The Louisiana Democrat.

The World is Governed Too Much."

HENRY L. BIOSSAT, Business Manager. ALEXANDRIA, LOUISIANA, WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 29, 1890. VOL. XLV.—NO. 5.

A VISION OF YOUTH.

eadows sweet where my bare feet
e twinkled in the clover,
bloom and bee delighted me
I became a rover,
ded and gray I stray to-day,
from them to the wildwood,
to seek—again to speak
e happiness of childhood.

ed by the breeze near whisp'ring trees,
e and look and listen,
nature's truth and dreams of youth
all their glory glisten.
hanging skies my happy eyes
nd castles great and steepled,
t years ago, full well I know,
built and owned and peopled.

fortune, tears, mistakes that years
ave added to life's sorrow
rust behind—keep out of mind—
orget until to-morrow:
cloud nor storm could now transform
vision of my pleasure,
n after rain I'd try again
o find the rainbow's treasure.
—J. A. Waldron, in Leslie's Newspaper.

URDETTE ON THE ROAD.

ome of the Humorous Experiences of the Lecturer.

x Horses Harnessed Abreast Could Not Draw Him from the Platform—Delights of the Sleeping-Car—Riding on a Freight.

Probably there is no occupation in the world that gives a man such an easy life and large profits as lecturing. I don't suppose that six horses, harnessed abreast, could draw me from the platform. It is just like lolling around in a June meadow, picking up gold dollars instead of buttercups. Now, last Tuesday night I lectured in Granville, N. Y.; didn't leave a dollar in the town. Next morning I got up at 4:45 o'clock, got into a buggy, piled a valise weighing four hundred pounds—no, sir, I won't take off one ounce—on my feet, and drove eleven miles through a pelting, driving rainstorm, over muddy roads to a station on the D. & H. C., that has a train five times a year. At Granville they have one every spring. Well, I got a train, and changed cars once or twice and got more trains, and finally got to Albany at 10:35. May be I didn't want my breakfast. Sat down to a table and drove a restaurant man to despair, bankruptcy and suicide. Got on the cars again, and at 6:30 that evening, without stop or stay for bite or sup, got off at my station. Raining like a house afire and two miles to drive. Fun? I don't care so much for the actual lecturing, but the getting from one place to another I do enjoy.

And then, the pleasure of travel. Do you know, some weeks, I have sat still in the cars, one day after another, from 8 a. m. to 4, 5, 6 or 7 p. m., without moving, save at meal time? How do you suppose an active man, fond of walking, enjoys that sort of thing? It's enough to drive a graven image mad with nervousness.

"But can't I read?" asks Feeblemind.

Say, when you are reading, and one of your lovely, loving and beloved children comes up and takes hold of the back of the chair and begins to shake it—don't you make her quit it right away? And if she doesn't stop, don't you box her ears with your precious book?

What! Don't lie to me; I've seen you do it.

Well, that's the way the jig-jog, rattle-rattle, shake and shiver of the car affect me. It just about drives me wild.

"But I can while away the time in pleasant conversation with—"

Oh, can I? Do you remember reading about the remains of a well-dressed man found in the Genesee river, who was supposed to have fallen from an Erie train while passing Portage Falls? Well, the last time that man was seen alive, he had lifted my 400 ton—"said 400 pounds a little while ago?"—I said tons, both times; you can look back and see—he had lifted my 500-ton valise from my seat, and crowded himself in on me for what he called "a little chat." I enjoy conversation, but not in a boiler factory. If you were having a quiet conversation in you parlor would you like the children to come in and make as much noise as a railway train? I trow not. Well, I don't like it either. The man who wastes time trying to draw me into a conversation on a roaring, crashing, buzzing railroad train will get much better results, and quite as pleasant ones to himself, if he will hold his naked eye out of the window and look for cinders.

