The Louisiana Democrat.

"The World is Governed Too Much."

HENRY L. BIOSSAT, Business Manager. ALEXANDRIA, LOUISIANA, WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, 1889. VOL. XLIV.—NO. 36.

ROMANCE OF A BUTTON.

He was about to say adieu,
Was thinking of some word to flatter
When from his overcoat there flew
A button with a dismal clatter.

He blushed, but she, with woman's tact,
As if she saw a good joke in it,
Cried, laughingly: "There, now, I'll act
Your tailor's part for just a minute."

He doffed the coat and watched her thread
The needle with her head low bending.
"Now, do you know," he softly said,
"I have an awful lot of mending?"

"A bachelor, we'll say, like me,
Is at the mercy of his tailor.
And then there's something else, you see,
(At this he turned a trifle paler).

"My heart needs mending much, I fear,
"Do you suppose that you could do it?"
Well, I don't know," she mused, "but, dear,
I'll give my whole attention to it."

—Ladies' Review.

DICKY AND BILLY.

The Latter Innocently Led the Former Into Danger.

All that summer Dicky and Billy had been inseparable friends—ever since the day when, bereft of mother, brothers and sisters at one cruel stroke by the falling of a giant tree, little Billy had been brought to the house a badly-frightened and very noisy little ball of yellow down, looking more like a wad of wet and tangled cotton than a lineal descendant of a champion Pekin duck.

"What a pity," said Mrs. Gilson, Dicky's mother, as she placed the lonely orphan in a snug nest before the fire, where the genial glow would gradually dry and enliven his bedraggled feathers. "There were nine of them this morning—such a pretty little flock—and the old duck was such a pet! Well, well, I don't reckon the little thing will live, but still, we can let him take his chances."

"Watch Dicky, or he'll kill him afore night," remarked Mr. Gilson, laughingly; "thinks there never was sech a purty thing, Dicky does; keep him away from him, mother, or you'll have no duck."

"What's the difference?" growled old man McCrory, the hunter and trapper who made his home with the Gilson's, "the boy might as well kill him as the varmints. Why! sech sign of 'coon as there is along the edge of the bottom! an' mink tracks till you can't rest! no danger that the bird will ever have ter die of old age."

But if Billy merely loved his young friend for the sake of the dainty tid-*bits that* they shared together, the *same* charge could not apply to Dicky. Billy was his only playmate in the long hours McCrory's big, good-natured hound, Track, was absent with his master in the woods. When Track was at home, Billy was often neglected—for never was there such a good, playful, giant of a dog before—but when the hound was absent, then the baby and the duckling were as inseparable as brothers. Dicky's home was at the verge of one of the many great swamps of the Southwest. Years before his father had cleared a farm and built a house on a low mound near the confluence of a river and a smaller creek. In the dry season of the year this cultivated mound was a little sunshiny paradise in a wilderness of canebrake and cypress, but with the heavy rainfall that might come at any time, the swollen streams overflowed the neighboring low-grounds, and Gilson's hill as it was called became an island and separated from the narrow highlands by a deep strip of water, which was many rods wide at the narrowest point.

A few yards from the rear of the house was the boat landing, where from one year's end to another, the half-dozen skiffs and dugouts owned by Mr. Gilson and his friend McCrory lay floating in the submerged grass and weeds, or high and dry on the bare ground, just as the stage of water chanced to be. And here, one morning in August, the aquatic instincts of the restless Billy led him to wander, and close in the rear followed the straw hat, and long, linsey skirt of his friend.

"Billy," called the child, with impressive severity, "tum bat here to me. Oo'll dit d'ownded if oo do in dar!"

But Billy knew better than that; he walked with grave deliberation to the water's edge, wet his throat with a few drops, then lay one side of his head and neck in the black ooze, as though trying a mud application for the earache; and, as if satisfied with the result, shook himself gaily, waded further out and floated like an autumn leaf on the bosom of the waters.

"Oh, ducky, ducky! Doo tum bat," cried the anxious baby; but his appeal was unnoticed and in vain. Never before, in Billy's recollection, had he enjoyed himself so well as at the present moment. The choicest morsel of cake or pie could not have enticed him to the shore.

Dicky stood with his little bare toes in the water and rubbing his eyes savagely with his fat, dimpled fists. His Billy was gone—yes, he was!—he knew he'd never come back any more! If he could only catch him once.

