

The Louisiana Democrat.

"The World is Governed Too Much."

HENRY L. BLOSSAT, Business Manager.

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THE FOUR-LEAVED CLOVER.

You wish to know the legend of the little four-leaved clover? Well, listen then, I'll tell you, for I've thought the matter over—
I'll take this rock here beside the fire and you.
When Hope, and Faith, and Charity, three sisters happy-hearted,
Went roaming through this land of ours from distant sea to sea,
Demost their hastening feet the little three-leaved clover started.
To thrive, and grow, and blossom over hill and thrifty lea,
A leaf for each, you see, my dear, t'wofold of emerald tint and bright,
As fresh and bright and beautiful as ever they could be.
They yellow, white and crimson blossoms blooming without stinting,
With one for Hope, and one for Faith, and one for Charity.
But now some one more lovely far, a fair and radiant being,
Whose form and features far outshone the beauty of the three;
With outstretched wings of rainbow hues and eyes that gleamed all unseeing,
Were bright as Hope's and clear as Faith's and kind as Charity's.
He scarcely touched the verdant fields as he went flying o'er,
The wide, wide world from east to west to find the maidens three,
But where he stopped, now here, now there, a knowing little clover,
Added a leaf named "Love" to Hope and Faith and Charity!
And that is why (because the leaf belongs to all the four)
That should you wear it, dear, within your dainty little shoe,
'Twill be a magic talisman whereby you may discover
The way you need to love the best—the one who will love you.
But, dear, the most mysterious thing about this four-leaved clover
Is that not one, but every leaf, must always be treasured,
Unless one-half the charm is lost. So think the matter over—
To keep Love, entertain sweet Hope and Faith and Charity!
—Eva Best, in Detroit Free Press.

THE SLICKEST TRICK YET

Now and Elaborate Scheme of the "Green-Goods" Operator.

A Bogus Newspaper Clipping Shows How Safe It Is to Handle His Counterfeits—Glittering Inducements—Selling Exclusive State Rights.

The ways of the "green-goods" man are many and devious, but for originality of design, brilliancy of conception and novelty of construction the latest scheme of this class of confidence operators leaves all others at the post and stamps its author as a full-blown lily of the valley.
The new wrinkle is composed of three parts—a circular, a "pass-word" and (apparently) a newspaper clipping. It is calculated to take in the greedy and unscrupulous on the first attack. The circular is not unlike many others of its class and is printed in an imitation of typeset. It commences:

"My Dear Sir: I am desirous of obtaining a good, shrewd agent in your locality to handle my medicine. The inclosure herewith gives all the information that could be desired, and explains itself." Then follows an appeal to the cupid of the intended victim, replete with quotation marks and "gold-en chance" language. An earnest plea for secrecy comes next and then the information is vouchsafed that the subscriber will only deal with his customers face to face. He announces himself as a "square and honorable white man" and says that his "goods" are not satisfactory on inspection he will "make you a present of One Thousand Dollars in Gold." This is underlined and the words are capitalized, probably in sympathy with the subject. The gentleman, who signs himself "You Know," pathetically inquires "what fairer could you ask?" He then goes on to state his prices: "\$300 gets Three Thousand; \$500 gets Five Thousand; \$1,000 gets Ten Thousand; \$1,000 gets Thirty Thousand." The more you invest the cheaper you get the goods. The sizes run from "one" to "twenty." Three hundred dollars' worth of goods is positively the smallest amount I will sell under any circumstances. "You Know" does not want any little ten-dollar suckers—he is after the big fish who will be less likely to "sneak" when the trick is turned. But he is generous or more I will agree to give you the exclusive State right." Think of that!

After all this he gives minute instructions. Only a telegram will be received by him and this must only contain the words: "Send instructions." "You Know" does not care to use the mails. This telegram must be signed as is shown on a separate slip which reads:

Keep this for future reference.
Send your telegram to Charles Wilson, 1300 Adams Street, Hoboken, New Jersey.
Use "Pass Word" and sign as: "Waltz 733."
Do not sign any thing else.
Caution—Desire you have the numbers plainly written on the telegram after you sign the word "Waltz," otherwise your telegram will undoubtedly receive no attention. The "figures" are very important.