"But why don't I travel at night and take the sleeper?" Because, imbecile, night is my time for work and I lecture only in towns where sleepers either go through in the afternoon or the express trains don't stop. You might as well ask the patriots to have their torchlight processions in the morning. And as for sleeping in a sleeper, could you sleep in your bed at home if it was about as wide as a coffin and seven feet from the floor and twenty-two inches from the ceiling, with pillows twenty-eight inches square and a blanket of two-inch felt and somebody shook and swung the bed all night, and at intervals a freight train, blowing a whistle and ringing a bell, ran through the hall and jumped down stairs, and once or twice in the night they pulled your house out of the lot and jammed it up against another house, and just as you got calmed down a truck inspector should come under your window and yell "Try your air!" and then some men should crawl under the house and hammer and pound and wrench at the joists for twenty minutes, and then the engineer should "try his air" again and the men under the house should yell "Whoop!" and the man under your window should yell, "Whoop! Whoopee! Shut her off, Bill!" And then your house should groan and grunt and bump, and then go roaming and whirling off down street thirty-five or forty miles an hour? Could you sleep? Well, that's sleeping-car slumber, to me. And you don't like to occupy a room with any one else, do you? I don't, too. Well, now, suppose you had a long, narrow room, with twenty-four beds and thirty or thirty-five people sleeping in them; thirty or thirty-five pairs of boots and shoes—all sorts of boots and shoes, too—standing around the room; not less than twenty snorers in the orchestra? Well, that's sleeping-car slumber. It beats sitting up all night, all to pieces. But it isn't luxury; and it isn't comfort. It costs like it, and I must say it's worth the price, but it isn't comfort. It's merely a protection against greater discomfort. In times of siege and famine, men have paid twenty dollars for a rat and have eaten it greedily. But that wasn't because rats were even then considered luxuries; it was because it was rat or nothing. When the ungrateful man got back to porterhouse steak again he let the cats have the rats. You may talk about "luxurious palaces of princely comfort"—as the man with a pass is apt to do—but I maintain that sleeping in one not very large room, with thirty-five people, thirty-five snores, thirty-five breaths and seventy second-hand boots and shoes, is not a luxury; and whatever the man with the pass may say, I don't believe that Kings and Princes who live in real palaces sleep forty in a bed-room, boots, breath, feet and all. True, I have never been abroad, and can't say how Kings may live, but I believe they have more room and fewer bed-fellows than that.

"Well then," asked the Ass, when I grumbled thus far—I don't mean half the savage things I say when I growl—"why don't you ride on the freight trains?"

I do, whenever the company will let me. They're not so tiresome. You can move about in the big caboose. Sometimes the conductor invites you up into the "dome"—what a nice, breezy outlook it is. I wonder the conductor and rear brakeman don't turn artist and poet, and go out and teach and amuse the people. And once in awhile the brakeman will take you by the hand and take you for a promenade over the tops of the swaying cars. I've tried it. It's like walking on the back of a snake.

I never walked on the back of a snake, but that is just like it.

You get more of a variety in such a walk than you would think. This is a White Line car we're on now, and this next one an old Wabash box car, eight inches lower; "jump down!" your heart jumps into your mouth as you jump, but you're alive; all these are foreign cars of different makes and differing heights, and they rock and roll and lope along with mongrel gait, like a horse that trots in front and paces behind; this long car is a cotton car; this high monster is a car for shipping carriages in or something of that sort; right next it is an old squatty box car, with a batten roof; it looks two miles down; you jump, but your heart flies clear out of the top of your head and you don't get it back again on the trip. Then you walk over a car of lumber; that's nice; it has an easy, smoothing, comforting motion, and the pleasant smell of the pine and hemlock and cedar is tranquilizing; then you scramble into a car of coal; and then, you climb over a Red Line car; it's an empty," and as you walk over the top your guide hears the voices of the merry tramps holding high wassail within. His face darkens, he goes back to the ore car and returning lies down to hurl two dollars' worth of highly-protected raw material into the hilarity. "I'll fix you laddy-bucks next stop!" he roars and the merriment ceases; changed alas, to remarks not suited for publication. Then you get down on an empty flat. This is jolly. A landsman isn't afraid on this. It looks so low, and long and broad, and humps itself along with such good-natured, easy roughness, that it's a perfect nursery. I once said that a canal boat was the ideal vehicle of travel. Now I begin to think that a lounge and an easy chair on a flat-car, with may be a low railing around the car, so that you couldn't possibly fall off, knocks the canal-boat out. If I were president of a railroad I'd fix a flat-car up that way and travel on it.

But much a railway president knows about railway travel. When he travels he takes a ship and goes to Europe.

But here, we've got up to the engine, and we can't go any further without special permission. And this is the water tank, and here we stop, and you and I will get into a safe place, up on top of the high carriage car, and see our brakemen, who is the soul of hospitality, make it pleasant for his chronic enemies, the tramps.—Burdette, in Brooklyn Eagle.

