mean, what is it now?"

"This day week, Dr. Blake, either Miss Doris or I leave—you can choose between us," responded the Widow Mack, with ominous calmness. Barring the name of the offender, her formula of warning was always the same. Possibly she dreamed that by patient persistence in this line the Doctor in some unguarded moment might be led to say: "Then, Mrs. Mack, my advice will be—yourself."

Why not? The widow only acknowledged to thirty-six, her figure was trim, her face not uncomely and she held property in her own right. In addition to this her cookery was unequaled, and is it not recorded that masculine hearts untouched by personal charms have been reached through the vulgar medium of the stomach?

"Not being the dirt under Miss Doris' feet," acrimoniously continued Mrs. Mack, before Dr. Blake could speak, "I don't propose being trod on no longer. The *idea!*" said the irate lady, with a backward toss of her head; "ordering me out of her study'er just because I said her goings on with your nevew, Paul Blake, was scandalous! Things have come to a pretty pass in *this* house, I think!"

Dr. Blake groaned in spirit as Mrs. Mack slammed the door behind her.

"Why can't she let Doris alone," he muttered, and when he said "Doris" it was with a peculiarly tender inflection. But that, perhaps, was because of the semi-parental relation in which he pretended to stand toward her.

Dr. Blake communed with himself for a moment or two and then, laying aside the uncut pamphlet, rose and regarded himself curiously in the glass over the mantel.

"You're nothing but an old fool, Paul Blake," he said, turning abruptly away. Yet the earnest, scholarly face and dark inscrutable eyes which had returned his brief glance were by no means deserving of such a scathing remark. But in comparison with his nephew, Paul Blake, the doctor regarded himself as a modern Methuselah.

Doris Vane's "study'er" was a rather cozy interior formed by parting a portion of the attic proper with some faded chintz curtains rummaged out from the big cedar-wood chest in the corner. One of the hangings was pushed back for a better side light, and Dr. Blake, who had sought the attic with a view of reconciling Doris and Mrs. Mack, stood still at the head of the stairs regarding the chintz-framed picture before him.

Under the sky-light in the roof was an easel supporting a partly-finished portrait in oil. Before it, holding palette and mahl-stick in rest, stood pretty Doris, the

BEFORE IT HOLDING PALETTE AND MAHL-STICK.

graceful outlines of whose figure even the ugly blue bottomed blouse reaching to her feet could not hide.

Reclining at ease in an old arm-chair near the little air-tight stove which served to warm the interior, was Paul Blake, the doctor's good-looking artist nephew, twirling an unlighted cigarette between his slim white fingers.

Before Doctor Blake could step forward to announce his presence, Paul spoke—evidently *apropos* of some thing under discussion.

"It's no use talking, Doris," he said, somewhat petulantly. "If uncle Paul won't give his consent to our marriage, as you seem to think, why we must do without it, that's all."

Doctor Blake turned very pale as he heard these words not intended for his ear. But pulling himself together with an effort, he stepped forward.

At his unexpected appearance Doris gave a sudden start and, crimsoning to her fair temple, threw a cloth over the portrait. But not before Doctor Blake had caught a glimpse of his nephew's broad white forehead and expressive eyes.

The Doctor, pretending to have heard and seen nothing, greeted Paul with his usual easy courtesy. But the usually self-possessed young man, muttering something about a previous engagement, made a hasty exit, leaving the Doctor and his ward alone together.

Silent and *distrait*, and utterly unlike the happy young girl who was accustomed to greet him with her brightest smile, Doris stood with downcast eyes seemingly intent on studying the colors on her palette.

Now his nephew's fragmentary speech had completely upset Doctor Blake—if I may use the homely simile. He had known for some time that Paul had persistently haunted Doris' studio to the scandal of Mrs. Mack, and his own secret uneasiness. But that matters had gone so far he never dreamed.

Yet, being a brave man Dr. Blake crushed down his rebellious feelings. He had come on a mission of peace. A little *finesse* might be advisable, for impulsive Doris was not apt to listen patiently when Mrs. Mack, whom she exceedingly disliked, was the topic. Perhaps he had better begin by mentioning the invitation that morning received and accepted for himself and Doris to eat their New Year's dinner with the Marstons. Thus he could lead up to the topic desired by slow degrees.

