

# The Louisiana Democrat.

"The World is Governed Too Much."

HENRY L. BLOSSAT, Business Manager.

ALEXANDRIA, LOUISIANA, WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 20, 1890.

VOL. XLV.—NO. 34.

## MY FRIEND'S COUSIN.

Why I Concluded Not to Stop Off at St. Thomas.

The train was just pulling out of the Detroit depot, and I leaned back in my seat and began to study the inspiring columns of one of those huge ferry-boats loaded on one of the railroad cars which are used by the railroad company to transport their cars over the river, and I was soon in the little town of Windsor, on the Canadian shore. The train did not remain here long, and as it was just moving away from the station I heard the question: "Is this seat engaged?"

I looked up. If I had seen an old woman, or perchance a cheeky drummer, I know that I should have been tempted to state that it was. But neither of these terrifying apparitions confronted me. On the contrary, I saw a very pretty, fresh-faced young girl standing in the aisle with her hands filled with parcels and a small traveling bag at her feet.

"No, it is not," I hastened to say, removing my little valise from the seat. I rose to my feet and helped the young lady stow her *impudencia* away. The bundles were placed in a rack above my head; the valise was placed on the floor near my feet.

"Thank you," she said, after we were seated. "I am very sorry to give you so much trouble."

"It is no trouble at all," I returned. Her voice was low and sweet. I began to regard my companion with a little interest. She had on a simple gray traveling dress, a pretty little hat to match, which was trimmed with a few bits of red ribbon.

I was silent, regarding some of the travelers about me. There was the traditional drummer with his stove-pipe hat, and his air of assurance; there was the old man who sat calmly brushing his flies from his bare, bald head; in the seat in front of me was the old lady who had lost her ticket. She had turned every pocket inside out twice, opened her traveling bag four times, taken a large bite of pie, and at last found out that she had accidentally laid her ticket down on the window-sill by her side.

I soon grew tired of gazing at the passengers about me. I had seen the same lot over and over again. The passengers of a railroad car are alike the world over. I had finished reading my paper, and I looked out of the window. We were now rapidly speeding along the shores of Lake St. Clair.

"Don't you think the lake is very pretty?" I said to my companion.

"Oh! awfully pretty. Do you see that island, way over there?" she answered, pointing off toward the west.

"Yes," I replied. "That dark-looking place? Is that an island?"

"Yes," she replied. "We had an awfully nice time there last Thursday. You know my cousin has a sail boat, and we went up there with two of our friends and the minister—I almost forgot him, he is such a meek-looking man—and we spent the day there, and actually made a fish chowder—I wish I had some of it now! It is awfully good. Have you ever eaten fish chowder?"

"No," I replied, very much amused at the way she rattled on. How very confiding she was about her fish chowder, and what a preponderance of "awfully's" she used! "No, I had never eaten fish chowder—at least not under such circumstances. The proper way to eat fish chowder, is, I suppose, away out on an island, where you can build up a fire on the rocks, and cook the fish you have just caught."

"Yes, that is the way!" she said in her childish manner. "I think fish chowder tastes much nicer in the open air, than in the house."

This question of fish chowder seemed to possess great interest, for we talked about fish chowder, and fish for some little time.

"Don't you like to sail?" she at length asked me.

"Yes, very much indeed," I answered. "But I did not have a chance to go out much. Why, once when I went up to Bay City on the Morning Star I was actually a little sea sick."

She laughed. "That was funny. But you ought to have seen the minister the day we went up to the lake. When we got to the island he did not want a bit of chowder, and he looked as pale as a ghost."

"It seems to me sort of funny that we can get sick on these fresh water lakes." "I don't think it is. The waves are sometimes very high and choppy. But I have never been sick," she added, with a proud air.

whom he always said I must marry. I was not prepared, however, to marry Miss Hamilton now, on the spot, after an acquaintance of two hours, and perhaps she, also, might have a few objections to such a proceeding. But I was fully resolved to see more of her. She was pretty, and I am sure that I had enjoyed my brief *lele a tele* with her, and also the dissertations on fish chowder, more than I choose to admit to myself at present. After the disclosure that I was Cousin Herbert's room-mate, Miss Alice Hamilton became much more confidential than before.

