

The Louisiana Democrat.

"The World is Governed Too Much."

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MY OLD-FASHIONED GIRL.

As the clock on the stairs ticks the minutes away
I sit with my pipe at the close of the day,
And in the light smoke-wreaths that softly arise
Are numberless visions in fanciful guise.
In sun-bonnet olden I dreamily see
Two rosy blue eyes glancing shyly at me,
The innocent arched in one lazy curl,
Enframing the face of My Old-fashioned Girl.
I look once again in her soft azure eyes—
Live over our meetings 'neath June's tender
skies
As we strolled side by side down some shadowy
lane,
Or skirted the acres of ripening grain,
While I, but hark! I hear even yet
Her fair-like steps in a dim memory.
And there comes from the smoke in a delicate
whirl
The willow form of My Old-fashioned Girl.
I hear the sweet voice that I heard years ago,
And her hand touches mine as we pass to and
fro,
When we meet for an instant in old Money
Musk.
Or I tenderly clasp it at midsummer's dusk,
And each haunting vision in fragrant disguise
Grows fainter and fainter and finally dies.
Yet one face is left me, as pure as a pearl,
The face of my darling—My Old-fashioned Girl.
In the sweet little miss who climbs up on my
knee
To "kiss grandpa good-night" there is something
I see,
Unseen by all others, deep down in her eyes—
A something within that half hidden lies,
She wonders, perhaps, why I hold her small
hand,
But I should tell her, she'd not understand
That grandmother ponder, beyond the smoke's
curl,
Was once on a day is, My Old-fashioned Girl.
—P. H. Curtis, in Good Housekeeping.

THE STRATAGEM.

Why Sissy Daddles Went Back on Her Girl.

"And to think," said Henrietta Mapes, "that I should have been so utterly idiotic!"
"You couldn't foresee the future, child," said Miss Snaggs, an unfortunate poor relation, who acted the part of maid, dressmaker, and toady in general to Miss Mapes. "You seemed to be doing the best for yourself at the time."
"Well, I thought so," sighed Henrietta. "I know I am a beauty, Sarah, but time will fly; and Sissy had the interest of a hundred thousand dollars, and was perfectly correct in his dress and deportment, and of a good old family, and such an idiot that I could twist him around my finger, and I accepted him; and here comes his uncle, with a million—and a man of sixty is not so dreadfully old—and falls in love with me on the spot. Look at those hot-house roses! The basket must have cost twenty-five dollars; and a note with them. Listen, I'll read it to you."
"May I see you alone on Thursday evening? I have a most particular question to ask—one on which my future happiness depends."
"Of course, that means an offer of marriage."
"Of course," said Miss Snaggs. "A million! Why, I'm told that it's nearer two! And how you could enjoy it! But an engagement is not a marriage. Why don't you break with Mr. Daddles and marry Mr. Crump?"
"I don't see how I can, when I've sworn so often that I adored him," said Henrietta. "But if he could only be brought to quarrel with me, or to change his own mind (he has not got any mind, still, I don't know how to express it otherwise). It's a dreadful thing to make an enemy out of an old lover. He always does something spiteful when he gets a chance. But if he thinks he does it himself, and feels remorseful, you may count on him as a friend."
"Henrietta, I was reading the other day about a girl who wanted to get rid of a dreadful old, rich man that her mother wanted her to marry, so that she could marry a handsome, young, poor man—just the reverse of what you want, you know—and she made him believe she was painted. She had a complexion of cream and roses really, but she rubbed rouge on her handkerchief, and made him think it came off her cheeks. Now you might try that."
"Why, Sarah," cried Henrietta, "I declare I never thought you had so much wit. I believe I could get rid of Sissy that way. But I might get a pound of rouge on my handkerchief, and he'd never think of its having come off my cheeks unless I said so."
"If you tell me to do so, I'll make him believe you make up like a ballet girl," said Miss Snaggs. "There's not much time to waste. This is Tuesday. Mr. Crump wants his answer Thursday. You can't live in any thing like style on Mr. Daddles' income. He spends it all on himself now. I'll really enjoy the deed. Shall I?"
"Oh, pray do!" cried Henrietta. "I'll see that you have every thing you want after I am Mrs. Crump. You know I'll keep my word, Sarah."
"Very well, then. Write a note and get Mr. Daddles to call this afternoon, and you hide yourself. I'll fix it," said Miss Snaggs.
And Henrietta instantly sat down to her desk and penned the note, which Sarah took to the post-office, stopping at the druggist's on the way hence for more material for the trick she intended to play on Mr. Daddles.
At four o'clock that afternoon, Miss Snaggs sat in the small parlor where Henrietta usually received her suitors, when two small boys below the window drew attention to "the dunder!" and the bell rang. Shortly a shaven head, and eye-glass, a collar stiff as cast-iron and upholding the chin of the wearer as though it were a surgical appliance, a pair of very full trousers, and a slope-shouldered coat, with a hot-house blossom in its button-hole, a small mouth opened over too many very prominent white teeth, and a voice like that of a parrot uttered these disconnected words:

