

# The Louisiana Democrat.

"The World is Governed Too Much."

HENRY L. BLOSSAT, Business Manager.

ALEXANDRIA, LOUISIANA, WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 6, 1890.

VOL. XLV.—NO. 32.

## THE EDITORIAL THREE.

**Editor:** I'm the stub of a Faber  
With worn with labor  
That lasts from sun to sun,  
I'll like creation,  
With no vacation—  
I'm the all-important one.

**Printer:** I'm made of wheat flour,  
And in use every hour—  
I'm so very important, you see,  
That no editor's table  
Has ever been able  
To prosper at all without me.

**Subscriber:** With a familiar clatter  
I've clipped all letters—  
That's come to this office for years,  
I'll be glad to read it—  
Please to send me the red-  
I'm the all-important one.

**All:** Of we are three powers,  
So important all letters—  
We're the editorial three,  
No one is inferior,  
But each is superior  
To the editorial "We."  
—Al M. Hendee, in Kansas City Star.

## THE SPECTRAL VISITOR.

### Mrs. Clare Gets the Better of a Designing Female.

"If you could give her any employment, Mrs. Clare, it would be a real act of Christian charity," said good old Mr. Owens.

Mrs. Clare looked doubtful. She had come down into the country, with her heart full of peace and good-will toward men—and women, into the bargain. She had not much money to give—she had come to Middle Marshes to take the lonely cottage on the edge of the hemlock cove, where the wind sighed so fondly of an evening, and the red reflections of the spring sunsets seemed to turn the low-lying pools to blood. She was the wife of a sea captain, and whose biennial voyages to China and Japan seemed like lifetimes; and she had a small income, and four little children to bring up. But work—that was, perhaps, within her power to bestow; and yet she hesitated, as Mr. Owens spoke.

"But she is such a peculiar looking person," said Mrs. Clare. "Do you notice she never lifts her eyes to one's face? And such strange eyes, too—full of greenish lights, like a cat's. And, then, her hair is so colorless and dry, exactly like the faded grass along the edge of the marsh; and there is such a peculiar, disfiguring scar upon her cheek."

Mr. Owens laughed a fat, oily, comfortable laugh.

"But, my dear madam," said he, "how very illogical that is. After all, we are none of us responsible for our looks. And they tell me she is an excellent seamstress. And, more than this, she has had a disappointment."

"A disappointment?" said Mrs. Clare.

"You wouldn't think it, would you?" said Mr. Owens.

"Yes; she was engaged to a young carpenter of the neighborhood. But work was slack, and the carpenter didn't see his way clear to matrimony. So he has gone to the next seaport town to work at ship-building, and Mrs. Moore is left to wear the willow."

"Poor thing!" said Mrs. Clare; and she resolved to conquer her prejudices at once. Mrs. Moore was summoned to Ivy Lodge and set to work, and profuse were her expressions of gratitude.

"I hope you like the cottage, ma'am," said Mrs. Moore, one day, as she sat at her work in the bay window.

"Oh, yes," said Mrs. Clare, earnestly. "You don't find it lonely, eh, ma'am?"

Mrs. Clare shivered slightly.

"A little," she acknowledged.

"Toward evening, sometimes," said Mrs. Moore, biting off her thread. "I thought so. I know all about the house. I lived here, ma'am, ten years, as maid to Mrs. Hodges, as owns the place. She couldn't stand it, ma'am, so she's gone to Florida."

"Couldn't stand what?" asked Mrs. Clare, with some curiosity.

"The sights, ma'am," said Mrs. Moore, lowering her voice mysteriously. "And the sounds."

"Nonsense!" said Mrs. Clare.

"Ah, ma'am, that's what a many has said before you," said Mrs. Moore. "Seven families has lived here since my old missus went to Florida, and not one of 'em has stayed over the three months. All because of—"

"Of what?" said Mrs. Clare, as the woman paused.

"Of the ghost, ma'am, if you will have it," answered Mrs. Moore.

Mrs. Clare burst out laughing. "I never heard any thing so ridiculous in all my life," she said. "Do, pray, take a little more pains with those button-holes, Mary, and let the ghost alone; and I'll wager that it will not trouble us."

Mary sewed away in silence, with the greenish eyes fixed intently on her work, and the thin lips tightly compressed. She had scattered the seed; it was only to wait, now, for it to germinate.

