

The Louisiana Democrat.

"The World is Governed Too Much."

HENRY L. BLOSSAT, Business Manager.

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MOTHER AND WIFE.

Two windows face the highway,
Two faces guard the panes,
For a loved one's swift home-coming
And the rainy day-light wanes.
The hour has struck; he comes not;
They softly talk awhile,
But silence falls between them;
Again they watch the stile.
The wife, with poet's fancy,
Sits in a blissful dream
Waiting her lord's returning,
In her eyes the love-light's beam.
The mother, wrinkled and white-haired,
Leans on the window-sill,
A smile on her saintly visage,
Time-worn, yet lovely still.
Which pair of eyes is keener?
On whom does the vision burst!
One murmurs: "Now he's coming!"
The mother sees him first!
Ah, yearning heart of a mother!
Tender as summer skies,
Can wealth or wife's devotion
Surpass thy sacrifice?
O wife! thy dear gift cherish!
The mother yields to this:
Her treasures, joy and comfort;
Crown thy destiny.
—Adeline Hoff Beery, in Good Housekeeping.

A ROMANTIC PLOT.

The Most Carefully-Laid Plans Will Sometimes Go Wrong.

"Marena," said Miss Theresa Parola, "the most romantic adventure!"
"How delightful!" said Marena.
"Romance is so—"
"So rare in this dreadful country," said Miss Theresa.
Miss Theresa Parola had never been a resident of any other land. She was born, brought up and educated in Squiggleton, but as her parents had both been Spaniards, and her grandfather, who had long survived his children, was a veritable Spanish hidalgo, she felt herself greatly injured by being, to all intents and purposes, an American girl. She sighed for orange-groves and guitars, for high combs and black lace mantillas. She wore a rose behind her ear, carried a black fan, wore high-heeled boots, and used her eyes impressively. But people would not recognize that she was at heart a foreigner, and the great majority of the people at Squiggleton spoke to her as Miss Parley. Moreover, she had not been taught Spanish; her parents dying in her babyhood, and Miss Smith, to whose care the distant grandfather had consigned her, having placed her early at a strictly English school, believing that it was her duty to get as much of the good Yankee element into her as possible.
"I shouldn't feel my duty done if I were to let her grow up a foreigner," Miss Smith declared.
The Spaniard was rich. He paid the bills and sent a liberal allowance to his granddaughter. As she grew older he desired that she should have a maid, and Miss Parola soon rejoiced in the presence of Marena, who came from Spain, and with whom she began to practice what she called her native language, and her one hope was that her grandfather would some day permit her to come to him. The estimable Don Parola, however, was having a very good time at Madrid. He still found himself admired and held a fine position in society. He had no idea of settling down as the grandpa of a growing young woman. He had spoken of "my poor daughter's infant" for eighteen years, and the information that the infant was of age thrilled him with horror.
"I must marry her," he said; "I must marry her to some one who will keep her in America."
Therefore the romance of which Theresa spoke to Marena.
What the former knew of it was contained in a letter which she now held in her hand:
My dear granddaughter, best beloved of my heart, never-forgotten child of my ever-blessed father: I have not had the joy of holding you in my arms and receiving your kisses. A great pressure of business cares has prevented, and still prevents, this inexpressible happiness, but I constantly think of you, and of settling you in life will be my hottest care. Shortly I will arrive in America a very excellent and worthy young man. True, he has not so far been fortunate, but the blood in his veins is that of great men. I have chosen him for you. I do not command, but I entreat you to accept him. Don Diego is worthy of your charms, as I behold them in your photograph. The moment that he writes to me that he is betrothed to him I will buy him a partnership in the largest woolen house in New York. Probably he will not be long in following this plan. Hoping that I shall hear of your great happiness, I remain, embracing you, your ever-loving grandfather.
PETRO PAROLA.
"A romance at last, you see," said Theresa, after she had read the letter to her maid. "And I intend to make it still more romantic."
"How?" asked Marena.
"My plan is this," said Theresa. "This arrangement of marriage with Don Carlos Diego, who is sure to be a handsome young Spaniard, with lovely eyes and mustache, is so far romantic, but it has a very mercenary aspect to it after all. Now I want to be sure that he loves me for myself alone, and I have a plan to prove it."
"Oh, tell me, miss!" cried Marena.
"Miss Smith being fortunately away, and the house to ourselves for three weeks, we can carry it out," said Theresa. "You must help me, Marena. When Don Diego comes you must pretend that you are I. You must receive him. I will be your maid. You will address me as Marena. I will wear your caps and apron. You will put on my dresses and jewelry. He will pay his mercenary attentions to you, but when he sees how lovely I am, how much better educated, how much more charming altogether than you are, he will fall in love with me. He will say: 'Not for all Don Parola's gold will I give my hand where my heart will never go. You, Marena,