"Beg pardon—servant directed me—Miss Eta—no—where? Singlar—pointment—ah—unaware."
"Oh, come in, Mr. Daddles," said Miss Snaggs. "Don't go away. Sit down, and I'll finish these things, and take 'em up, and then she'll come down and see you. It won't take long to put 'em on, you know."
"To put them on—beg pardon!" cried Sissy Daddles, changing his eyeglass into his other eye, as if he fancied the original one deceived him. "Put them on?—beg pardon—don't comprehend."
"Just catch hold of this while I braid it," said Miss Snaggs, offering Mr. Daddles a loop at the end of a long golden tress which had figured in private theatricals several years before. "This is her back hair; and this," she said, as she took a frizzette from a bandbox, "is her front hair. That only needs a pinch of the curling-irons. Don't be impatient, Mr. Daddles; she'll be all the sweeter when you see her."
"She! You don't mean Miss Henrietta? Those—eh—he-hee!" and he made a curious little wicker, like a rabbit, "those don't b'long to her; she doesn't wear them!"
"Indeed she does, Mr. Daddles," said Miss Snaggs. "I thought, of course, she had mentioned it."
"No, never mentioned it," said Mr. Daddles. "Eeh-hee-hee—never mentioned it."
He subsided into silence for awhile, while Miss Snaggs took from a bowl a large set of false teeth—discarded by Henrietta's grandfather when he bought his new set—and began to polish them carefully.
"Nice, becoming teeth," she said, holding them up.
"She wears those, too?" inquired Sissy Daddles, gravely.
"Oh, yes," said Miss Snaggs, "I don't believe she has ever reposed confidence in you, Mr. Daddles."
"She—she hasn't!" gasped Sissy Daddles. "Tee-hee-hee! I—I must go. Pointment—urgent—see a man—come back. Best regards."
He departed. Not long after a messenger boy arrived, bringing a note, with the Daddles' coat of arms upon the seal. Within were these words:
"Owing to a want of confidence [which should exist, and does not, Mr. Sylvester Daddles presents his compliments to Miss Henrietta Mapes, and thinks, perhaps—don't you know—it would be best to meet no more."
"After I'm married I'll ask him why, and tell him I married Mr. Crump out of the spite," said Henrietta. "It's always nice for a married woman to have an admirer or two."
Precisely at this moment Sissy Daddles tumbled out of a cab into the arms of his uncle, who, being a stalwart old gentleman, carried him into the house and up stairs before he asked questions. Having dumped "him into a large chair, he inquired:
"What's the matter, Sylvester?"
And Sissy, answered, plaintively.
"I've had a blow, uncle."
"Where's the fellow?" cried the uncle.
"I'll trounce him!"
"It—it—hee-hee—tee-tee—he ain't a fellow," said Sissy. "It's a girl! It's a blow to the feelings."
"Forget her, old chap," advised the uncle.
"I was engaged to her," said Sissy.
"It was—oh, dear me!—it was Miss Henrietta Mapes!"
"And she likes some other man best?" asked the uncle, pointing his gray whiskers before the glass.
"N-n-no, said Sissy. "She hasn't exhibited confidence. She—she is false."
"Love can not be ruled," said the uncle. "Hearts go where they will." And he thought of his letter, and his hot-house roses.
"It ain't her heart; it's her hair, and her—complexion, and her teeth," said Sissy. Then he told his awful tale to his uncle, who repeated:
"Dear, dear! Shocking! from time to time. 'Still, it was a lucky escape for you," he added, when Sissy paused.
"Vewy," said Sissy. "Fancy 'having a wife mostly false—vewy lucky."
"How deceptive women are!" said Uncle Crump, who was almost as idiotic as his nephew, though of fine, impressive presence.
Then he shuddered, and refrained from calling upon Miss Henrietta Mapes on Thursday evening, and shortly espoused a widow whose substantial charms were stamped with the tokens of reality.
Henrietta Mapes is still waiting for an eligible offer, and frequently reproaches her poor cousin Snaggs.
"If it had not been for your absurd plan, I should at least have had Sissy Daddles," she declares.
And Miss Snaggs knows too well that this is true to do any thing but weep.—Mary Kyle Dallas, in N. Y. Ledger.

