

The Louisiana Democrat.

"The World is Governed Too Much."

HENRY L. BLOSSAT, Business Manager.

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JOHN'S APPRENTICESHIP.

When he was twenty-five years old, John Brown graduated. And man of commonplace ideas pronounced him an educated man. But he took three years for travel to learn Italian, French, German, Spanish, and to study old Italian art, and to learn mysticism.

Then came a hard postgraduate course which took him three years longer; then, though his health was very poor, his intellect was stronger.

His physical condition now approached emaciation. The doctor ordered two years' rest for his recuperation.

He studied law—it took three years its mystery to unravel. And then to study foreign law three more long years for travel.

When he returned he had his mistake with long gray hair, was thin, and had lost his eyesight long before, and now was quite bald-headed.

When he was thirty-nine years old, his intellectual fruit.

He had grown a portly matron and an excellent grandmother.

The boys he knew in grammar school seemed anxious as progenitors.

And one was governor of the state, and two of them were senators.

But he sat in his office, in retired sequestration.

And waited long for clients with their tales of litigation.

One day when he was forty-five, came in his earliest client.

John tried to be as quiet as the poetry of Bryant.

But the shock it came so sudden, with such overwhelming power.

That he fell with apoplexy, and he died within an hour.

—S. W. Foss, in Yankee Blade.

A DEADLY HATE.

John Martin's Terrible Revenge on the Savage Apaches.

THE cool of the morning John Martin kissed his wife and two little ones bye-bye at the door of their humble home, half farm, half dug-out, took his team and went over the prairie to work at his plowing, about half a mile from the house. As he paused on the top of the roll before going from sight, he called back to his wife: "Mary, let George come to me at noon with a lunch and fresh drink of buttermilk. It's so far that I don't think I'll come up for dinner. Give the little colts a drink and some grass, too."

His wife called back: "All right, dear," and waved her apron. He turned to his team and started them on. As he said "get up," the near side animal, whose little colts were left behind in the rough corral, turned her head, and, looking back, whinnied long and loud.

"Come, come, Fan, go on; what's the matter with you? My babies are back there, too, and they will see that your baby doesn't get hungry or thirsty. Come, go along, old girl; we must go and work for our babies."

The team started, and chatting cheerfully to them for company's sake, they went on to their work.

The sun climbed higher, and furrow after furrow was turned. John kept the team going steadily, but Fan was restive and would throw her head up and look around and then throw herself into the collar and forge ahead as though suddenly anxious to get the work finished.

"What does all you, Fan? you seem dull," said John, finally; "does your harness hurt you, old girl?" And then he went over the harness, carefully examining each strap and piece where it touched her sleek coat. "Old girl, your harness is all right, and you are just straining for nothing. Now, if you don't go steady you'll get whipped." He went back between the handles of the plow, and Fan threw her nose up over her mate's neck, looking in the direction of the house and whinnied so shrill and mournful that John involuntarily looked in the same direction. He started. Were his eyes deceiving him? Was that a thin column of smoke rising in the clear air from over the roll of the plow? His heart almost stopped beating. It is smoke! Fast as his fingers could move he undid the harness fastenings from the team, threw the harness to the ground, released one horse and sprang upon Fan's back. She leaped like an arrow from the bow. As they gained the summit of the rise of ground John looked, and had to

rolled from her back. For a few seconds he could not see and his limbs trembled so that he could not walk. He knew what sight would meet him. All at once he steadied up and the darkness left his eyes; he braced himself to meet the worst. A few steps from him lay the body of his little boy George, the one that was to bring him his lunch and drink at noon. He bent over and tenderly kissed the little dead face. "Two more," he whispered to himself; "two more; where are they?" They were not far away—the little girl, three years old, with long brown hair, and the wife—dead, and the scalping knife had done its work. He did not cry; he did not even groan, but the look of life had gone out of his face.

Side by side he laid the three, around whom all his hopes, all his ambitions, his love, was centered, now gone from him in a moment it seemed. Silently he gazed at them for a time and then turned away. His must be the hand to fashion their last resting place. As he turned away to look about again he heard a light whinny come from the cattle yard and he walked that way. There stood Fan over the body of her colt whinnying pitifully and nudging it with her nose to induce it to get up.

