ST. LANDRY CLARION.

OPELOUSAS, . . La.

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THE OLD TREE'S APPEAL.

On the corner of Washington place and Broadway, next to the New York Hotel, is an old tree that has stood there for over seventy years, and the writer heard it was going to be removed.

"Don't cut me down."
Said the grand old tree,
As it waved its green branches
Imploringly!
For strange things could I speak,
Have I seen, and could tell,
That have happened
In this same New York Hotel;
For during the last half century
I have grown up with this old hostlery,
Seen marriages, courtships,
Death and birth,
Partings and greetings,
From all parts of the earth.
For from Southern, Northern, Western climes,
Crowds came to "Cranston's" in the good old times;
And though in the winter
My branches are bare,
And my limbs grow stiff
In the frosty air,
Or perhaps are covered with sleet and snow,
Sparkling like diamonds
In the sun's bright glow.
It is not always like this I rema'n,
For the summer brings forth
My green leaves again!
And I love to peep
Through my branches here,
And look at the company
And right good cheer!
"Don't cut me down!"
For I seem to be
A part of this pleasant pageantry
That for so many years
Would come and go
Enjoying their summers and winters so;
And though only a tree,
There's life in me,
And I like this old-time hostlery!

* * * * * * *

"So don't cut me down
Until this town
Of great renown
Knows the old spot no more!
Then root and branch and leaves will be
Only a bygone memory!"

—*Stephen Massett, in N. Y. World*

The Manufacturers' Record of Nov. 22, in its weekly review of the South's industrial progress, says: Notwithstanding the excitement in the great financial-centers of the world, there has been no halting in the South's industrial progress. It is already being demonstrated that capitalists driven from Wall street stock speculations by such troubles as we have been passing through, are turning their attention to the South, where investments are safer and where the profits are greater. The South moves along as though there had been no sign of financial trouble anywhere. This is very strikingly shown in the record of new enterprises reported during the week. A $1,000,000 company has been organized to build a cotton mill at Huntsville; a $500,000 mill will be built in Union county, S. C.; a large mill is to be moved to Alabama from Delaware, and a $100,000 mill in Mississippi has been sold and will be enlarged to a $1,000,000 plant; Nashville, Tenn., has organized a $1,000,000 stockyard and packing company; Glasgow, Va., a $500,000 steel car company; Beaumont, Tex., a $500,000 car company; Bedford City, Va., secures the removal of a new $200,000 engine works from Pennsylvania; a $2,000,000 company is building a 7000 horse-power canal in North Carolina for furnishing power to many new enterprises; Dalton, Ga., has organized a $200,000 quarrying company; Grottoes, Va., a $50,000 plumbers' supply company; Tyler, Tex., a $50,000 lumber company; Murphy, N. C., a $500,000 improvement company; Newport News, Va., a $2,000,000 improvement company; Buena Vista, Va., a $500,000 company; Louisville, Ky., a $100,000 lumber company; Pensacola, Fla., a $50,000 manufacturing company; Norfolk, Va., is to have $200,000 car works; 40,000 acres of coal land in West Virginia will be developed by Northern capitalists. These are but illustration of what the South has done during the past week. Not a complaint has been heard of any bad influence from the Wall street troubles, but on the contrary it is everywhere recognized that the South is on a solid substantial basis that insures rapid growth regardless of financial difficulties elsewhere.

Too Dear for the Whistle.

When Benjamin Franklin was a boy, some one gave him a shilling. He went down the street and met a boy blowing a whistle, and at once offered his shilling for the whistle, which offer was accepted. When he returned and displayed his new treasure, he was told that he had "paid too dear for the whistle."

Now, when we contemplate the large revenue derived in this parish from taxation, fines, etc., and then learn that we are paying every cent of it to run the parish government while our roads are neglected, our ferries sold and our jurors dismissed for the lack of funds, we are ready to exclaim that we are "paying too dear for the whistle."

It strikes us that we pay our officers too high salaries for services rendered.

Why should a man, who could not command more than a $1000 or $1200 salary in any branch of business he might engage in, be paid in salary or fees, when he serves the people, five, six or ten times that sum? It strikes us that when we do that we are "paying too high for our whistle."

If the money to pay high salaries flowed in of itself, there might be some excuse in keeping salaries up, so that a man who obtained an office could make his fortune and live like a king, but when we remember that the money to pay these big salaries all has to come from the people, it does not look fair.

Why should some men drawing big salaries accumulate snug fortunes and live at their ease, while others just as worthy, and in every way as competent, have to toil early and late, pinch and economize on every hand in order to make a bare living and help pay the enormous salary of the other?

We verily believe we are "paying too dear for our whistle."

We are not in favor of niggardly salaries, but believe we could have just as competent officers, and could find plenty of good men willing to serve the people if the salaries or fees were only half what they now are.

We call upon the farmers to think upon these things, and ask themselves the question, "are we not paying too dear for our whistle?"—*Ex*

John A. Morris seems to be getting a bug down his back and it's giving him trouble; so much so, that he is likely to turn Robert S. Day's hands loose. This reminds us of a young courting couple at a picnic. A reporter sitting near by heard the following: "Darling I'm going to let go of your hand for a minute, but you won't be mad, will you darling? I wouldn't let go till you did, only some sort of a bug is crawling down my back, and I can't keep my mind on you and bugs at the same time."