CHARITY LAWS OF FRANCE.

In France there are no public funds for the relief of the poor, and private charity is almost wholly relied upon. It appears, however, that French laws are very much opposed to private associations or individuals distributing charitable funds, and require that this should be done by officials. The machinery provided for the purpose are bureaus composed of persons two-thirds of whom are nominated by the prefect of the district and one-third by the communal authorities. No person can found a charitable institution and support it with his own money without express authority from the state, nor can he leave by will a sum of money for any private individual to distribute in charity; that duty must be performed by an official.—London Times.

MME. DE CASTIGLIONE.

A Favorite of Napoleon Who Was Famous Throughout Europe.
The rumor which was current on the boulevards of Paris a few days ago that Mme. de Castiglione, the notorious favorite of Napoleon III., was dead, revives a number of recollections of the once famous beauty.
In the year 1859 there appeared in Paris a Count and Countess de Castiglione. They were Italians of good family, who bore with their letters of introduction to the best houses in imperial society. They appeared to have plenty of money at their disposal, took a handsome hotel on what was then called l'Avenue de Imperatrice, now known as l'Avenue du Bois de Boulogne, and entertained in an unostentatious manner. Mme. de Castiglione's beauty soon became the talk of the town.
Never had Paris seen such perfection in womanhood. It was impossible for painter or sculptor to find fault with her features or the lines of her figure.
She was a brunette, with a rich, clear southern complexion. Her eyes, of deep violet, were shaded with long black lashes, which boulevardiers declared took her half an hour every morning to unknot. Her hair was blue-black. Her nose was of the bold Roman type, which is so rapidly disappearing in fair Italy. When she opened her luscious red lips she disclosed two dazzling rows of faultless teeth.
But beautiful as Mme. de Castiglione's face was, many thought her figure even more perfect. Her arm was a dream, and a model of her foot is still preserved as "a thing of beauty and a joy forever" among people who live and revel in Napoleon III.'s brilliant court.
The Italian beauty soon succeeded in gaining the Emperor's favor, and the Carbonari of Italy, whose enemy he had gained through his wrestling from Italy the fair province of Savoy, thought it would be an easy thing for her to inveigle him to some place where his death could be brought about.
While the plot was being matured, "La Castiglione" appeared at a fancy ball given in honor of some foreign royalty, and her costume shocked the Empress Eugenie to such an extent that she refused to recognize her and had her removed from the room.
A stormy meeting between the Emperor and the beautiful Italian followed; she raved madly and threatened his death if the insult offered her was not atoned for. She was finally pacified, the Emperor promising that the next night, at the opera, he would bow to her so that all Paris would know that she still held his favor. The plan was carried out and the Empress immediately left the house and shortly afterwards left France and paid a long visit to Scotland. It is said Queen Victoria's pleadings alone prevented her suing for a divorce.
Meanwhile, the Carbonari had decided that Napoleon's time had come, but "La Castiglione" betrayed the plot to the head of the police and the arrest of the conspirators followed.—Philadelphia News.