Little Kate came running breathlessly in, that very evening.

"Mamma! Mamma!" cried the child; "a white lady waving her arms out of the back window! Is it the poor lady who was murdered by the Indians before the house was built? Cook says it was! And she is going to-morrow, and so is Emma Jane!"

## PARTISAN LEGISLATION.

### The Decadence of the Republican Party Under its Present Leadership.

It is generally admitted, even by Republicans, that the President's course has not strengthened his party. But it is still more evident to every intelligent observer that the course of the Republican Congress has deeply injured the party. The passage of the pension bill involves an outlay of the public money which is incalculable. It is a surrender to the fear of losing a majority vote, and is defended under transparently hypocritical pretenses. The gross sense of the country measures at their exact value the protestations by demagogues of their patriotic gratitude, while the true feeling of the American volunteer is expressed by brave veterans like Senator Hawley and President Andrews. The passage by the House of the McKinley bill, which, in the face of a surplus, raises the average rate of customs duties, has produced what looks now like a serious breach in the party. Mr. Blaine's letter and the reports of his frank comments upon the bill express not only the views of a great body of Republicans, but of the American intelligence which is not classified by a party name.

But more disturbing to the public mind than either the pension or the tariff policy of the dominant party is the National election bill, which, both in itself and in the extraordinary limitation of debate upon it, is a startling measure, which, the more it is understood, can not fail to arouse profound public amazement and distrust. To secure a result which can not be attained by the enforcement of any law, the Republican party proposes to overthrow the most vital tradition of the American system of Government—the local control of elections. The destruction of that cardinal condition of our Government would be an evil much more radical and alarming than the suppression of the vote which the measure professes to aim to correct. The bill commits the result of Congressional elections in any district where a few persons request it to a body large or small of partisan agents, and to a permanent returning board, appointed by a central authority, in whose honesty and impartiality the public confidence will be necessarily much less than in the present election agencies, while the local contentment and acquiescence in the result, which are considerations of vital importance to the tranquil working of any election system, will be wholly wanting. Opposition to this extraordinary measure is not, as Republican speakers and the Republican press allege, indicative of a disposition to tolerate suppression of the colored vote, or the wholesale buying of white voters in blocks of five. Such opposition rests upon the ground that whatever the extent of the evil, the remedy proposed is a much greater evil.

The bill changes essentially the present law providing for National supervisors of election, extending it to a point which supersedes altogether the State control of Congressional elections. The State election officers, indeed, are nominally recognized, but they are subordinate entirely to the United States officers. The result would be that the election of members of Congress in New York, for instance, upon the request of a few persons in every district, would be controlled not by officers selected by the people, but by agents appointed by National authority. The States under the circumstances might naturally decline to take any official part in such elections, and the blow at the very root of our system of local self-government would be disastrous. If to these acts of the dominant party be added the gross violation of executive pledges of reform in the civil service, and the party acquiescence in the silence of Quay, the chairman of the National Republican Committee, under criminal charges very generally believed, which, if untrue, he could disprove at once, and in general satisfaction and to the immense benefit of his party, with the ardent support of the free silver bill by the extreme Western Republicans, a party record is offered to the country which has necessarily radically weakened it among those whose support is in itself the best reliance of a party, and leaves it in the position of a party conscious of the loss of its moral hold upon the country, and desperately resolved by audacious straining of the forms of law to retain the power which is passing away.

Those who recall the splendid days and deeds of the youth and prime of the Republican party can not see the spectacle which it now presents without remembering Croture's powerful and pathetic picture of "The Decadence of the Romans"—Harper's Weekly (Ind.).

## SOUTHERN PROGRESS.

### Instructive Statistics Regarding the Condition of Affairs in the South.

The Times-Democrat remarks with truth that the census will show, indeed already shows, the most remarkable municipal growth in the South that this country has ever witnessed. Towns have doubled, trebled and quadrupled, not in population alone, but in wealth, business and fine buildings; and in this respect at least, there is a remarkable contrast between the two sections. Compared with an increase of 10 per cent. in Boston and 12 per cent. in Cincinnati, look at the advance already noted in Southern cities.