If Dick could get in the boat, perhaps he could regain possession of his pet. Losing his hat in his haste he scrambled about, and made his way back to the stern, and the added weight in the boat swung the bow clear of the bank and around into deeper water.

With a mischievous flirt and a chuckle the runaway Billy darted farther out, and as Dicky reached out to detain it he caught at a hanging bush, and unconsciously exerting his baby-ish strength, saw with delight that the boat was moving, actually following his escaping property.

"Dess I'll dit him d'wec'ly," murmured Dicky, and indeed, it began to look as though there was some chance of it, for the water of the river, rising rapidly had left the channel and was cutting across back of the hill with a current quite strong enough to swiftly waft the young voyager beyond sight and hearing of his home.

Fortunately, however all voyages must come to an end, and, a half-mile from the land, the pilotless craft, caught by a cross current swung up to a huge floating cypress tree, caught in a trailing grapevine and was held hard and fast, and after circling around for a few minutes the now weary Billy, after a great deal of climbing up and slipping back, managed to get upon the log where it sat and picked and arranged its glossy feathers until Dicky, at imminent risk of falling into the water, crawled upon the cypress and cuddled down by his side.

An hour later, when Gilson and the trapper McCrory returned to the hill they noticed at once the absence of the skiff, and upon reaching the house found Mrs. Gilson in despair at the unaccountable absence of little Dicky.

"He ain't on the hill," she sobbed, "I've been everywhere, Oh, my baby—my baby—I jest know he's drowned—or a bear has got him!"

"Taint a b'ar," dissented McCrory, "ye can't fool ol' Track! Ef a b'ar hed ben on the hill he'd a tol' it. No the kid's in the skiff. It's gone—tho' how he ever made out tew paddle off, blest if I know."

"The current would take him if he got clear off the bank," eagerly suggested Gilson, as they hurried to the landing. "Ef he stuck ter the boat he's all right."

"Yhar's his hat," announced the trapper, pointing to the little straw fabric caught in a clump of bushes. "Come, brace up, Miss Gilson! taint no sign the boy's in the water jest kase his hat is. Whar's that Billy duck?—don't know, eh?—well I dew. He's with the boy, an' that's a sure sign that they're both all right. Ef Dicky warn't thar, the duck would come back."

There was sound logic in this reasoning, and both his hearers knew it. McCrory and Gilson sprang into a boat and pulled out from the landing.

"Let her float with the current," said the trapper, "it's a slow way, but the only safe one. Let that paddle alone, Gilson; yer excited like, an' might guide her wrong. Ef I strike a straight shute whar I kin gain time I'll sure gain it."

It was the only course to pursue. Every thing depended on following exactly on the trail of the missing boat. To miss it either way meant death to the poor lost baby—death by starvation or drowning.

Suddenly McCrory leaned forward and caught Gilson's arm.

"Not a word! Silence; I see him, but if you want ter save his life be quiet. Look yander ter ther' left."

A floating cypress, with a boat tangled in the vines beside it. A sleeping child crouched upon the rough bark, his shoulders resting against a supporting branch. In his arms, hugged up to his breast, a little white duck, that watched the intruders with bright and curious eyes; and over head, something—

Gilson paled and gasped for breath.

"My God!" he breathed hoarsely, "is the child dead or sleeping?"

"Sleepin' as yet"—gritted the trapper—"but of he wakes, an' moves, it is death."

It was a terrible sight—the sleeping unconscious child, and coiled on a branch a foot above his head, a slimy hideous serpent—a monster swamp moccasin.

"Your rifle," whispered Gilson, "surely you can kill the snake without the boy. I'd try it—but—my God! I'm shaking like a leaf."

"It's an awful risk," murmured the other, "not of hittin' ther kid—thar's no danger of that—but of ther snake ain't hit in the head he'll sink a tooth in the lad jest fer spite."

"It's the only way," persisted the anxious father, "you must shoot, and at once. Heavens! if the boy should move!"

"It's mighty nigh like bein' my own kid," murmured McCrory, and his hand was seen to tremble visibly as he drew back the hammer of the rifle. "Pardner, I kaint dew it."

"Curse it, you must; don't fail me now Ed. McCrory! Your hand is steady enough when no one is concerned but yourself. Didn't I see you shoot a pistol out of Jack Sny's hand when your life depended on it?"