"Your baby, too, hey, Fan. Poor Fan! poor me!"

He staid by his dead all day and all night; then he laid them gently in the grave he made them, pressing a last kiss to the unresponsive lips of each. His task finished, he mounted Fan, and drawing rein beside the mounds for a last look, raised his hand toward heaven and took oath: "I swear before God, beside the graves of my dead, that so long as I have life I shall hunt Apaches. They have robbed me of all, and my hate shall never be satisfied."

A couple of officers were enjoying their after-dinner smoke sitting in chairs tilted back against the shade side of the quartermaster's building.

"Say, captain, have you noticed anything strange about these Apaches since we brought them back to the reservation?"

"Nothing special that I can think of. They're a grisly lot anyway. Why do you ask?"

"Because I've noticed now that they keep close to headquarters and don't go out in bands of two or three; and again, they're holding lots of pow-wows, and every day or so they bring in a dead buck."

"Oh, have you just found that out? Why, that's old to everybody but the reds, and with them it isn't allowed to get old. Ever since the Sandy Fork raid, that the Apaches made, they have

had a memento after that. Who it is or how many no one knows, but if a buck gets away from the crowd it's ten to one he doesn't come back, and when they start out to find him, which they usually do, he has become a good Indian; and from the way in which they're being picked off the whole band will be wiped out by and by."

Just then a tall, gray-haired man, dressed as a scout, came past and changed the current of their conversation.

"Who is that chap?" asked the lieutenant of his brother officer, scanning the scout closely.

"I don't know," was the reply; "he comes to the post once in awhile; gets a lot of stuff, mostly ammunition; never stays or stops to talk; always rides that same big mare."

The stranger dismounted at the door of the store and entered. He had scarcely passed out of sight when an Indian sneaked up cautiously and began to examine the horse, paying particular attention to her feet and her tracks.

"What do you suppose that buck's up to?" queried the captain.

"He's getting points so that he can trail the animal," was the reply.

"Look out! By gracious, that was neat."

This exclamation was called forth by the action of the horse. The Indian, in his investigations, stooped and picked up her foot, presumably to examine the shoe. There was a quick move, a thud, and an Indian rolled over on the grass with a crushed skull. The animal stood as quiet as before. Two or three white men ran up and the owner of the horse came out of the store. When he saw the dead brave a smile lighted up his set face as he patted his horse's neck. "Another one, eh? Fan, that's right; keep up the work, old girl. One more scratch on the rifle breech makes a hundred and eighty-one." As the horse and rider passed out of sight the lieutenant asked:

"What was it he muttered to the horse?"

"I did not exactly catch it," replied the captain. "I think it was something about a hundred and eighty-one, and from the way that old chap brightened up when he saw that dead buck leads me to believe that he knows more about who is knocking off the stray Apaches than he's telling."—Edwin Ralph Collins, in Texas Siftings.

A famous Armenian actor, Ataman, has died in Constantinople. He gained his fame as a tragedian in Russia, Greece and Turkey, and at the time of his death was arranging for a tour in France and England. He played Shakespeare by preference, Othello and Hamlet being his best roles. In looks he was much like Rubenstein.

THE OHIO CAMPAIGN.

Issues Upon Which the Coming War Will Be Fought.

That the democrats of Ohio would set their faces against the McKinley tariff, and against protective tariffs in general, and would nominate (Gen. Campbell) were conclusions anticipated before the meeting of their state convention. What position they would take on the silver question was a matter of doubt. The platform adopted favors free coinage, but this result was secured only after a stout battle on the part of the opponents of that policy, the majority being ninety-nine in a convention of seven hundred. This is not conclusive of the attitude of the party in Ohio next year, when the issue will become more pertinent than it is now, but it is something which cannot be overlooked.