RESPECT OLD AGE.

It is as much entitled to respectful consideration as Royalty.
Children should be early taught to respect old age, taught too, that old age is as much entitled to respectful consideration as royalty.
Veneration is not a distinguishing trait of the average American youth; very early they begin to refer to their parents as "the old man and the old woman."
It seems to me that an old person is entitled to respectful admiration, because of the vast amount of experience they have had, for one reason at least; for what can one who has not lived, say twenty years in the world, know about it compared with one who has lived fifty, sixty, or eighty years?
Old people are often feeble physically and need all the help and tender, loving care that the younger and stronger ones can give. Children too often forget all that their parents have done and suffered for them, all their watchful care, and some never realize how dear their parents are to them until they are taken from them forever.
We have heard women say that they never fully appreciated their mothers until they were keeping house for themselves, and little children were claiming their care. What is a more pitiful sight than to see an aged couple with children who are unloving and unthankful, and who even begrudge their parents a home, but they will surely receive their reward sometime.
Of course, much of the disrespect shown by the young to the aged is due chiefly to thoughtlessness and not hard hearts; so we must help our children by example as well as precept to venerate old age; teach them that old age is honorable and entitled to all the loving care and consideration that we can bestow upon it.—United Presbyterian.

A TYPICAL WITNESS.

What Mrs. Knapp Knew About an Assault and Battery Case.
There is no witness so difficult to handle as the one who insists on enlightening justice by giving a recital of some purely personal matter utterly irrelevant to the case on trial. This style of witness is usually a female, and the exasperated lawyers feel ten years younger when she steps down from the witness stand.
A lady of this turn of mind was lately a witness in an assault and battery case which was tried before Justice Duffy in New York. She lived on the same floor with the Pattersons, who had indulged in a conubial fracas. It was thought that Mrs. Knapp's testimony would throw a flood of light on the somewhat conflicting statements of the other witnesses. Mrs. Knapp, whose jaw was tied up, and having been sworn, assumed an affidavit expression of countenance, and waited for something to turn up. It may be mentioned incidentally that the witness' husband was in court, and seated by the side of the lawyer of Mr. Patterson, who was being prosecuted by Mrs. Patterson.
"Mrs. Knapp, what do you know about this case?" asked the lawyer.
"I woke up off and on during the night, and my jaw ached so that—"
"Never mind your jaw. Please confine yourself to the assault."
"Salt is no good. I've tried bags of hot salt until the skin was blistered."
"Please tell what you know about this difficulty."
"Just so. Well, as I was saying, when I got up I knew I was in for a bad day, so I says to my husband—"
"Madam," said the little justice, blandly, "we would like to get at the root of this matter."
"That's just what I was doing when you spoke. I felt sure there was an abscess at the root of—"
"Madam, will you please tell what you know about Patterson striking his wife?"
"In a minute, your honor. I was sitting in the kitchen holding my jaw, and—"
Mr. Knapp (to lawyer)—"That's a lie. 'Nothing—not even the toothache—can make her hold her jaw."
Justice Duffy—"Keep right on, madam, and tell what you know about the row."
"Mrs. Patterson came into the kitchen, and she says—"
Every body now became interested and leaned forward to hear what was coming.
"Yes, she came into my kitchen, and she says just what your Honor said—put salt on it."
Justice Duffy—"Madam, I said nothing of the kind. Your tongue seems to be like one of the planets. Nothing short of the power that started it can stop it."
Mr. Knapp—"Duffy has got her down fine. She is like an old hen. When she starts to cackling she don't need any help."
Mrs. Knapp (with a scornful look at Knapp)—"I walked the floor for hours and hours. Mrs. Patterson says I—"
Justice Duffy—"Well, nobody expected you to walk the ceiling for hours. Will you answer the lawyer's question?"
"Of course. Ain't that what I've been doing? My husband, who is always full of fun when he isn't full of beer, told me I had better come and see you."
Justice Duffy—"See me?"
Mrs. Knapp—"Yes, he said I ought to see somebody with a pull, and you had the biggest pull in the ward."
Lawyer—"Madam, you can step down."
Mrs. Knapp—"You don't want to hear my testimony?"
Justice Duffy—"No, madam, you are not required any longer."
Mrs. Knapp—"Well, this is a pretty how-de-do. Here I leave the clothes in the tub, and the breakfast dishes not washed, to come here and tell you what I know, and I'm snubbed this way. It's just outrageous."
Justice Duffy—"Call the next witness."
Exit Mrs. Knapp indignantly.—Texas Sittings.