"But I was mad then, and when I'm mad I kin shoot ther best."

A strange gleam shone in Gibson's eyes for a moment.

"You are a coward, Ed. McCrory. A coward and a horse-thief like your father before you! Give me the gun and I will shoot the boy through the head! By the gods, he shall not fall a prey to that devil yonder; give me the gun, and when it is all over I will settle with you for going back on a friend in trouble."

But the trapper shoved him back, and again the rifle was raised, and this time not a tremor agitated the long barrel. Yet in the short space that had elapsed affairs had assumed a more fearful shape.

The child had awakened, and caught sight of his father, and was rising to his feet, and the hideous fangs above were bared for the fatal stroke.

Would McCrory never fire? An instant's delay just now might mean the difference between safety and death. Already it seemed too late, for the boy's head seemed to partially shield that of the serpent, an instant, and then—

Boy and snake were in the water together at the crack of the rifle, and with a horrible fear at his heart Gilson urged the boat forward.

You've killed 'em both, Ed," he gasped, "I don't blame you, but, oh, my God!"—

He dropped his paddle and covered his face with his hands. McCrory leaned forward and pulled some object into the boat, then he touched his companion on the shoulder.

"Thar warn't mor'n a inch of room but I got thar," he said, with quiet exultation, "thar's a few hairs close shingled, but nothin' wuzz. Lordy hear the kid blow the water out of his moth an' yell."

"Thar ain't another man in Arkansas that could have made that shot," sobbed Gilson, as he pressed his rescued child to his heart. But McCrory, his usual self-possession returned, merely reached one hand for the long-necked, garrulous Billy, and without as much as a glance at the writhing coils of the decapitated serpent, stepped into the skiff and led the way back to the hill.—S. D. Barnes, in Yankee Blade.

THE EDITOR'S DUTY.

He Does Not Represent Authors, But a Large Circle of Readers.

"I wonder," said Eugene, with a sardonic smile, "what reason of personal hostility to me the editors of our magazines can have? I have sent articles to all of them, and, although I say it, very much better articles than they generally publish, but they are all returned. Now the editor of a magazine should be above personal likes and dislikes, and judge articles upon their merits." Alas and alas! that was probably the ground of the editorial verdict in each case. With a clear knowledge of what he wanted, and with an immense supply of papers already accepted and paid for, the editor, always on the lookout for something better, did not find the priceless pearl in Eugene's essays, and courteously returned them. * * *

One shrewd author, of a detective turn of mind, determined to ascertain beyond question whether his manuscript had been examined, and if not, to put the delinquent editor to shame. He carefully united some of the more advanced pages by a delicate thread, wholly unaware that his happy device was as ancient as the competition of articles for acceptance. When his article returned to him he searched eagerly and found his secret thread unbroken, and invoking the shade of Junius, he composed a withering epistle to the editor, as if that personage had been a very Bedford, or Grafton, or even the King himself.

The fact of the unbroken thread was undeniable. It was as intact as when the subtle-minded author placed it. Not only was it unbroken, but it had not been even seen by the editor. With the frankness of Mr. Parnell confessing that he had purposely deceived the House of Commons, the editor, but wholly without blame, would have confessed that he had not seen the thread because he had not advanced so far in reading the manuscript. "And yet you pretend to examine manuscripts carefully!" thundered the indignant author in his letter. But let him reflect. Does he suppose that it was necessary to read the whole of his letter to ascertain that he was exceedingly angry? Certainly not. The author would hope not. The letter blazed, and was intended to blaze with wrath from Alpha to Omega. Very well. Then was it necessary for the editor to read every page of the manuscript essay to perceive that it was not suitable or available? Must a man eat the whole apple to ascertain that it is puckery, or sour, or tasteless? Does the good author himself, in his more lucid moments, read the whole of a dull book to discover that it is not interesting?

What plea could an editor urge upon a gentle reader who should justly complain that the editor had governed his conduct by pity for the writer instead of regard for the reader? He has entered into an engagement of honor with the reader, but he has no engagement with the writer of any kind whatever. He has promised the reader to make the best magazine possible. He has promised nothing to Triptolemus, who offers him a dull paper upon the æsthetic sympathies of penguins. Triptolemus thinks it far from dull. But it is Mr. Editor who must decide on behalf of the gentle reader.—George William Curtis, in Harper's Magazine.

Income from the Moose.