The significance of the Ohio campaign will depend very much upon the way in which it is conducted. It is possible for the campaign managers to give such prominence to the tariff issue that the silver question will be lost sight of for the time being, and this seems to be the most probable course of events. The republicans, by nominating Mr. McKinley, have taken their stand on the measure which bears his name, and the democrats have in express terms accepted the issue so tendered. "We accept," they say, "the issue tendered to us by the republican party on the subject of the tariff, as represented by the so-called McKinley tariff act, confident that the verdict of the people of Ohio will be recorded against the iniquitous policy of so-called protection, championed by the republican party in the interest of favored classes against the masses."

If the speeches made in the convention may be taken as the keynote of the campaign there will be, as there ought to be, an illuminating and enlightening discussion of the items of the McKinley bill, and the republicans will be put on the defensive at a hundred different points. So long as the controversy is waged over abstractness very little headway will be made, but when the particular things in this measure are brought under review, it will be found to be essentially a dishonest measure. It is not necessary to affirm, and we do not affirm, that the persons who voted for it, or who now support it, are dishonest. The greater part of them are as honest as other people, but the measure itself reeks with dishonesty from beginning to end, as nearly all the protective-tariff taxes ever passed by congress do. The reason why they are filled up with swindling provisions is perfectly plain. When congress attempts to overhaul all the industries of the country every man who has any special pecuniary interest in it is prompted to go to Washington to work for himself. Congressmen are for the most part lawyers having little acquaintance with business, and even if they had much acquaintance with business in general they could not have it with each particular trade. Probably the one having the most varied information in the last congress was Senator Aldrich. Yet the blunders he made in dealing with particular things were in many cases startling and always pernicious. Probably in each such case he took the word of some interested party and made no independent investigation, for which, indeed, there was no time.

As illustrating Mr. Aldrich's ways of arriving at the truth and as exhibiting the dishonesty of protective tariffs in general, we recall for a moment a confession made by that senator when somebody asked him how the duty on iron ore had been fixed at seventy-five cents per ton in the tariff of 1883. Both houses had voted for fifty cents per ton, although in different bills. Not a vote had been taken authorizing any higher rate of duty. Morally, the committee of conference, to which the subject was finally referred, was bound to report the duty at fifty cents, neither more nor less. But when the bill was reported this particular item had been raised to seventy-five cents, and it was necessary for congress to adopt that rate and take the risk of its far-reaching consequences or to reject the bill altogether. When Senator Aldrich was asked why this had been done he said that it was done at the suggestion of "Billy" Mahone, of Virginia, who was not a member of the committee, although he was a member of the senate at that time. There is no reason apparently why any particular rate of duty, once agreed to by both houses, should not be increased in this underhand way at the suggestion of anybody, either in or out of congress.

There are several items in the McKinley tariff involving very large interests that were smuggled into the bill surreptitiously in the same way as Mahone's iron-ore tax was in the tariff of 1883.

The duty on tin plate was a swindle from the outset. The mainspring of that increased duty was not the hope and expectation of starting the tin-plate industry in this country, but of compelling people to use galvanized iron instead of tin for roofing purposes. The wool items of the tariff are full of deceptive and swindling provisions which have been repeatedly exposed in the public prints and by manufacturers who are themselves protectionists. The fact that these deceptive and underhand provisions have brought no benefit to those whom they were intended to help, and have yielded only heart-burnings and mutual animosity between wool-growers and manufacturers, ought to be, and we doubt not will be, effectively used in the Ohio campaign. If McKinley is put to explaining seriatim all the bad things in his bill, he will be left with a large arrears of overdue accounts.—N. Y. Post.

RAUM'S PENSION FIGURES.

Startling Conclusions from Sir Bonfield's Statistics.

Gen. Green B. Raum, commissioner of pensions, estimates that 1,208,707 soldiers of the union are now living, and that 1,064,658 soldiers were killed in battle or died during the war and since.

According to this estimate, 2,219,365 men bore arms in the northern armies during the civil war.