simple handmaid though you be, must be my bride.' Then I will fall into his arms and cry: 'I am your Theresa.' So you see the whole affair will be as delightfully romantic as a dream."
"Yes, miss," said Marena.
But as she spoke she looked first into the stars, then at her mistress, and then back again, with a curious expression. She was much the prettier of the two, and who can blame her if she knew it?
Every thing seemed to prosper Theresa's plan. Miss Smith wrote that the illness of a relative must detain her yet longer than she had expected. A card arrived that afternoon in which, in true Spanish style, Don Diego expressed his hope of kissing the hands of Miss Theresa Parola on the morrow.
The dresses needed no attention, for Marena was exactly the same size as her mistress, and when the don was announced Theresa sat in a window embroidering, while Marena, looking very pretty in a pink silk shot with gray, which was rather unbecoming to Theresa, arose to receive him.
The don was something of a disappointment. He was very stocky and had an immense nose, and though his eyes were large and black, the sea in which they swam were orange-colored. He was formal to a degree, and Theresa could not understand what he said to Marena in his fluent Spanish, with that pure accent which gives the effect of a bad lip. In fact, when the interview was over she was not delighted with the success of her plan, since he had not once looked at her—at least she thought so; but Marena's version of the affair was different.
"What did he say, miss?" she cried in surprise. "Why, surely you understood! You only want me to tell it over again. He kept asking who that lovely lady by the window was, and I said you were only my maid, and pretended to be haughty; and he said you looked like a queen, and I should have been dreadfully vexed if I really had been a lady."
"Oh, delicious!" cried Theresa.
"What a romance!"
"Splendid, miss!" repeated Marena; "and I am sure it will turn out well."
"You shan't regret helping me, Marena," said the young lady.
"I'm sure I shan't miss," replied the maid.
Still it was not quite as interesting to Theresa as it might have been. The don was apparently very conscientious; he paid strict attention to the lady he supposed himself to have been sent to court, although Marena constantly repeated speeches that satisfied Theresa's vanity.
By and by a letter arrived from the distant grandfather. "Are you pleased with Don Carlos?" he asked, with many flourishes.
Theresa replied that she was. She was not pleased with herself, but what could she do? The grandfather had added that he should buy the partnership at once if her reply were favorable, and that they could marry immediately.
Surely the time would come very soon, judging from Marena's reports, when Don Carlos would cast himself at her feet and exclaim: "I can bear this no longer! Love has triumphed!" But the weeks were flying, and he had not done it yet.
Miss Smith was coming home—the farce must be ended.
"You must manage it, Marena," she said. "The next time he says how lovely I am, tell him all."
"I will, miss," said Marena. "Oh, the partnership is bought; he told me so to-day; and he'll roll in gold some time, he says. What's yellow-whites to the eyes to that?"
"I wish they were not so yellow," said Theresa; "and I wish he was as tall as I am; but no matter. This afternoon I'll sit in the garden and read, and you can tell him all, and send him to me."
Theresa sat in the garden that afternoon and waited, but the don did not appear. After awhile she went into the house, but Marena was not to be found. Having changed her dress, she went down into the kitchen to inquire of the cook.
"I am glad you spoke, miss," said Theresa; "Marena has gone out; and more betoken, she had your best bonnet on, and a silk I doubt you'd give away yet. It ain't my place to interfere; but I've noticed goings-on, and I feel I must speak up."
"Thank you; I'll attend to it," said Theresa.
She went up to her own room. On the bed lay a letter addressed to herself. She opened it; it was from Marena, who wrote English very well, and was as follows:
MISS THERESA: Remember it was all your plan. I've performed my part at your bidding. Don Diego fell in love with me at once. As for you, he said he thought you dreadfully plain, and only said that because you are so contented—begging your pardon, miss—that you need taking down for your own good.
We are married—or will be when you read this. He says now the partnership is bought, the old gentleman can't unbuy it. I told him the trick after it was bought. We were engaged, but he could have backed out. He said he wouldn't, and what was raked in a republic like America? He said you were an idiot not to know I was the prettiest, and that you deserved to be played one trick for another. However, he has yellow whites to his eyes, and is chunky. It's a great match for me, but a rich young lady like you can get a taller one. My best respects.
MARENA.
P. S.—I will send your clothes back by express to-morrow.
To say that Theresa was enraged would not express her emotions, but when one is "hoist with one's own petard" one does not talk about it. She wrote to her grandfather that she had dismissed Don Carlos Diego for flirting with her maid, and shortly