The few moose yet in Maine's woods bring no inconsiderable money annually to the State. I have been told of one man who has spent $5,000 in Maine trying to kill a moose, and he has neither secured the moose nor given up the task. It would be greatly to the benefit of hunters who wish to call moose if the law was changed so as to make September an open month, for only during the September moon is there a reasonable prospect of success in calling. It was once my pleasure to meet a sportsman just in from moose calling. His Indian had called a moose to the water, but was unable to get him to come out of the bushes, and a shot into the shadows was unsuccessful. Said the hunter: "I have never seen any sporting to compare with this. I could hear the moose coming for an hour, and when he came down off the hills to the water I could think of nothing but a locomotive off the track and running through the woods. I have killed no moose, but that experience was worth all this trip cost me. It fairly made my hair stand on end to hear that moose come. Yes, sir; it was worth $150 of any man's money."—Forest and Stream.

REFORM THE TARIFF.

A Doctrine That Should Be Persistently Preached in the New West.

In this political off-year the Republican managers, when not ransacking the Government departments for spoils, are devoting their attention to the four new States of the Northwest. The campaign, which will close on October 1, promises to be of absorbing interest. If by a sudden and unexpected turn of the political wheel the new States should choose Democratic Representatives and Democratic Legislatures the Republicans would find themselves in the minority in both houses of Congress. President Harrison has betrayed extreme solicitude in regard to the contest, and Chairman Quay has called into frequent consultation Clarkson, Dudley and other manipulators of elections to consider the best means of saving the new States.

At the outstart it is felt by the Republican managers that the methods so successfully practiced in some of the old States in the last election can not be applied with advantage in the young and uncorrupted commonwealths of the Northwest. While fat might be fried in considerable quantities from the protected trusts and other monopolies, it could not be put to very effective use. The purchase of "floaters" in "blocks of five" is not feasible, since very few if any of this class of voters are to be found in the new States; and, in any event, the experiment would be extremely hazardous among an impulsive people, who frequently use young trees for executing speedy justice upon malefactors. Nor would "walking delegates" of labor organizations, supplied with the money of tariff-fed monopoly, be able to mislead or corrupt many voters in the new States.

In view of the ineffectiveness of the usual Republican campaign methods in this contest, it has been proposed to overrun the four new States with an army of Republican orators between this time and the election. Among the speakers already booked for this Western campaign are Joseph E. Cannon, J. C. Burrows, Benjamin Butterworth and other Republican members of Congress, who will make the welkin ring with their shouts for "Protection to American Industry."

This is a ground on which the Democrats are more than a match for their political opponents, and they should not delay to take possession of it. The ablest representatives of the Democratic doctrines of tariff reform should meet the champions of tariff spoliation in the New West and discuss the issue in the open field. John G. Carlisle, W. C. P. Breckenridge, George F. Hoadly, S. S. Cox, Senators Voorhees and Turpie of Indiana, Beck of Kentucky, Vest of Missouri, and others who know the West and the sentiments of its people, would no doubt cheerfully give their services to the cause. In the great debate in the last Congress the superior strength of the advocates of tariff reform was manifest, and it would be no less so in this Western campaign.

The Republican leaders in the new States would be only too glad to escape this issue and make a post-mortem campaign upon the achievements of a party from which they have inherited little but the name. But the fight for revenue reform should be forced upon them, in spite of their repugnance, in every district of North and South Dakota, Montana and Washington. There should be no repetition of the blunder that was committed in the Northwest last year, when the Republicans who fled in disgust from the tariff platform of Chicago were permitted to make their campaign upon the dead issues of slavery, sectionalism and civil war.

No portion of the country has a larger interest in this the burning question of American politics than the New West, the people of which must pay heavy tribute to the tariff spoilers for nearly all the commodities they buy, and sell their own products in the open markets of the world in accordance with the principle of free trade. For this reason the Republicans of that region should be held down to the issue, no matter how much they may attempt to wriggle away from it. The New West is a field that lies almost fallow; and the Democrats and adherents of the party of tariff reform would be utterly wanting in the courage of their opinions if they should neglect the opportunity that is offered them for its cultivation.—Philadelphia Record.

INCREDIBLE BARBARISM.

Some Exceedingly Interesting Phases of the Negro Problem.

Our readers have been kept advised from time to time of the remarkable developments of barbarism that have been taking place among the negroes in Liberty County and other sections of the State.