"I suppose Doris," said the Doctor, breaking an awkward silence, "that—e'r—Mrs. Mack has told you we are engaged—"

"She has just given us to understand so—yes," coldly interrupted Doris.

This was not encouraging. He would beat about the bush no longer but mention his errand at once.

"As you know, Doris," again began Dr. Black, nervously clearing his throat, "Mrs. Mack is a most excellent housekeeper, and we—"

Doris' beautiful face, as pale as death, was suddenly turned toward him, checking his further explanation.

"I do not care to listen to a recital of Mrs. Mack's accomplishments or virtues," cried Doris, with a passionate resentment unlike the Doris he knew—"she and I are thoroughly antagonistic. It does not matter though," she said, with a sudden half pathetic change of voice and manner—"we shall not trouble each other in the future. I—I have accepted an offer I received today and shall no longer be dependent on your—bounty."

Though stricken to the heart Dr. Blake was too proud to make any sign. He waited a moment for Doris to explain further, but Doris was dumb. Could he have seen her quivering lips he might have known the reason.

"I hope you may be happy in your new life, Doris." It cost Dr. Blake a tremendous effort to say this. Too well he knew the weak will and vacillating purpose of his nephew, who would never succeed in his calling, simply from lack of energy and application. And this was the man who had won his pretty ward.

"Thank you," said Doris, in a low tone. But, as she suddenly lifted her deep, sharp eyes to his own, what was it that, for one brief moment, he fancied he saw in their inscrutable depths?

All the self-repressed passion of his nature rose suddenly to the surface. For the first time in his years of guardianship, Dr. Paul Blake forgot to hold himself in check.

Crossing the space between them with a single stride, Dr. Blake seized both Doris' small hands in his own:

"Doris, my darling—can it be possible?" he exclaimed, in half bewilderment. And his voice, as well as the love-light shining from his eyes, supplied what was lacking of further speech.

A flood of tell-tale crimson suffused the fair girl's brow, cheeks and neck.

"How dare you—I *hate* you, Dr. Blake," she impetuously cried, in the same breath. And wrenching herself from his detaining grasp, Doris, hiding her hot face in her hands, burst into an agony of weeping.

Well would dismayed Dr. Blake have desired to kiss away her tears, as when Doris was a tiny maiden. But—she hated him; that settled it. Exhaling a sigh, which seemed to come from his boot-soles, the doctor turned, and made his way hastily down-stairs. Doris waited till the echo of his footsteps had died away; then, drying her eyes on a diminutive handkerchief, she stamped her small foot with considerable energy.

"I am nothing but a young fool," she said, with an unconscious echo of a similar admission on Dr. Blake's part a little before. The adjectives only being changed.

Removing the cloth from the partly-completed portrait, Doris seized her palette and with the ghost of a tender smile on her quivering lips fell to painting with nervous haste.

"I *must* finish it before New Year's," she said to herself. And absolutely crowding down her emotions, Doris worked steadily till dinner time.

To her relief Dr. Blake was absent making his professional round. Mrs. Mack glanced at the traces of recent tears on Doris' pale cheek with ill-concealed triumph as the young girl, bending over her plate, made a pretense of eating.

"The Doctor says you're thinking of leaving us," smoothly remarked the widow, after vainly waiting for Doris to break the silence.

"Yes," was the coldly monosyllabic reply.

"Well, may be it's for the best," responded Mrs. Mack, steadily eyeing her shrinking victim, "for naturally you don't feel like being beholden to any one longer'n you can help, though as Paul—I mean the Doctor—says he didn't mind the extra expense while he was single with only himself to care for. But now, why—"

Here Mrs. Mack checked herself and coyly dropped her eyes to the table cloth, a corner of which she was plaiting between her fingers in seeming confusion.

"Neither Dr. Blake or yourself need fear being burdened with me much longer," replied Doris, with quiet scorn. And as she rose and left the room, Mrs. Mack smiled unpleasantly.

"One of us will leave, but it won't be Althea Mack," she remarked, in triumphant confidence, to herself. But this remains to be seen.