But in 1890, the year before the war began, the total white male population of the military age of all the states and territories was estimated by the eighth census at only 5,624,065. Deducting the fighting population of Alabama, Arkansas, Florida, Georgia, Louisiana, Mississippi, North Carolina, South Carolina, Texas and Virginia, and half the fighting population of the border states, Delaware, Kentucky, Maryland, Missouri and Tennessee, the entire military population available for the union cause at the beginning of the conflict would be 4,362,470. Even this apportionment as between north and south leaves to the latter section only 1,261,595 men to draw upon, and supposes a numerical superiority on the part of the north of nearly four to one.

The deaths in the army from all causes during the period between 1860 and 1895 have been stated by Adj. Gen. Drum as 350,528. This may be below the truth, but the point we wish to make is that the deaths during that period were enough, or nearly enough, to balance the normal increase in the population of military age, so that at the end of the war, or at any time during the war, the northern population available for military purposes was not greatly in excess of the eighth census figures for 1860. The fact is that in 1870, after five years of peace, this element of the population, estimated upon the same basis, had increased only from 4,362,470 to 5,341,100.

The deduction is obvious and it is very striking. If Gen. Raum does not exaggerate the number of union soldiers who bore arms in the great conflict, then it is true that of the entire northern population fit for military service one man out of every two men was at the front. Does any sane person believe that such was the case?

It is reasonable to assume that there is nothing excessive in the pension commissioner's estimate that about a million men who served in the union armies either perished during the war or have died during the quarter of a century since the war. It would not suit the purpose of the pension spendthrifts to exaggerate the number of union soldiers who are outside the reach of any pension. The object is rather to swell the total of survivors and thus to enlarge the apparent field for governmental assuages.

But even assuming that there are now alive 1,208,707 union soldiers, and leaving out of sight the general principle that those most deserving of pensions as a rule are not those who survived the war by twenty-six years, we reach some startling conclusions from Raum's own statistics.

Of the alleged number of surviving veterans, 478,350 are actually on the rolls and in receipt of pensions. Nearly forty per cent. of the northern survivors of the war are partly or wholly supported at government cost.

There are now pending in Gen. Raum's bureau claims for pensions as follows, leaving out of consideration all widows' claims, and all claims for increase of pension to those already on the rolls:

Total new claims.....348,189
Add total already pensioned.....478,356
.....826,545

This amounts to saying that more than two-thirds of all the surviving union veterans are now either in receipt of pensions or are applicants for pensions. The applicants are getting provided with pensions, as the commissioner informs us, at the rate of 30,000 a month, or 360,000 a year. New applications are pouring in at a rate which we can only conjecture. New laws extending the scope of the government's expenditure are in process of incubation. How long will it be, if the present game of grab continues, before each of the 1,208,707 who Raum says served in the northern armies and are still alive will be a pensioner on the rolls?—N. Y. Sun.

NOTES AND OPINIONS.

Clarkson is not such an improvement over Quay that the moral elements of the republican party will be greatly gratified by the change. Both are very practical politicians—i. e., unscrupulous spoilsmen.—Troy Press.

The election of Clarkson is a stab in the back for Harrison. Clarkson accepted office under Harrison as a remuneration for the part he took in the corrupt presidential election, was forced out of office, and is now for Blaine.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

When the next democratic congress sets about investigating the rottenness of the present administration, a great deal of valuable testimony may be obtained from the discharged census clerks on Mr. Porter's methods of helping the republican party by falsifying statistics in his department.—Albany Argus.

The magnanimity and patriotism of the bondholders in giving Uncle Samuel further time on his bonds will be long remembered by a grateful country. In these perilous times of peace, the nation's honor has been preserved, and the empty treasury has been given another chance.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Was there ever anything more impudent and shameless than the resolutions adopted by the republican national committee in eulogy of Quay and Dudley—two men who were forced out of the committee by the indignant public opinion of their own party? Has the republican national committee no respect for public opinion?—Buffalo Courier.

President Harrison has written to ex-Collector Erhardt that he has always held him in the highest esteem. The national committee has assured Quay and Dudley that their resignations are accepted with poignant regret, and that they will always be remembered as persons of the highest integrity—or at any rate as persons who are as honest as the average man in public life. The crocodile tears having been properly shed and the baggage sent to the rear the grand old party will now return to the business of trying to carry elections by the aid of the federal officers.—Chicago Times

THEORY AND PRACTICE.