These negroes are not less civilized than the average negroes in the country districts of the South. The white people of Liberty County have long been noted for their piety, their refinement and their entertainments. They are descended from Puritan stock, and from the settlement at Midway have sprung some of the most distinguished men of the country. Statesmen, soldiers, lawyers and literary men have come out of Liberty, and there is no reason to believe that the negroes there are any more ignorant than the average of their race in any part of the South. If they are, it is not because they were left to themselves as slaves, but it is because they have deliberately relapsed into barbarism.

Never were there more fortunate bondsmen than those that fell to the care and keeping of the pious and refined Puritan families of Liberty. Their spiritual as well as their temporal welfare was looked after most assiduously, and, although the negroes then largely outnumbered the whites, as they outnumber them now, the missionary temper of the white people of Liberty did not permit the blacks to suffer for lack of religious teaching.

But what is the result? Not many weeks ago a white man from Ohio made his appearance in Liberty County, and he was at once hailed as a Messiah by the blacks, who left their work and followed him about the country. This man, who is as crazy as a loon, told the negroes that on the 16th of August he and his followers would ascend to Heaven. On the strength of this the blacks left their work by the hundred and followed him about the country. Labor was demoralized, and the negroes were so wrought on by their superstition and their religious fanaticism that the white people feared the worst.

Finally the Ohio crank was captured and lodged in the lunatic asylum, but no sooner had he disappeared than his place was taken up by a negro justice of the peace named Edward James. This negro went into a trance, and when he awoke he announced that the spirit of Dupont Bell had entered his body and that henceforth he was to be the leader. This statement was accepted as true by Bell's followers and they flocked after James, who, at last accounts, was going through Liberty County demoralizing the blacks and raising pandemonium.

No sooner had James announced that he was Christ than he stripped off his clothes and carried on his work unembarrassed by garments of any kind. To his principal disciples he gave the right to set up harems, and he himself has in his train a number of concubines. Children have been sacrificed by his orders, and a number of negroes have been beaten to death under the pretense that they were possessed of devils. Where this outburst of fanaticism will end no one knows.

These manifestations and developments are but a part of the negro problem with which our Republican friends deal so lightly and flippantly. They are only a few of the results that grow out of a situation bristling with dangers that are by no means of a political nature.—Atlanta Constitution.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

——The new-found Republican harmony in Virginia is of a character to be appropriately celebrated by a scalp dance.—Providence Journal.

——We are glad to see that the protectionists of the country begin to realize that the only way to successfully beat the trusts is to reduce the tariff.—New Haven Register.

——Query: Would it not be better for Corporal Tanner to make a bluff at attending to the business of his office than to expound pension theories at picnics.—Buffalo Express (Rep.).

——We fear brother Halstead's chances of the Senatorship are not brilliant. There is a good deal of money and a good deal of mean management against him on both sides, and he has poor prospects in his own party while it makes of Foraker an idol.—Boston Herald.

——The Republican press fondly hoped for a victory in Kentucky. Until the Republican party becomes a tariff-reform party it need not look to Kentucky. The Kentuckian has no love of being robbed, and he feels some interest in the general welfare of the country.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

——Senator Ingalls, of Kansas, has written a letter explaining his article on prohibition in the Forum. From his explanation it would appear that Mr. Ingalls has been paid for the article, but is still in doubt himself as to what side of the prohibition question he wrote in favor of.—Chicago Times.

——There are very few woolen manufacturers in this neck of woods who are not now ready to admit that free wool has become a necessity. Without it the wool business will ultimately fall entirely into the hands of foreigners, who have the pick and choice of the world's wool supply.—Philadelphia Record.

——From Columbus, Ind., comes the information that a catfish weighing one hundred and four pounds has been caught in the White river, and this is said to be the largest fish ever caught in Indiana waters. The smallest fish ever caught in Indiana is supposed to be holding public office at the National capital just now.—Chicago News.

——A few weeks ago this paper published an article denouncing the appointment of James T. Morgan to the office of Indian Commissioner in place of that sterling Democrat, John H. Oberly. By mistake this article, an honest and able Democratic production, was credited to the Indianapolis Journal, Mr. Harrison's home organ. The comments, it is hardly necessary to state, first appeared in Consul-General New's esteemed contemporary, the Indianapolis Sentinel.