As the Lottery company is deprived of the use of the U. S mails, and the Express companies, one after another, refusing to carry for them, they are setting up a boo-hoo, like the little boy the first time he had his hair cut when he said to the barber, "you'll leave me enough to grow, won't you, Mister?"

An Ignorant Family.

When I traveled through Alabama I passed over the Blue Ridge and Kamshack mountains with perfect safety, but when I came into Black Jack grove, late one evening, I found that I had strayed from the public road into a neighboring path. I thought of turning back, but, looking afar off, I could see a small cabin peeping from a dense growth of bamboo briers and broomsedge. I had my coachman drive to the house, thinking perhaps I could get information relative to the lost route. When I hallooed a tall, gawky, red-headed smooty-faced woman came to the door and asked what was wanted.

"How far is it to the public road?" I inquired.

"Don't know, stranger; hain't never seed it. 'Spose ye be talkin' bout the big road that runs by Jim Skinner's; ef so, it's 'bout half mile tother side o' Cousin Sallie Dillard's tater-patch, or down where Aunt Fronia's speckled hen sot in the corner o' the fence."

The driver was fairly roaring with laughter, and seeing we could never gain any information from the woman, I asked to see her husband. She jumped out of the door into the yard and began squalling in the highest pitch for "Bill," and presently a man came scrambling out of the cotton-seed house, which stood near by. He looked keenly at us for a few minutes and then turned towards the gun rack.

"Oh, we want nothing but information relative to the lost route," exclaimed the frightened driver.

"Well, then, I thought you-uns mought be revenue officers, bein's they's allars prowlin' 'bout me. Yes. I'll give any information ye-uns wanter hear." Turning to a little boy, he continues: "Jeems Monroe, fetch these strangers some o' that fresh cider, and, Sophronia Ann, look under the little red chist and bring out them air apples."

Much pleased with the ruffian's hospitality, we began asking questions pretty freely.

"How long have you been living in this out-of-the-way place?" I asked.

"Oh, a long time, stranger; mighty nigh ever since me and Liz was married."

"How far is it to the public road?"

The old man grunted and looked badly perplexed. "I—I'll jes' bedogged, Mr. Stranger, ef I know, but I can sorter pint out the way. Take the little pig trail what comes inter the split o' the mountain over thar at Cousin Nancy's goober patch, jes' tother side o' whar the old brindle cow died in the forks o' the branch. Go to Larry Dickenson's house and turn off close ter the hog pen that stands, or use ter stand whar Cap'n Carter shot Dink Rice—it didn't kill him though. Ax Jim Skinner the way to Uncle Greenberry Hicks'. He kin tell you anything 'bout the roads."

Knowing but very little more—indeed no more, about the road than when he first began, I felt some fear in going out into the woods to hunt out a lost road, which was dim in daylight and could scarcely be seen by night. I at once decided to remain over till morning, though I knew my lodging would be of the humblest.

After putting away the team and depositing our baggage under the only bed in the house, we sat down before the huge fireplace and engaged in a social chat. The woman was preparing the meagre supper, which consisted of sweet potatoes, crackling bread, and a big hunk of bacon. The ten children were scrouged and scrambled into one corner, quarreling about which should have the biggest potato at supper. One bawled out:

"Mam, can't I have the tater shaped like er goosie's head? I found it yistiddy."

The old man sat on a pile of bark and pineknots, puffing out the pure tobacco odor from his cob pipe. Now and then he would reach back to his hip pocket and pull out a big twist of home-made tobacco.

"Won't you-uns hev a chaw?" he would ask every time.

Supper was announced, much to my pleasure, for hunger had completely captured my ravishing appetite. With a few jerks and slings the mother succeeded in keeping the children away till I could get something to eat.

"You-uns he'p ye se'fs, strangers; it's all clean. Pass them taters, Sal, you and Sophronia Ann. Jeemes Monroe, I wish ye'd keep ye fingers outter that butter. Miss Stranger, jes' he'p ye se'f ter them 'lasses."

She slapped over a half dozen against the door, and threatened to wage war on the rest. Looking around for the broom, she made a vigorous leap at Jeems Monroe and sent him roaring against the wall.

"Now, I rekon you'll learn to keep off'n my churn and quit lickin' the skillet. Jim Blaine, you and Grover Cleveland quit pullin' that cat's tail. Becky Jane, you and Riah quit starin' at these strangers—acting like ye'd never seed nothin' afore."

"Well, you have chosen peculiar names for your children," I remarked.

"Yes," she replied; "Bill allars named the boys. He's pow'ful sot on political names, but I hain't. Sal, over thar, is named arter Cousin Sallie Dillard, down Punkinridge. She war a pow'ful shouter and singer in the big camp meetin's that use ter be at Swingin'-limb. She maried Jim Skinner, the big horse-swapper."

When supper was over I asked about sleeping, for I didn't see but one bed.

"Oh, that ain't no trouble," she replied, laughing. "We-uns all make pallets. S'pose ye kin tumble down with us. That's the way we do in big meetin' and party times."

After all were retired the old woman could be heard spanking the children and keeping up a general rumpus.

"Mam, Artemus is kickin' me," squalled Jim Blaine, with a boo-hoo-hoo.

The old man had rolled from his pallet into the fireplace, among the ashes and charred chuncks. He was snoring with a growling roar, like Uncle Billy Pike sawed his gourds, which was with a "whick-whack" and "rip-up-and-down."

