

The Louisiana Democrat.

"The World is Governed Too Much."

HEURY L. BLOSSAT, Business Manager.

ALEXANDRIA, LOUISIANA, WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 11, 1889.

VOL. XLIV.—NO. 50.

1889 Sample DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA. 1890



LICENSE

Is Hereby Granted from the first day of November 1889 until the first day of November next, to James R. Keenan as PROPRIETOR OF BAR-ROOM, located at No. 800 Fifteenth Street N.W. in the District of Columbia, as provided for by the laws governing the District of Columbia.

Amount Paid.

\$100.

In Testimony Whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and seal, this 6th day of November

one thousand eight hundred and Eighty nine

James R. Keenan
Proprietor, D. C.

TRANSFERS.

Licenses may be transferred to persons to continue the same business in the same house, or to remove a place of business, under the same regulations as the original license. All transfers shall be certified by the Assessor. When more than one pursuit or occupation is carried on in the same place by the same person, a tax shall be paid for each.

We, the undersigned, depose and say that we saw Mr. Terry, the notary public, make the above copy of the bar-room license granted to Mr. Morton's hotel, "The Shoreham," in the name of his manager, J. R. Keenan, from the original now to be seen in the cigar-case in the buffet bar of said hotel.

Subscribed and sworn to before me, this 11th day of November, A. D. 1889.

Notary Public

Notary Public

This license is liable to forfeiture for selling liquor on Sunday. Selling liquor to minors. Keeping open between the hours of 12 o'clock midnight and 4 A. M. Entrance to these premises is allowed by law only from the street upon which the required number of signs have been obtained.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA, ss:

I, S. A. Terry, a notary public in and for the district aforesaid, do hereby certify that the annexed copy of license marked upon the upper part thereof with the word "sample" written in red ink is a true and exact copy of the bar-room license issued by the commissioners of this District to Vice-President Morton's hotel, "The Shoreham," situated No. 800 15th street, corner of H and 15th streets, in the city of James R. Keenan, the manager. That I made said copy from the original license now to be seen and exposed to view in the glass cigar-case in the buffet bar and cafe of said hotel. Witness my hand and official seal, this 11th day of November, A. D. 1889.

[SEAL.]

[SEAL.]

MR. MORTON'S SALOON.

A Fac-Simile of His License—The Document That Has Caused So Much Fuss—The Serious Trouble It Has Made in Republican Ranks.

Herewith we reproduce a fac-simile of the license granted for a bar-room in the Shoreham, Vice-President Morton's hotel at Washington. The license was granted, according to the affidavit attached, "by the Commissioners of the District to Vice-President Morton's hotel, the Shoreham, in the name of James R. Keenan, his manager." We present this copy because of the controversies and contentions which have arisen and the frantic denials of the fact on the part of the Vice-President's party friends, and the prominence given the saloon in the convention of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union held in Chicago. The Vice-President's buffet bar has become a National issue.

The first information of the granting of the license was forwarded by special correspondents with the announcement that the license was granted to Mr. Morton, proprietor of the Shoreham. A day after came the explanation that Mr. Morton was not to run the hotel himself, but that his request for the granting of a license to the lessee of the hotel was necessary in order to comply with the law requiring the consent of the majority of the property owners in the block where the building was located. In the meantime the Vice-President was roundly denounced for engaging in the liquor business, because his great wealth made it unnecessary for him to take money from the traffic. Immediately corresponding of Republican organs began making explanations to the effect that Mr. Morton had no interest in the saloon, that the license was not granted to him in person, and that the saloon was in fact a mere storage-room for the convenience of occupants of the hotel, no liquors being sold over the bar. This form of denial was put in even stronger terms by one said to be the Vice-President's private secretary, in response to inquiries made by Republicans interested in quieting the disturbance which had been occasioned.