A Railroad on Tree-Tops.

It may not be known outside of the neighborhood in which it is situated, but it is nevertheless a fact, that in Sonoma County, Cal., there exists an original and successful piece of railroad engineering and building that is not to be found in the books. In the upper part of the county named, near the coast, may be seen an actual road-bed in the tree-tops, between the Clipper mills and Stuart Point, where the road crosses a deep ravine. The trees are sawed off on a level with the surrounding hills, and the timbers and ties laid on the stumps. In the center of the ravine mentioned two huge redwood trees, standing side by side, form a substantial support. These giants have been lopped off seventy-five feet above the bed of the creek. This natural-tree bridge is considered one of the wonders of the Golden State, and for safety and security far exceeds a bridge framed in the most scientific manner.—St. Louis Republic.

The Results of Liberality.

On the death of the elder Krupp one of the first acts of his son and successor was to give to the town of Essen the sum of £15,000 for public improvements, which he followed by another donation of £50,000 for the creation of a fund for the benefit of his sick, disabled workmen. The interest in the welfare of the employes which was shown in this and similar ways has been very beneficial to the firm's interests. The Krupp Gun Works has the pick of the labor market at the ordinary wages, and during the recent strikes in Western Germany they were in no way affected. While 100,000 workmen from the majority of the large establishments in the neighborhood were on strike, causing an entire suspension of work, Krupp's works never had to suspend operations for an hour, though the total number of persons employed exceed twenty-five thousand.—Glasgow Mail.

HOOSIER BENNY'S LAMENT.

Say, 'Lige, go send those men away;
Go give them all the run;
I'm sick of seeing them around
From morn till set of sun!
I never thought I'd be beset
By such a gang as that;
They make existence seem to me
Insufferably flat!

I'd like to do the handsome thing
By every friend I've got,
But as for strangers, 'Lige, my boy,
Just fire the whole lot!
This thing of being President
Is not a life of fun;
Of that I have become convinced
Since my term was begun.

When politicians come to talk
About my "great campaign,"
They lay the taffy on so thick
It causes me great pain!
And office-seekers who are bold
To make their wishes known
Annoy me so I feel just like
Expiring with a groan!

I really think I do not care
To fill the place next term;
But while I'm in I'll do my best
To make free traders squirm.
So, 'Lige, my boy, guard well the door;
Let not a soul get in;
I need a little resting spell
To purge myself from sin.
—Frank B. Welch, in Chicago Herald.

DEMOCRACY IN 1890.

The Shackles Which Curb American Commerce Will Soon Be Thrown Off.

I believe that the year 1890 will witness one of the greatest triumphs which the Democratic party of this country has ever enjoyed. The signs of the times all point that way. Our defeat in 1888 did not discourage the Democracy. It left the party as determined as ever to achieve its great objects—economic government and tariff reform.

Perhaps never in the history of the world was a defeated party so full of spirit and courage as was the Democratic party after election day in November, 1888, and that spirit and that courage have been increasing. The Democratic party is in better shape defeated than the Republicans are in success. Rallying for tariff reform and good government generally, we engaged the enemy last fall in Ohio, Iowa and Virginia and emerged victorious from the contest. In Massachusetts the cause of tariff reform has become so formidable that leading Republicans admit that the State, barely saved to them last November, will probably go Democratic next fall unless their party does something decisive for tariff reform.

How can the Republican party be the friend of tariff reform? Its life blood is now monopoly. Its main supporters will never despoil themselves. It must, from the very nature of its make-up, be the enemy of reform. The country can not look to it for relief.

In 1890 another election of Representatives to Congress will take place. I feel confident that a Democratic majority will be returned and that a new tariff bill will be passed by the Democratic House during the last years of President Harrison's Administration which will be such an object lesson for the people that nothing more will be needed upon which to conduct the Presidential campaign of 1892. New England is now clamoring for low duties as never before for a quarter of a century. They realize that they must have cheaper materials for manufacture or go down in the conflict.

The "campaign of education" is going on all the time. The people are steadily learning, and the shackles which now curb and confine American commerce and manufactures will soon be thrown off. The principles of Jefferson, which are the vital principles of self-government, were not born to die. Fools may predict Democracy's death; knaves will certainly hope for its death; but the predictions of the one and the wishes of the other will be alike futile to bring about the destruction of Jefferson's faith.—Benton McMillin, M. C., in N. Y. Journal.