"Didn't you boys have lots of fun at college?" she asked me. "Herbert told me about how once you filled his bed with cold water one winter night."

"Yes, I believe I did once revenge myself on him for something he had done to me. We used to have great times together."

"But how was it that you did not know that he was in Windsor?"

"I don't know," I replied. "I am very sorry indeed that I did not know it. We have not seen each other since we graduated three years ago. I shall have to go back to Windsor and see him, I think."

"Ah! You have been in Detroit, I think you said?"

"Yes," I replied. "I have been spending my vacation with my brother. You know I have a school in the East."

"Indeed! You reside in Worcester, I believe, Herbert said."

"Yes, I am a teacher in one of the schools in that city."

"I have not yet seen any reason why he should go back East. Don't you like this country?"

"Yes, I think I do, although it is not especially picturesque; at least not along here," and I glanced out of the window at the flat, uninteresting prairie, which was covered with a thick growth of underbrush as far as the eye could reach.

"You would like St. Thomas, I am sure," she said. "It is not so very far from the lake, and we frequently go down for a week's fishing, and then there is good hunting a little way from the city."

"Yes, I think I should like St. Thomas. But I can not stay long. I must be home in a month at the very latest. But now I am free to rove about wherever I like."

"How funny that you should select St. Thomas as a place to rove about in. Have you ever been there before?"

"No, I have not, but I know I shall like it. I understand there are some very fine hotels in the town."

"Oh! yes, the Crown is quite a good one for so small a town. You know that St. Thomas is not very large."

"Yes, I know!" I said vaguely, not having the slightest idea about it. I had never seen St. Thomas, as I had come West by another route. But it seemed to me that any town would be a paradise if Miss Alice Hamilton were in it.

The train sped on, and we talked on various and sundry subjects, and I was beginning to think that Cousin Herbert had said about Miss Alice Hamilton was perfectly correct in every particular.

"We are almost at St. Thomas," Miss Alice Hamilton said, presently.

"Indeed!" I replied. "Of course you will let me help you with these bundles. You expect some one to meet you at the station?"

## WELL, WELL, WELL!

A Republican Organ Attacks Pension Commissioner Raun.

Either Pension Commissioner Raun should resign or his son John should go out of the pension business. There ought to be sufficient sense of the proprieties of life in the family to force one of them to quit.

It appears that a man named Wilkinson and Mr. John Raun have gone into the pension and bounty claims business, the senior partner having an office in the little village of Mount Carmel in this State, and the junior partner having one in Washington, and looking after cases before a bureau where his father is Commissioner and one of his brothers a clerk. The firm is advertising over Illinois and probably over the country.

It is not at all probable that Messrs. Wilkinson & Raun have any special facilities for getting business attended to at the Pension Bureau. It would be hazardous to favor them at the expense of other claim agents. Still, the name of a public officer is being used to get business for a firm of which his son is one of the members. The old soldiers will believe that an agent who is so near to the Commissioner must have advantages which others do not possess. It comes close, therefore, to being a case of getting business under false pretenses.

A son who had any delicacy of feeling would not do anything which would subject his father to unjust but natural suspicions. A father who cared much for his good name would not tolerate for a moment the attempt on the part of a son to trade on it. The members of the Raun family seem to have mind hides, however, and they may not mind what the outside world is saying so long as the cash comes in.

General Raun went into office under favorable circumstances. He had made a good record in the Internal Revenue Bureau. He succeeded the "surplus-buster," Tanner, whose administration of the office had been marked by irregularities, such as the reraing of pensions, but for some time back the present incumbent has been the object of charges in and out of Congress, and to some of them he has made no reply. So far as these accusations hinted at misconduct nobody who knew him believed them. When he was accused of peddling out among his clerks the stock of a company in which he was interested he denied it, and his denial was believed.

But in the light of this unrebuked appearance of his son as a pension agent at a time when the business, owing to the passage of the dependent act, is to be a most profitable one, it is difficult to see how far General Raun's denials of past charges can be given much weight. He has shown too plainly that he has not a high standard of official propriety—that he is willing to put up with suspicion and distrust, so that some member of his family may make a little money out of the old soldiers. His course is mortifying to every Illinoisan.—Chicago Tribune (Rep.).