Of course. The number 733 is the tally number of the address to which the circular has been mailed, and "You Know" should feel awfully grieved if some one should bite at his green bait when he could not identify. He would feel almost as if he had been robbed. But the circular is nothing as compared with the newspaper clipping. It is a genuine work of art, and to be appreciated must be given due prominence. On one side of the slip, which is a column wide, with about a quarter of an inch of print left outside the rule on each side to make it look genuine, is a title line is seen which is similar to about the same sized section from the New York Times. The date the rest is cut away. In the column is the continuation of a special article on the insane asylum at Blackwell's Island. On the reverse side is an article headed "The Counterfeiter Free—A Queer and Easy Way of Getting Rich—You are the Government." The same article has been taken to have sufficient print on each side of the rules to make the bogus affair look genuine. The little mechanical points which give the

whole matter away are, first, that the entire clipping is printed in solid nonpareil, and secondly, that on the front side the confidence man did not get enough type set by one line and there is a tall-tale white space broad enough to show a half line of print at the foot of the column, which is also vacant on each side of the rules, while the clipping is exactly half a column in length. It is needless to say that no New York daily sets its whole paper in so small a type as nonpareil. The article from first to last is a puff for the "green goods" which Mr. Charles Wilson, alias "You Know," alleges in his circular he has for sale. It bears internal evidence of having been written and concocted by the same person as the one who wrote the circular. In spots the English language gets very much the worst of it. For instance, note this gem: "Very queer remarks, isn't it? What would you think?" The article is too long to print in full, but from the following extract it will be seen how artfully it is contrived with a view to persuading the dishonest but ignorant man that Mr. Wilson and his counterfeits have tied Uncle Sam's hands behind his back and left him powerless to interfere with their circulation. The interview with the millionaire is particularly brilliant, for the common belief of the ignorant is that any man who has a million must in the very nature of things have stolen it. The audacity of "You Know" in attempting to palm off the scored as the work of a metropolitan newspaper man is an offense in itself worthy of seventeen years without food or drink in the deepest depths of the solitary cell at Auburn. The idea of a reporter on a New York daily saying, "to give our candid opinion we could see no difference," etc., is an entire novelty. The article commences:

The failure of the United States to convict Charles Wilson, one of the most gigantic, successful and altogether ingenious counterfeiters in any other country, is a great disappointment to the chief of the secret service. Detective Johnson's evidence is the first on the list. He swore that about three months ago a prominent merchant of San Francisco, Cal., received a letter from a man in New Jersey, offering to sell him money printed from Treasury plates that could not be told from the genuine.

Then comes the alleged story of the purchase of the counterfeits and the arrest and trial of the counterfeiter. The following extracts are very rich:

"Here the prisoner's counsel asked the Government experts if they would swear that the bills examined by them were counterfeits. To the astonishment of every member of the grand jury, they replied that they would not, in fact could not, as they were positive the bills were as good as any issued by the Government except in the fact that there was not as much silk fiber interwoven in the paper of the bills found on the prisoner as in the genuine bills to the United States. The fact, confessed the expert, lays in the careless manner observed in the Treasury Department in allowing the workmen to handle Government plates, printing inks, dies, etc., as they wished.

The judge had no other alternative than to instruct the jury to discharge the prisoner, who thanked the jury and quickly tripped out of the court room, calling in his hand that contained a cold \$100,000 of money that was good enough for the writer at all events.

To give our candid opinion, we could see no difference in the bills, as the notes were printed from genuine United States. As the case now stands, some one is getting rich in a safe, fast and sure manner at the expense of the Government.

The sensational report published in an evening paper yesterday that the notes were printed from genuine United States. As the case now stands, some one is getting rich in a safe, fast and sure manner at the expense of the Government.

The grimacing skeletons of Generals or Governors who died fifty years ago are here seen, clad every few years in fresh uniforms, and their features are sometimes preserved for a century.

Undoubtedly the ugliest of the sight is the ladies' gallery. Corpse-worship here has prompted freaks of burlesque millinery, such as the trimming of the vacant skulls with deep frills of lace. One poor shade is in purple silk. A young lady's mummy is adorned with a silver crown, fantastic shoes, open-work stockings and white kid gloves! A princess—among the most recent of the interments—lies in her coffin, which bears many artificial garlands and yards of much-mottled, funeral ribbon. On All Souls day the dead in the catacombs may be said to hold a gruesome sort of reception; but the richer class, whose "dear departed" stand there, "frequent" the cemetery at all seasons.

Imagine coming to pay your devils to the ladies with whom you used to dance; to your hostess of former years, to the members of your family, to the wife of your bosom; and being received by these phantoms of grizzly bones! These bedizened skeletons! These rag and bone things, aping humanity! It is too horrible!