City	1880	1890	Per cent.
Louisville	180,000	223,728	43
Memphis	75,000	133,922	77
Nashville	72,456	143,350	97
Atlanta	65,000	137,400	109
Savannah	43,214	87,719	101
Dallas	39,300	103,880	180
San Antonio	38,900	99,260	126
Galveston	35,000	82,148	135
Chattanooga	32,000	122,992	148
(With suburbs)	46,000	163,512	165
Houston	32,000	65,333	107
Fort Worth	21,000	50,841	137
Birmingham	31,000	70,841	132
(With suburbs)	50,000	110,841	142

It is to this peaceful and prosperous section, who centers of trade and manufactures are growing with a rapidity equaling or surpassing the growth of the booming communities of the West, that the Republicans propose to bring again the rule of the bayonet. From this energetic population they propose to take away the right of controlling their own elections and to make it over to creatures of the Federal power. The South is to be treated as conquered territory; and at the cost of no matter what friction between the whites and the blacks, and no matter what disturbance of business, its votes are to be counted for the Republicans.

How would St. Paul and Minneapolis, Milwaukee and Omaha, Peoria and Quincy, like the dose that is preparing for New Orleans and Louisville, Nashville and Atlanta, Memphis and Birmingham? How long would the North put up with the treatment which Mr. Reed prescribes for the South?

Mr. Reed is a masterful man, but there are a number of things which he can't do. He can't cover up the fact that under existing conditions and in the control of her own people, the South has been growing richer and stronger. He can't persuade the North that there is either necessity or excuse for interference of the Federal power with the affairs of States whose progress is so great and rapid. And he can't check that progress, unpleasant as it may be for his party.—N. Y. Sun.

## THE JAYHAWKER'S HOWL.

### How Blathesratic Ingalls Hopes to Regain His Vanishing Prestige.

Senator Ingalls is trying to bolster up his waning popularity by espousing the cause of Union soldiers, and he is now howling himself hoarse over the service pension bill.

The Kansas Senator has been losing prestige of late—not only at home, but wherever he has appeared; but he has taken a sure way to regain it, and the hungry pensioners on the Government's bounty will give him three cheers and a tiger for his sentiments in regard to pensions.

Ingalls has beaten the record and occupies advanced ground in the pension field. He wants pensions, and plenty of them—indiscriminate, unlimited pensions; pensions for service and pensions for non-service. He favors Government support of every man who served in the army, whether he is disabled or not; if he marched a mile, or heard a gun fire during the war he must have a pension, and a pretty big one at that.

His argument, as stated by our Washington correspondent, is that when the war was opened, property was worth only \$1,000,000,000, and that now it is worth \$5,000,000,000. We owe the soldiers this difference, he says, and we ought to pay them.

## PITH AND POINT.

—She—"Yes, dear, I'm afraid cook wants judgment." He—"Judgment! She wants execution!"—Punch.

—"And where's your little brother, Flossie?" "Oh we've been divorced." "Divorced?" Yes; mamma's got him and papa's got me.—N. Y. Sun.

—"What so rare as a day in June." Indeed, every one knows there's thirty of 'em every year, and they're generally hot enough to remember, too.

—Citizen—"What do you think of the proposition to enlist Indians in the regular army?" Captain Westpoint—"Indians? 'Pon nonah! Why, they can't dance."—N. Y. Weekly.

—Czar of Russia (just out of bed)—"What has become of my undershirt?" Valot—"Please your Majesty, the blacksmith's putting fresh rivets in it."—Boston Herald.

—There are some people who are so pleasant when they are absent that one can almost forgive them for being so unbearable when they are present.—Boston Transcript.

—Miss Crabtree—"See what nice shoes I purchased for five dollars." Miss Giltman—"Why, these I'm wearing cost ten dollars." Miss C.—"Well, I suppose they charge according to size."

—Married Sister—"And, of course, Laura, you will go to Rome or Florence for your honeymoon?" Laura—"Oh, dear, no! I couldn't think of going further than the Isle of Wight with a man I know little or nothing of!"—Punch.

—Tom—"Do you suppose she has spoken to her parents about the engagement yet?" Dick—"I know she has spoken to her father. He met me today and invited me to drink." Tom—"But he's a temperance man." Dick—"Of course, and he wanted to try me."—Yankee Blade.