## THE ELECTION LAW.

Contemned by Business Men in All Sections of the Country.

As a general rule, we think that business journals should not interfere in partisan politics, but there are political measures which are so intimately associated with the welfare of the whole country that it becomes the duty of every business man to speak out and let himself be heard upon them.

At Appomattox General Grant said to General Lee: "Tell your men to take their horses home with them to help them make their crops," and afterward uttered the immortal words: "Let us have peace."

The people of the South accepted their defeat in good part, and went earnestly to work to retrieve their fortunes, with a result which has challenged the admiration of the world; but just as the New South is emerging from its darkness, with its labor contented and its resources developing by a union of Southern effort and Northern capital, certain politicians, actuated by the same spirit which General Grant rebuked, now come forward and for partisan purposes seek again to stir up strife between the North and the South by proposing what is popularly known as "the force bill," a Federal election law which Lincoln, Grant and Garfield, the great leaders of the Republican party, if alive to-day, would unhesitatingly condemn, and which every fair-minded man must pronounce as unwise as it is unnecessary. Even intelligent colored men are already found protesting against it as sure to result in detriment to their race.

The conditions at the South are such that until the colored people have grown in intelligence, toleration and virtue, the white race must necessarily be the dominant race. Northern Republicans, who visit the South and see for themselves, admit this. The property of the South is being taxed to educate the colored people, and in time they will rise to the responsibilities and duties of citizenship; but to attempt to employ banners in regulating elections in a Republican country a quarter of a century after the war, is a step backward that "the common sense of most" will not indorse, and that the dominant party will find to be as bad policy from a Republican party point of view, as it is untimely and unjust.

Among the first to condemn it will be the men in blue, who fought against the men in gray, and who sympathize more with the sentiments of their great leader than they do with those who seek to speak for the Republican party to-day. At any rate, it is time for the business men of the United States to protest in the name of the country's welfare against such legislation as the force bill, and that they will protest earnestly and vigorously the leaders of the Republican party will find out in 1892, if they do not before.—American Grocer.

Senator Allison for a good while has been getting ready to strike an attractive attitude as a tariff reformer of parts, but Mr. Secretary Blaine now appears to have raised the Iowa statesman out of the game. Perhaps it is beginning to dawn on the bland gentleman from Dubuque that delays are dangerous.—Chicago News.

## DEMOCRATIC FARMERS.

Can They Better Themselves by Joining a New Party?

The silly report that there is a fight on between the Democratic and Farmers' Union Labor party is entirely unfounded. The truth is the essential principles of the two parties are the same, and the question is, can Democratic farmers better themselves by leaving their party and going to some other? The Republican party is responsible for the hard times and scarcity of money in the West. Farmers who have voted that ticket have abundant right to complain, as they have not been represented at all. The men they have elected to law-making bodies have never taken into account their interests and wishes, but have wholly ignored them. On the other hand this is not true of Democrats. Democratic legislators have done their utmost to embody into laws for the past thirty years the very measures which the Western people are so earnestly demanding now. They were unable to do so, however, because the party has not had complete control of the Government since the war.

As a sample of some of the legislation passed by Democratic legislative bodies, take the work of the Indiana Legislature two years ago. Among the important laws passed by it were the following:

1. The new school-book law, which reduces the cost of text books forty per cent.
2. The Australian election system which will prevent fraud at the polls.
3. The payment of wages every two weeks to employees.

Other laws might be cited, but these are sufficient for the present. They are all in the interest of the people and what they have been demanding. In Missouri, a Democratic State, the only law so far passed in the United States against trusts, an anti-trust law can be found which confiscates the property of these oppressive organizations, and which has served to compel them to quit operating in that State. So, by careful inquiry, the Democratic farmer and laborer will find that his party has done all in its power to forward his interests, always meeting with the united opposition of Republican legislators. What then has a Democratic farmer or laborer to gain in leaving his party to vote a third ticket? Nothing. A Republican, however, has the best reasons to leave his party. If the Republican farmers of this county are honest and sincere in advocating the principles enunciated by the F. M. R. A., and Farmers' Alliance, we do not understand how they can ever consistently vote a Republican ticket again. If the measures advocated by those orders are in their interest, then of necessity the measures that have been passed and are being voted for now by the Republican party are directly against their interests, while those of the Democratic party are in harmony with them. This is a serious subject, and should be the object of serious consideration on the part of every voter.—Washington (Ind.) Democrat.