The question had come before the meeting of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, which, through expressions from its chairman, put its seal of condemnation on the act. Miss Willard received from prohibition sources in Washington confirmation of the fact that not only had the license been granted, but also that there was positive proof of the sale of champagne over the counter to persons not occupants of the house. Then the claim was set up by the adherents of the Republican party that while the license was granted in the name of the manager of the Shoreham, Mr. James R. Keenan, and not in the name of Mr. Morton, who had leased his hotel and did not get any profit out of it except the rental. In contradiction of this it was shown that Mr. Keenan was simply the manager of the house, which is owned and conducted by Mr. Morton, who built it.

Democrats persisted in the original assertions that the Vice-President was granted the license; that the bar "buffer" is the Washington name—was in complete running order for retail business, and that the owner of the building actually received the profits accruing therefrom. For three days these reports, denials, evasions and misrepresentations of the real facts in the case occupied the attention of the T. U. convention. Mrs. Foster, of Iowa, as the leader of the so-called non-partisan branch of the body, vigorously criticised the majority for, as she said, unjustly censuring a man who had done great financial service for the prohibition cause. Simultaneously with this demonstration in the convention the Republican press of the city commented with severity upon the position of the W. C. T. U. as unfair and dishonest.

For the moment the Morton side was uppermost, and Miss Willard, reading a personal message from Washington in confirmation of the facts she had previously stated, said she had no desire and did not intend to do the Vice-President injustice. "He could not help doing what he did without rebuking his party, which is in favor of high license and against prohibition," said Miss Pugh, the treasurer, and on her motion the subject was dismissed.

But the issue would not down. It came up again in the committee on resolutions, which obtained positive information of the granting of the license and the existence of the saloon, and a strong resolution of condemnation was reported. Mrs. Foster and her followers sought to substitute a modification of the declaration without success. It was "the straw which broke the camel's back" and precipitated the bolt of the non-partisan women from the convention. They were prepared to go out on the ground that the Woman's Christian Temperance Union pronounced in favor of a third party, but did not do so until the resolutions in their entirety, containing the one against the Vice-President, had been formally adopted. The seceders at once took steps to organize the non-partisan Woman's Christian Temperance Union women of the country. One effect of the movement has been to impel the chief organ of the Republican party in Iowa to advocate the abandonment of prohibition in that State and the enactment of a high-license law.—Chicago News (Ind.).

REFORM THE SENATE.

Democratic States Represented by Republican Senators.

Our Northern contemporaries are loud in their denunciation of the election laws in the South, by which they claim the Southern delegation to Congress is so largely Democratic. We ask these gentlemen to consider certain facts concerning the United States Senate, and then to suggest some measure of reform.

The State of New York is Democratic by from 15,000 to 40,000. The Democratic party carries the State at every election, yet it is represented by two Republicans in the Senate, and has been for lot these many years.

Connecticut is another consistently Democratic State, yet it too, keeps two Republicans in the Senate.

At the last election in Rhode Island the Democrats had a safe majority, but by its peculiar constitution the Republicans retain control of the Legislature and will choose the Senators.

In Iowa the Democrats have elected their Governor by a majority of over 7,000, yet the Republicans will control the Legislature and select the successor of Senator Allison.

These are not mere accidents; there are evils inherent in the situation. The Democratic majorities are not surmises; they are publicly recorded at the polls. It is astonishing that Senators Platt and Hawley, of Connecticut; Everts and Haddock, of New York; Chase and Aldrich, of Rhode Island, and Allison, of Iowa, will consent to misrepresent their States; will hold commissions, under the form of law, of which a majority of their constituents have voted to deprive them. But they do it, and are particularly denunciatory of what they term Southern bulldozing.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

—Republican Iowa has passed into history; Democratic Iowa is present, and Democracy is the hope of the State in all the future. The Democrats of the State have come out of their Egyptian bondage; the hosts of their oppressors now lie under the waters of the Red Sea of prohibition, and in 1892 they will help the people of this country out their way out of the wilderness of protection and humbuggery. Under Democratic rule the future of Iowa is an assured magnificent success.—Chicago Herald.

DEMOCRACY AND TRUSTS.