NATIONAL EDUCATION.

Senator Blair's Wild Scheme to Pauperize the Southern Schools.

Nothing has done more to bring about the change in public sentiment at the North concerning Senator Blair's wild scheme of National education than the earnest opposition of the most prominent and most trusted educators of the negro at the South. A singular misconception of the truth is betrayed by the Burlington (Ia.) Hawkeye when it says: "Whatever may be the individual views of every one regarding the Blair educational bill, it may be safely put down that the opposition to it from the South is most bitter among those who would not have the negro educated at all if they could prevent it." As a matter of fact, the stoutest Southern opposition to the "Bill to Promote Mendicancy" has come from men connected with the institutions established especially for the education of the negro.

One of these is Rev. W. E. C. Wright, professor in Berea (Ky.) College, who objects to the bill from "the fear that it would diminish, rather than increase, local exertions for the support of schools," and gives this conclusive reason for such apprehension: "Already the agitation of the measure is occasionally used as a reason for not increasing State funds. Southern candidates for Congress have been heard saying to their constituents: 'Your children have got to be educated. Would you rather pay for it yourselves or have the Nation pay for it?'" Another such opponent is General S. C. Armstrong, head of the Hampton (Va.) Institute, who says: "We would not accept aid from State or people were it offered on the plan of the Blair bill, being conscious that in the end it would do us more harm than good. For here it is not mere education that we seek to give, but education through self-help. Take out the self-help and the rest is not worth much. Apply the Blair bill to the Southern school system and it will check the growth of the best thing in Southern life, the effort of the people to educate themselves."—N. Y. Post.

—The next Senator from Ohio will be a Democrat and elected by the honest conviction of the Legislature. There is not a man among the Democratic members who is not above reproach, notwithstanding all the slurs of the Republican press to the contrary.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

TARIFF CONTROVERSY.

The Grand Old Man Wipes the Floor with Puissant Jingo Jim.

In the current number of an American review William E. Gladstone and James G. Blaine discuss the tariff question as it exists in the United States. Mr. Gladstone, of course, argues in favor of free trade. Equally, of course, Mr. Blaine argues in favor of protection.

The most careless reader of the essays can not fail to perceive that Mr. Gladstone speaks for the millions of American toilers, producers and consumers, and that Mr. Blaine speaks for the few hundred thousand of manufacturers, capitalists and monopolists. Protective tariffs are great institutions for capitalists, beyond a doubt. Nobody has ever questioned this proposition. Mr. Blaine is seemingly satisfied in proving a thing which has not been disputed. Mr. Gladstone, on the other hand, holds that protection is immoral and unjust, and that the mass of the people suffer by it. His argument is unanswerable, and is not answered by Mr. Blaine. In his epitome of the situation in this country Mr. Gladstone is particularly happy:

I will then proceed to set forth some of the causes, which, by giving exceptional energy and exceptional opportunity to the work of production in America, seem to allow (in homely phrase) of her making ducks and drakes of a large portion of what ought to be her accumulations, and yet, by virtue of the remainder of them, to astonish the world.

1. Let me observe, first, that America produces an enormous mass of cotton, cereals, meat, oils and other commodities, which are sold in the unsheltered market of the world at such prices as they will yield. The producers are fined for the benefit of the protected interests, and receive nothing in return; but they obtain for their country, as well as for the world, the whole advantage of a vast natural trade—that is to say, a trade in which production is carried on at a minimum cost in capital and labor as compared with what the rest of the world can do.

2. America invites and obtains in a remarkable degree from all the world one of the great elements of production without tax of any kind—namely, capital.

3. While securing to the capitalist producer a monopoly in the protected trades, she allows all the world to do its best by a free immigration to prevent or qualify any corresponding monopoly in the class of workmen.

4. She draws upon a bank of natural resources so vast that it easily bears those deductions of improvidence which simply prevent the results from being vaster still.

If all tariff controversies were as clearly defined as this one appears to be there would be less popular uncertainty on the subject. Protection is a good thing for the few Free trade is a good thing for the many. Mr. Blaine is content with proving the one. Mr. Gladstone establishes the other. Which policy, then, is most likely to benefit the mass of the American people?—Chicago Herald.