consoled herself with a long, light, and generally lemon-colored young Yankee, who had addressed to her a poem in which he spoke of her as "Donna Theresa."—Fireside Companion.

KENTUCKY MOUNTAINEERS.

A Sketch of a People Unknown to the Rest of the World.

It was early in the morning of a perfect April day that we went down the road that leads to the banks of the Bullskin—a creek that traverses a part of Eastern Kentucky. It was a charming ride through the mists and shadows of the early morning. Our destination was the house of an old man named Barger. It was a quaint old place, much cleaner than the houses in that place usually are, with the remarkable luxury of an "up-stairs." Old Mrs. Barger was preparing dinner when we arrived, and we sat down to dine at ten o'clock in the morning. We told the family that we dined at home about eight hours later than that, but they would not believe it.
In the evening I joined the group sitting about the fire waiting for supper. They were "the boys," come in from the farm work with several neighbors who had been helping. Darkness had fallen, and the men about the fire were as silent and sedate as only a group of mountaineers can be. The silence was suddenly broken by the entrance of a hale, hearty old man, whom all the party addressed as grandpap, and treated with great respect. The old man placed himself with utmost care on a stool near the fire, and waited until Mrs. Barger had resumed her work at the fire and the men had gone back to chewing their "long cut" and to silence; then he looked about him with an air of enjoyment and slowly remarked:
"I lay I'm goin' to leave this creek."
"Bud Simpson has done beat Joe Baker's wife all to pieces with a fence rail and run off and left her fur dead." Various exclamations came from all sides, while I sat by and listened to the details of what seemed to me to be a shocking assault. Grandpap explained with slow care how the quarrel originated with the "daws and the haws," and finally concluded by repeating: "I tell ye, I goin' to leave the creek; it ain't safe." Mrs. Barger returned to her bacon with the astute observation, "Well, that beats my time," and took no further part in the conversation, but the men were thoroughly aroused and discussed the outrage with solemn eagerness. One tall fellow, who seemed to be a man of some importance, reached quite a fever of excitement, and all the little circle stopped to listen when he delivered his opinion. "A man ain't no right to beat a woman with a fence rail. A man shouldn't beat none of my women folks with a fence rail. If Bud Simpson wanted to beat Tilly Baker why didn't he take his fist and beat her? A man ain't no right to beat a woman with a fence rail. He ought to have took his fist."
The party all agreed that punishment with the fist was the proper mode for women and silence soon reigned again.—Cor. Washington Star.

CIRCUS REFLECTIONS.

The Perversity of Human Nature as Displayed in a Tent Show.

It seems a rather strange thing that people of ordinary appreciation should experience more pleasure in seeing animals in eccentric attitudes than in those designed for them by nature. The man who cares nothing to see the seal swim about in his tank, becomes spell-bound with delight when he observes that honest-faced amphibian bumping across a board platform on the muscles of his stomach for the purpose of discharging a pistol, and showing how great a tambourine virtuoso he is.
The same man, and he is generally a sample of the whole audience, never knows how great an animal the pig is until he sees him, attired like a nurse, wheeling a monkey about in a baby carriage.
When he sees two sheep playing leap-frog and sparring with gloves, he feels as though nature made a sad mistake in not endowing all sheep with these gifts, that they might amuse as well as feed and clothe man. He never before got so much enjoyment out of a flock of sheep on a bright green hillside, and he vows when he goes to a picture sale again, he will only buy such cattle pieces as happen to tickle his sporting fancy.
He thinks what an opportunity Rosa Bonheur missed when she failed to delineate oxen indulging in a game of see-saw, and horses running about in a circle in Indian file, with their forelegs on the flanks of the ones just ahead.
This man, who notices not the poetry and grace of natural motion, would be happier, perhaps, if all men stood on their heads, and walked on their hands, for nature to him is but a dull prosaic sort of a thing, as barren of beauty as the advertised beauty, the beautiful Mlle. Soandso, who sails through the air on the flying trapeze in lights as delicate as a rosebud.—Puck.