—The country editor who takes all his advertisements out in trade will be gratified to learn that a new pill, just patented, will keep a man alive a whole week without eating. All he wants now to make him happy is a liver strip that will make one suit of clothes last seventy-five years.—National Publisher and Printer.

—The little Boston boy walked in and sat down with a grievous and disappointed look on his face. "Why, Osgoodson," said his mother, "what is the matter? Have you quarreled with little Elliott Fields-James?" "I have not, mamma," answered Osgoodson, wiping his glasses, thoughtfully, "but I can not associate with a person who chews gum."

—Uncle Sam—"What's the matter now?" Frontier Citizen—"I stole a farm from the fellow who was on it, and drove him off, and now he is coming back with a lot of his relatives to kill me." Uncle Sam—"Well, you ought to be killed." Frontier Citizen—"But the fellow I stole the land from is an Indian." Uncle Sam—"O, well, I'll order out the army."—Omaha World.

—Family Doctor—"I should no longer conceal the truth from you, sir. You have only a few days to live." Mr. Levelhead (weakly)—"Then, doctor, I wish you would buy me a ticket to Europe and have me placed on board a steamer." "But you could not live to reach Europe." "I do not wish to. I want to be buried at sea, so that my family will be saved the ruinous expense of a funeral, and have something left to live on."—N. Y. Weekly.

## FINANCIAL FAILURES.

That is what a St. Louis Minister Calls Clergymen in Search of Wealth.

The failure in business of a prominent clergyman suggests the fact that very few preachers ever succeed in making money. When they do the religion generally oozes out as the dollars come in, and they end by giving up ministerial work altogether. Preachers, particularly Methodist preachers, are almost always poor, and the next to them in point of poverty are the Baptists. The majority of Methodist preachers in this country receive less than \$600 a year, while the constant demands for charity greatly diminish their incomes. Presbyterian clergy are better paid, while the Church of England ministers, both here and in Great Britain, fairly roll in wealth by comparison. The English Bishops have princely incomes, the lowest being \$10,000 a year and the use of a mansion connected with the cathedral. The Archbishop of York, who is "Primate of England," has \$50,000 a year, and the Archbishop of Canterbury, who is "Primate of all England," receives \$75,000 and has two magnificent palaces. Methodist Bishops are poorly paid. Those of the Methodist Church South have \$3,000 salary, while those of the Church North have a little more, but none of them lay by any thing of their salaries. Bishop Warren, of the Church North, is rich, having married the widow of a ranchman in Denver. But Bishop Hendrix, of the Methodist Church South, enjoys the distinction of being the richest Bishop in America, having inherited a fortune, which, by careful management, he has greatly increased. He has the reputation of being both benevolent and rich. To schools and colleges he is especially liberal, and Central College, in this State, owes its present prosperity to his generosity. All the other Southern Methodist Bishops are poor.—Rev. Dr. Wilson, in St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

—Trouble Breaks Out Again.

"He looked at the thermometer, wiping his perspiring forehead, and glared defiantly around the room, 'Is Fry-day.'"

"And to-morrow," snarled the real-estate editor, consulting the predictions and grabbing a heavy paper-weight, "is going to be a Sadder-day."—Chicago Tribune.

—A Trifling Loss.

Cholly—I'd hate awfully to get into any danger. I'm sure I'd lose my head.

Naud—Do you think you'd miss it?—Bostonian.

—Point for Prohibitionists.

Teacher—What zone do we live in?

Boy (who has an intemperate father)—Ma says she thinks we must live in the intemperate zone.—Texas Siftings (Rep.).

## SINGLE TAX DEPARTMENT.

WHAT WE WANT.

All hail the dawn of a new day breaking.  
When a strong-armed nation shall take away  
The weary burdens from backs in its arched  
With maximum labor and minimum pay!  
When no man is honored who hoars his millions;  
When no man feasts on another's toil,  
And God's poor, suffering, starving billions  
Shall share His riches of sun and soil!

There is gold for all in the earth's broad bosom.  
There is food for all in the land's great stores,  
Enough is provided, if rightly divided;  
Let each man take what he needs—no more.  
Shame on the miser with unshed riches,  
Who robs the toiler with unshed cheer,  
Who bores down the wage of the digger of  
ditches  
And steals the bread from the poor man's  
board.