Ere long the morning dawned, and the family arose and went down to the little branch to bathe their faces and hands. This family was the only one I ever knew to keep house without a wash basin. The woman said it was too "ixtravagint" to buy a bowl while branches run so close by. I uttered a sigh of relief when I once got in the rumbling old coach again.

"How far is it to the public road, or I would like to know the distance to the next house?"

"Don't know, stranger; didn't know it ever'd been measured yit. Its erbout twice as fur as 'tis from old Aunt Nancy Green's cow-pen ter our goat pasture."

"Well, do you have any idea how far it is to the first road?"

"Ya-as, stranger; its right tother side o' Cap'n Raincrow's watermillion patch. Moses Johnson's wife and cap'n's wife and Jim Skinners wife air sorter kinfolks related o' mine. They all live on the big road, and if they can't give no directions jest go out by Sam Skinner's stillhouse and git er good drink o' corn licker. Hev it charged ter me, stranger."—*Exchange*

To Dispel Colds,

Headaches and Fevers, to cleanse the system effectually, yet gently, when costive or bilious, or when the blood is impure or sluggish, to permanently cure habitual constipation, to awaken the kidneys and liver to a healthy activity, without irritating or weakening them, use Syrup of Figs.

In Jackson, Miss., the authorities for a long time—for years in fact, have been trying to suppress the gamblers. Nothing could be done however until detectives were hired, then the grand jury succeeded in getting all the bills desired against the parties.—*Southern Stockman.*

THE ALCHEMIST.

Written for The American.

An alchemist stood by the forge's glare;
His silvered hairs were coins of thought,
The early wrinkles furrowed traceries to bear
The seeming weight of years, and all for naught,
Since nature mocked the tedious care
That sifted laws by countless aeons wrought:
But still the moth around the fitful flare
Of fame's bright blaze the golden secret sought.

With body weak and bent, his iron will
Knew naught of rest; the midnight ray of hope
Was the beacon that shone only to distill
A finer thread of reason from the scope
Of his wild fancy, that only lived to kill
The semblance of a doubt, to blindly grope
For shadows that evaded all his human skill—
Restless phantoms with which he dared to cope.

The wondrous tomes of quaint forgotten lore
Filled broad shelves, and with musty pages
Fed the lamp with oil, whose golden store
Was buried in the years—departed ages—
That cast their gifted shadows to restore
The flame thrice fed by man, by hoary sages
That toiled in vain, and delved for priceless ore
In transmutation's realm, with all its latent stages.

The alembics and crucibles filled every space
Within the ancient pile, where moulded wall
Shone bleakly, and with ivied, ruined face
Peered through the dull shade of a leafless forest's scrawl
Upon the face of nature; its rugged, homely trace
Softened the outlines, till a gentle pall
Fell softly on the grim decay, and with a quiet grace
Enveloped with its subtle charm the dreariness of all.

The retorts stood idly awaiting the master's hand;
Silent and abstracted, with a look of deathly pain,
He smote the marble brow, and toyed with the shifting sand,
Where heated bath, dissolved in gentle rain,
The dews of elements whose iron band
Was loosened from the hardening chain
That bound the earth, through sea and land,
With rock-rimmed crust and metaled vein.

He started, for a gentle rap recalled the soul
Whose wanderings were mystical with hidden germs;
Where'er his longings turned, the same bright goal
Gave credence to the dream that hope affirms
With silent whispers; but vanished years stole
O'er the heart, while tedious toil confirms
The luckless trust, and on the dismal scroll
Inscribes no promise, tho' the lamp still burns.

King of Erebus, why camest thou here
From night's sable court whose imperious sway
Enchains the world with sleep's sweet cheer,
Perched without upon my ruined ivy gray?
Speak, Minerva's bird, and tell with wisdom seer,
That I may tear the hated masque away
From nature's hidden charm, that only wooes to clear
Delusion's night, that is thy perfect day.

Hast naught to say, strange guest with weird eyes,
Whose slumbering depths portray the Pierian Spring,
Where mystery dwells, where puzzling nature lies
Enshrined above the realm, the sphere of earthly things?
Tell me, owl, that I may grasp the golden prize!
Visitor so grim, your solemn silence flings
Its darkening gloom across the keen desire that flies
With full-fledged flight upon the eagle's wings.

Ah! canst thou, man, the sunless flight of time descry,
Since virgin gold, upheaved by Pluton's rumbling swell,
That rent the globe, uplifting strata high,
Where molten veins or frozen sunshine, bubbling wells
That cooled in hardening veins against the bright-hued sky,
Whose castled walls and towering citadels
Are God's castles, crowned with rugged shapes to lie
Above the earth? Ah! why this hopeless spell?
Thou canst not make a world, then let ambition die!

—*Junius L. Hempstead.*

A Daughter Worth Having.

Two gentlemen friends, who had been parted for years, met in a crowded city street. The one who lived in the city was on his way to meet a pressing business engagement. After a few expressions of delight, he said:

"Well, I'm off. I'm sorry, but it can't be helped. I will look for you to morrow at dinner. Remember, two o'clock sharp. I want you to see my wife and child."

"Only one child?" asked the other

"Only one," came the answer, tenderly; "a daughter. But she's a darling."

And then they parted, the stranger in the city getting into a street car bound for the park.