Slowly the old year dragged his lagging footsteps toward the portal where the New Year child stood impatiently awaiting the departure of his nearly worn-out predecessor. Doris, cold and silent, saw but little of her guardian, who, far graver and more pre-occupied than was his wont, silently noted the frequent comings and goings of his nephew, who as far as possible seemed to shrink from an interview.

Dr. Blake waited from day to day with a vain hope that Doris might come to him with her confidence as in other days. But the young girl painted steadily at the unfinished portrait for which—according to Mrs. Mack—his nephew Paul was "settin," and Dr. Blake never again intruded himself on their presence.

It was the last evening of the old year. Dr. Blake, thoroughly tired out by an unusually hard day's work, was sitting in his office library looking absently into the open fire-place where the flames were dancing a weird measure in fantastic time to the voice of the winter wind in the old-fashioned, wide-mouthed chimney.

Bob, the office boy, stood in a back-ground of shadow awaiting the Doctor's commands for the morrow, vaguely wondering what had come over his usually genial employer of late.

"May be it's as folks says—that Mis' Mack's bound to marry him whether he's willin' or not," soliloquized Bob: "and if he's afea'rd of *that*, I don't wonder he's down in the mouth."

But all unconscious of his office boy's anxiety in his behalf, Dr. Blake sat with half-closed eyes in the semi obscurity, for a pinhead of flame from a gas jet at the rear and the blaze of the wood fire itself alone relieved the darkness of the room.

A rustle as of a woman's dress caused the Doctor to give a sudden start! At last Doris had come.

"Dreaming of your lady love, doctor?"

Alas the voice, simulating an archness entirely foreign to the speaker, was that of Mrs. Mack, who, arrayed as for conquest, advanced into the circle of firelight and carelessly placed a rather shapely foot on the fender.

"Well, yes," was the absent reply. For Dr. Blake, who, in addition to an unusually laborious day, had been up with a dangerous case nearly all the night before, was in that curious state between waking and sleeping, when men see visions and dream dreams, yet are perfectly conscious as to what is going on about them.

Mrs. Mack sighed softly and drew a little nearer. In the subdued glow of the firelight, which, so to speak, toned down the sharpness of her facial contour, the widow was looking at her best, and Dr. Blake glanced upward at her with something like friendly admiration, vaguely thinking that his housekeeper was by no means a bad looking woman.

Something in Dr. Blake's voice and manner caused the fossil remains of an organ Mrs. Mack was pleased to designate as her heart, to give a dull throb. She had read of

"NOT MISS DORIS, BUT MRS. BLAKE."

masculine hearts caught at the rebound. By this time Dr. Blake knew that his case was hopeless with the chit of a girl he had been temporarily infatuated. Should she strike while the iron was hot?

"When Miss Doris and your nephew are married, you and I Doctor will be left quite alone!" said Mrs. Mack, with a tender look, which was entirely lost on the Doctor, who had subsided into his waking slumber. As in a vision he again saw Doris' deep eyes looking into his own with the strange intensity which once before had thrilled him through and through. And, extending his arms, Dr. Blake said, aloud:

"My darling—come."

Mrs. Mack saw no vision. The outstretched arms were a joyful reality. So also was the tender invitation; and without an instant of delay she literally fell on the Doctor's neck, about which her arms clasped themselves with considerable tenacity.

"P-Paul," she sobbed, hysterically, "*now* I shall never leave you—never!" and clung the tighter to the scarcely awakened doctor as Bob, thinking matters had gone quite far enough, suddenly turned up the gas!

Now Doris had chosen that evening to tell her guardian of her future plans. Perhaps, too, she might learn from his own lips that there was some mistake as to his matrimonial intentions.

Her foot was on the library threshold as Bob threw the glow of gaslight on the interesting tableau I have just mentioned. And casting one glance thereat, Doris fled up-stairs to her room. But had she lingered a moment, Doris would have heard Dr. Blake utter something akin to mild profanity, and seen him rise to his feet so suddenly as to nearly precipitate the clinging widow over a hassock!

"Mrs. Mack?" he sternly exclaimed, but the lady, forcibly overcome by a sense of maidenly modesty, had fled.

"And Miss Doris see it all!" said Bob, in audible soliloquy, as he stood staring in a dazed sort of way at the open door.