## POLITICAL NOTES.

It seems to be settled that State rights are for Northern States. The South must content itself with National rule.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Vice-President Morton is not one of those prohibitionists who carry water on both shoulders. One of his shoulders he devotes to alcoholic mixtures.—Courier-Journal.

That stanch Republican paper, the Philadelphia American, advises all Republicans to vote the Democratic gubernatorial ticket this time. Things seem all ready for a "tidal wave" in the Keystone State.—Boston Globe.

So there will be no Pattison men, or no Wallace men in the Pennsylvania Democracy. They are all Democrats.

We will unite the white rose and the red. Smile Heaven upon this fair conjunction.—N. Y. Sun.

The New York Tribune editorially inquires: "Who says it is a force bill?" Well, leaving out a few millions of Democrats, the Pioneer-Press of Minnesota says so, and Murat Halstead of Brooklyn and Cincinnati says so.—Washington Critic.

Why should the House or the Administration be expected to take notice of the scandalous conduct of Pension Commissioner Raun? Is he not a Republican, engaged in distributing the surplus among his own relations and clients and the pension raiders?—N. Y. World.

The force bill will produce another crop of carpet-baggers, but they will not find the South of 1865 in 1890, and it would be well enough for them to exercise a degree of caution when they approach Kemper County.—Louisville Times.

In an interview with the Rochester Union (Dem.) Bob Ingersoll says: "I believe in protecting what are called the infant industries, but after these 'infants' get to be six feet high and wear No. 12 boots is about time to stop rocking the cradle, especially when the 'infant' tells you that if you stop rocking he will get out of the cradle and kick your head off."

The Republican party, as it is organized and inspired, is a party of war, pestilence and mine. Its sectional policy is aimed at the destruction of the South. Its economic policy will surely bring ruin to the North. All that is required to fulfill its mission is time, and when the people of the United States awaken some fine morning to find their Treasury empty, the South in flames, and the wolf at the door they will rise up even in New England and rend the authors of their misery limb from limb.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Even that stanch Republican organ, the Independent, agrees that "the vindication of Quay by the Republican convention in Pennsylvania has been received with something like dismay by some of the most loyal and devoted adherents of the Republican party in that State." And it regards the possibility of Pattison's election over Quay's man, Delamater, as a consummation devoutly to be wished by all good Republicans.—Chicago America.

## THE NILE SOURCES.

They Were Not Discovered by Stanley, as Many Suppose.

In the month of January, 1858, Captain John Hanning Speke, attached to the expedition of the distinguished Captain, now Sir Richard Burton, reached the southern extremity of the great inland sea extended south of the equator, which he called the "Victoria Nyanza." Speke's discovery was, however, incomplete, many geographers claiming that the river which flowed out of the lake in the north was not nor could not be the Nile. Speke endeavored to trace this river; but when a short distance from the lake, he was driven from the river, and was forced to abandon his project, leaving the question still one of geographical discussion and doubt.

Ismael Pasha, Khedive, imbued with the ambition to emulate his illustrious grand sire—discover the source of Egypt's great river and extend his domain to its head waters—authorized Sir Samuel Baker to undertake a voyage of discovery, which resulted in the finding of a lake (in 1864), which he called the Albert Nyanza, situated between the first and second parallels north. Baker thus discovered the second Nile source.

Sir Samuel subsequently was appointed Governor-General of the Equatorial Provinces of Egypt, and was replaced by General Gordon in February, 1874. The writer, then an officer in the general staff of the Egyptian army, was chosen as chief of staff to General Gordon, and immediately on his arrival at Gondocoro, undertook to complete the unfinished work of Captain Speke at the same time that he was urgently ordered to reach the capital of the famous M'Tesa, King of Uganda, with the view of anticipating the "Stanley Herald and London Telegraph Expedition," then about to set out from England.