After a block or two, a group of five girls entered the car; they all evidently belong to families of wealth; they conversed well. Each carried a very elaborate decorated lunch basket; each was well dressed. They, too, were going to the park for a picnic. They seemed happy and amiable until the car again stopped, this time letting in a palefaced girl of about eleven and a sick boy of four. These children were shabbily dressed, and on their faces were looks of distress. They, too, were on their way to the park. The gentleman thought so; so did the group of girls, for he heard one of them say with a look of disdain:

"I suppose those ragamuffins are on an excursion, too?"

"I shouldn't want to leave home if I had to look like that. Would you?" This to another girl.

"No, indeed! But there is no accounting for tastes. I think there ought to be a special line of cars for the lower classes."

All this was spoken in a low tone, but the gentleman heard it. Had the child, too? He glanced at the pale face and saw tears. He was angry.

Just then the exclamation, "Why, there is Nettie? Wonder where she is going?" caused him to look out upon the corner, where a sweet-faced young girl stood beckoning to the car-driver. When she entered the car she was warmly greeted by the five, and they made room for her beside them. They were profuse in exclamations and questions.

"Where are you going?" asked one.

"Oh, what lovely flowers! Who are they for?" said another.

"I'm on my way to Belle Clark's. She is sick, you know, and the flowers are for her."

She answered both questions at once, and then, glancing toward the door of the car, saw the pale girl looking wistfully at her. She smiled at the child, a tender look beaming from her beautiful eyes, and then forgetting that she wore a handsome velvet skirt and costly jacket, and that her shapely hands were covered with well-fitted gloves, she left her seat and crossed over to the little one. She laid one hand on the boy's thin cheeks as she asked of his sister:

"This little boy is sick, is he not? And he is your brother, I am sure."

It seemed hard for the girl to answer, but finally she said:

"Yes, miss, he is sick. Freddie never has never been well. Yes, Miss, he is my brother. We're goin' to the park to see if 'twon't make Freddie better."

"I am glad you are going," the young girl replied in a low voice meant for no one's ears except those of the child. "I think it will do him good; it's lovely there, with the spring flowers all in bloom. But where is your lunch? You ought to have a lunch after so long a ride."

Over the little girl's face came a flush.

"Yes, miss, we ought to for Freddie's sake; but you see, we didn't have any lunch to bring. Tim—he's our brother—he saved these pennies so as Freddie could ride to the park and back. I guess, mebbe, Freddie 'll forget about being hungry when he gets to the park."

There were tears in the lovely girl's eyes as she listened; and very soon she asked the girl where they lived, and wrote the address down in a tablet which she took from a bag on her arm.

After riding a few blocks she left the car, but she had not left the little ones comfortless. Half the bouquet of violets and hyacinths were clasped in the sister's hand, while the sick boy, with radiant face, held in his hand a package, from which he helped himself now and then, saying to his sister, in a jubilant whisper:

"She said we could eat 'em all—every one—when we get to the park. What made her so sweet and good to us?"

And the little girl whispered back:

"It's because she's beautiful as well as her clothes." The gentleman heard her whisper.

When the park was reached the five girls hurried out. Then the gentleman lifted the little boy in his arms and carried him out of the car, across the road, and into the green park, the sister, with a heart full of gratitude, following. He paid for the nice ride for them in the goat carriage; he treated them to oyster soup at the park restaurant.

At two o'clock sharp next day, the two gentlemen, as agreed, met again.

"This is my wife," the host said, proudly, introducing a comely lady, "and this," as a young lady of fifteen entered the parlor, "is my daughter."

"Ah!" said the guest, as he extended his hand in a cordial greeting, "this is the girl whom I saw yesterday in the street car. I don't wonder you called her a darling. She is a darling and no mistake, God bless her." And then he told his friend what he had seen and heard in the horse car.—*Religious Herald.*

A Beautiful Incident.

A short time before his death the renowned engine-builder, Corliss, found it necessary to enlarge his great machine shops, and set a squad of men at work to prepare the material for building. One morning, after some progress had been made in the preparation, he visitied the quarry from which the stone for the foundation was being taken. While the masons were arranging to blast a huge rock, a workman, pointing to a bird hovering over a ledge high up in the rock, said: "That bird will have to change it's nesting in short order if it wants to save it's neck." "Are there eggs in the nest?" inquired Mr. Corliss, with evident interest. "Yes, four little speckled fellows, over which the mother bird has been fussing ever since we began work," replied the man. "The young birds will soon be peeping through the delicate shells." "Then let the work stop until the birdlings are ready to fly," was the great hearted man's command. "You are surely not in earnest," exclaimed the foreman who was directing the preparing for blasting. "I surely am," was the quick reply; "I have no right to break up the home of even the smallest of God's creatures, and these parent birds have rights that I am bound to respect." "You are aware, sir, that the workingmen are all on hand, and that everything must stop if we carry out your orders," urged the man anxiously. "I understand all this, my friend; yet I cannot conscientiously do otherwise than adhere to my first command. What right have I to build up my fortunes upon the ruins of even a bird's home?" "The men will be dissatisfied, sir; they feel that they have rights," retorted the man, a dark frown stealing over his honest face "I recognize their rights, also, and their pay shall go on just as usual during these waiting days. Send them to their homes, and let them spend the time in improving their own homes and garden patches." The sullen looks that had been gathering on the faces of the men vanished suddenly at his words, and instead of bitter imprecations and muttered curses, the air was filled with cheers and benedictions that almost overwhelmed the modest proprietor, who never thought of being applauded for simply obeying the dictates of his conscience. At the close of a week four little birds were seen bobbing up and down in the nest away up on the cliff, but fully two weeks more passed before the young fledgelings were able to leave their mossy home in the crevice of the rock. Instead of becoming irritable at the long delay, the great engine-builder seemed to enjoy the days of waiting, and frequently visited the spot to see how the feathered songsters were growing. His devotion to the rights of the little creatures won the admiration of the men, and when, after three weeks of rest, the gigantic business was again set in operation they all felt constrained to do their utmost to help repair the loss that their noble-hearted employer had so willingly suffered.—*Ex.*