Yet there are Palermians who find a melancholy pleasure, some a certain consolation, a few a terrible fascination, in the relics of their dead preserved in this cemetery! But not all the inhabitants approve of this mode of sepulture.

On certain fete days these catacombs are open to all comers. A drunken man once strayed in here and fell asleep. At night the porter locked up without noticing the sleeper. Awakening sober, with the early light, the horror of his surroundings seized upon the man. He ran about wildly among the dead. He shrieked, but no one, not even those in the convent, could hear him. The earliest passer-by found him clinging convulsively to the bars of the entrance gate. They could hardly loose his hold. He was stark mad!—Cor. N. Y. Journal.

—A man never forgives a woman for making him feel silly.

PALMER FOR SENATOR.

An Innovation Which Promises to Be Far-Reaching in Its Effects.

There is something wonderfully pleasing to the ear in the words of General Palmer at Springfield: "The purpose is that hereafter these Senators shall be made responsible; their acts shall be inquired into, and they shall be called to account for them just as other people are. That is the purpose of the movement. It is to popularize the Senate of the United States."

John M. Palmer's candidacy is based on the above principle. He has been nominated for the United States Senate by conventions of the people in one hundred counties and by the combined and unanimous voice of delegates from all these counties in State convention assembled. No more spontaneous popular call was ever received by an American political leader, and in these days of bought Senatorships, of trades and bribes, and of official dereliction, the Illinois uprising may be properly regarded as the beginning of a new and a better day. It certainly means much. Its results must be far-reaching. It is more than a reform. It is a revolution, peaceful and beneficent, but none the less radical and fundamental.

The United States Senate must be popularized, or the government of the people will not endure. Devised at the beginning as a body in which States were to be represented, as an organization of wise and good men who would solemnly weigh all measures coming before them and as a conservative force in a government remarkable for its checks and balances, it has ceased to hold in the Federal system the place that was assigned to it. Many of its members represent States no longer. They notoriously represent railroads, mines, forests, mills and commercial combinations. Elected by the use of money, they do not recognize any popular authority. They stand defiantly for monopoly and privilege. Instead of being an organization of wise and conservative men, the Senate is as a whole a body of violent partisans, impudent money-bags and subservient tools of the rings and combines that oppress the people. The need of popularizing that House is imperative. Illinois is well situated to inaugurate the reform, and the honest and progressive Democracy of this State is peculiarly well fitted to illustrate the determination and the virtue of a free people.

As the leader in this momentous struggle General Palmer will be engaged in a labor entirely to his liking and for which he has pre-eminent qualifications. Profoundly impressed with the dignity of American citizenship and with the importance of maintaining every popular right, and fittingly representing the sturdy manhood and patriotism of American democracy, he can not fail in the laborious canvass on which he is about to enter to make an impression that will extend far beyond the lines of his own State. The cause which he is to champion must triumph eventually. The Herald believes that it will triumph now.—Chicago Herald.

URIAH HEEP WANAMAKER.

Ugly Facts Brought to Light by the Closing of a Berlin Cloak Factory.

The recent closing of John Wanamaker's branch factory in Berlin brings to light some very ugly facts. It seems that while this Christian statesman was posing as a model business man he was having his work done by cheap white slaves in Germany. At a time when he was boring Sunday-school children to death with his stupid platitudes about the blessings of Christianity and the happiness of a virtuous life, he was driving hundreds of girls to a fate worse than death by making them work for an average wage of two dollars and a half a week. The fact also comes out that the contractor made double the wages allowed the girls, and the garments were sent to Philadelphia, where they were sold at good prices for Wanamaker's benefit. This little chapter shows how our Postmaster-General is able to contribute so liberally to the Republican campaign fund. He simply makes use of the blood and tears of the poor to perpetuate his power in a party of robbers.

When Schuyler Colfax went down under a heavier load of infamy and bitterer curses than ever damned any other American public man, people hoped that the Christian statesman business was played out. But fraud springs up everywhere and at all times to fill the high places of honor and profit, and the Wanamakers will be with us until honest men band together and turn the rascals out.

Wanamakerism is linked with McKinleyism under the lowest and falsest professions of honesty and justice. The representatives of these twin evils propose to rob the poor so that the rich may revel in the deep damnation of this fraudulent philanthropy and sham religion.