Slime on the owner of mines, whose cruel  
And selfish measures have brought him  
wealth,  
While the ragged wretches who dig his fuel  
Are robbed of comfort and hope and health.  
Slime on the ruler who rides in his carriage  
Bought with the labor of half-paid men—  
Men who are shut out of home and marriage  
And are herded like sheep in a bovel pen.

Let the clarion voice of the nation wake him  
To broader vision and fairer play.  
Or let the hand of a just law shake him  
Till the ill-gained dollars shall roll away.  
Let no man dwell under a mountain of plunder,  
Let no man suffer with want and cold;  
We want right living, not mere aim-siving,  
We want just dividing of labor and gold.  
—Ella Wheeler Wilcox, in N. Y. World.

YOU CAN NOT REACH IT.

John De Witt Warner in Favor of Abolishing Personal Property Taxes.

Last Thursday evening John De Witt Warner delivered an interesting address to the Manhattan single tax club on "The liberation of personal property from taxation." He promised his remarks by asserting that every community should have the right to say how it should raise the money to support itself and pay its dues to the State and general governments. In his opinion direct taxation was the fairest method, though there were many people who did not think so.

Money must be raised to support government, said Mr. Warner, and the question for us to consider is how it can best be raised so as to fall equally on all citizens in proportion to the advantages they receive from the community. Is our present method good enough? I think not. The system of taxing personal property is universally conceded to be a failure, opening the door to fraud, robbery and blackmail. Honest men pay it; but men who are willing to always escape. We can not reach personal property to tax it. Read the daily report of bank deposits; you will see that they amount to more than the entire sum of which personal property taxes are paid. A fire in one of our large downtown stores shows, in the estimate of loss incurred, how immense must be the amount of personal property in goods in this city subject to tax, but on which no tax is collected. A fire in a Fifth or Madison avenue mansion shows how great is the amount in furniture and articles of house adornment which also failed to be taxed. And even when assessors do try to reach personal property—when they include in the schedule—even then it is almost impossible to collect the tax.

Some years ago, despite his oath that the value of his personal property amounted to only some nominal sum, the assessors, on facts in their possession, assessed the late William H. Vanderbilt on \$8,000,000. He was cornered, it is true; but he said he wouldn't pay it, because there were other people, to his positive knowledge, who were rich but who did not pay a cent personal taxes. And in the end the matter was compromised on a basis of \$2,000,000, which all will agree was not ten per cent of the value of the taxable personal property held by him. He wasn't altogether wrong in refusing to pay the tax—nobody pays it if they can help it. The truth about this thing is, everybody knows that the personal property tax is a humbug. The bureau for the collection of personal taxes is nothing more nor less than a bureau authorized by law to levy blackmail on our citizens. It rarely makes a return to the city; and half a dozen times within comparatively a few years it has been robbed by the officials conducting it.

New York City is the great commercial center of this country. To it all the capital of the United States would drift if there were no bars in the way. But what is the fact? The personal property tax on banks and corporations drives them to other States and countries to organize—in other words, capital is driven away.

The proper thing to tax is real estate. It is here and must stay here. All the progress of civilization, all the increase of population, benefits real estate and increases its value, so that it should be taxed for government support. If we would remove all personal taxes there would be a wonderful increase in the volume of business, and an increased demand for workers. While I am in favor, said Mr. Warner, of putting all taxes on land values, I recognize that the public mind is not yet prepared to accept that idea; so it is wisdom to go only as far as the public will go with us. Having lifted that tax, we will have made the lifting of other taxes that much easier.

At the close of his address Mr. Warner invited questions.

A Brother Farmer, Des Moines.—How is this for ground value? I wonder if the farmers can see the difference? This clipping is from the Chicago Times of May 18. I would like to hear from some one—farmer preferred—where the single tax on land values would fall.

The lease of the property bounded by Dearborn, Jackson and Quincy streets, where the new Northern hotel is to be erected, has finally been effected and was filed for record yesterday afternoon. Eugene S. Pike, the owner, leases the block to the Northern Hotel Company for ninety-nine years at an annual rental of \$25,000 for the first two years and \$50,000 per annum for the remainder of the term. The company is composed of Messrs. Eden, Hurlbut, Channing, Burnham and others. At least \$1,000,000 will be spent on the structure, and it is intended to make it the finest hotel in the country. Work in clearing off the ground was begun last week.