"I Hearn Suthin' Drap."

The late political cyclone reminds us of the story of the old darky who went coon hunting. The morning after the hunt his master asked him what success he had He said: "Well, massa, you see I treed de coon an' den clum up to shake him down, an' I shook an' shook, an' presently I hearn someting drap, an' w'at you tink it was?" "Why, the coon, of course," said the master. "No, it wusn't, massa; it wus jis dis nigger."

Now the monopolists treed the coon—as they supposed—when they passed the McKinley bill, admitted the rotten buroughs, seated men in Congress who had not been elected by the people, had the force bill under way, passed the compound lard bill and other such bills. On the fourth of November they fondly hoped to shake down the coon (the common people), and began to shake, and presently they "hearn suthin' drap." For awhile they were so bewildered that they did not know what it was that "drapped," but they are slowly awaking to the fact that it was not the coon, but themselves, and that the aforesaid coon (the American people) is on top by a large majority.—*Ex.*

Cmmissioner Raum.

General Raum, Commissioner of Pensions, has made the following report before the sub-committee of the House on appropriations, having in charge the preparation of the pension appropriation bill:

The appropriation for the pensions for fiscal year 1890-91, made at the last session of congress, aggregated $97,090,761. The deficiency for the present fiscal year will amount to between $32,000,000 and $33,000,000. For the fiscal year 1890-91 $133 173,085, will be required on account of the payment of pensions The appropriation for the fiscal year 1890-91 for examining surgeons is $1,000,000 and Commissioner Raum asks for an increase of $500,000 on this item for the new fiscal year. For clerk hire at the eighteen different pension agencies the appropriation for the present year is $250,000. The Commissioner asks an increase in this item for the new fiscal year of $200,000, making $450,000 in all.—*Exchange.*

At the age of thirteen my son became affected with chronic diarrhea, caused by scrofula. I gave him Bull's Sarsaparilla and it cured him. I recommend it especially for scrofula, fever, sores and general debility. The cures I have known it to make in some cases seemed almost miraculous.—*Jennie Johnson, Benton Barracks, Mo.*

"I don't see why I can't keep my husband at home," said a distressed looking little woman. "Why don't you try to make home attractive to him?" "I have. I've taken up the parlor carpet, sprinkled sawdust on the floor and put a beer keg in the room, but some way or other it doesn't seem to make any difference."—*Washington Post.*

Mrs. Tobey's Tommy.

"Of my nine he's the worst, sir!"

That was the flattering way in which Tommy Tobey's mother spoke of him on the day she brought him, much against his will, to my little schoolroom away out on the prairies of a Western State.

"He didn't want to come a step, but I fetched him, sir."

Mrs. Tobey did not look as though the fetching of Master Tommy had been an easy matter.

She was very red in the face, her small, black eyes flashed angrily, and her breath came in short gasps, as when one is quite tired out. She had pulled off her faded gingham "slat" sunbonnet, and began fanning herself with it while she talked, still keeping a grip on Tommy's coat collar with one hand, however.

"I never see the beat of him!" she said, looking reproachfully down into Tommy's tanned and sullen face, "my others always wanted to go to school. They were glad when they could git to go! But him—look at him now! That's a purty way for a boy to act, ain't it?"

The frown on Tommy's face had deepened, an angry light shone in his once black eyes, and the lips of his rather pretty mouth were tightly compressed as he gave his head a defiant toss.

"Well," Mrs. Tobey said finally, and firmly, "he's got to come to school whether he wants to or not. I ain't a-goin' to have 'im grow up into a great big igneramus. He'll see the day he'll thank me for making 'im do a good many things he don't want to do now; won't he, teacher?"

"I have no doubt of it," I said. "Few boys of Tommy's age know what is best for them. Why don't you want to come to school, Tommy?"

No answer.

"Answer the teacher, sir," said Mrs. Tobey, giving Tommy such a sudden and severe shake that his teeth clicked together sharply.

"I hate schools," Tommy said, snappishly.

"You might not hate my school, Tommy," I said coaxingly.

"I hate 'em all!"

"But it isn't fair, Tommy, to say that you hate mine when you know nothing about it."

"I guess it's no better than the others," he retorted, whereupon his mother gave Master Tommy a ringing slap on his ear, and said:

"You dast to sass the teacher like that?"

Tommy didn't flinch. Not a tear dimmed his wrathful eyes.

"Well, I'm going to leave him," said Mrs. Tobey. "And now, teacher, you have my full and free consents, indeed it is my desires, that you lick 'im as often as he needs it, and that'll be about sixteen times a day! And for ev'ry lickin' you give 'im here he'll git another when he gits home!"