A Professor that Taught Swimming and Yet Could Not Swim Himself.

In my boyhood days water never had any love for me. Whenever I used to go with my playmates to take a bath in the creek near the town where I was born, it would do all in its power to envelop me and draw me down to the bottom. I shunned it.

But a distressing incident changed my determination never to go near water again. I was crossing the old wooden bridge that spanned the creek near our house, when a woman and her child fell into the creek. Both were being rapidly swept away by the strong current and I jumped into the creek. I reached the side of the woman, how, I do not know to-day, and tried to pull them toward the shore, but the antipathy of the water was again aroused and I felt myself sinking. Passers by rescued us and I was the guy of the whole town. Even to-day some of my friends remind me of that occasion.

Then I swore that I would learn to swim. Not far from where I lived was a school for swimming conducted by a corpulent, good natured gentleman, known as the "Professor." It was to him I went.

He made some sarcastic remarks about the inability of a young man of my age to swim. The first lesson came. A rope was tied around my waist and the professor held the end of it. The first thing I knew I was floundering at the bottom of the tank, gasping for breath. That good natured professor had thrown me into the water. I tried to cry out to him to pull me up, but my mouth filled with water. Presently I felt myself drawn to the surface, and the professor politely asked me how I enjoyed it. I calmed my wrath and told him it was the happiest day of my life. "Now," said he, "you do the strokes as I count."

"One, two, three. One, two, three." A little more of that and the first lesson was over. So it went on for about ten lessons, the professor never missing the chance to pitch me into the tank when I wasn't looking. I made rapid progress and was soon able to swim without anybody's assistance, although the professor still persisted in having the rope around my waist.

It was near my last lesson. The professor and I were alone in the school. He was busily engaged in beating time with his hand—"One, two, three"—and I was doing the strokes. Suddenly there was a heavy splash beside me that sent the water high in the air. The professor had fallen into the water. I had never yet caught him in the water and I felt that it was my chance now to get even with him for always ducking me so unceremoniously. His big, fat head presently appeared on the surface, and I was rather surprised at the peculiar strokes he was making—strokes different from those he taught the pupils.

"For heaven's sake, save me," he cried. "I'll drown."

"Are you crazy," said I. "Why should I save you?" I was afraid that he had some trick ready to play upon me.

"Don't stay there and look at me," he whimpered. "I can not swim."

"You can't swim! Why you are a professor of swimming!"

"Yes," he cried, "but I only teach by theory, I never could swim myself." I crawled out of the water and laughed aloud. Was there ever anything to equal this? A teacher of a swimming school not able to swim himself?

My turn had come now. I called in all the pupils and explained the situation to them, and we looked at him helpless in the water and only greeted his cries for help with derision. However, when there was really danger of his drowning, we pulled him out, and it is needless to say that there was no swimming school in that town after that. But although I was taught to swim by a professor who was only a master of the theoretical knowledge of that art, I became an expert at it, and I am happy to say that I was never grieved again after we had saved the swimming teacher from drowning in his own tank.—N. Y. Herald.

Horrible Oriental Execution.

"The Death of a Thousand Cuts," of which we have all read in some vague story of the secret atrocities of the east," said George Trimble Davidson recently, "is by no means the hideous unreality I fancied it. While in Tacoma recently I was enabled to secure with considerable difficulty a photograph made instantaneously by an Englishman who in disguise succeeded in being present at the execution 'by the thousand cuts' of a mandarin who had been guilty of the crime of less majesty. Being discovered, the daring photographer had to run for his life; but not until he had taken views of the writhing victim in the course of the administration of the thousand slashes with sharp swords by which he was tortured, and indeed dismembered, while life and consciousness yet remained!"—N. Y. Advertiser.

A Gallant Negro.