——In the pig-iron, high-tax and free-whisky platform adopted by the Republicans of Pennsylvania the country is congratulated upon the great victory of 1888, which was "won with a Pennsylvania platform and a Pennsylvania leader." Probably it is near enough to the truth to claim that the ignorant and immoral platform fulminated in Chicago in 1888 was a Pennsylvania affair, but what have Dudley and Harrison to say to this brazen attempt to confer all of the bays upon Matt S. Quay?—Chicago Herald.

MEDICAL PROGRESS.

An Explanation of the Marvelous Process of Skin Grafting.

When large areas of skin are destroyed, as happens in the case of severe burns or extensive injuries, it is sometimes months before the surface is again covered with epidermis. Repair may have gone on till the surface is on a level with the surrounding parts, and all that remains is for the skin to creep in from the edges; but this process, especially in persons weakened by long confinement in bed, is very slow, and the constant discharge of matter from the open surface causes irritation, as well as weakness.

It has been known for many years that a flap of skin might be lifted from its place and made to adhere in an adjoining spot, provided its connection with the surrounding skin were not cut off. But now we can go farther than this. In 1860 a French physician discovered that small bits of sound skin might be snipped off and applied to the surface of the sore, and that under certain conditions they would adhere and form new centers from which the process of healing might go on.

In order to have a graft "take" well, the surface of the ulcer must be in a suitable condition. If it is rough, or discharges too freely, or projects too far above the surrounding level, there is danger that the small bits of skin will fall off.

The process is as follows: The surface of the ulcer, as well as that of the sound skin from which the grafts are to be taken, having been carefully cleansed with carbolic acid, or other solution that serves the same purpose, the bit of skin is picked up in a small pair of forceps or on the point of a needle, and is snipped off with a pair of sharp scissors or a small knife. Only the superficial layer of skin is taken, and if this is properly done there is no bleeding.

The bit of skin, which is generally not larger than the head of a pin, is then placed firmly upon the ulcer, with the cut side down, and preferably about a quarter of an inch from the free border. A line of grafts may be placed at equal distances completely across the denuded surface, and thus a bridge of skin is soon formed, for the grafts spread and unite, and thus convert the original ulcer into two smaller ones. By a similar process these two parts may be again divided, and the process continued till the whole surface is covered.

In a few instances larger portions of skin have been made to grow to the ulcerated surface, but in general the smaller bits cause repair to go on as rapidly, and are more easily applied and cared for.—Youth's Companion.

TOWED BY A TARPON.

How Two Men and a Heavy Boat Were Carried Along by a Fish.

The other rod lay between me and my boatman, under his supervision. I was reeling in my line after a short abortive cast, when suddenly Pierce made an exclamation, and I turned to see his line running out rapidly, so rapidly in fact that the handle of the reel knocked a piece out of his forefinger. He reached me the rod, and just after I had seized it, taking care to exert no pressure, a large silvery mass leaped out of the water straight into the water and fell back again.

"A tarpon, and a big fellow," cried Pierce.

In considering any statement as to the height a fish jumps out of water, it is important to know whether the narrator has included the length of the fish in making up his figures. That is to say, if a fish is six feet long and jumps from its native element so that the tip of its tail is two feet clear of the surface, good story-tellers will claim that it has jumped eight feet out of water. Others will take oath to only two. It is sufficient to state that the tarpon in question jumped either two feet or eight, according to the individual preference of the reader. At that time he had taken out with velocity about fifty yards of line; the leap terminated his first rush, and I had an opportunity to reel in about a fourth of the amount before he started off again. Meantime my man had hauled up the anchor and we were in process of being towed by the big fish, whose frantic efforts to escape were making the reel revolve at a famous rate. From long experience with salmon, I knew enough to keep the point of my rod as high as possible consistent with the heavy strain, and the moment the rush diminished in intensity I clapped my finger on to the leather drag and resisted stoutly, reeling in every inch of line that I could recover. But before long he was off once more in mad career, and out of water viciously shaking his head in determined efforts to spit out the hook. His failure to do this after a series of endeavors showed that he had swallowed the bait, and that my chief concern now should be as to the strength of my tackle.—Scribner's Magazine.

Better Than a Safety Vault.

Highwayman (halting lady in carriage)—Stop, Madam! Your money or your life!

Lady—My money is in my pocket, sir, and as neither you nor I can find it inside of ten minutes, and there is a large party of brethren tourists coming up the hill, I would advise you to let me pass.