As may be seen by the book published on this subject, a treaty was made with the King just nine months before Stanley's arrival, who found the ground taken by the Khedive's military stations, extending to the Lake Victoria itself. It was a sore disappointment to Stanley, for the even then covered country of Uganda had become Egyptian territory, as manifested in the following official note, communicated by the Egyptian Minister for Foreign Affairs to the representatives of all the great powers. It said:

"There is accomplished the annexation of Egypt to all the territories situated in and around the great lakes, Victoria and Albert and their affluents. We are happy to have to announce the result of that expedition, which has succeeded, due to the energy and devotion of those who have accomplished it under the direction of Gordon Pasha, and in the generous spirit of aiding in the foundation of these countries by civilization, by agriculture and by commerce."

In addition to the diplomatic *coup de main* which had been the first intention and object of his mission, accomplished under hardships almost unparalleled in the history of travel, the American-Egyptian officer descended the river, and after great suffering and endurance, and accompanied only with two faithful soldiers and two servants, he traced the stream to its connecting point with Lake Albert, thus solving finally and forever the problem of the Nile sources, and at the same time adding another lake to the system in the discovery of Lake Ibrahim.

Mr. Henry M. Stanley's name has not been mentioned here among those who may claim to be the discoverers of the Nile sources. Mr. Stanley is not a Nile source discoverer, in fact. He did not discover the Victoria or the Albert Nyanzas, nor Lake Ibrahim, and these lakes constitute the Nile sources, and no others.—Col. Chaille-Long, in Harper's Weekly.

## Opium Smoking in London.

Some startling facts are brought to light by a writer in a recent issue of the Medical Press concerning the increase in the habit of smoking opium in London. A gentleman who had been told that this habit was growing determined to make some inquiries himself. After some time he learned that application for information should be made to a certain well-known medical practitioner living in the West End. The gentleman's wife wrote to this practitioner asking information and received in reply a copy of a pamphlet entitled "Opium Smoking as a Therapeutic Power, According to the Latest Medical Authorities." The pamphlet describes in detail the method of preparing and smoking the opium and recites the conditions which are said to be specially benefited by taking the drug in this form. The physician who is supposed to be the author of the pamphlet is a confirmed opium smoker and he seems to be actuated with a desire to drag others down to the level of his own degradation.

## Disease Communicated by Fish.

Fish are subject to the same diseases which prevail among other animals and are thus in the same degree liable to communicate disease to those who partake of them unless so thoroughly cooked that all parasitic germs will be killed. A gentleman who has been making a scientific study of the fish in New York harbor finds that among these alone there exists over thirty different kinds of parasites. Epidemics have sometimes prevailed among fish to the extent of killing them in vast numbers so that they were washed upon the shores in great heaps, as off the coast of the Carolinas a few years ago.—From a Lecture by Dr. J. H. Kellogg.

## He Would Not Do.

"Yes," said the president of the baseball club, "we need a good catcher, and perhaps you will suit. What experience have you had with the game?"

"None at all, sir," replied the applicant; "the fact is, I have been a detective."

"O, you won't do. We want a catcher who can catch."—The Jury.

A boy says overclothes never amounts to much; but then, as they say about spooks, there ain't no such.—Ram's Horn.

## A PETRIFIED WONDER.

The Great Forest of Petrified Wood Near Florissant, Col.

The petrified forest at Florissant is located in a green valley a mile and a half from the station. The road to it leads south from the railroad, rising over the rolling hills in gentle slopes and disclosing new and beautiful views at every turn. To the east and north rise the green slopes of the divide, culminating on the east in the snow-capped summit of Pike's Peak. To the north, about five miles, Crystal Peak stands out, a sharp cone, from a cluster of wooded hills rising in round terraces to its base. Far to the west, over the intervening mountains and park, may be seen the snowy range, a perpetual wall of snowy white on the horizon, making the backbone of the continent.