"Trusts," Blaine said last fall, "If his words you'll recall, Are quite largely private affairs." And he argued, of course, That we could not enforce Restrictions on doings of theirs.

But a judge in New York Has got in his work In a manner exceedingly pat. He, in just one hour, Knocked the sugar trust out, And, of course, he's a Democrat.

When trusts would do wrong Then the law must be strong To stand for the press they assail. When laws can't defend Then 'tis time to amend. For justice, not wealth, must prevail.

White Blaine may insist He must not resist. Encroachments of boodle and wrong, Let Democracy fight. For justice and right With a faith that is steadfast and strong.

REPUBLICAN CHAIR.

Pharisaical Arguments Made by a Shameless Protection Organ.

This far from the Inter Ocean is as coolly pharisaical as any thing in which it has indulged:

"The Democratic programme of political action falls in this: It takes no note of the conscience of the American people. It is an old and ineradicable tendency of the Democratic party to ignore the public conscience. It is a party that always seeks to win by winking at and allying itself with the uncertain tendencies of the age."

Are you there, old Truepenny? Noko, then, this: That the Republican party assumes that the American people have no conscience and that its campaigns for power are made upon the theory that the people may be debauched with their own money. What are the specifications? The Republican party gained power on what ground? That it will subsidize steamships; that it will pay out pensions unjustly; that it will give bounties for sugar-raising; that it will vote great river and harbor bills; that it will prevent a free market in fabrics of home production for the benefit of the home producers—in short, that it will take the money of all the people and so bestow it that while the plunderers will be enriched, something, a small piece of the pork severally, a vast chunk collectively, will close the mouths of veterans.

The Republican party assumes that the majority of the Nation are adventurers, schemers, jobbers, mendicant-shillies fellows who want Government support or greedy and crafty speculators that would make the Government increase their present large fortunes.

The whole campaign of the Republican party last year was an attempt to debauch the people. Where the bait of the platform was not successful Quay's committee was at work with concrete corruption funds. Dudley would have electedors bought in blocks of five out of money furnished by the pious Wamsmaker. The platform made no secret of its purpose to bid with the funds in the National exchequer. "Here we are," they cried, "here we are, the only party in the land that will make the public money fly for private benefit. Here we are, Messrs. Veterans of the War, with regard to length of service, circumstances of enlistment or character of record; here we are, bidding for your vote out of the National Treasury. Come on, subsidy-grabbers of all kinds, we're the only fellows in the field that will legalize your schemes of robbery. You scratch our back by giving up the Government and we'll scratch yours by passing some subsidy bills with great opportunities. This way, manufacturers; no nonsense here; you want a high tariff and we want your votes. Come on, gentlemen, come on; it's a bargain; you buy us and we buy you."

And so it ran, always promising free use of the Treasury for particular interests, offering debauchment, and assuming, of course, that the American people are wholly without conscience or have

conscience so weak that it can be stifled by an act of Congress with a job in it. The popular vote was against them, but they won, and expect with a Congress and an Executive wholly in their interest that the bribes will be paid. The old vet. of thirty days' service, the subsidy-hunter, the wool-grower, the manufacturer, the pig-iron lords, the mill barons, all and singular, the people who want the Government to aid them to riches, are gathering at the capital to demand for themselves and their kind the fulfillment of campaign promises.

It is entirely fitting that the organ of such a party should, when arrived at the temple for prayer, assert that the great Democratic party, mere publicans and sinners, are without conscience, while they, the pharisees, are familiar of the Lord—excellent fellows in whom there is no guile.

It is an old trick, and sometimes it wins. But the present moment is not propitious for its use.—Chicago Times.

DRIFT OF OPINION.

—It is significant that in Akron, O., a manufacturing city, where the tariff was made an issue, the Democrats gained 1,100 votes.—Chicago News.

—If the country had a chance to re-rotate President Harrison now it would take occasion to put him in a lower class.—St. Louis Republic.

—Trying to regulate every thing is what killed the G. O. P. in Iowa. Straight-jacket legislation is nearly as unpopular as trust combinations.—Chicago Globe.