THE HEALTH OF YOUNG WIVES.

So much depends upon a woman's health that I wonder young wives do not consider it more. Let your physical well-being be a chief consideration. Let nothing deter you from taking your daily walk. Have plenty of sunshine admitted into your house. Spend as much time as possible in the open air. While generally speaking, early rising is healthful, yet if you feel that you cannot get up at the regular hour, do not do so. Nature never mistakes, and if she demands another hour of slumber, you will be the gainer by yielding. Have your meals at proper times. If your husband is detained at his shop beyond the regular dinner hour, let no sentimental consideration induce you to wait for him beyond fifteen minutes. By adhering to this, you will develop in him a remarkable punctuality. Do not let trifles ruffle your serenity. I am satisfied that cheerfulness does more to promote health than all other efforts.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

A FLAW IN THE LAW.

Client (in Chicago)—I want a divorce.
Lawyer—On what grounds?
"My wife can not make good coffee."
"I am sorry, but the law is not broad enough for a man to get a divorce on mere coffee grounds."—Time.

PITH AND POINT.

Every trade should be a fair exchange of values. Otherwise it's a trick instead of a trade.
—When we believe that we ain't do enough for er man we're mighty apter do too much for him.—Opie Read.
—The men who give the most good advice are usually those who have most need of that which they give away.
—The person that defers his charity until he is dead, is, if a man weighs it rightly, rather liberal of another man's than of his own.
—The cynic is a man who has failed; the woman-hater is a man who has been unsuccessful in love. The drama is a mirror of life.—John I. Ston.
—Going into a village at night, with the lights gleaming on each side of the street, in some houses they will be in the basement and nowhere else.—Beecher.
—The man who is most likely to get his salary raised is the one who already makes his present salary more than just enough. He's worth more for that very reason. He's forging ahead.—Christian Union.
—Every life should be like the orange tree, at one and the same time laden with the bursting buds of purpose, with the fragrant blossoms of right desire, with the hardy fruit of work and with the golden globes of rich attainments.—Advocate.
—The young man is egotistic, dogmatic and confident, because he does not begin to suspect how many smart people there are on the globe besides himself, how many sides there are to several of his facts, and how big a world he has to conquer. anyhow.—Texas Sittings.
—A wealthy person asked the philosopher Sadi, in derision, how it happened that men of wit were so frequently seen at the doors of the rich, and that the rich were never seen at the doors of the men of wit? "It is," replied Sadi, "because men of wit know the value of riches; but rich men do not know the value of wit."
—The crown of patience can not be received where there has been no suffering. If thou refuseth to suffer, thou refuseth to be crowned; but if thou wishest to be crowned, thou must fight manfully and suffer patiently. Without labor none can obtain rest, and without contending there can be no conquest.
—A sensible man does not brag, avoids introducing the names of his creditable companions, omits himself as habitually as another man obtrudes himself in the discourse, and is content with putting his fact or theme simply on its ground.
—One can not always protect oneself from rudeness; that comes to all the dwellers in this not wholly socially satisfactory world. To be snubbed, however, is impossible to one who keeps the position to which he is entitled. He is foolish to accuse himself of having been pushing his way where he had no right by asserting that he has been rebuked by any body. If he is capable of taking the high ground that is his wherever it may please him to go, of course he at one stroke does away with the possibility of being rebuffed by any body whomsoever.