READING FOR LABORERS.

Which Shows Who Get the Benefit of Public Improvements.

A perusal of the real estate advertisements in our newspapers will edify the laborer as to who are exclusively benefited by "public" improvements. The laborer shoulders the entire expense of these improvements, under our misgovernment, down to the last penny. Let him harken to the truth as it is uttered by the real estate speculators:

These lots are located right in the line of Long Island improvements, and within fifteen blocks of the terminus of the East river and Blackwell's Island bridge, recently authorized by the Legislature.

All city improvements and conveniences—Croton, gas, postal service, police and fire protection, graded avenues, quick transit, cheap fares, unsurpassed educational advantages, etc., all combine to render the choice lots offered especially desirable for investment.

These lots are right in the line of Brooklyn's magnificent improvements.

Private enterprise also results in the enrichment of the land holder. Witness the following:

We give away \$— worth of land as an inducement for people to build and locate, relying on future advances to realize profits.

The old story of the spider and the fly.

Healthy location, very high ground, excellent drainage, graded streets, city improvements and conveniences, quick transit, cheap fares and active building in the vicinity, all unite to render this property unusually desirable for investment.

Portland, Ore., thriftiest city in the United States; real estate improvements giving large returns; lots are rapidly advancing in value.

Spokane Falls, the thriftiest and most progressive city in the West. Investments in real estate bring large returns.

Toocoma, the great money making center of the Northwest; every foot of land will rapidly appreciate in value.

Here is a prospect for the laborer of the future which is not very encouraging:

These lots are as sure to go to a value of hundreds of dollars each within a few years as the sun is sure to shine tomorrow.

For capitalists—choice offer: cheap investment; block of 120 lots, and 200-acre tract in the finest suburb in Chicago.

The alluring profits set out in the following advertisements will be paid by the sweat of the laborer's brow:

Water, gas, electric light, macadamized road, schools, churches; five blocks from depot; the air is simply divine; ladies find this a desirable investment; money deposited in bank draws only three per cent interest; here is an opportunity to almost double the investment within a year.

I have exclusive control of some of the most desirable property in Duluth, and can offer investors property paying from eight to fifteen per cent in addition to the rapidly increasing value in the realty.

Improved city property is the only paying investment where you not only get a sure return on your money, but the security always grows in value. All other values, even not speculative, have an uncertain future.

Here is a man who claims pay for nature's bounties:

Only forty pleasant minutes away. Nature did much, and we have done a quarter-million. Go down and see it. The following is refreshingly frank: "This, with free land, free stone, and a location unsurpassed in this country, has been the rich man's opportunity."

All the above quotations are culled from a single issue of a metropolitan newspaper, three pages of which were filled with closely crowded advertisements of this nature. Curiously enough, in the same issue we find that laborers to the number of five hundred ask for employment. Their little notices are printed side by side with these alluring advertisements of land speculators. The contrast afforded is instructive, if we bear in mind the fact that, through their privilege of holding this globe as so much private property, the speculators at their own pleasure narrow the confines of the field in which labor employs itself, and force labor to go begging.

High Rent Prevents Marriage.

A correspondent writing to the Evening World gives his opinion as to why our young men do not marry. He lays it to the fact that "Wages are too low and rent too high." Read what he says, and then ask yourself if he does not come near to the true reason why our young men are inclining more each year to celibacy:

Working steadily at my trade I can earn \$16 a week, but can obtain no more than nine months' work a year. This sum is not sufficient to support a wife and pay the positive expenses of a home, and say nothing of the unexpected bills. To begin with, no respectably located tenement can be had for less than \$15 a month and from that upward. When the items of provisions, clothing, fuel, sundries and the simplest demands of church and society are taken into consideration, the sum is all too small. Yet \$15 a week is a fair average salary for a workman. Granting that the young woman will be equal to the emergency and make it do, there is the furnishing of the home. No man of self-respect wants to start married life in a boarding house. Heaven forbid! It takes a long time to save money enough to furnish even three rooms comfortably out of small wages. I have been hustling for two years to accomplish it.

W. L. Crosman, of Boston, contributes an article to the labor symposium department of the current number of the Typographical Journal (organ of the Typographers' international union). He declares that in the single tax lies the true solution to the labor problem. All the articles that have appeared in the Journal since the symposium was recommended by the international convention have advocated the same thing.