Made to Feel at Home.

"Is there any body here who wants to see the man with the bad eye?" he bellowed, as he came into the bar-room where the boys were discussing politics.
In an instant six revolvers were pulled.
"That's right, boys," he said; "because if you didn't want to see me I was going right back home."—Judge.

ENGLISH INFLUENCE.

How It Is Making Itself Felt Under Republican Patronage.

It will be remembered that during the Presidential campaign last year the Republican party made liberal use of John Bull as a scare-crow for wage-earners. He was represented as the controlling influence over the Democratic administration and as preparing to gobble up all American industries in the event of the re-election of Mr. Cleveland. The working-men were repeatedly warned against the schemes of the British manufacturers to secure control of our trade and industries through the co-operation of the wicked Democrats. Forged extracts from English newspapers were circulated freely by Mr. Herbert Kaddlyffe, and other Republican agents, to show that England was particularly interested in the success of the Democratic party. The forgeries were exposed, but they were circulated all the same until election day. The party which was to save American working-men from the clutches of John Bull regained power, and now we find that the British manufacturer has a stronger hold on American industries than he ever dreamed of before. English capitalists are buying up mills, factories and furnaces and the "pauper labor" we are warned against is being imported in large quantities despite all laws to the contrary. An Englishman is in a confidential position at the White House, and another representative of John Bull is to make out the eleventh census and report on the condition and progress of American industry. The American markets are fast passing into the hands of British capitalists, and that vaunted palladium of our liberties, the sacred tariff, enables those foreigners to effect an easy conquest of our country.
With Englishmen running our mills, iron works and other industries, and imported laborers replacing American working-men, the feelings of those who allowed themselves to be deceived last year by the most transparent cheats, must be of a very unpleasant kind. They received ample warning that the so-called protective tariff was calculated to leave them the prey of syndicates and foreign speculators, who had only to place themselves under its protection in order to fleece labor and to secure the control of our markets. That infallible panacea so eloquently recommended to American working-men last year turns out to be a protective tariff for British capitalists, who are enabled to keep out all competition after gaining control of our markets. In one respect the Republican organs and orators were right. John Bull wanted our markets and was prepared to bid high for them. But it was hardly to be expected by the most rabid protectionist that within four months after the party warned the country against the schemes of John Bull, assumed the reins of government, British capital should have such a foothold here and British manufacturers should be enjoying the benefits of our war tariff. When American working-men in every branch of industry find their wages reduced, or the "pauper labor of Europe" taking their places, they may realize, perhaps, what little dependence may be placed on Republican promises and assertions during a Presidential campaign.—Albany (N. Y.) Argus.

POVERTY OF FARMERS.

A Condition of Things Due to Excessive Tariff Taxation.

Why are farmers poor? This question is exciting much discussion in the special agricultural journals. It seems to be agreed that farmers are poor, and all the communications published that are written by leading farmers all over the States and Territories unite in this admission. The reason for the prevailing poverty among half the population is not so much a cause of dispute as might be expected. Burdens that fall unequally and that lie like an incubus upon the agricultural interests are recognized by all as the chief cause of this distress among the farmers. Increasing taxes, chief among which is that which comes like a thief in the night under cover of a false theory and pretense, but which cuts into the farmer's pocket at every turn and mulets him ruinously every time he makes a purchase of any thing needful in household business. The onerous tariff presses upon the farmer like those exactions levied upon agriculture in such misgoverned countries as Turkey, Egypt and India, and which take every thing from the cultivator of the soil except a bare living, which is left to him that he may continue to live and work and be taxed.
One example of how the farmer is taxed may be given as it comes to the knowledge of the writer. A manufacturer of woolen goods in Scotland advertised in an English farmers' journal that he would sell his cloths at retail to farmers or exchange them for wool. The writer wrote for samples and prices of the goods. They were of excellent quality; Scotch tweeds, chevots and such cloths as make the best clothing for farmers, and were of pure wool and free from "shoddy," "mungo" and the waste trash that is so largely mixed with wool in ordinary home-made goods. The prices were so low as to astonish an American purchaser; 50 cents, 62½ cents, 75 cents and less than one dollar a yard for the best grades. For \$3.50 cloth for a full suit of such goods as cost \$20 here could be purchased. But on looking up the list of import duties it is found that our supposed paternal Government exacts a tax upon these cloths of 50 cents per