SOUTHERN VIOLENCE.

The South Ready and Willing to Be Judged by All the Facts.

Even in the oldest and most orderly communities deplorable outbreaks of lawlessness sometimes occur.

But just and thoughtful men do not judge a commonwealth or a people by a few exceptional cases of disorder and violence. The drift of public opinion and the general progress of the masses are the matters to be considered.

The South can afford to rest her case upon the facts when she is called upon to justify her methods in dealing with the so-called race problem.

In less than a quarter of a century the black citizens of this single State have accumulated $20,000,000. In the South there are now 16,000 schools for the blacks, almost entirely supported by the Southern whites. These black citizens vote as they please, and their votes are counted. When they travel they are provided with separate accommodations equal to those enjoyed by the whites. They exercise every political and legal right given to other citizens. Unlike the blacks of the North, the Southern blacks can enter every trade, and no effort has ever been made by any labor organization to prevent them from obtaining work.

If this is not genuine progress in its best sense, then we do not know what progress is. Our millions of blacks, suddenly emerging from ignorance and slavery less than a generation ago, under our laws and friendly care now enjoy all the rights of American citizenship. They have been educated at our expense. They have acquired homes and property under our protection. The various avenues of employment are open to them. What more could be desired?

This is the situation as it is. It speaks for itself. Our record is so far made up that an occasional incident not in harmony with it can not unmake it. We ask our Northern friends who honestly desire to deal fairly with us if this is not the right view.—Atlanta Constitution.

POLITICAL NOTES.

—There seems to be no abatement of President Harrison's antipathy to Judge Gresham.—Buffalo Courier.

—With sturdy farmers at the plow and the honest farmer at the ballot box, Georgia need have no fear for her prosperity and happiness.—Atlanta Journal.

—There is no doubt that Mr. Cleveland has a very strong hold on the people, and, strange as it may seem, his popularity appears to be steadily increasing. Even Republicans of prominence have a good word to say for him.—Savannah News.

—Senator Leland Stanford says that the people of this country want the protective system, and would not put up with direct taxation. The advantage of the present system in his opinion, is that under it the people do not know how much they are taxed, and therefore do not murmur. The California statesman believes in plucking the goose so as not to make it cry.—Philadelphia Record.

—When Editor Shepard offers $500 for the privilege of writing the inscriptions on Henry Grady's monument he betrays a faith in the power of money that is almost idolatrous. We advise him to reform his views in this matter. If he has $500 to spare, he would do well to donate it to the poor. In this way he can build a monument to himself while living and leave to loving hands the grateful work of preparing the inscriptions.—Atlanta Constitution.

LOVES OF THE POETS.

At Their Head Stands White-Bosomed, Azure-Eyed Helen of Troy.

In a fair and far-off country, hidden to none, though visited by few, dwell a little band of lovely ladies, to whose youth and radiance the poets have added the crowning gift of immortality. There they live, with faint alluring smiles that never fade; and at their head is Helen of Troy, white-bosomed, azure-eyed, to whom men forgave all things for her beauty's sake. There, too, is Lesbia, fair and false; laughing at a broken heart, but holding close and tenderly the dead sparrow

That, living, never strayed from her sweet breast.

She kisses its ruffled wings and weeps, she who had no tears to spare when Catullus sung and sued. And there is Myrto, beloved by Theocritus, her naked feet gleaming like pearls, a bunch of Coan rushes pressed in her rosy fingers; and the nameless girl who held in check Anacreon's wandering heart with the magic of dimples, and parted lips, and thin purple floating garments. With these are later beauties: Fiammetta the ruddy-haired, whom death snatched from Boccaccio's arms, and the gentle Caterina, raising those heavy-lidded eyes that Camoens loved and lost; Petrarch's Laura, robed in pale-green spotted with violets, one golden curl escaping wantonly beneath her vail; the fair blue-stocking, Leonora d'Este, pale as a rain-washed rose, her dress in sweet disorder; and Beatrice, with the stillness of eternity in her brooding eyes. If we listen, we hear the shrill laughter of Mignonne, a child of fifteen summers, mocking at Ronsard's wooing; or we catch the gentler murmur of Highland Mary's song. She blushes a little, the low-born lass, and sinks her graceful head, as though abashed by the fame her peasant lover brought her. Bare-footed, yellow-haired, she passes swiftly by; and with her, hand in hand, walks Scotland's Queen, sad Jane Beaufort, "the fairest younge floure" that ever won the heart of royal captive and suffered the martyrdom of love. England sends to that far land Stella, with eyes like stars, and a vail of gossamer hiding her delicate beauty, and Celia, and false Lucasta, and Castara, tantalizingly discreet, in whose dimples Cupid is fain to linger sighing, exiled, poor frozen god, from the

Chaste nunnery of her breasts.