People say that gallantry is going out of fashion. This is what was written by a woman from one of the southern springs: "I do believe the colored people are the most polite in the world. You know what a wretched memory I have for names? Well, an African gentleman has been in the habit of bringing me my coffee every morning, and from the depths of my pillow I always addressed him as William. At last one morning, when I was rather more wide awake than usual, I said to him: 'By the by, is your name William?' And he answered: 'Well, no, Miss, it ain't William, it is George; but if it gives you any pleasure to speak to me as William, it makes me more than happy.' Can anybody say chivalry is dying out when such an answer as this is received?"—N. Y. Sun.

Out-Herding Herod.

Gunsmith—How is your new comic weekly doing?

Funston—Great! It's bound to knock Melancholy out.

Gunsmith—Yes; I should think so. They are competitors in the same line of business.—Puck.

FAITHLESS PARENTS.

Two Tragedies in the Bird World Which Show that Not Only Man is Cruel.

I have lost my faith in birds. The ladies may do as they please henceforth without fearing further reproach from me.

Never again, writes a correspondent, will I raise the voice of protest when they choose to wear the wing or skin of the feathered songster upon their bonnets. For I have just seen two instances of such fiendish cruelty on the part of parent birds that I am tempted to go forth and exterminate the little villains.

Two robins had built in the top of a hemlock tree not twenty feet from the porch. They were good providers, and the brood of four were doing finely on cherries and angleworms when some unfriendly bird tossed nest and all to the ground.

There was a fire alarm then, you had better believe. Such a chirruping and chirping you never heard. All the robins in the neighborhood came around to gossip about the matter, and the parent birds went into hysterics of grief and despair.

We got a basket and put some cotton in it and laid the young ones there. They were almost big enough to fly. One had been badly torn in the neck in its fall, but the others were safe, sound and hungry.

After making a terrible to-do about it the parent birds succeeded in getting to the basket and feeding their young. They were particularly assiduous in caring for the wounded bird, but the latter kept getting weaker and weaker, and we saw that it was going to die.

The next day one of the youthful birds was gone. The parent birds had coaxed it away. By nightfall the other two well ones had followed suit. Then the parents came and called to the sick one to follow after. It struggled to obey, but it could not. It was too weak to raise its head.

The mother scolded it a bit, warned it that if it did not come it must bear the consequences, and then deliberately flew off and left it alone to die. I watched it five hours for some signs of her return, and then as night was falling I killed the tiny invalid in mercy.

A week later both parents hopped around on the grass about the spot where they had deserted their little one. They looked here and there, but never said a word. I wondered if it was possible that remorse was gnawing at their heartstrings. I hope so, but I doubt it.

In a corner of the porch two Phoebe birds had built a nest, and they too had a brood of four. You never saw such a hungry crowd, nor did you ever see two parents work harder to fill the mouths of their children. I loved to sit and watch them by the hour.

The parent birds would fly to a tree a rod or two from the house, seize a bug and then fly back. Then four little mouths would be held up beseechingly and four little voices would clamor for that bug. They were a quarrelsome brood, that family. They could not agree as to the division of the spoils. The parents were very patient with them. They never uttered a note, only now and then they would give a particularly obstreperous chick a peck with the bill to keep him quiet.

One morning I found a little dead bird on the floor of the porch underneath the nest. Whether he had been thrown out or had fallen out in one of the family jars I could not tell, but there he was as dead as a sprat, his greedy little stomach fairly distended like a marble with worms.

The next day two of his brothers had shared his fate, and there was only one nestling left.

The parent birds now had a sincere. For a couple of hours they fed the solitary child faithfully. Then they drew off and discussed the situation. Was it worth while to raise a single bird? No. They would not do it. And, will you believe it? they basely deserted their nest. I tried to feed the tiny thing by hand, but it was wasted effort. It died of starvation and the cold, and a couple of mornings later its little form lay in the selfsame place upon the piazza. I do not doubt that the unnatural parents had pitched it over, for they were thinking of building another nest there.

But no Phoebe bird will ever build again on that piazza so long as I am alive to drive them away. I draw the line at infanticide!—N. Y. Herald.

The Reading Habit.