yard, and in addition thereto of 55 per cent ad valorem, thus increasing the cost more than 100 per cent; on the cheapest of the goods it is 170 per cent. And this tax is said to be for the farmers' interest and for their protection.
Let us see how this tax protects the farmer. It is supposed that the import duty on foreign wool makes up for this loss to the farmers. In England the wool of which these goods is made is worth 22 cents per pound. In New York it is worth 30 cents. Supposing the difference is the measure of advantage gained by the American farmer, it benefits only those who grow wool, and every other farmer pays the tax without even this small and questionable benefit. This is only one example of hundreds which might be mentioned, all of which bear heavily upon the farmers. No doubt every thoughtful farmer will be able to give an answer to the question just now so widely discussed: Why are farmers poor? If he will turn his thoughts this way.—N. Y. Times.

THE SUGAR EXTORTION.

The Only Way to Relieve the People Is to Put Sugar on the Free List.

Sugar raw and refined should go on the free list. The tax paid last year directly into the Treasury amounted to over three-fourths of the actual value of the enormous quantity of 2,521,098,473 pounds (two thousand five hundred and twenty-one million pounds). In addition to this tax a combination of "Captains of Industry" known as the Sugar Trust is this year taking advantage of the restrictions imposed on this market by the tariff laws to extort an enormous amount in private taxation for their own benefit. The estimated net profits of the refiners' tariff ring last year was \$19,000,000. This year the robbery will be much heavier. The trust claims that the advance is due to a decreased supply of raw sugar—to natural laws of supply and demand. It is not worth while to argue on that point while a tax of three-fourths of the value of all sugar used in the American market is paid by the consumer. Such a tax interferes with the laws of supply and demand that while it exists it is absurd to talk of high price being due to natural causes. If with all sugar, refined and raw, on the free list, the Refiners' Trust can then control the market, it will be fair trade and no robbery.
As a matter of fact no trust can long control an open market on any staple article. Abolish the sugar tax and the refiners' ring will be abolished with it. The Republic is heartily in favor of the abolition of both the tax and the trust created by the tax. The Republican party is urged by certain Republican papers to pursue this course and Republican speakers have frequently attacked the tax as a tribute paid to Louisiana. This is untrue, as the Louisiana industry is already virtually ruined under the tax, but even if the Louisiana planters were highly prosperous, it would be grossly unjust to the people to keep them so. The tariff question has assumed a shape where the fight, if made at all, must be made for impartial justice. It is plainly impossible to scale down the present tariff horizontally. The only method by which reform is possible is through abolishing or cutting the tax on one article at a time, and this is the time for sugar.

The Republican party has control of both houses of Congress and the Presidency. It will be obliged to show its relations to the sugar trust which now "has its fingers in every sugar bowl in the land." Without Government assistance and connivance, the trust could not practice this extortion. The tax should be abolished outright. Put all grades of sugar on the free list, and if the trust can survive by a fair trade in an open market, let it survive.—St. Louis Republic.

DRIFT OF OPINION.

—Uncle Sam's four new baby girls are said to be doing finely. They will doubtless grow rapidly and be a credit to their sire, as they will naturally inherit a good constitution from the old man.—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

—"Re-rating" is the name politely given to the plan of reducing the surplus pursued by Mr. Harrison's Pension Commissioner. It would be more accurate to call it by a simpler name—it is theft.—St. Louis Republic.

—No President before Harrison ever so cynically disregarded the pledges of his party, broke his own promises and repudiated the public service as has the pious Mr. Harrison during the four months of his incumbency.—N. Y. World.

—"An uncalculated insult" is the way Orator Horr characterizes the tender of the Consulship to Valparaiso to him. There seems to be a wide discrepancy between Orator Horr's estimate of himself and other people's estimate of him.—Boston Herald.

—Roswell G. Horr explains his declination of the Valparaiso Consulship by saying: "If I can't be tablecloth, I won't be dish-rag." Fortunately, the waiting throng of office-seekers includes an ample number of patriots who are not so fastidious.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat (Ind.).