Sacharissa, too, stands near, with a shade of listlessness in her sweet eyes, as though she wearied a little of Master Waller's courtly strains. A withered rose droops from her white fingers, preaching its mute sermon, and preaching it all in vain; for rose and lady live forever, linked in each other's fame. And by her side, casting her fragile loveliness in the shade, is one of different mold, a sumptuous smiling woman, on whom Sacharissa's blue eyes fall with a soft disdain. We know this indolent beauty by the brave vibration of her tempestuous silken robe, by the ruby carcanet that clasps her throat, the rainbow ribbon around her slender waist, the jewels wedged buckle-deep on every tapering finger, and even—oh, vanity of vanities!—on one small rosy thumb. We know her by the scented beads upon her arm, and by the sweet and subtle odors of storax and spikenard and galbanum that breathe softly forth from her brocaded bodice, and from her hair's dark meshes caught in a golden net. It is she to whom the glow-worms lent their eyes, and the elves their wings, and the stars their shooting fires, as she wandered through the dewy woods to meet her lover's steps. It is Herrick's Julia whom we see so clearly through the midst of centuries, that can not vail nor dim the brightness of her presence.—Agnes Repplier, in Atlantic.

THE LOVE OF LACES.

A Fashion That Has Been in Vogue for at Least Four Centuries.

A lady who does not care for laces is a phenomenon. They have been in vogue with the sex for at least four hundred years, and amid all the mutations of fashion, have never lost their prestige as a specialty of the aristocratic toilet. Puritanism, Quakerism, Methodism have decried and denounced them in vain, and sumptuary laws aiming at their restriction to a privileged few have proved a dead letter.

Strange to say, the world is indebted for some of the costliest of its lace fabrics to a class vowed to perpetual abstinence from the vanities of the flesh. The nuns of the Middle Ages introduced guipure, and in fact almost up to the time of the Reformation the nunneries were the principal lace and embroidery factories. The fair devotees for a long period limited their labors to the production of cobweb robes for the images of the saints, but eventually they exercised their vestal fingers in the adornment of Queens and noblewomen.

Sometimes—so slow was the process of manufacture—it took two or three generations to complete a robe for the Virgin Mary. When the delicate filmwork dropped from the hands of the superannuated sister who had spent a life-time in its elaboration, it was caught as reverently as if it had been a prophet's mantle by some younger member of the order, who in her turn growing old and blind, transmitted it to another; so that the grand cathedrals and stately towers of medieval Europe were constructed in less time than its thread-lace vails and mantles.

The lace ruffs of Queen Elizabeth's reign were an abomination in the eyes of the pious fathers of the Reformation, but "Good Queen Bess" thought they became her stiff figure and vixen face, and she piled them one above another up to her royal ears, in utter contempt of the ecclesiastics. An author of that day, referring to the Elizabethean style of wearing ruffs, says:

They were placed *gradatim*, one beneath the other; and underneath all the *master-devil ruff* wrought all over with needlework.

Lace-making is not now the tedious work it was a few centuries ago; but even yet the finest laces are all manufactured by hand, and rare specimens are worth almost fabulous prices. From two to five thousand dollars have frequently been given for a bridal robe in this land of republican simplicity.—N. Y. Ledger.

THE FOOT'S ANATOMY.

Why It Should Be Considered in the Selection of Shoes.

A skillful anatomist says that if we wore shoes day and night our feet would become permanently and hopelessly diseased, but the airing and change they get while we sleep keep them in tolerable condition.

"The human foot is merely a hand modified for a base of structure to support the body." It is longer and thicker and narrower than the hand. Its solid parts are firmer that the corresponding parts of the hand; the movable parts less movable than those of the hand. The foot has two arches; one from front to rear composed of eight bones, and another from side to side composed of four. These arches, on account of the cartilages interposed between the segments that compose them, are flexible and give elasticity to the step and gracefulness to the gait. The largest bone in the long arch of the foot is the heel bone, and to this is attached the largest tendon in the body. In this tendon the three muscles which compose the calf of the leg and which are of the greatest value to us in the act of walking unite.