"Go to bed, Bob," sharply commanded Dr. Blake, in great perturbation of spirit. What *could* he have said or done in his dreamy abstraction that Mrs. Mack, who was the pink of propriety, should have thrown herself into his arms? Good Heavens, what a terrible situation! Come what might he would see Doris the first thing in the morning and explain it.

When a couple of hours after sunrise Dr. Blake opened his heavy eyes on New Year's morn, they rested at once on a framed portrait hanging against the opposite wall. Where had it come from. Who was it intended for?

For a closer view showed the Doctor that the general contour of the features were his own. So also was the blonde mustache, but here to his own mind the resemblance ceased. The likeness between himself and his nephew Paul had often been commented on. This picture might have been Paul with twenty years added to his age, or himself with ten subtracted.

With a sad smile Doctor Blake read the inscription on a card pinned on the frame.

"A New Years' gift for my ("dear" erased) guardian from his ("affectionate" erased) ward.

"It is plain that Doris' forte is not portrait painting," he said, with a very audible sigh. And then wondering how he should introduce the awkward explanation he was meaning to make, the doctor went down to breakfast.

Replying rather curtly to Mrs. Mack's affectionate New Year's greeting, Dr. Blake looked about the room.

"Miss Doris not down yet?" he said, with affected carelessness.

Mrs. Mack drew herself up primly.

"Sarah tells me, Doctor, that at sunrise this morning she let Miss Doris out at the front door fully dressed for traveling and carrying a large hand sachel. She gave no explanation, but simply said she was going away for good, and in due time would write us. And from the fact that our milkman saw Mr. Paul Blake with a young lady who exactly answers her description getting into the Boston train at 6:45, I incline to the opinion that they have gone off to get married."

Dr. Blake, who had himself well in hand, made no audible comment on this surprising bit of news, which in reality was the final blow to his vague hopes. And Mrs. Mack, tucking a tiny, tear-blotted note addressed to Dr. Paul Blake a little further down in her pocket, noted with inward satisfaction that his appetite appeared in no way impaired by what he had heard.

"We will have a talk when I come in from my calls, Mrs. Mack," he said, with his usual courtesy; but the widow thought she detected an undertone of warmth in his speech, and her hopes ran higher than ever.

Bob was waiting the doctor's appearance in the office with manifest impatience. It was evident that he had nerved himself up to the fulfillment of some important duty, regardless of consequences.

"Look here, Doctor," he said, in a cautious undertone, the moment Dr. Blake had closed the door behind him; "there's things that's got to be said, whether you think I'm a interferin' with what's none of my bizness or not. Fust and foremost, you've let Mis' Mack drive Miss Doris away from the house——"

"Nothing of the sort, Bob," sharply interrupted Dr. Blake. "Miss Doris has—has run off with my nephew, Paul, to be married."

"Beggin' your pardon, but she ain't," coolly returned Bob, who was nothing if not blunt spoken. "Mr. Paul's been an' 'loped with Judge Haynes' daughter, which isn't only eighteen years old, and the Judge is jest wild about it; every body's talkin' of it down-town."

Dr. Blake fell into the nearest chair and sat staring speechlessly at Bob, who, with great inward gusto, went on:

"Seems he told Miss Doris all about it, and she tried to get him off the notion, but twasn't no use. So he'n Miss Haynes has gone off to Boston to get married, and Miss Doris she's took the train to Portland, where she's had a offer for to teach music and drawin' in the Presbyterian Institute."

"How do you know all this, Bob?" hoarsely demanded Doctor Blake, feeling as though every thing was slipping from under his feet.

"Didn't Miss Doris tell me last night when she got me to hang your picter in your bed-room on the sly, and she crying like her heart was a-breaking?" boldly returned Bob; "and didn't she say she hadn't no home here any longer, now that you was goin' to marry Mrs. Mack? But I've writ a note that'll explain it all,' she says, 'and Doctor Blake'll find it under his plate in the morning—"

"Doctor Blake did not wait for further explanations. Ten minutes later he had left the house, caught the 9:15 express for Portland, and reached there by 11 a. m.