Everywhere along the road may be found little chips of petrified wood, either dropped there by curiosity hunters or scattered from the remains of some stump in the immediate vicinity. After going up and down through several little valleys, the road descends a rather steep grade to the valley where the "forest" is located. The valley is broader here than elsewhere, and here and there, scattered over the bottom and on the lower slopes of the surrounding hills, are little mounds of white petrified chips, marking the spots where the tops of the stumps reach the surface. Only one of the stumps has as yet been entirely uncovered, and to this most of the visitors go first. It is on the edge of a small grove on the west side of the valley. Over it is a rough scaffolding, from which are suspended several saws, still deeply imbedded in the stump. Several years ago, when the Midland was first opened, some one conceived the idea of transplanting the stump to Manitou, but it was found that it could not pass through the tunnels on the road. He then commenced to saw it into vertical slabs, which he thought could be put together afterward. The saws sank easily in the top of the stump for about two feet, when they encountered hard silica, to which the outside air had not penetrated, and there they stuck.

The stump is about forty-five feet in circumference and twelve feet high. Its shape is perfect; the buttressed roots, the knots and the irregularities of the bark are all there, as distinct as those on any of the pine trees close at hand. The wood varies greatly. While all of it shows distinctly the grain and peculiarities of pine wood, there are some pieces which are as hard as flint and white as marble, while others are soft and almost like natural wood. By pulling off pieces of the petrified wood here and there are found little fibers which the silica did not for some reason reach, but these crumble to dust when touched. The tree has been identified as belonging to the same family as the giant trees in California.

Across the valley from the large stump is another one almost as peculiar. It is a large bluish-black stone which is made of thousands of pieces of petrified charcoal, conglomerated in a solid mass. None of the pieces are over an inch in length, and how they became knit together is likely to remain a geological mystery.

The place in its present condition will fully repay a visitor, but the expenditure of a few thousand dollars by the town of Florissant in securing title to the land, digging out the stumps and grading the grounds would make it a very great point of attraction for curiosity and pleasure seekers. The forest is reached by a ride of thirty-six miles on the Colorado Midland, over the divide—Colorado Springs Gazette.

## A Pretty Italian Phrase.

The Italians have a pretty phrase to express that fine kind of tact which is independent of education. They call it "the intellect of love"; and they have crystallized in those four words one of the most ethereal, but also one of the most potent characteristics of human nature. Not the most liberal education gives this intellect of love where the materials have been denied by nature; not the most restricted range of knowledge destroys it where it is there by the constitution of things. People who have this intellect of love are as slow to take offense as to give it. They have none of the prickly heat of temperament which flushes out into a moral eruption at the least contrariety of circumstances. They make allowances for wealth, health, disappointments, annoyances, misunderstandings, and they give the benefit of the doubt on the charitable side, whenever it is possible to frame a doubt at all. They never quarrel. Even if things go badly, as by reason of malice and misrepresentation as they do sometimes with the best in the world, they suffer quietly, and do not make bad worse.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

## Charming Gowns for Late Summer.

Printed mouseline delaines are dressy, cooler even than alpaca, and are very much worn. Many women prefer them to foulards, which soon lose their dressing and look limp and worn. The blue and white and green and white foulards have also lost caste, from being greatly reduced in price and becoming quite a livery at the various resorts. The delaines are almost invariably ribbon-trimmed, and show some exceedingly delicate and beautiful colorings and designs. The favorite patterns are detached bunches of flowers or sprays. The very large straggling devices which were popular last year are not much affected this season.—N. Y. Post.

## As to Measures.

School-Teacher—Johnny, what does the word meter mean?

Johnny—A measure.

School-Teacher—Now, Johnny, what do they measure with the meter?

Johnny—Gas, electricity, water and poetry.—Harper's Bazar.

## No Idea of It.

Husband (at 2 a. m.)—Are you going to let me stand here and pound on this door the whole night, my dear?

Wife—Why, of course not. I intend to hail the first policeman I see and have you locked up.—N. Y. World.

## PITH AND POINT.

"—And, Alphonse, do you think you can love me a little when I am old?" "Yes, very."—Boston Times.

"—Never get mad when the other fellow does. Wait until he cools off, and then you will have the field to yourself."—Texas Sittings.