The real oppressors of the poor—the worst enemies of their race—the most cruel of all slave-drivers, are not the men whose voices and loose living excite our horror. On the contrary, they are the smooth and decorous devils of society—the Billifs and Uriah Heeps, whose road to success is drenched with the tears of the victims of their progress and patronage.

A WORD ABOUT QUAY.

The Charges Which the Republican Leader Refuses to Answer.

Evidence is accumulating that Matthew S. Quay has not the slightest notion of resigning the chairmanship of the Republican National Committee. That means that the Republican party will go into the next campaign commanded by a man who has stubbornly refused to answer the following widely published charges:

"Eleven years ago Quay took \$200,000 from the Pennsylvania State treasury, and lost it in stock gambling. He had

PITH AND POINT.

—The aimless man never hits the bull's-eye of success.—N. O. Picayune.

—The man who is not successful in love at least escapes the horrors of the war that may follow that success.—Puck.

—You may only drink from sorrow's cup but once in your whole life, yet you will never be able to get the bitter taste of the drugs out of your mouth thereafter.—Once a Week.

—Bring up a child in the way that he should go, and when he is old just hear him take all the credit to himself for his virtuous youth.—Somerville Journal.

—While circumstances may often make or mar a man's life, we may often make the circumstance. The only way to conquer circumstance, is to be the biggest circumstance yourself.—Anon.

—There is not a man in the world but desires to be, or to be thought to be, a little man; and yet, if he considered how little he contributes himself thereto, he might wonder to find himself in any tolerable degree of understanding.—Clarendon.

—Only those who know the supremacy of the intellectual life, the life which has a seed of ennobling thought and purpose within it, can understand the grief of one who falls from that serene activity into the absorbing soul, wasting struggle with worldly annoyances.—George Eliot.

—He who does the best he can is always improving. His best of yesterday is outside to-day, and his best of to-day will be outside to-morrow. It is this steady progress, no matter from what point it starts, that forms the chief element of all greatness and goodness.—

THE CHICAGO EXPOSITION.

How It Will Be Affected by the Passage of the McKinley Bill.

Mr. McKinley and his bill are heartily damned in England and Washington, and should be in Chicago. Every body in this city owes the ingenious Mr. McKinley a large and incalculable grudge for getting up and lobbying through the House of Representatives a measure calculated to hurt the world's fair seriously.

McKinley has all probability made such a mess of it with his idiotic and useless bill that England will decline an invitation to exhibit at the world's fair on the ground that her products, being virtually barred out of America by McKinley and his bill, she has no reason for exhibiting them to American eyes.

Holland will probably decline also. The increased duty on Sumatra tobacco will be a thorn in the Netherlands side which will be very difficult of extraction. Mr. Blaine, who doesn't like McKinley, and who was opposed to his bill for party reasons as well as from principles, has received information from a great many of our representatives at foreign courts, the consensus of which is that the McKinley bill will militate against the success of the fair more seriously than could have been imagined. The foreign governments and public have really an exaggerated idea of the bill—England especially looks upon it as an almost absolute severance of the commercial relations between the two countries. The McKinley bill is bad enough, but not so utterly and deplorably comprehensive as the English Foreign Secretary has made it appear to the British subject. Since it has been passed by a lot of dunder-headed Congressmen who were afraid to vote outside their party lines let Mr. Blaine and the rest of the political Republicans who are in control of the affairs of state try and square things as much as possible with our friends abroad. The fat's in the fire, to be sure, but may be policy may rescue part of what self-glorification so ruthlessly sought to destroy.—Chicago Mail.

EVERY THING NEW.

A Foreigner's View of Americans and Their Homes.

A shrewd German observer who visited this country during the last year remarked to a friend: "The peculiarity about wealthy Americans which strikes a foreigner is that they all have just built their homes. Magnificent houses they are, to be sure, abounding in art treasures, but they are brand-new. If you ask your host where did he live a year ago, he does not show you. Are they, then, all ashamed of the homes of their childhood?"

AMONG OUR EXCHANGES.

—The best way to indicate the superlative degree of silence is to say "as quiet as Quay."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

—Colonel Elliott ferocious Shepard is so much in earnest over his proposition to declare war on the rebel flag that he has already commenced to cast about for a substitute.—Washington Post.

At Gettysburg brave Ingalls attacked the sunny South; But not when bullets fell like rain And he lay by and wrung his hands. His proud task in peace to fight, In war to talk, and e'er delight To "fire off his mouth."—Chicago Times.