—The Republican organs will give every reason for the awful result except the real one—that Harrison's administration has disgraced the country.—Chicago Herald.

—The rogues of the Republican Censoring Board of Montana should be early the subject of one of Dr. Harrison's most fervent prayers.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

—The Republican party, contrary to the usually accepted opinion of the paragraphist, is quite ready for Thanksgiving Day. Its "goose is cooked."—Detroit Free Press.

—The Australian ballot system, now the election law of Indiana, is approved wherever it has been tried, and Democratic victories seem to follow in its wake. An honest election means a Democratic victory wherever there is a fighting chance.—Fort Wayne Journal.

—Dr. Harrison has not appointed a Minister to Russia yet. As he is said to have been looking about for an available Republican editor to send over there, we beg leave to suggest that a residence in St. Petersburg would be very acceptable just now to Mr. Murat Halstead.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

—The Republicans are trying to solace each other in the hour of bitter sorrow by laying all the cause of their defeat at the door of "Mr. Apathy," and the vagaries of an "off year." If they find consolation in this reflection, their happy, victorious brethren find it no less. An increased Democratic vote of 200,439 in one year in the ten States that held elections is "Apathy" indeed, but it is all on one side, and it is synonymous with repudiation.—Rochester Union.

Lamentations of a Fraud.

Colonel Clarkson, Mr. Harrison's Assistant Postmaster-General, says the result of the election in Virginia is due solely and entirely to fraud. And yet Colonel Clarkson is the very same identical man who was a party to the theft of the subscription list of the Voice, and who, with his pal, Colonel Dudley, directed the purchase of Indiana voters in "blocks of five." But though Colonel Clarkson may not be an honest politician, he certainly deserves the prize for brazen-faced affrontery.—Alexandria (Va.) Gazette.

PITH AND POINT.

—Nature has made some men tall, and laziness has made them short.—Burlington Free Press.

—Self-reliance comes from relying on self, in the hope that self will presently become worth relying on.

—Hard work is the best cure for the blues; at least, that is what you always tell other people.—Somerville Journal.

—Every man is his own ancestor, and every man his own heir. He devises his own future, and he inherits his own past.

—Wounds and hardships provoke our courage, and when our fortunes are at the lowest, our wits and minds are commonly at the best.—Charron.

—Never hold any one by the button, or hand, in order to be heard out; for if people are unwilling to hear you, you had better hold your tongue than them.

—As you must inevitably keep company with yourself as long as you live, it is of consequence to you to make of yourself a pleasant, agreeable companion.

—Despair makes a despicable figure, and descends from a mean original. 'Tis the offspring of fear, of laziness, and impatience; it argues a defect of spirit and resolution, and oftentimes of honesty too.—Collier.

—When benignity and gentleness reign within we are in least danger from without; every person and every occurrence is beheld in the most favorable light.—Washington Post.

—To be practical not only means to be energetic—for often the most industrious accomplish little or nothing and make failures of their lives—but it means to have appreciation of given circumstances and the ability to bring common, not uncommon, sense and good judgment to bear upon them.

—If only parents and teachers were half as earnest in asking the question concerning a child of their charge: "Is it well with the young man?" while there is still opportunity of influencing him for good, as they are when he is already beyond their reach, it would be better than all now is with many a young man.—S. S. Times.

—Some disagreeable habit in one to whom we may owe respect and duty, and which is a constant irritation to the sense of our fitness of things, may demand of us a greater moral force to keep the spirit serene than an absolute wrong committed against us. In the one case endurance is all that is possible; in the other we may sometimes rightfully fight—and there is a world of comfort in the powers of action.—Once a Week.

—There is much good in the world, and it will not keep itself concealed from us; if we do not see it and meet with it, the fault is with ourselves. There must be some kind of repulsion in us that drives it away from us, or drives us in the opposite direction, and what we need to do is to discover and get clear of it. There are some souls that are never without their swarms of angels.—United Presbyterian.

THE FAT MAN'S STORY.