The outlook seemed pretty rough for Tommy, but he gave no outward manifestation of being at all downcast or dismayed by it.

His first words after his mother's departure showed how deep-seated Tommy's rebellion was, and how fiercely he was determined not to come under subjection.

"I won't come to school," he said firmly, "I won't, I won't, I won't!"

"Oh, but you must, Tommy," I said quietly. "You surely don't want to grow up in ignorance!"

"I do, too!" said Tommy, blutnly. "And I will burn this old schoolhouse down before I'll come to school!"

"That would be a very foolish, as well as a very wicked thing to do," I replied. "Another house would be built, and you would most likely be put where you couldn't go to school if you wanted to."

"I'd like that!" he said promptly. "And I'll burn this house down before two days, if I'm made to stay in it!"

In all my experience as a teacher, I had never met a boy of Tommy's years who was so stubbornly and foolishly, and even wickedly, rebellious and ungovernable as he was

Many boys foolishly look upon school-life as great hardship, but I have never yet known a man who was sorry that he was made to go to school when a boy.—*Zenas Dane, in Sunshine.*

Jerry and Joe.

"The death of the late Judge Jeremiah Sullivan Black has brought up an incident that occurred in New York in 1857. The writer was a little bell-boy at the Astor House, New York, at that time, and Judge Black, the new Attorney General of the United States, had arrived. His rooms were thronged with distinguished citizens. The next day there arrived a small, gray-haired old gentleman from the West. He registered as Judge J. Williams, Iowa. For a few moments he looked over the register, and the little boy that was waiting for an order noticed that all at once he gave a start, asked for a card, and wrote on it, 'The Supreme Judge of Iowa presents his compliments to the Attorney General of the United States.' Taking up a half-sheet of paper, Judge Williams wrote the following:

"'O Jerry, dear Jerry, I've found you at last,
And memory, burdened with scenes of the past,
Returns to old Somerset's mountains of snow,
Where you were but Jerry and I was but Joe.'

"The bell-boy took the card and note and carried them upstairs. In less than three minutes the great dignified Judge Black was coming down the stairs two steps at a time, and the little bell boy was in close pursuit. The scene in the office of the Astor House will always be remembered by those who were so fortunate as to witness it. Two old school mates and law students were together after a separation of thirty years. The two old men embraced each other, neither of them able to utter a word. Both have passed away, and no better representatives of the American bar that have sprung from humble origin can be found in American history."

A well spent life is full of happy memories. But how many school boys there are who never see an honored old age, but whose idle, dissolute and wasted lives go out before they reach their prime, and leave only memories of shame and sorrow behind.

Get a Home.

Get you home, a place where your family can reside, and adorn and make it beautiful; a place where your wife or daughter can plant flowers and know that it is for herself and family and no landlord dare claim a superior right. Where every shade tree that is set out, every fruit tree that you plant is intended for you and yours, to rest beneath its boughs and pluck fruit from its limbs, and where your children play and feel joyful because it is a home. A place where every nail that you drive, every board that is fastened on is for you and yours; a place that none dare enter without your consent and from which no man can drive you. A home, though an humble one, is to it's owner a paradise, a fortress, a place of pleasure and a stronghold. Though the acres may be few, yet no rent is to be paid, no moving from year to year, wasting the substance made the year before. Home is the place of happiness. Let it be a permanent one where the longer you remain the more endeared it becomes to the family. It is the homes of the nation that bring forth patriotism. With each fixed home stands linked the love of country, the desise for it's well being and prosperity. It has well and truly been said by an American that the homes of America constitute her standing army. No man can do justice to himself and family who fails to secure for them a home of their own, though some of the family may not cling to the old home, yet as long as life lasts, as long as the mind retains a spark of vitality, will fond memory cling to the home of our childhood.—*Bonham News.*

President Harrison, in his message, endorses the McKinley bill and stands by the force bill.

Death of Benj. P. Shillaber,

THE WORLD-RENOWNED WRITER AND AUTHOR OF "MRS. PARTINGTON."

Benjamin P. Shillaber, well known in the literary world as "Mrs. Partington," died on the 25th ult. at his residence in Chelsea, Mass., aged 76 years. For years a victim of rheumatism, he died of heart disease, having within a short time been prostrated by the latter affliction. He leaves three children.

Benjamin P. Shillaber was born in Portsmouth, N. H., seventy-six years ago. He learned his trade as printer in Dover, N. H., and after setting type on the Boston Post for several years became a local reporter. He had some things to say which would not look well in the paper as coming from a reporter, so he invented "Mrs. Partington" and put his good things in her mouth. She soon became famous, and now she is known everywhere where the English language is read. It 1847 he began his journalistic career on the Post. In 1850 he left that paper and started the Pathfinder, of which he was both printer and editor. In 1853 he returned to the Post, and worked as a local reporter on that paper until 1856, when he became associate editor of the Boston Evening Gazette, with William W. Clapp, Jr. He remained in that position until the paper changed hands in 1866. Since then he has not confined himself to one paper, and his writings have been eagerly sought by the best papers and periodicals in the country. In 1852 his first book, a little volume of poems, entitled "Rhymes With Reason and Without," appeared. A year later the "Life and Sayings of Mrs. Partington" appeared. The only other book he ever wrote was "Knitting Work." After that he devoted his time exclusively to newspaper work and vented his wit on the current topics of the day

Be Above Suspicion.