The more nearly the shoe approaches the form of the foot the easier it will be to walk in. High heels are nothing but an injury, not to the foot alone, but to the whole body. They flex the three muscles in the calf of the leg that give erectness of the body, throw the weight of the body on to the ball of the foot, throw the knees forward, and put the whole mechanism out of poise. This is well understood by lovers of field sports and athletics, whose shoes have hardly any heels at all.

The earliest form of foot cover was the simple sandal, secured to the foot by thongs, and often by a button, coming between the first and second toes. The material used for shoes and sandals is various, chiefly the skins of animals. Wooden shoes are much worn in Europe, and are becoming common in this country. The Japanese wear sandals of straw, and South Americans, in some localities, sandals of plaited hemp. The early Greeks went barefoot, or wore simple sandals; the Romans wore buskins, similar to the moccasins of the American Indians.

The skillful shoemaker or shoe-fitter should understand the anatomy of the foot as well as the art of making shoes, and he should be able to fit each shoe to the foot that is to wear it, but probably not one shoemaker in a million ever dissected a human foot with a view to learning how shoes should be made.

We never think of working with our hands when they are gloved, and all we ask of a glove is that it neatly fit the hand when at rest. But we never think of walking any distance in unshod feet, and what we want of shoes is not covering only, but aid in locomotion. Many a shoe is comfortable enough when one is sitting still that becomes excruciating when one walks in it. Room is not given for the play of the various muscles of the foot, the arches are pressed out of shape, the circulation is obstructed, and the exercise of walking, which should be delightful, becomes intolerable, and the gait which should be graceful and easy becomes limping and awkward.

Judging from the number of misshaped feet one sees when traveling on the horse-cars and crossing the ferries, where the feet of wayfarers are exposed to view there is a great deal of suffering that is not much talked about, and is probably considered incurable. But it might all or nearly all have been prevented but for ill-fitting shoes. And a great deal of this suffering might be escaped if misshapen feet were provided with shoes fitted to them and conformed to their present necessities.—N. Y. Advocate.

LAZY AND CUNNING.

How an English Girl Wounded Herself to Shirk Work.

M. C——, aged seventeen, a plump, healthy-looking country girl, in service in a minister's family, was brought to me by her mistress about the end of March last complaining of severe pricking pains on the dorsal surface of the left hand. Her mistress informed me that the girl was not at all fond of work, and that she had a deal of trouble to get her to do it; that since the hand had been bad she would do nothing but sit down and cry. On examination of the hand I found it puffy and inflamed, and on asking if she felt the pricking sensation at any particular point, was referred to a spot in the center of the hand. On touching this with my finger I distinctly felt something sharp and pointed. I used a pair of dressing forceps and extracted a full-sized sewing-needle, which had been pushed obliquely into the flesh until the whole of it was out of sight. She could give no account of how it got there. Three evenings afterward she was again brought in, and from the same place and in the same manner I extracted another needle. About a week after she came again, and this time I withdrew a pin (which had been pushed in until the head was covered) from the same place. A few days after she came again, with her hand (of course previously inflamed from her treatment of it) very œdematous and of a bright-blue color, which I found she had produced by a liberal use of the blue-bag and vinegar. I felt so disgusted with her that I advised her mistress to get rid of her at once, which was done, and the girl returned to the country. It seems hardly credible that a person of her age could be so cunning, and would inflict so much pain upon herself to avoid work.—London Lancet.

—At the Government printing office in Washington a few days ago one of the pretty young women employed there suddenly suspended a toy rat before the face of another employe. The latter was so badly frightened that she fainted. Her fainting was followed by spasms. Realizing the serious consequences of her playfulness, the joker in turn became frightened, and, taken suddenly ill, hastened to the toilet-room where she, too, fainted and afterward had hemorrhages. For awhile it was feared that both women would die, but they were soon well enough to be removed to their homes.

PITH AND POINT.

—A man is great when the trifling incidents of his life are noticed.

—An unruly stomach is not to be tamed by lectures.—Table Talk.

—Success depends quite as much on adaptability as ability.—Advance.

—How ridiculous are the mistakes of others; how perfectly excusable our own.