* * * * * * *

Dressed in her best, Mrs. Mack sat in the parlor New Year's night impatiently awaiting Dr. Blake's coming. She knew that he had been invited to dine out, and his prolonged absence did not surprise her. So absorbed was Mrs. Mack in a pleasant day dream that she did not notice the arrival and departure of a hack which had deposited a gentleman and lady at the door. That the gentleman was Dr. Blake was evident by the fact that he let himself and his companion in with a night key. Who the lady might be is probably apparent to the dullest comprehension.

Still taken up with her castle building the widow, blissfully unconscious of impending ruin, turned her head languidly as the door opened.

"Dr. Blake—and Miss Doris."

This was the startled exclamation which fell from the widow's lips as she sprang to her feet.

"Not Miss Doris, but Mrs. Blake," said the doctor, with freezing politeness. "We were married in Portland this afternoon. And"—before Mrs. Mack could scream—"let me add that as you see I have made my choice as to which of you two should remain under my roof, I shall have to request you to take your departure at the earliest opportunity—perhaps you can guess why."

Mrs. Mack gasped, but nothing came of it. Though speechless with baffled rage and shame she hurried out of the room banging the door behind her till every pane of glass rattled.

But an earthquake would not have disturbed the happiness of the newly-married couple who sat side by side in front of the cheerful blaze.

"If I were not *quite* so young," said Doris, a little regretfully, in a pause of the conversation after the mutual explanations had all been gone over again.

"If I were not quite so old," said the Doctor, with a quiet smile.

"Old," was the indignant response. "Does the picture I painted of you look old?"

"Why, no," said Dr. Blake, laughing; "on the contrary, it flatters my years grossly.

"But that is the way you look to *me*, whispered Doris. And that is all.

FRANK H. CONVERSE.

SECRETARY THOMSON.

The Talented Gentleman Who Took the Minutes of the First Congress.

John Adams records in his dairy, on the day after his arrival in Philadelphia as a delegate to the First Continental Congress: "Called at Mr. Mifflin's, a grand, spacious and elegant house. There we had much conversation with Mr. Charles Thomson, who is the Sam Adams of Philadelphia, the life of the cause of liberty.

Six days later, the delegates marched to Carpenter's Hall, inspected it, agreed that it should serve the purpose, and helped themselves to seats. Peyton Randolph, of Virginia, was unanimously elected President, and Charles Thomson, Secretary.

Thomson was not present, for he was not a delegate; and the Doorkeeper was sent to find him and to say that the Congress desired his immediate attendance. After the Congress had got through the routine of organization, the Doorkeeper returned, escorting Mr. Thomson, who, walking up the aisle, stopped in front of the President and said, with a bow. "Mr. President, I await your pleasure."

"Congress desires the favor of you, sir, to take their minutes," replied President Randolph.

With a bow Mr. Thomson signified his acquiescence, and without a word took his seat at his desk, and began to record the proceedings of that famous, practical and sober-minded assemblage of lawyers, politicians and men of business. This modest and quiet beginning was an earnest of the valuable services which, for fifteen years, Mr. Thomson rendered to the Congress of the Confederation.

He was by birth an Irishman, but had left his native land when only eleven years of age. By education he became a scholar and made a translation of that Greek version of the Old Testament which is known as the Septuagint, which was published in four volumes in 1808.—*Youth's Companion.*

—Christmas presents worth over fifty cents will not be accepted by members of a league of Albany girls. Burlington girls won't accept any thing that costs under fifty cents.—*Burlington Free Press.*

REPUBLICAN DECAY.

A Mugwump Journal's View of the Rise and Fall of Republicanism.

The Republican party came into control of the Government through the Presidential election of 1860, and went out of power through the Presidential election of 1884. The seven National contests included within this period tell the story of its rise and fall, and the record is full of instruction and warning which can not be too carefully heeded at a time when the future of parties is so generally discussed as now. The salient features of that record can be presented at a glance by bringing together the Republican votes at each of these elections in the close and doubtful States of New York, Indiana, New Jersey and Connecticut, as well as in that ancient "stronghold" of Republicanism, Massachusetts.