—The farmers of the United States have voted enough to reverse the policy which has brought so many of them to the verge of ruin. They have only to place themselves in a situation where they may enjoy their earnings free from unnecessary exactions. They want justice and not bounty.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

—Appropriations aggregating \$540,000,000 and making a deficiency of \$97,000,000 are looming up before the leaders of the majority in Congress. They thought the appropriation would a very tame, harmless and useful animal in the last campaign. Now they have him by the ears and find it equally unsafe to hold him or let him go.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

—The Republican press has lost both character and influence because of its recklessness of statement in assailing party opponents. It resorts to vituperative generalizations. "You are all black; we are all white. Such portraiture is never effective. It is not in literature human nature that it should be. Any intelligent man discerns at a glance that it is falsehood.—Chicago Times.

—Blaine's friends are making strong declarations just now that the Secretary of State no longer has the Presidential reputation for his bonnet. He is reported as favoring some other Republican candidate for the honor, while he himself will be content to be again a Senator from Maine. Mr. Blaine is evidently a wise man in his day, if these reports be true. He realizes that the deluge for his party is coming in 1893, and he hastens to get in out of the rain. He is not pining for more record as a defeated candidate.—N. Y. Star.

THE YOUTHS' CORNER.

THE JOURNEY OF THE TOES.

There were ten little fellows who started one day To make on the road of existence their way. To seek for their joys and to meet with their woes, And the name they were known by was Ten Baby Toes.

Five got in one sock, and declared they were Right, And found a fine dwelling, snug, pleasant and tight; And then the five others, of brothers heretofore, Jumped into another, and said they were Left.

With each, Master Big Toe, he marched at one side (Two Big Toes were brothers) to strengthen and guide; And he is the stoutest of all the five toes, As he ought to be, getting such "stubs" as he goes.

Sometimes Right was foremost, and left Left behind. Then left in the front, with Right left you would find; But however these brothers in rivalry vie, Whenever they rested they stood side by side.

They shared the same burden—the baby above— And mother declared that they shared the same love, And all just as precious, since every one knows, That baby can't spare the least one of his Toes.

Together they'll jog to meet quiet or strife, From the bright rosy dawn to the evening of life. When their journey will end; but to-night they must go To the chamber above from the parlor below.

Up stairs they must go, so the mother avers, The whole of them clasped in those soft hands of hers, Where she'll put them to bed, and the curtains she'll close, For they're all very sleepy, those Ten Baby Toes.

—Thomas Dunn English, in Harper's Young People.

A SUMMER'S OUTING.

Uncle Harry's Story of the Boy Who Wasn't Afraid of Any Thing.

Tell you a story? What shall I tell you about? "Any thing," eh? Well, will you promise not to ask one question until I'm all through? You will? Listen, then. Three years ago last May Mr. Jones came to see me one night. He wanted to know if I was going camping that summer, and if I were would I take his Bob with me? Now Mr. Jones had promised to let Bob go if he passed his examination in school, and Bob had not only passed but taken the highest honors in his room.

Well, after some talk I agreed to take him along. Whew, hold on now, stop. I thought you weren't going to ask any questions. "How old was Bob?" "Thirteen. "Was he a nice boy?" "About the average, I guess. But, see here. If you don't wait until I get through I'm going to quit. So remember. I want to bed that night with a presentiment that something was going to happen, and no wonder. Six o'clock the next morning my door-bell rang as if it had a fit. I got up, dressed hurriedly, expecting to find the house on fire, at the very least. But as I unlocked the door, lo and behold! there came a voice from without saying: "Oh, hurry up, I'm Bob. I've come over to talk about going camping, and I've only got an hour." And in he jumped, before I could say a word. Then what an hour, and what a cross-examination. It makes me shudder to think of it.