—But the trouble with Tanner is that he has not sense enough to keep his looting within reasonable limits, and this illustration of the outrageous selfishness and dishonesty to which the generous pension system of the United States has been prostituted must make an impression that will not be effaced even by Tanner's removal.—Philadelphia Times.

FOR GUM CHEWERS.

How the Sticky Stuff is Made in an Indianapolis Factory.

Down in the extreme southeastern part of the city is a chewing gum factory. This enterprise is a growing industry, adjusting itself to a growing habit in this community. It is as natural nowadays for a Hoosier, at least in the Hoosier capital, to ask for or offer a piece of gum, as it was for an old-time Hoosier to request or companionably offer a "chaw of tobacco."
Every body chews. Doctors, lawyers, merchants, that picturesque aggregation, the city council, and the entire base-ball nine. When the habit of chewing gum was confined to "giggling" school girls it was an object of ridicule. When the girls' fathers began chewing they formulated ingenious excuses for it. Now every body chews and nothing is said. Any one bringing up the old-time objections is either ignored, laughed at or looked upon with interest as a relic of antiquity.
This chewing gum factory is not a pretentious place. One would be likely to pass it by many times without knowing that a process of wide interest was going on inside. The interior is much like that of a confectioner's shop, and the working is the same. The proceedings start in a large kettle fitted into the top of a stove. Here the "chicic" is boiled. This is the gummy sap of a tropical tree, which is caught much as maple sap is taken from trees in the North. It is dried by the sun into a brown lumpy substance. This is the part of the gum that is most steadfast. It is what remains when all the attractive but fickle sweetnesses have departed. It is also the part which after an hour or two gives one's jaws a blasé feeling that is quite rebellious to the urgent demands of a hungry stomach. An ample amount of sugar and flavoring is added to this substance, and when cool it is kneaded and otherwise treated like bread. It is laid on one of those large smooth stones common to confectioners' shops and printing offices. Here it is smoothed thin by a large polished iron roller, and made still smoother by a wide double-roller press. Over the large sheet is then rolled a rod on which circular knives are arranged at intervals equal to the length of the future stick of gum. These quickly cut the gum into long strips. The strips are passed through another roller press, whose width is equal to their width.
In one of the rollers are grooves at regular intervals, which are fitted into the roller above. By these the strips are compressed at a distance equal to the width of a stick of gum. It is thus easy to break the strips into sticks. This is done by young ladies, who wrap them in small printed labels, stretch a small band of rubber about five of them, and place the packages in neat boxes holding one hundred sticks each, such as are seen in the drug stores. Five flavors of the gum are made—licorice, mint, pine-apple, winter-green and sarsaparilla. The industry, like every other Indianapolis enterprise, is thrifty.—Indianapolis News.

GOWNS FOR BUSY WOMEN.

The Loose Blouse and Straight Skirt Seem to Be the Favorites.

The business women of New York are actively discussing the style of dress best suited to self-supporting women. With competition in every line daily growing keener they find that they can not afford to be hampered by their clothes. The woman who makes a success in any occupation is not the woman who is a bundle of nerves. An unyielding bodice which prevents full deep breathing, the high "dog" collar which is heating in summer and which rasps the neck all the year round, the absence or inaccessibility of the pocket in which to carry the articles which business life requires are sources of annoyance and nervous irritation. It is not long since one of the largest working girls' societies of the city adopted the blouse and straight gathered skirt as club dress for members. Mrs. Jennens Miller, the successful dress reformer, has among her costumes an office-dress for business women, the principal features of which are a full Fedora vest front of surah silk with short jacket of fine wool, and straight, undraped skirt laid in wide box-plaits in front and gathered on to the waist behind. Another dress is a modification of the Directors gown, with seven pockets, almost as many as are owned by that lucky creature, the boy, with his first pantaloons. Four of these pockets are inserted in the vest, one for the watch, one for a pencil, two for car tickets and small change. Under one of the panels on the right side is a long pocket for the purse and handkerchief. Two pockets for memorandum-book and card-case are tucked away among the rear draperies. When the owner has another dress made she proposes to add an eighth pocket on the left side for keys and miscellaneous belongings. Think of such luxuries, ye women who have no pockets at all, but carry umbrella, handkerchief, three bundles and a baby in one hand, while you hold up your skirts, open doors and pay fares with the other.—N. Y. Mail and Express.