	N. Y.	Ind.	N. J.	Ct.	Mass.	Total.
1860..	362,646	139,033	58,324	43,792	106,533	710,328
1864..	368,735	153,422	60,723	44,691	126,742	751,318
1868..	419,883	176,552	80,121	50,996	136,477	864,029
1872..	440,738	186,147	91,656	50,638	133,472	902,651
1876..	489,207	208,011	108,517	59,034	150,068	1,009,832
1880..	555,544	232,164	120,555	67,071	165,206	1,140,539
1884..	562,001	238,463	128,366	65,928	146,724	1,136,477

It will be seen that for the twenty years succeeding 1860 the Republican vote showed an uninterrupted growth. This growth was naturally less in 1864, because of the war, than in 1868, and was again less in 1872 than in 1868, because, after the October elections of the former year had insured Greeley's overwhelming defeat, the Republicans were under no necessity of polling a full vote in November. But aside from the two exceptional contests of 1864 and 1872, it is obvious that the Republican vote in these five States was increasing at the rate of more than 100,000 every four years, the growth from 1872 to 1876 being 107,181, and from 1876 to 1880, 130,707. Each State showed a remarkable steadiness in growth. New York increased her Republican vote from 1872 to 1876 by 48,469, and from 1876 to 1880 by 66,337; Indiana, by 21,864 in the first period and 24,153 in the second; New Jersey, by 11,861 and 17,038; Connecticut, by 8,396 and 8,037; and Massachusetts, by 16,591 and 15,142.

Beginning with the campaign which resulted in Lincoln's election, down to and including that in which Garfield was the successful nominee, the Republican party had appealed to the country with honest candidates upon a platform of sound principles. The result was a steady and rapid growth in its numbers, averaging from ten to fifteen per cent. every four years in States like those we have cited, where a large proportion of the voters are not held fast by party bonds. If the campaign of 1884 had been made upon the same basis as previous ones, the Republican vote might have shown a marked gain in each of these States and aggregated at least 1,250,000.

But a new policy was adopted. A tainted candidate was selected who, it was known and conceded, would repel many old voters who had supported Lincoln, Grant, Hayes and Garfield, as well as many young voters whose education and environment inclined them to support a Republican nominee of the old type; but who, it was claimed, could poll a vast number of votes drawn from the most ignorant and fantastic elements of the Democratic party. He did draw those votes. His friends assert, and his opponents do not question, that he received 40,000 Irish Democratic votes in New York City and many thousands more in Brooklyn and other large cities of this State, not to speak of many thousands more in New Jersey, Connecticut, Massachusetts and Indiana. But where did the gain of these tens of thousands of Democratic votes, which Garfield had not secured, put Blaine? In New York State Garfield had polled 66,337 votes more than Hayes, and secured 21,033 plurality; Blaine polled only 6,457 more than Garfield, and was beaten by 1,047 plurality. In Indiana Garfield had polled 24,153 votes more than Hayes, and secured 6,642 plurality. Blaine polled only 6,299 more than Garfield, and was beaten by 6,527 plurality. In New Jersey Garfield had polled 17,038 votes more than Hayes, and reduced the Democratic plurality to only 2,010; Blaine polled only 2,811 more than Garfield, and allowed the Democratic plurality to rise to 4,412. In Connecticut Garfield had polled 8,037 votes more than Hayes, and secured 2,656 plurality; Blaine reduced the Republican vote from 67,071 to 65,923, and was beaten by 1,276 plurality. In Massachusetts Garfield had polled 15,142 votes more than Hayes, and secured 53,245 plurality, with a clear majority over all of 48,898; Blaine reduced the Republican vote from 165,205 to 146,724, and had only 24,372 plurality, while he fell 9,934 short of any majority at all. Thus in three of the five States Blaine had gained only a trifle over Garfield, and in the other two had actually lost, so that the aggregate Republican vote in them, which normal growth should have carried up to at least 1,250,000 in 1884, was only 1,136,477, against 1,140,539 in 1880. Such figures as these draw their own moral.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

——And now the Grand Army Republicans are asserting that Logan's mantle will fall upon Governor Foraker. Logan's mantle will flap around the heels of Joseph Benson Foraker like John L. Sullivan's ulster on Admiral Dot.—*Kansas City Times.*

——The papers are asking if it is true, as reported, that Mr. Blaine is going to Japan next year. It is not; he is going up to Salt creek, and he can't well make both trips in the same year.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

MR. CLEVELAND'S MESSAGE.

Comments of Some of the Most Influential Papers of the Country.