ALL ARE DANGEROUS.

Why Electric-Light Wires Should Go Underground Everywhere.
The electric wire is fast becoming one of the greatest dangers engendered in our rushing civilization. Deaths through accidental contact with electric-light wires are alarmingly frequent, and soon there will be an irrepressible uprising against the overhead wire unless some effective method of insulation is discovered.
At an inquest in New York over the body of a man who had been literally roasted by an electric-light wire that he had accidentally grasped while making some repairs on the roof of his house, one of the officials of an electric-light company frankly admitted that all electric-light lines overhead are dangerous. Further than this he said:
"All wires are dangerous, whether thoroughly insulated or not, and my advice to people who have any desire to live is to let them alone." As the desire to live is general, and as it is not always possible to let electric-light wires alone, the safety of the public demands that all electric wires be placed in conduits or subways where there can be no possibility of accidental contact. With the overhead wire, injury has resulted through wire induction; and in Toledo recently a young man was instantly killed by a current of electricity which entered his body through a shutter which he had opened out against an electric wire.
The problem of insulation is one that the electric-lighting companies must grapple with all their energies; for if perfect insulation can not be established, all electric wires must go underground.—Milwaukee Wisconsin.

GOING TO BED.

The birds were singing their good-night song.
The evening sh dew creeps,
Within his cozy cradle nest,
Dear baby has he cooed;
And little Meg in robe of white
Is ready soon to say "Good-night."
But Dolly fair, her waxen pet,
To slumber first must go,
For dolly, too, so wee Meg thinks,
Must sometimes sleep; grow,
And loves each night with tender care
For bed her darling to prepare.
"Now, Dolly, dear," she softly says,
"Be good and do not cry,
And soon I'll rock you in my arms
With gentle lullaby;
"Tis really time for you and me
Asleep, like baby Hal, to be."
And soon upon her pillow white
In happy slumber laid,
Until the day begins to peep,
"Will rest the little maid,
And by her tender mother, too,
Lies Dolly dear the while it's through."
—Emily Gleaton, in Little Folks.

FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

How It Happened That Katie Did Not Go to the City.
Mr. Foster was in the hall gathering his letters and papers into a convenient package as he spoke.
"Be sure you are ready, Katie, when I come. I can't tell when it will be, but I shall be certain to be in a hurry, and have no time for waiting; so remember, if you want to go you must be on the watch."
"I will papa," Katie said, positively; "you needn't be afraid. I shall get ready this morning, and be looking out for you all the while."
Mr. Foster smiled on his young daughter, kissed her, then sprang down the piazza stairs three steps at a time, to catch a passing car. He was a very busy man, and was nearly always in a hurry. On this particular day business was calling him to the large city, which was only thirty miles away from the small one where he lived. Katie was very fond of going to the city with her papa, partly because she had a friend living there who was always glad to see her and did everything imaginable to make her have a good time, and partly because papa was such a busy man he rarely had time to take her with him. So when she returned her father's kiss and assured him for the second time she would be sure to be ready, nobody could have been more certain than Katie Foster that she was speaking the truth.
An hour afterward Mrs. Bennett, the housekeeper, called out to her on the piazza where she sat teasing the cat.
"I should think you would go and get ready, Katie. How do you know but what your papa will come soon?"
"I'm going in a minute," said Katie, "but papa will be sure to come this morning; he can't get away from the office in time for a morning train."
Ten minutes more and Irish Kate looked out of the window and spoke good-humoredly:
"My name is Kate, and I've more sense than some people of that name that I know of. Was certain Kate of my acquaintance was going to the city some time to-day you'd see her brushing her hair and putting on her best dress in a hurry."
Katie laughed.
"It doesn't take me so long to prink as it does you, Kate," she said; "I'll be ready in good time; don't you be afraid. Papa is always later than he has any idea he will be."
Another half-hour and Katie had really made her way up-stairs and laid out the dress and ribbons she meant to wear, and begun to brush her hair. Then she espied the Sunday-school book she had been reading the afternoon before.
"I declare," she said, stopping short in her work, "I forgot all about that book. I wonder what became of Norm Decker? I do hope he got to be somebody. I'll just read a few pages; there will be plenty of time to dress, after that; papa is sure not to come before the two o'clock train. I know as well as I want to, that we shall not get back to-night. I'll put up my night things in a bag and have them all ready, and papa's too, so he can be comfortable if he has to stay, but first I'll read just a little bit."
So saying she plumped herself on to the white bed which Irish Kate had made up nicely for the day, and in two minutes more was so absorbed in the fortunes of Susie and Nettie Decker, to say nothing of Norm and Jerry, that all thought of dressing or of packing was forgotten. One more warning she had. Her cousin Edna, who was a young lady and had charge of her uncle's house, looked in and said: "Why, Katie, you ought to be dressed, dear. I heard Uncle tell you he might come at any moment, and it is nearly lunch time."
"I'll be ready," said Katie, dreamily; "papa is sure to be late."
"But it is late already, child; the lunch bell will ring in fifteen minutes."
"Well, it doesn't take me fifteen minutes to dress, and papa won't go before the two o'clock train. I feel sure. Edna, you ought to read this book; it is real exciting."
"I'm afraid you will be excited in another way before long," was Edna's last warning, but she shut the door and went on with her work.
Five, ten minutes more, and a faint tinkle of a bell about to ring made Katie realize that her few minutes had been many, and that the morning was gone. She raised herself slowly to a sitting posture, still with her eyes on her book. If she could only find out whether she would be content to wait for the rest. Suddenly she threw the book from her with such force that it landed on the floor, kicked off her slippers and began to button her shoes with anxious haste. She was thoroughly aroused. It was

WHAT ONE DOG DID.