He Tells How He Successfully Fooled a Kansas Prairie Fire.

The boys had been looking at the fat man for some time as he strolled up and down the depot platform, smoking a good cigar and his face wearing a look of contentment, and one of them finally observed that it was a good time for him to tell a story.

"It's a story to pass away the time—certainly," he replied, as he sat down on a baggage truck, recently painted a sky-blue color.

"You must know, gentlemen," he began, after getting his legs crossed, "that I was not always at the head of the leading banking-house of Chicago. No. All my life, up to ten years ago, was on the far West, on the plains and mountains, and among the hills and mountains adventures. I was just thinking of my escape from a prairie fire, but the details might not interest you."

"Oh, yes, they will!" we all cried in chorus.

"Well, one day in the fifties I was journeying across a Kansas prairie on foot. One morning I got up to find fifty miles of tall, dry grass between me and the hills. A strong breeze sprang up with the sun, and I had scarcely started on my way before I discovered a great smoke to windward. The Indians had set fire to the prairie to kill off the rattlesnakes, you know."

"By George! but you were in for it!" exclaimed the hardware drummer from St. Louis.

"Yes; I realized that in a moment. In five minutes I could see a billow of flame to windward. It was at least twenty miles long, and spreading as it came. It was coming faster than a horse could run. I figured that it would be upon me in five minutes."

"And you dug a hole in the earth?" queried the glue man from New York.

"I had nothing to dig with. If I had had the proper tools the time was too short."

"Then the wind changed?" put in the Yankee notion man from Cincinnati.

"Never a point. As I stood there that great ocean of flame came roaring down toward me like the besom of destruction. I lost fully two minutes before I got to work. I could even feel the heat of the fierce flames scorching my flesh."

"But, hang it, man, you escaped?"

"I did."

"You don't show any scars or burns."

"No."

"Well, get to the point."

"I will. I waited until the flames were not over a mile away, and then I took my balloon off my back, pressed the button which permitted the natural gas to flow in from the reservoir, and, taking my seat in the chair, I shot up into the air about five hundred feet and let the flames sweep under me. One of my boot heels was a little scorched, but that was all the damage done."

"Do you tell that for truth?" angrily demanded the starch man from Oswego.

"The solemn truth, gentlemen. Our company is now doing a general banking and balloon business—same style of balloons. We can and do undersell all others. Send in your orders early and avoid the winter rush. That's all."—N. Y. Sun.

THE LIMEKILN CLUB.

An Unknown Scoundrel Attempts to Blow Up Paradise Hall.

The unknown scoundrel who attempted the destruction of Paradise Hall during the last three days of last week will hear of something greatly to his advantage by addressing the keeper of the museum.

This is the thirty-fourth attempt made in the last ten years to destroy that imposing edifice, and from the fact that each and every one has been a failure it would seem that some colored guardian angel made it her special business to watch over the hall and its wealth of memories and relics. The unknown villain who made this last attempt bored out a panel of the alley-door and proceeded to crawl through into the hall, from which a stairway leads to the station of the outer guard. He found one of the Bear-Traps yawning to receive him. It was the trap known as "The Colossus of Roads," having a spread of four and a half feet, with a spring power estimated at four-horse power. He must have scented danger just in time, as his dead body was not found in the trap. Both his boot-heels, his hat and a piece of his right ear were left behind, however, to show how close the call must have been. The janitor even discovered three eye-winkers on one of the jaws, and that the villain escaped justice is one of those mysteries over which the detectives love to sit and marvel.

In going back through the hole he was in such a hurry that he stripped the buckles off his suspenders, and most of the buttons of his clothes, and that he was a white man, and red-haired at that, is proved by the hairs left on the jagged edges.