Cleveland (O.) *Plain Dealer:* It is a clear, sound, practicable, earnest argument throughout.

St. Louis *Republican:* The message means a united party, with Democrats inside, and the outside for those who are not Democrats.

New York *Herald:* The message is an able, conservative and statesmanlike document, which, unlike many other messages, will be read by the people and discussed by them.

Philadelphia *Times:* The message will inspire more discussion and investigation of the exact relations of the tariff to capital, industry and trade than any document that has emanated from the Chief Magistrate.

Chicago *News* (Ind.): There is no partisanship, no free trade, no appeal to class prejudice, no special hobby, in the President's message. It is plain patriotic common sense from opening to close.

Chicago *Tribune* (Blaine Rep.): The message rises above party lines and presents a common basis of patriotic statesmanship on which Republicans and Democrats are bound by every consideration of the public welfare and political expediency to stand together.

New York *Times* (Ind.): Mr. Cleveland has done an act of statesmanship in the best sense. Recognizing a great duty, he has performed it with courage, with firmness, and at the right time. And he has performed it so that every honest man must see that it is an honest act.

Baltimore *News:* The document is brief, plain and forcible. It shows that the Presidential mind is forced upon one issue, and that the Titanic one of dealing with the surplus, and it also shows that his idea of the proper avenue of National relief is through tariff reduction.

Chicago *Herald:* Treating exclusively of taxation, the message has an interest which does not ordinarily attach to such papers. It should be read and reread until its copious and valuable information is acquired and its argument, urged with unanswerable skill, is thoroughly mastered.

New York *Commercial-Advertiser:* President Cleveland's concise, able and manfully-candid message to the newly assembled Fiftieth Congress can not fail to make a profound sensation. The novelty in form and the unconventional tone of the message, as well as the urgent and overshadowing importance of the single topic it considers, will attract the universal attention of the Nation to the document. If we are not mistaken it will have a decisive weight in the future of parties and legislation.

Chicago *Times* (Ind.): The present communication is the first example of the beginning of the new and better method of inviting the attention of Congress briefly to some suggestions on a single topic of leading importance on which, in the judgment of the Administration, legislative co-operation in a certain direction is necessary, or of high importance. In electing this course, there is much ground for the opinion that the timely and excellent suggestions from the White House will not be passed over with the customary legislative disregard of suggestions from the constitutional head of the Republic.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

——Riddleberger declares that Virginia is no place for a poor man. And Virginia, by her votes, replies that Washington is no place for a poor Senator.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

——It is rather sad to see Blaine's former friends go back on him as the *Globe-Demacrat* does in the following: "One serious objection to the Blaine-or-bust policy be ore the nomination is that it may lead to Blaine-and-bust at the election."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

——What is to be said of the present economic Administration, however, is that it has been from the beginning a conservative, clean one, free from scandals of every sort and mindful of its own and the country's dignity and welfare.—*Philadelphia Telegraph (Rep.).*

——That political party serves the country best which refuses to part with a single acre until it knows who wants it and what he wants it for. The Republicans have much to be ashamed of and the Democrats have much to be proud of—the first because they have connived at robbery, and the second because they have put a stop to it.—*N. Y. Herald.*

——In 1884 Murat Halstead confidently declared that this country would go to the demnition bow-wows if Mr. Cleveland was elected President. In 1887 Mr. Halstead declares with equal confidence that the essential part of the Constitution has been nullified under the Cleveland Administration—in other words, that the country *has* gone to the d. b.-w's. Mr. Halstead is an ass, but he is a consistent ass.—*Chicago Herald.*

——The Albany *Evening Journal* speaks of the "sham land policy" of Democratic Administration. There was no "sham" about Republican land policy. For twenty-four years Republican administrations pursued the genuine policy of despoiling the people of hundreds of millions of acres of their domain and giving them away to railroad corporations to corrupt the government with Credit Mobilier bribery and build up monster monopolies that are to-day the greatest curse of the country.—*Rochester Union.*

PITH AND POINT.

—He that is unkind to his own will, not be kind to others.

—Advice to a blind man: "If you don't see what you want, ask for it."

—Nothing is more beautiful than a serene, virtuous, happy old age. Such an old age belongs to every individual's life if he only knows how to build it.