It is a gratifying feeling among many that their lives are above suspicion. Yet how many good people on account of circumstantial surroundings have had the finger of unjust suspicion directed toward them. Carbuncles, unyielding sores, pimples on the face, rough skin having an eruptive appearance, etc., are in the eyes of so many regarded suspiciously as indicating the presence of some contagious blood disease, and pointed questions asked that are productive of considerable annoyance. These skin blemishes and erruptive tendencies of course find their origin in the blood, but not necessarily the result of contagion. The blood may have become impure on account of colds and exposure, improper food, weak digestion, urinary disorders, etc. However, it is well to remove the unnatural condition of the blood and the flesh by a prompt use of of Dr. John Bull's Sarsaparilla. It regulates affairs internally and externally, beautifies the skin and restores impaired organic functions to their normal strength and activity.

Not Our Grover.

The City Item of the 26th ult., says:

New Orleans was on the tiptoe of expectation yesterday, under the impression that ex-President Grover Cleveland would arrive. In the afternoon it was discovered, however, that the ex-chief-magistrate was on none of the incoming trains. Further investigation showed the announcement to have been a huge joke, the perpetration of which is ascribed to the Atlanta Constitution.

The facts are that a few days ago a telegram was received at Atlanta ordering a Pullman car to be retained for "Mr. Cleveland and party," and the conclusion was at once reached that the distinguished Grover was coming, and this was telegraphed all over the country with the addition that he would reach New Orleans yesterday afternoon.

There were, of course, large crowds of disappointed people, as well along the route as in the city, who had gathered to get a look at Mr. Cleveland. The gentleman who really did arrive was Mr. W. J. Cleveland, a wealthy citizen of Houston, who passed through the city this morning en route home.

Confirmed.

The favorable impression produced on the first appearance of the aggreeable liquid fruit remedy, Syrup of Figs, a few years ago has been more than confirmed by the pleasant experience of all who have used it, and the success of the proprietors and manufacturers, the California Fig Syrup Company.

What a Letter can Do.

B makes a road broad, turns the ear to bear and Tom into a tomb.

C makes a limb climb, hanged changed, a lever clever, and transports a lover to clover.

D turns a bear to beard, a crow to a crowd, and makes anger danger.

F turns lower regions to flower regions.

H changes eight to height.

K makes now know.

L transforms a pear into pearl.

N turns a line into linen, a crow to a crown, and makes one none.

P metamorphoses lumber into plumber.

Q of itself has no significance.

S turns even to seven, makes hove shove, a word a sword, a pear a spear, makes slaughter of laughter, and curiously changes having a hoe to shaving a shoe.

T makes a bough bought, turns here there, alters one to tone and transforms the phrase "allow his own" to "tallow this town."

W does well, e. g., hose are whose, are becomes ware, on won, omen women, so sow, vie view; it makes arm warm and turns a hat into—what?

Y turns fur into fury, a man into many, to to a toy, a bub to a buby, ours to yours and a lad to a lady.—*New York World.*

Little George as yet knew nothing about the echo. One day in a meadow he called "Hip hip, hurrah!" Immediately he heard it in the copse close by. Astonished, he exclaimed, "Who are you?" Then the voice replied, "Who are you?" He cried: "You are a stupid fellow!" and "stupid fellow" re-echoed from the wood. George grew angry, and continued calling more insulting names toward the wood. All of them resounded exactly, whereupon he searched the whole wood for the boy whom he supposed to be hidden there, in order to revenge himself on him, but could find no one. Running home to his mother, he told her that a wicked boy had hidden himself in the wood and had called him names. His mother said: "Now, it is yourself you are accusing. You simply heard the echo of your own words. If you had called a kind word toward the wood, a kind answer would have been returned to you."—*Selected.*

A Third Party.

TO INCLUDE THE KNIGHTS OF LABOR AND FARMERS' ALLIANCE.

A dispatch from Topeka, Kan., says:

The Kansas delegation to the National Farmers' Alliance Convention which meets at Ocala, Fla., December 2, left here last evening. A large number of prominent leaders in the People's party, besides the regular Kansas alliance delegation, will be in attendance. Among them is John F. Willits, the defeated candidate for Governor; J Simpson, Congressman elect from the Seventh district, and Frank McGrath, president of the Kansas Alliance

John Davis is a member of the executive council, Knights of Labor, and will represent the Kansas knights in the convention. He believes that the knights should join the third party movement. There are forty members of the Kansas delegation, and all favor a third party organization to include the Knights of Labor and the Farmers' Alliance.

Good News for Housekeepers.

Light is breaking for our wornout housekeepers in our large cities and small towns. We copy from the Times-Democrat of November 5:

Fifty prominent families of Evanston are about to try an experiment which will be watched with interest by housekeepers all over the country. One of Mr. Bellamy's ideas, somewhat modified, is to be put to the practical test.

A month or two ago there was incorporated, under the State laws, an association to be known as the Evanston Co-operative Housekeeping Association. The plucky charter members were the following ladies: Mrs. Birney J. Moore, Mrs. John B. Kirk, Mrs. Marshall M. Kirkman, Mrs. Hugh A. White, Mrs. John Quinlan, Mrs. Chas. Deering and Mrs. Wm. Holabird. These ladies, under the spirited leadership of Mrs. B. J. Moore as president, have at last secured the fifty families necessary to raise the $5000 which will be put into a co-operative housekeeping plant, including a kitchen and laundry. Each family has subscribed for four shares of capital stock at $25 a share.