"—Interviewer—"You began life as a clerk, did you not?" Merchant—"No, sir; I began life as a king. I was the first baby."—Terro Haute Express.

"—Jenks—"Winks married a woman of intellect, didn't he?" Blinks—"I don't know. Why?" Jenks—"I notice he never has any buttons on his clothes."—N. Y. Weekly.

"—By the way, how is Higgins? I heard he was at death's door." "I don't know about that, but the last time I saw him he was on the step pulling the doctor's bell."—Philadelphia Times.

"—Farmer Wayback—"All my pigs broke out last night and the constable put them in the pound." Farmer Wise—"Take care of the pens and the pounds will take care of themselves."—Puck.

"—In the Sanctum—"What do you mean by saying that the author of this story is a young man of twenty? He is sixty-four years of age." "You forget. He was twenty when the story was accepted."—N. Y. Sun.

"—Spencer—"Oh, well, I don't care whether you accept my jokes or not. I can sell them elsewhere." Editor—"I dare say you can. What has been done once can be done again, and all these jokes have been sold before."—Epoch.

"—She had sent off a telegram and was waiting for an answer. Suddenly the peculiar halting click of the receiving machine sounded in the office, and she said to her companion: "That's from George, I know. I can tell his stutter."—Philadelphia Times.

"—Magazine Editor—"Great Lucifer! man, we can't accept such a poem as that." Poet—"Why? I think it one of the best things I have ever done." Magazine Editor—"Bah, it's too simple. Why, our readers would understand what it means the first time they read it."

"—A Williamsport girl, who, in the matter of beauty and effectionate exuberance, was not to say "fresh as first love and rosy as the dawn," was asked why she did not get married, and this is what she said in reply: "I have considerable money of my own, I have a parrot that can swear and a monkey that chews tobacco, so that I have no need of a husband."—Oil City Blitzard.

"—Sweet Girl Graduate—"I'm so glad you liked my essay on 'The Philosophical and Religious Thought of the Ancient Etruscans.' Do you know I'm going to send it to a journal in the city of Washington for publication." Friend—"I certainly would do so, as the essay shows you to be a soundly and thoroughly-educated American woman." Sweet Girl Graduate—"By the way, what state is Washington in?"—America.

"—Brethren and sisters," and the pious pastor buttoned his threadbare coat closer about his spare form, "I notice that members of this congregation are shivering from the cold. I should have replaced the broken pane of glass in this window behind me weeks ago with rags if they could have been spared from the family wardrobe. The collection for foreign missions will now be taken up."

## A SHOPPING INCIDENT.

Experiences of a Busy Woman Whose Time Was Precious.

She was a busy woman, getting ready to go away for the summer, and time was precious, but she must buy, before she went, a pair of new corsets. "P. D., size 22." She stepped into a large dry goods establishment on Washington street, and went to the corset counter. The ladies who were there to sell corsets were all busy, but finally one concluded to stop gossiping long enough to ask what was wanted.

"A pair of corsets, please, P. D., size 22," humbly answered the little woman, glad that at last her presence had become known.

The saleslady languidly turned over the stock in intervals of her continued gossip, and at last produced a P. D. pair.

"Yes, but that's size 23." "Well, we haven't got any 23 down here. Here, boy, go up-stairs and get some P. D. corsets, sizes 21, 22 and 23, several of each."

The busy woman, after waiting for the boy until she nearly fell off the stool through weariness, went over to the bustle counter, the shirt counter and the saque counter to while the time away, and by and by returned to the corset counter.

"Has the boy come back yet?" "No, he has not."

"When is he likely to return?" (moecky.)

"When he is ready," (toploftically.)

The afternoon wore away. The boy at last returns with four pairs of corsets which he deposited on the counter, remarking that there was not any size 22 upstairs, and the saleslady looked at the busy woman with a glance in which triumph was strangely mingled with indifference.

"Oh," gasped the would-be customer, "how I wish I had known that half an hour ago. I need not then have wasted all this time."

Slowly, oh, so slowly, the dignified saleslady turned to the counter, opened a box and disclosed a "P. D., size 22