Grandfather's Experience When He Was a Boy—How Tige Saved His Life.
It happened a good many years ago, said grandfather to Harry and me, as we sat around the fire-place, one December evening, that father bought a piece of timber, several miles from our house, and he had some men there cutting it. One day he wanted me to go and carry a message to them. I was never afraid to go any where with Tige, our dog. He was such a big, strong fellow, and so brave! So we set off, happy as could be, both of us. The sun was shining when we started, but as we reached the wood-lot the sky began to cloud over. I didn't think anything about it though; I had hardly noticed it till I had delivered my message and turned around to go back. Then the "boss" said to me, "I don't know, little chap, but you'd better stay here. I guess there's a heavy snow storm coming, and you've got quite a piece to go."
"O, I ain't afraid!" I said, standing up straight. I didn't like to be called little chap, and I meant to show them that I felt big enough to take care of myself.
"Well, you'd better walk along lively then, or you will be snowed under before you get home," the man said, rightly laughing at me for the airs I had put on.
I walked off coolly as could be, to show them I wasn't afraid; but before I had gone far the flakes began to come down o'er together. Tige acted as if he knew what was coming, and trotted on at a lively rate, looking back every now and then, and whining for me to keep up.
By and by I began to grow tired. The wind was blowing straight against me, the snow was blinding me so I could not see, and all the while Tige was running on ahead, so fast that I feared I should lose sight of him. But he did not propose to leave me. Every little while he stopped and whined for me to come up.
At last I grew so tired that I could only stumble on, and then Tige came back and walked at my side, or just in front of me, as if anxious to help me. And I was thinking, if I should stop and rest a few moments, I would be right. But when I tried it, Tige caught hold of my coat and pulled me along.
Then I grew so sleepy I could hardly keep on my feet. I did not feel the cold now, and I was ready to lie down in the snow and go to sleep. Twice I tried it, but each time Tige pulled me up and barked so loud that it woke me and I stumbled on.
At last we came to a fence, and I had not strength enough left to climb over it. I just rolled down in the snow and Tige couldn't get me to move. I did not know what happened next, but I was told afterward. The fence where I had stopped was only about a mile away from home, and Tige at once ran there as fast as he could. My people were all looking out anxiously for me, and father was talking of starting to meet me, when they saw the dog coming. They opened the door, and the minute he saw them he began to bark and whine, and started back. They knew at once what he meant, and hurrying on their coats, my father and brothers followed him as fast as they could.
I was fast asleep when they found me, almost covered with snow. Tige began to paw off the snow and lick me, they said, and barked furiously as they came up, and while they were carrying me home, kept jumping up against me, as if anxious to see me wake up.
The first thing I saw, when I did open my eyes, was Tige's head thrust in between my father and mother, who were rubbing me on one side, while my brothers rubbed me on the other.
"Yes, old fellow, you saved him. It's all on your account that he is here," mother said, hugging his great shaggy neck, after I had told them how he had dragged me along against my will.
You may be sure nothing was too good for Tige after that. He was cared for as kindly as if he had been one of the family—which he was, to our way of thinking—and we kept him until he died of old age.—E. S. Benedict, in The Fountain.

WHAT ONE DOG DID.

A man who lives near Morgantown, W. Va., sees everything double. He has been to several specialists, but they can not give him any relief, and he has overcome the affliction by using only one eye at a time. He will be seen on the street with the green shade over the right eye one day, and the next over the left. In this way he gives his eyes a rest.
—I had rather suffer for speaking the truth, than that the truth should suffer for want of my speaking.—John Pym.

WHAT ONE DOG DID.

Grandfather's Experience When He Was a Boy—How Tige Saved His Life.
It happened a good many years ago, said grandfather to Harry and me, as we sat around the fire-place, one December evening, that father bought a piece of timber, several miles from our house, and he had some men there cutting it. One day he wanted me to go and carry a message to them. I was never afraid to go any where with Tige, our dog. He was such a big, strong fellow, and so brave! So we set off, happy as could be, both of us. The sun was shining when we started, but as we reached the wood-lot the sky began to cloud over. I didn't think anything about it though; I had hardly noticed it till I had delivered my message and turned around to go back. Then the "boss" said to me, "I don't know, little chap, but you'd better stay here. I guess there's a heavy snow storm coming, and you've got quite a piece to go."
"O, I ain't afraid!" I said, standing up straight. I didn't like to be called little chap, and I meant to show them that I felt big enough to take care of myself.
"Well, you'd better walk along lively then, or you will be snowed under before you get home," the man said, rightly laughing at me for the airs I had put on.
I walked off coolly as could be, to show them I wasn't afraid; but before I had gone far the flakes began to come down o'er together. Tige acted as if he knew what was coming, and trotted on at a lively rate, looking back every now and then, and whining for me to keep up.
By and by I began to grow tired. The wind was blowing straight against me, the snow was blinding me so I could not see, and all the while Tige was running on ahead, so fast that I feared I should lose sight of him. But he did not propose to leave me. Every little while he stopped and whined for me to come up.
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