THE EDITORIAL THREE.

**Editor:** I'm the stub of a Faber  
With worn with labor  
That lasts from sun to sun,  
I'll like creation,  
With no vacation—  
I'm the all-important one.

**Printer:** I'm made of wheat flour,  
And in use every hour—  
I'm so very important, you see,  
That no editor's table  
Has ever been able  
To prosper at all without me.

**Subscriber:** With a familiar clatter  
I've clipped all letters—  
That's come to this office for years,  
I'll be glad to read it—  
Please to send me the red-  
I'm the all-important one.

**All:** Of we are three powers,  
So important all letters—  
We're the editorial three,  
No one is inferior,  
But each is superior  
To the editorial "We."  
—Al M. Hendee, in Kansas City Star.

Mrs. Clare looked doubtful. She had come down into the country, with her heart full of peace and good-will toward men—and women, into the bargain. She had not much money to give—she had come to Middle Marshes to take the lonely cottage on the edge of the hemlock cove, where the wind sighed so fondly of an evening, and the red reflections of the spring sunsets seemed to turn the low-lying pools to blood. She was the wife of a sea captain, and whose biennial voyages to China and Japan seemed like lifetimes; and she had a small income, and four little children to bring up. But work—that was, perhaps, within her power to bestow; and yet she hesitated, as Mr. Owens spoke.

"But she is such a peculiar looking person," said Mrs. Clare. "Do you notice she never lifts her eyes to one's face? And such strange eyes, too—full of greenish lights, like a cat's. And, then, her hair is so colorless and dry, exactly like the faded grass along the edge of the marsh; and there is such a peculiar, disfiguring scar upon her cheek."

Mr. Owens laughed a fat, oily, comfortable laugh.

"But, my dear madam," said he, "how very illogical that is. After all, we are none of us responsible for our looks. And they tell me she is an excellent seamstress. And, more than this, she has had a disappointment."

"A disappointment?" said Mrs. Clare.

"You wouldn't think it, would you?" said Mr. Owens.

"Yes; she was engaged to a young carpenter of the neighborhood. But work was slack, and the carpenter didn't see his way clear to matrimony. So he has gone to the next seaport town to work at ship-building, and Mrs. Moore is left to wear the willow."

"Poor thing!" said Mrs. Clare; and she resolved to conquer her prejudices at once. Mrs. Moore was summoned to Ivy Lodge and set to work, and profuse were her expressions of gratitude.

"I hope you like the cottage, ma'am," said Mrs. Moore, one day, as she sat at her work in the bay window.

"Oh, yes," said Mrs. Clare, earnestly. "You don't find it lonely, eh, ma'am?"

Mrs. Clare shivered slightly.

"A little," she acknowledged.

"Toward evening, sometimes," said Mrs. Moore, biting off her thread. "I thought so. I know all about the house. I lived here, ma'am, ten years, as maid to Mrs. Hodges, as owns the place. She couldn't stand it, ma'am, so she's gone to Florida."

"Couldn't stand what?" asked Mrs. Clare, with some curiosity.

"The sights, ma'am," said Mrs. Moore, lowering her voice mysteriously. "And the sounds."

"Nonsense!" said Mrs. Clare.

"Ah, ma'am, that's what a many has said before you," said Mrs. Moore. "Seven families has lived here since my old missus went to Florida, and not one of 'em has stayed over the three months. All because of—"

"Of what?" said Mrs. Clare, as the woman paused.

"Of the ghost, ma'am, if you will have it," answered Mrs. Moore.

Mrs. Clare burst out laughing. "I never heard any thing so ridiculous in all my life," she said. "Do, pray, take a little more pains with those button-holes, Mary, and let the ghost alone; and I'll wager that it will not trouble us."

Mary sewed away in silence, with the greenish eyes fixed intently on her work, and the thin lips tightly compressed. She had scattered the seed; it was only to wait, now, for it to germinate.

Little Kate came running breathlessly in, that very evening.

"Mamma! Mamma!" cried the child; "a white lady waving her arms out of the back window! Is it the poor lady who was murdered by the Indians before the house was built? Cook says it was! And she is going to-morrow, and so is Emma Jane!"