One of the best habits that a child can acquire is the reading habit. The practice of looking about for a book or a paper whenever a portion of spare time is found becomes a habit that can not be shaken off. It grows into a desire for knowledge, and becomes a power for good if properly directed. Interest a boy in reading good and useful books, and provide him with the right class of literature, and he will find little time to form low and debasing associations or cultivate a love for the life of the saloon and billiard hall. He will seek his friends among the great and pure minds who have put so much of help, encouragement and strength into the printed pages. Teach your boy the reading habit. Discourage any rapid "skimming," but let him know the importance of thinking of what he reads. Let the reading habit grow into an observing habit, and the boy is safe.—Rural New Yorker.

Genius Nipped in the Bud.

"At what age do children begin to play?"

Oh, thou dolt with a pig's head! Cribbage, of course. Even the baby's father knows that much.

And they ride at cabbage, and—eh? Yes, sir. No, sir.

"How much was I going to make of it?" Thought I'd run over into the next column with it.

"Cut it off at 'and'!"

All right, sir.

Private to Subscribers.—What this paper needs is a boss who can appreciate the genius of originality. Best man on the staff has been two weeks hunting up words ending in "age" and gets choked off on the second one.—Burdette, in Philadelphia Press.

PITH AND POINT.

"Miss Amanda, I am over my ears in love with you!" "Then I can certainly believe in the size of your love!"—Eliengere Blaetter.

—First Office Boy—"He's no newspaper man." Second Office Boy—"No?" "Naw; he's a journalist. He writes wid a gold pen."—N. Y. Recorder.

—Lady Customer—"That pair of slippers I bought of you a short time ago have worn out." Clerk—"Bad leather, ma'am?" "No, bad boy."—Dixie.

—Forewarned is Fourarmed—"Why in thunder didn't you girls tell me you were both coming? A fellow can't handle a pair of horses with his teeth."—Smith, Gray & Co.'s Monthly.

—Squealers (at the circus)—"Look at Pennis! See how he starts every time the ringmaster flourishes his horse-whip!" Nickleby—"Yes; Pennis used to edit a society paper, you know."—Boston News.

—An Unmet Hint.—Miss X. Travagant—"I think the brooch you are wearing is one of the most beautiful I've ever seen." Miss Sheye—"You just ought to see the gentleman who gave it to me!"—Jeweler's Weekly.

—Bowman—"How would you like to go sailing on my yacht some day, Willie?" Willie—"No you don't. I heard about that yacht." Bowman—"What did you hear?" Willie—"Sister was out in it two hours in a spanking breeze."—N. Y. Herald.

—Cause for Rejoicing.—Dashaway—"I was in your furnisher's yesterday, and he said he was anxious for that ten dollars you owed him." Travers—"What did you tell him?" Dashaway—"I told him he ought to be thankful that it wasn't any more."—Clothes and Furnisher.

—Farmer Gilson came down from up country the other day and brought his boy along to let him see the sights. "Faw," said the lad, amazed at seeing hearse horses trot, "that ain't a funeral, is it?" "Yes, tis; these city folks here to hurry like sixty to get a man buried 'fore the mourners furgit 'im."—Detroit Free Press.

—The Egotism of Genus.—Fond Mother—"Don't you want to see the evening papers, Mortimer?" Minimus Poet—"Why, is there anything about me in them?" Fond Mother—"Not that I know of, darling." Minimus Poet (pettishly)—"Good heavens, mother, then what on earth should I want to see them for?"—Punch.

—Nearly every house has a skeleton in its closet, I suppose," said Mrs. Hasben one day at dinner. "Yes," replied Billy Bliven, "and I guess this house might as well be getting a closet ready for my use." That is how it happens that he received only two berries for desert, while all the other boarders were reveling in three.—Washington Post.

—Carrying Out a Principle.—"Yes," continued the druggist, in an argument, "I think it very unprincipled in the gas company to charge more for the gas used as light than for that consumed as fuel. I, for one, am against such principles. I say, let there be one price for oil and for all and everything." Then, to customer: "And what is it you wish?" Customer—"I'd like one pound of caraway seed. How