"Gem'len," said Brother Gardner, when the meeting had been duly opened, "dis an another proof of what I hev often told you, dat bein' bad doan' pay. You kin sot down wid a piece of chalk an' figger it right out to any man's complete satisfackshun dat it doan'. De bad man may git ahead now an' den, but de fust thing he knows along comes a set-back to take off all de profits. I doan' want you to be too good—goody-good—bekase in dat case your fellowmen would allus be expectin' to see you break out somewhar," but let badness alone. It gins you de night-ma' in de night an' de shibbers in de day-time. You ar' allus expectin' 'sun-thin', no matter how hard you try to be happy, an' dat sunthin' nebber falls to you. When it does arrove you is either blowed sky-high wid aspring gun, killed dead wid de jaws of a bar trap. De secretary will cash in a reward of fifty dollars, half in cash an' half store pay, fur de arrest, convickshun an execution of dis unknown assassin."—Detroit Free Press.

Notes for the Ocular on a Variety of Interesting Matters.

Each square inch of the skin contains 8,000 sweating tubes, or perspiration pores, each of which may be likened to a little drain tile one-fourth of an inch in length, making an aggregate length of the entire surface of the body of 201,166 feet, or a tile ditch for draining the body almost 40 miles long.

The human skin is composed of three layers, averaging in all between one-twelfth and one-eighth of an inch in thickness, and, in extreme cases, as much as one-fourth of an inch in thickness. The skin area of the average adult is, therefore, estimated at 2,000 square inches. The atmospheric pressure being about 14 pounds to the square inch, a person of medium size is daily and hourly subjected to a pressure of 28,000 pounds.

An ancient and remarkable clock has been set up in the reading-room of the municipal library at Rouen, France. A single winding keeps it running for fourteen years and some odd months. It was constructed in 1682; underwent alterations in 1816; was bought by the City of Rouen in 1838, and has been recently repaired and set going.

The phoenix, the fabulous bird of antiquity, in form is described as somewhat resembling the eagle. It was said to live five hundred years in the wilderness, and then to return into Egypt, where, having built itself a nest, or funeral pyre of wood and aromatic gums, and lighting it by the fanning of its wings, was consumed to ashes, out of which rose a new phoenix.

The first living skeleton was Claude Sewrat, born in France in 1799. He was tall and would have been well-shaped had there been any flesh on his body; as it was every bone could be distinctly seen. His arms were compared to two ivory flutes, and his abdomen seemed to cling to the vertebrae. He made a fortune by exhibiting himself and returned to his native town to enjoy it, but suddenly expired soon after his retirement.—St. Louis Republic.

Hits of Abraham Lincoln.

Among the papers of the late John W. Forney was found the other day a letter from B. B. French, under the date Washington, May 28, 1865, which gave fac-similes of some notes written by President Lincoln relative to his domestic affairs. One, sent to Mrs. Lincoln on the official paper of the Executive Mansion, was: "Mother—Please put somebody at work now on Tad's room."

A note to Mr. French, then Commissioner of Public Buildings, saying: "Please give Tad a board and some plank. Mrs. Lincoln." A card written by the President to Mr. French, on November 9, 1864, said: "If Commissioner of Public Buildings chooses to give laborers at the White House a holiday, I have no objection. A. Lincoln." The proposed "holiday" was to be given after the reelection of President Lincoln.—Philadelphia Press.

A Clear Conscience Obtained.

Broker's Wife—How happy you look, my dear. What is the cause?

Broker—A clear conscience. I have not taken any innocent and confiding man's money for twenty-four hours.

"I am glad to hear it."

"Yes; you see, my partner died last night, and our office was closed to-day."

—N. Y. Weekly.

STYLISH STATIONERY.

What Kinds of Paper Are Considered to Be the "Correct Thing?"

Those delicate effects of most delicate patterns which appear on the surface of Parisian note-sheets have not attained the popularity in this country that they have among Parisian consumers. Why this should be is undoubtedly due to the fact that the modern society devotee uses only such things as may be proper in England. It is on the indistinct suggestiveness of these designs that the appeals to taste depend, the most delicate conceivable tints fading away almost invisibly, being used as though produced during the water-marking of the paper. It will doubtless be but a question of time when such goods become popularized with the refined American belle, as they are now with fashion's votaries in France and many parts of the continent.