—He that is habituated to deceptions and artificialities in trifles, will try in vain to be true in matters of importance; for truth is a thing of habit, rather than of will. You can not in any given case, by any sudden and single effort, will to be true, if the habit of your life has been insincere.—F. W. Robertson.

PITH AND POINT.

—Human foresight often leaves its proudest possessor only a choice of evils.
—We go and fancy that every body is thinking of us, but he is not; he is, like us, thinking of himself.—Charles Road.
—Watch the man who tells you how honest he is. The man who is really honest is not compelled to tell of it himself.
—When the wife or husband listens to gossip about each other the tempter has been encouraged and the end is not far off.—San Francisco Evening Post.
—We are much deceived when we fancy that we can do without the world, and still more so when we presume that the world can do without us.
—It is a mistake to paint sin too alluring and attractive. It makes young people want some. As a matter of fact sin is ugly and full of misery and pain, no matter how it may be colored or sugar-coated.—N. O. Picayune.
—Good service is prompt service. It ceases to be a favor, when he upon whom the service is conferred has lost in patience and hope deferred what he might have bestowed in love and gratitude.
—A young man who never earned a dollar, inheriting a fortune, will often fool away more within six months than his father spent needlessly in forty years. Give opportunities for honest labor till by earning money he knows the worth of it.
—When you are judging a friend whose actions puzzle you, but whose motives you can not see, remember that "Charity thinketh no evil." It is a blessed thing habitually to put the best construction on the behavior of others.
—We may try to elevate ourselves by depreciating others, and for a time seem to succeed, but the end of such a practice is bitterness. The rose does not secure its pre-eminence by calling the elm little, but by making the most of itself according to its nature and opportunity.—United Presbyterian.

A SAINT OF FASHION.

She Was Tried, But St. Peter Did Not Find Her Wanting.

The applicant (timidly)—Please let me in.
St. Peter (opening the gate)—Who are you?
Applicant—A tailor-made girl.
St. Peter (half shutting it)—Did you belong to the Four Hundred?
Applicant (reluctantly)—Yes.
St. Peter (shutting it a little more)—Rich and beautiful?
Applicant (still more reluctantly)—So the papers said.
St. Peter (leaving only a crack)—H'm, how came you here?
Applicant—A sudden cold and pneumonia.
St. Peter—Yes, I know. I suppose you took cold at a ball?
Applicant—No, at a charity fair; the flower table was in a draught.
St. Peter—Why didn't you leave?
Applicant—Oh, I could not. I had promised to serve.
St. Peter (opening the gate a hand's breadth)—You were very extravagant, I suppose.
Applicant (slowly)—I spent a good deal of money, but we were rich, and papa said it was a good thing to keep money going.
St. Peter (absent minded)—Has your papa been canonized? But I digress. To return (sternly), of course you oppressed the poor needle-worker and put off paying the lovely stardew seamstress. While you trailed through the mazy dance the silken robe, into every seam of which she had stitched her woman's heart—or words to that effect?
Applicant (wonderingly)—Oh, no, indeed! Like many other girls in my set I have successfully established more than one skillful but unrecognized needle-woman by giving them work and telling right and left whom I employed.
St. Peter (showing his head now in the opening)—Did you ever go to church on a rainy Sunday?
Applicant—Oh, yes; always, rain or shine.
St. Peter (suddenly suspicious)—Did you ever write a modern society novel?
Applicant—No, I never did. I was not very wise, you know.
St. Peter—H'm, it's not wisdom that goes into them. Can you recall any special acts of goodness on your part?
Applicant (thoughtfully)—I kept awake half one night once when an engaged girl was telling me about her fiancé.
St. Peter—That was kind.
Applicant—I always kept my dancing engagements, even when the best man asked me last.
St. Peter—That was unusual, certainly.
Applicant—And at college balls I used to affect real interest in what the seniors were saying to me.
St. Peter (who had been gradually widening the opening)—We needn't go much further. Were you engaged to be married?
Applicant—Yes.
St. Peter—Englishman, I suppose?
Applicant—No, an American. I refused an Englishman though.
St. Peter—Ah! He was a commoner, I suppose?
Applicant—No, he was a Duke.
St. Peter (gasping)—What you refuse an English peer?
Applicant—I did not love him.
St. Peter (throwing the gate wide open)—My dear, walk right in. The next young woman from the side streets who comes up here will have to make a good showing to get by.—Lila.