—We are not going to tell who the lady was who left a certain church because the upholstering of the pews did not match her complexion.—*Burlington Free Press.*

—The latest craze among the girls is a hair album made up of strands from the heads of their gentlemen friends. This is another thrust at the bald-headed man.—*Washington Critic.*

—Nothing is more expensive than penuriousness, nothing more anxious than carelessness, and every duty which is bidden to wait, returns with seven fresh duties at its back.

—It is said that a small hand indicates refinement, and yet we have seen small hands, and held them, too, b' thunder, that brought out language any thing but refined.—*Drake's Magazine.*

A Great Tital, Indeed.—

Of all the aggravations
That rob life of its joys,
The worst are those vile hotel pests,
The insolent hall-boys.

—*Hotel Mail.*

—Judge no one by his relations, whatever criticism you pass upon his companions. Relations, like features, are thrust upon us; companions, like clothes, are more or less our own selection.

—Instructor (sternly)—"Mr. Freshly, this is the third time that you have handed in only three pages of written matter, while the rest of the class hand in five." Freshly, '91—"Yes, sir; but (struck with a bright idea) I use ever so much thicker paper."—*Harvard Lampoon.*

—"Well, dear," said a Washington husband, "shall we go to the theater this evening?" "What sort of a play is it?" "Comedy." "How many acts?" "About five, I think." "No, I don't think I'll go. Five drinks are more than you'd better take in one evening."—*Washington Critic.*

—Every married woman gets so accustomed to being accused of mislaying any article that her husband can not immediately put his hand on that she would not be surprised, should the house be annihilated by a cyclone, to hear him ask, "What have you done with it?"—*Boston Journal of Education.*

—Broker—"These rascals who have ruined the market ought to be roundly punished. Just think of my being obliged to feed at a free lunch stand." Friend—"But suppose their nefarious schemes had succeeded?" Broker—"Now you're talking nonsense. A scheme isn't nefarious if it succeeds."—*Tid Bits.*

AMERICAN PEARLS.

Splendid Specimens Produced in Some of Our Fresh-Water Mussels.

Pearls are produced in some of the unios (fresh-water mussels), of which there are many hundred species, especially those found in the fresh-water brooks traversing a limestone country. The first pearl of any note was the famous "Crown Pearl," found by a shoemaker, Daniel Howell, while collecting some of these mussels in Notch Brook, near Paterson, New Jersey. This was purchased by Messrs. Tiffany & Co. for $1,500 in 1856, and led to the great pearl excitement. Millions of unios were collected, and many thousands of pearls found, and some of them very fine ones. One, however, which weighed nearly four hundred grains, and would perhaps have been the finest pearl of modern times, was destroyed by cooking the mussel. They have since then been fished out as far west as Ohio. At Waynesville and other places on the Little Miami river many fine pearls have been found, and more recently fine ones have been found in Kentucky, Tennessee and Texas. One single firm has purchased over $100,000 worth of pearls found east of Texas. The pearls are rarely entirely round, usually a little oblong, button-shaped, flat on the back, and imitating every conceivable form, such as beetles, fish, bird wings, and often had their feature assisted in the mounting of enamel and gold, after the manner of Dinglinger pearls at the famous Dresden Green vaults. The color is rarely a true white, usually pink or bluish, often iridescent. The nacre is smoother, if any thing, than in the Oriental pearls, and they are often more beautiful; single pearls have been sold for over $2,000.

Only one pearl of any kind is found in a hundred shells, and usually one in a thousand of any value, so that it is not a very profitable pursuit. The indiscriminate killing off of the mussels in fishing and by poisonous sewage will eventually lead to their extermination. The greatest destroyers, however, are the hogs, which kill off whole banks in a single low tide. Pearls are also secreted by the common hardshell clam (*Venus mercenaria*); these are usually white, tinged with purple, or almost black. The latter colors are preferred, although they have little value. They sell at from $1 to $100 each, and are found as large as a hazel-nut. The common conch (*Strombus gigas*), fished extensively on the Florida coast for bait, often contains the so-called pink pearls. Although they are not true pearls, they have sold at $1,000 each. Our oyster pearls have neither value nor beauty.—*George F. Kunz, in Harper's Magazine.*