The demand for the hand-made paper has made it permanent in the circles of high-class users, and considerable quantities are now made in this country, whereas formerly the material could be obtained only abroad. The colors of delicate heliotrope or pure white are, perhaps, the most popular hues with the fastidious, and, while expensive, both in its production and the materials used in its manufacture, it is undoubtedly occupying too strong a place in the high artistic taste of the people to lose the hold it has gained upon them.

The monogram, with its indefinite geometrical impossibilities, which no one read and few appreciated, is losing caste as a proper thing in polite correspondence, and no longer appears in the forms of past seasons. It is entirely proper to adorn the upper left corner or center of note sheets with coats-of-arms and crests, but the best of taste would seem to confine itself to the initial, unless an indisputed right to the armorial bearing can be shown.

Many beautiful tints are appearing in correspondence stationery, which are, however, no improvement upon those already seen, but the titles of which are extremely puzzling to remember. A vast variety of titles, each bearing an individual title, are practically inexhaustible, and such hues as celestial blue, caelestian gray, nectarine, primrose and flesh tints are still used.

The general tendency is undoubtedly toward handsome but plain styles, very ornate designs being entirely a matter of the past. Those dealers who cater to the higher-priced trade deal almost exclusively in plain, unornamented paper, elegant simplicity being the standard aimed at by those fashionable people who have passed the shoddy period and discarded the loud and ornate styles of stationery.

Menu and name cards are not permissible unless hand-painted or etched and tinted by hand, while those Parisian designs with French scenes are very popular.

A novel manner of designing the names of guests at table is by ribbons, which, extending from a center-piece of flowers, and of a length sufficient to reach each guest's plate, bearing pretty little hand-painted designs. This style could furnish an idea to stationers for a menu design. Menus, at present, do not exhibit the variety and beauty of those which appeared last season, excepting, perhaps, in those just from Paris, where richness and elegance, with an absence of loud colors, appear in exquisite designs and unique subjects on hand-made board, either etched or etched and tinted by hand in an inimitable manner.—Art Stationer.

AN EXCELLENT PAPER.

It Sailed the Marshal Better Than Any Journal He Ever Took.

"Yes, I have come across some very peculiar men during my career in journalism," remarked a well-known editor, "I was once the editor of a small sheet, published in a Tennessee village. I soon discovered that in conducting my paper, affability amounted to every thing, and that a sociable fellow without an original idea could gain more subscribers in one month than a genius could in five. As it didn't make any difference what I put in my paper, I spent the most of my time in walking about the public square, telling old jokes and shaking hands with the country people; but, in spite of my efforts to be genial, I sometimes offended an over-sensitive acquaintance.

"One day the town marshal came into my office, and, in a brusque manner, declared that he did not want my paper any longer.

"But," said I, "you have not been a subscriber more than three weeks."

"I know that, but I don't want it any longer."

"My dear sir," said I, fearing that he would demand the return of his money, "do you know what the law is on this question?"

"The law can't make me read your paper; I know that much."

"Of course not," I rejoined, "but the law will not compel me to return your money."

"All right. Say, I'll tell you what you do. Send my paper blank every week."

"I did so, and at the end of the year the marshal came around and renewed his subscription. 'Keep on sending it blank,' said he. 'It suits me better than any paper I ever took.'—Arkansas Traveler.

Permeability of Cements.

Experience has shown that brick tunnels and drains can not be made water-tight when exposed to considerable pressure, as water is forced through not only the bricks, but the cements and mortars. In experiments last year by Mr. J. B. Francis, about fourteen gallons of water per square foot of surface passed through a thickness of nearly sixteen inches of cement in twenty-four hours, under a pressure of seventy-seven pounds per square inch. Other engineers have concluded that it is not practicable to build a tight bulkhead of cement-laid bricks when the pressure exceeds sixty-four pounds per square inch.—Arkansas Traveler.

The largest bar of gold ever cast was turned out at the United States assay office in Helena, Mont., the other day. It weighed 50