The ladies have secured a substantial brick building at No. 711 Davis street, in the central part of Evanston, and this is now in the throes of a general reconstruction inside—an aggravated case of house cleaning. Large flues are being built preparatory to putting in the ranges, and the laundry apparatus necessary to do the cooking and washing of fifty healthy families. Branwell, Dean & Co., of Chicago, are fitting up the kitchen, and the Troy Laundry Company will put in the laundry plant with all the modern appliances.

Since the plan was first talked of the ladies of the association have had thirty-three applications for the position of steward, coming from men in all parts of the country. This is a sure sign that the movement is popular among a certain class at least. The ladies have finally settled this important question by securing the services of Mr. H. L. Grau, formerly in the employ of a co-operative establishment in Paris, and more recently steward of a hotel at Spring Lake, Mich.

The viands are to be prepared in the co-operative kitchen, under the supervision of the *chef.* When ready they will be placed in a tin receiver, the amount varying in accordance with the needs of each family. These tin receivers are made to fit into a Norwegian kitchen, a contrivance in the shape of a galvanized iron box, the hollow sides of which are filled with boiling water, thus keeping the food hot while it is carried in delivery wagons to the various houses. From the tin dishes the soups and steaks and sauces and all the other good things will be transferred to each lady's own china, which will be washed at home as before.

The raw materials for food are to be bought at wholesale. There will be a considerable saving, too, in fuel and gas, for the expense of one large kitchen is not going to be one-tenth as much as that of fifty small ones. The wages of twelve cooks and assistants, together with rent and delivery service, the ladies have figured at $571 a month, or about $2.64 per week for each family's kitchen service. The officers of the association, therefore, confidently promise to set a table that will be up to the standard set by the average wealthy family of Evanston for $4 per week for each adult; a slight reduction will be made for children. A card of prices will be prepared after the style of a restaurant bill of fare, so that each family can vary the cost and make-up of its meals to any desired extent.

The co-operative laundry, the other half of the scheme, promises even more remarkable results. Through it the ladies are promised a total relief from wash-day. For the low price of 25 cents per dozen pieces, counting shirts, collars, cuffs and children's dresses all alike, the terrible day known as "Blue Monday" is to be wiped from the Evanston calendar.

The number of stockholders will be limited to fifty, and there will be no extension of the number, for the plant is constructed for only that number of families. The fact that the people—among the most prominent in Evanston—do not consider this as merely an experiment, is evidenced by the fact that they are putting $5000 into the machinery and general equipment. Mrs. Moore, the president of the association, has received letters from as far east as Buffalo and as far west as Omaha, and uniformly expressing the sentiment, "If you succeed, we are going to try it too."

Thanksgiving.

The following is an extract of a speech delivered by Rev. E. A. Clay in the Dryades Street M. E. Church, New Orleans, on thanksgiving day:

As patriots, we have a great deal to be thankful for. The outlook for the South was never fairer than now. God's smile is resting upon us as never before. It would be difficult to find tears or regrets over the result of the last election. I think the South must have prayed the way she voted.

We have much need to thank God that the great lottery octopus has met with such defeat. Let the whole people prepare their hallelujahs. Led by the Anti-Lottery League let us fill the State with praise. The achievement of a few cranks who dared to meet the most deadly foe of our land is worthy of being sung all down the ages. Thank God for men that neither money nor mud could daunt. Hallelujah! To day I want you each one to thank God for his mercies and blessings to you.

When the disciples returned flushed with victory over sin and the power of the devil, the Savior bid them rather rejoice that their names were written in heaven. So I call on you to-day to praise him that you are his. How much you need to thank him! Just as Judah, hemmed in by enemies, found relief and help as soon as she began to sing, so if you lift your hallelujah the pathway of the years will open to you and you may go in and out and conquer. God sent ambushments as soon as Judah sang. I have no idea what these ambushments were. I don't know if Judah understood what they were. They may have been angels and they may have been jayhawkers. Whatever they were, as Judah sang they accomplished the destruction of her enemies. I know, though, that this is historically, experimentally and consciously true.

See the children of Israel marching around Jericho, unarmed save with their trumpets and psalms. No battering ram; no sword flashing in the sun. "So the people shouted when the priests blew the trumpets; and it came to pass when the people heard the sound of the trumpet and the people shouted with a great shout that the wall fell flat." God answered the song with ambushments.

So also at the Red sea the Egyptians sank as Israel sang and God looked from the cloud. Paul and Silas at midnight set their sores and sadness to music and sang, and the Lord sent ambushments.

Down go the walls; doxology such as that will uplift any dungeon. The trouble is we spend our time and ingenuity with human crowbars trying to pull earth's battlemented iniquities down and we make no headway. Let us drop the crowbar and take up the tuning fork. You, sinner, endungeoned and crying for deliverance, sing and the doors of your prison will open as though touched by the hand of God.

Thousands of miserable and puny little children have been restored to robust health by using Dr. Bull's Worm Destroyers administered to them by kind and loving parents.

For Malaria, Liver Trouble, or Indigestion, use BROWN'S IRON BITTERS