Highwayman—Thanks, madam, your advice is worth heeding. Good-day.—Burlington Free Press.

—Many a man lives on the reputation other people make for him.

PITH AND POINT.

—When you introduce a moral lesson let it be brief.

—Fortune does not change the character, but it reveals it.

—It is not good that repels or evil that attracts, but the monotony of good and the variety in evil.—Atchison Globe.

—What a glorious world this would be if people lived up to the epitaphs on their tombstones!—Hutchinson (Kas.) News.

—Most men's experience is like the stern lights of a ship which illumine only the track it has passed.

—The character of men placed in lower stations of life are more useful, as being imitable by great numbers.—Atterbury.

—Every man has his chain and his clog, only it is looser and tighter to one man than to another. And he is more at ease who takes it up than he who drags it.

—Man doubles all the evils of his fate by pondering over them; a scratch becomes a wound, a slight an injury, a jest an insult, a small peril a great danger, and a slight sickness often ends in death by brooding apprehensions.

—In all that we do we have a right to consider the effect it will have upon our characters, or upon the upbuilding and development of our higher natures. No man is required to do what will belittle him.—United Presbyterian.

—If a man wish to rightly grow in grace he must accustom himself to see and look at the larger things in life, and the larger world in which he lives. A constant attention to the little will dwarf him, and finally unfit him for his place among other men.

—He that will not permit his wealth to do any good to others while he is living prevents it from doing any good to himself when he is dead, and by an egotism that is suicidal and has a double edge, cuts himself off from the truest pleasure and the highest happiness hereafter.—Colton.

—Men may experiment in certain lines in social intercourse after mastering the forms long usage has proved good, but to cling to peculiar ways of their own, that are not agreeable or that fail to show the heart's kindness, limits the man's power as the use of a cradle in the wheatfield limits the man who scoffs at the self-binder his neighbor uses.

—It is not usually those who are in the direst poverty that are the most inveterate borrowers. It is much more frequently those who allow their desires for superfluities to outrun their ability to obtain them that resort to this dangerous and insidious practice. All such desires grow by what they feed on, and become more and more exacting; while the strict rectitude which can not brook the long continuance of a debt is gradually impaired.—Once a Week.

NOTED CONCORD MEN.

The Eccentricity of Hawthorne, Thoreau and Several Others.

Mr. Edward Waldo Emerson's book on the Concord life of his father, Ralph Waldo Emerson, says that Emerson never could read far in the books of his illustrious fellow-townsman, Nathaniel Hawthorne. This is somewhat remarkable, perhaps, since Emerson showed no lack of appreciation of men or works of genius.

Though these two great men lived for a long time in the same country town, they saw very little of each other. Hawthorne, who was very shy, only once visited Emerson's house. Mr. Edward Waldo Emerson's volume tells the story of this visit:

"To cover his shyness, he took up a stereoscope on the center-table and began to look at the pictures. After looking at them for a time, he asked where these views were taken.

"We told him they were pictures of the Concord court and town houses, the common and the mill-dam, on hearing which he expressed some surprise and interest, but evidently was as unfamiliar with the center of the village where he had lived for years as a deer or a wood-thrush would be. He walked through it often on his way to the cars, but was too shy or too rapt to know what was there."

Thoreau, another famous resident of Concord, was not so unconscious of what the town contained. Though he pitied the people who "never saw Bateman's Pond, or Nine-acre Corner, or Becky Stow's Swamp," he also had a spot in his heart for the town itself. Though he said that "the man who shoots the buffalo lives better than the man who boards at the Graham House," he nevertheless knew his way to the Graham House.

It was not, however, that he ever went there for convivial purposes. He was quite too abstemious, as well as too little fond of society, for that. Emerson said of him:

"He was bred to no profession; he never married; he lived alone; he never went to church; he never voted; he refused to pay a tax to the state; he ate no flesh, he drank no wine, he never knew the use of tobacco; and, though a naturalist, he used neither trap nor gun."

Several of the famous men who have lived at Concord have possessed the eccentricity of genius. Their example, however, should not inspire others to imitate their eccentricities. Genius may often be accompanied by such irregularities of conduct, but we can convince no one of our possession of genius by the exhibition of eccentricity. Strong common-sense will serve much better to help us in the estimation of others.—Youth's Companion