—The poorer a man is, the more apt he is to refuse the pennies you give him in change.

—When a man's temper gets the best of him, it reveals the worst of him.—Altoona Tribune.

—A miser grows rich by seeming poor; an extravagant man grows poor by seeming rich.—Shenstone.

—Unceasing and relentless watching over ourselves is the price of success in the higher aims of life.

—There is not enough justice in the world to prevent the right from occasionally getting left.—Binghamton Leader.

—Be courageous and noble-minded; our own hearts and not other men's opinions of us, form our true honor.

—It is a cold, clammy thing to say, but those people who treat friendship the same way as any other selfishness get most out of it.—Atchison Globe.

—It is the man who orders a room on the top floor who takes up the most room in writing his name on the hotel register.

—The sympathies of people are always with the unfortunate, because the people know they are so liable to be unfortunate themselves.

—It is said that "men are the architects of their own fortunes." This explains why so many of them fail, for but few get beyond the nave.—Philadelphia Press.

—If some people would stop worrying about the past and worry a little about the future they would improve their chances of success.—Detroit Free Press.

—What an unmarried woman doesn't know about bringing up children could be written on the back of a postage stamp, but it would ruin the stamp.—N. Y. Commercial.

—With the most of us, the man who believes as we do is not only right, but strong, able and successful; our sympathies are so strongly with him that we take it for granted he is carrying every thing before him.—United Presbyterian.

—In removing friction, in calming irritation, in promoting sympathy, in inclining the hearts of others towards, instead of against him, the speaker of kind words exerts a force much greater than he conceives of. Results that could never be accomplished by harsh compulsion or an iron will often flow easily and pleasantly under the invigorating influence of kind words.—Once A Week.

SECRETS OF SUCCESS.

How the Dunce of the College Made Himself a Famous Man.

As boys and girls grow toward man and womanhood, they naturally feed on dreams of their future life, and look forward with hope to gaining success. They see that it follows and comes as the reward of honest, faithful work, which they are willing to give. Many, however, forget that the work must be mixed with brains, that there must be intelligence as well as industry.

A rustic lad, anxious to climb the ladder of fortune, willing and industrious, hired himself out to a thrifty farmer on the outskirts of a large city. Hitherto he had labored hard all his life, following the reapers and mowers in the field, or the wood-choppers in the forest, as each day's task was given him, as a faithful drudge. His work had required no thought or intelligence, only simple obedience and industry. The first day of his new life he was sent to sell a load of pumpkins in the city.

At evening he returned, discouraged, with his cart still heaping full, saying he had driven faithfully, all day long, through all the streets of the city, and nobody had said a word to him about pumpkins.

If persons are willing to learn from their failures, they can conquer most of the difficulties of life. Dr. Blake, as a boy, was a student at Rome, and so remarkably slow and dull as to be considered a dunce. This was, in part, owing to great indistinctness in speech and a stammering tongue. One day he modestly gave his opinion in some discussion among his comrades, and to his surprise he was rudely interrupted by: "What business have you to speak, who are the Dunce of the College?"

The wound was keen and sharp. The poor boy did not reply, but turned away, with the harsh words burning into his bosom. He reflected that the cruel speech met no rebuke from any one, but was silently accepted by all. That must be his character among them, and the opinion of all, even of the kindest of his friends. For this rough rebuke he felt he ought to be thankful.

And now what was to be done? The reproach must be wiped away, the character changed. So he wrote on a slip of paper: "The Dunce of the College," in plain, unmistakable letters, and placed it in his desk, where, unseen by others, it should be ever before his eyes. This sharp, stinging goad was ever at his side.

He strove to speak slowly and carefully, and after a time cured the defects of speech. By close, faithful effort he soon rose to a post of honor in his class and in the school. His comrades never knew the secret of his success.—Mary Lansing, in Santa Claus.

Pretty Pictures in Sand.

Parisians have lately been entertained by a remarkable artist, who displays wonderful skill in her peculiar form of painting. With plates of various colored sand before her, she takes the sand in her right hand and causes it to fall in beautiful designs upon a table. A bunch of grapes is pictured with violet sand, a leaf with green sand, the stalk with brown sand, and relief and shadows by other sands; when the work is brushed away a bouquet of roses and other objects are represented with the same dexterity and delicacy.—Pittsburg Dispatch.