"Were there any bears where we were going? And how about killing ducks with a sling shot? Did I think he was big for his age? Could he swim all alone? Did I use worms for bait? Were we going to have a tent and do our own cooking? Would I feel of that muscle? And could he bring home some game and have it stuffed?" Finally to my great relief he ran down, or at least, got hungry, and went home. He came again that afternoon. I was out. Then he came in the evening. After that it was about three times a day. One night he came fairly boiling over. His father had bought him a gun—a nice, light shot-gun. That settled it. From that minute bears grew tame; he wanted something larger and fiercer. His courage was amazing. I soon began to think I would have no chance at the game at all. Well, after repeated attempts to convince me that May was better than June, and June better than July for camping out, the time came for us to go. Four days before we started it rained and he nearly went wild for fear there should be no fine weather that summer. At last the wished-for day came bright and clear, and he absolutely refused to leave me for a minute. I hired a man to cook and to do the camp work, who was to meet us at the depot. He was not there when we arrived and Bob was positive he would disappoint us and we should miss the train. But he didn't! all the same. At the last moment Mr. Jones told the young chap not to be afraid to sleep in the tent, as I would take good care of him. "Well, now he guessed he'd never been afraid of anything in his life, and as for sleeping in a tent, he had never wanted to sleep anywhere else." After a two days' ride in the cars we arrived all right. My man (whose name was Pat Murphy) hired a farmer to haul our things to the lake, ten miles from the railroad, where we were to camp. Bob was at once on the watch for game, and he had not got more than a mile, when he saw some birds flying over head. Bang, went his gun. We never found out whether he hit any thing except the bottom of the wagon. But that was enough for us just then. The gun kicked him clear off the seat, scared the horses into a run, and frightened the farmer. Bob did no more shooting during that ride. About two o'clock we reached the lake, and it looked cool and pleasant after our long ride in the sun. Pat and I soon got the tent up with Bob's help. He helped in this way: He dove two stakes, splitting both, but he felt very sorry for it; then he split a package of tea, let one of the oars get afloat, and skinned his knee. You see he carried his gun all the time for fear some game might come along, and it made it very awkward when he attempted to do any

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THE YOUTH'S CORNER.

THE JOURNEY OF THE TOES.

There were ten little fellows who started one day To make on the road of existence their way. To seek for their joys and to meet with their woes, And the name they were known by was Ten Baby Toes.

Five got in one sock, and declared they were Right, And found a fine dwelling, snug, pleasant and tight; And then the five others, of brothers heretofore, Jumped into another, and said they were Left.

With each, Master Big Toe, he marched at one side (Two Big Toes were brothers) to strengthen and guide; And he is the stoutest of all the five toes, As he ought to be, getting such "stubs" as he goes.

Sometimes Right was foremost, and left Left behind. Then left in the front, with Right left you would find; But however these brothers in rivalry vie, Whenever they rested they stood side by side.

They shared the same burden—the baby above— And mother declared that they shared the same love, And all just as precious, since every one knows, That baby can't spare the least one of his Toes.

Together they'll jog to meet quiet or strife, From the bright rosy dawn to the evening of life. When their journey will end; but to-night they must go To the chamber above from the parlor below.

Up stairs they must go, so the mother avers, The whole of them clasped in those soft hands of hers, Where she'll put them to bed, and the curtains she'll close, For they're all very sleepy, those Ten Baby Toes.

—Thomas Dunn English, in Harper's Young People.

A SUMMER'S OUTING.

Uncle Harry's Story of the Boy Who Wasn't Afraid of Any Thing.

Tell you a story? What shall I tell you about? "Any thing," eh? Well, will you promise not to ask one question until I'm all through? You will? Listen, then. Three years ago last May Mr. Jones came to see me one night. He wanted to know if I was going camping that summer, and if I were would I take his Bob with me? Now Mr. Jones had promised to let Bob go if he passed his examination in school, and Bob had not only passed but taken the highest honors in his room.

Well, after some talk I agreed to take him along. Whew, hold on now, stop. I thought you weren't going to ask any questions. "How old was Bob?" "Thirteen. "Was he a nice boy?" "About the average, I guess. But, see here. If you don't wait until I get through I'm going to quit. So remember. I want to bed that night with a presentiment that something was going to happen, and no wonder. Six o'clock the next morning my door-bell rang as if it had a fit. I got up, dressed hurriedly, expecting to find the house on fire, at the very least. But as I unlocked the door, lo and behold! there came a voice from without saying: "Oh, hurry up, I'm Bob. I've come over to talk about going camping, and I've only got an hour." And in he jumped, before I could say a word. Then what an hour, and what a cross-examination. It makes me shudder to think of it.

"Were there any bears where we were going? And how about killing ducks with a sling shot? Did I think he was big for his age? Could he swim all alone? Did I use worms for bait? Were we going to have a tent and do our own cooking? Would I feel of that muscle? And could he bring home some game and have it stuffed?" Finally to my great relief he ran down, or at least, got hungry, and went home. He came again that afternoon. I was out. Then he came in the evening. After that it was about three times a day. One night he came fairly boiling over. His father had bought him a gun—a nice, light shot-gun. That settled it. From that minute bears grew tame; he wanted something larger and fiercer. His courage was amazing. I soon began to think I would have