ST. LANDRY CLARION.

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LOYALTY.

Perhaps no good word is more abused and distorted and made to do duty in an exactly opposite direction from its real nature than the word "loyalty."

In its true acceptation loyalty means "devoted to the maintainance of law; faithful to the government, to the sovereign authority, to truth and right, to family and self."

Designing men have siezed hold of this word and pressed it into service to hold unsuspecting persons in slavery to parties and party machines. Voters are told that they must "be loyal to their party;" and at the same time the objects, aims and principles of those who control the party machine and are virtually the party, are directly opposed to all the true interests of the government, to the interests of the people, and of the voter himself.

Should the voter show signs of uneasiness, or talk of "scratching his ticket," or "bolting the party nomination," the word loyalty is used to bind him to his party, and cause him to vote according to the dictates of "King Caucus," even though he realizes that he will be voting against the real interests of government, of the people and of himself.

Unscrupulous politicians, who are in politics chiefly for what they can make out of it, are the ones who are the loudest in advocating "loyalty to party." They want the voters to stick to the party, not because they believe it is to the interests of the people or of the government for their party to triumph, but because it is necessary in order for their continuance in power, and in the possession of fat offices, and to enable them to pass laws to help certain parties or classes to amass enormous fortunes, so that the aforesaid politicians may have a rich harvest in "fat frying" for political purposes only.

The poor voter who is fooled by the word loyal into voting against his own convictions of right and duty, instead of being truly loyal, is the exact opposite. He is untrue to what he feels to be the real interests of his government, of the American people and of himself.

He is indeed disloyal in the true sense of the word, and should be so branded by everybody.

Our last election is an indication that the American voters are about to break their trammels, and hereafter vote their convictions; which is true loyalty. When all do this, the reign of the political demagogue will come to an end.

"THERE AINT NO PLACE TO GO."

DEMOCRATS EVERYWHERE.

Our neighbor State, Texas, used to wear a pretty hard name. It was the belief many years ago that every murderer and desperate character that made his escape from the Eastern States, fled to Texas, and when once in the great State of Texas was secure. A good story used to be told of a desperate character who escaped the law in Alabama and went to Texas. After remaining for a few months in Texas he committed some deed for which he was arrested and was to be tried before the law. What to do was a momentous question with the desperado. He sent for a lawyer and laid the case before him and asked his advice. The lawyer after obtaining all the information he could, found the evidence to be such that it would be impossible to clear him. He asked his client how much money he had and on being told $100, he told him to give him $90 of this amount and he would advise him, which, of course, the prisoner did. Now says the lawyer, "jump out of this window and run for dear life, and never look back; leave the country."

The prisoner reflected awhile and then said: "Squire ther's no use fur me to run. I aint no place to go, I am already in Texas." This reminds us of the old Republican farmer in Illinois. He heard that a Democrat had been elected to congress in his district. He called up Mary, his wife, and ordered her to pack up everything, and get ready to move as he positively would not live in any district that would elect a Democrat to congress. After giving Mary positive orders he hastened away to the nearest town to make arrangements for the move.

He entered the depot to enquire of the agent the cost of tickets and transportation and while there the tick of the telegraph kept constantly announcing the success of Democrats. He seated himself and tried to be as contented as possible until ere the sun had set, when he became thoroughly convinced that the whole country, North, South, East and West had gone Democratic. He mounted his steed and rode at a lively pace homeward. On reaching home the old gentleman went into the house and said: "Mary, you can quit packing up, I aint a-goin to move, case ther aint no place to move to."

Catarrh Can Be Cured.

Catarrh can never be cured by ointments and other local applications, but there is one remedy that can permanently remove the cause. It has cured cases where the discharge was so copious and offensive that it felt as if the whole head was a mass of corruption. Other cases indicated by an irresistible desire to hawk and spit, the phlegm collecting in a tough mass behind the soft palate. In other cases where the matter dried up in such large lumps as to fairly close up the nostrils and prevent nasal respiration. In other cases where the breath was so offensively revolting and fetid that the person became a disgusting object in society. Other cases wherein complaint was made of a distressful feeling above and between the the eyes, and where the sense of smell was entirely lost. Other cases where the droppings fell into the throat and the voice became husky, and caused a troublesome cough. Oh! you want to know the name of the medicine? It is called Dr. John Bull's Sarsaparilla. It can be bought of any druggist.

The Greatest Cause of Crime.

By the general concurrence of opinion of every civilized and Christianized community there are few sources of crime and misery to society equal to the dram shop, where intoxicating liquors in small quantities, to be drank at the time, are sold indiscriminately to all parties applying. The statistics of every State show a greater amount of crime attributed to this than any other source.—*United States Supreme Court.*

McKINLEY BILL VERSUS CITIES.

Belford's Magazine predicts that "if the principle of the McKinley bill prevails twenty years longer, by the end of that time, Montreal, in Canada, will be larger than New York; Quebec larger than Boston; Toronto larger than Chicago, and Victoria larger than San Francisco."

The reasons given for this prophecy are that the above named cities were created and built up by commerce, particularly by foreign commerce, and that the principle of the McKinley bill, by destroying foreign commerce by its Chinese wall, will take away the means by which these cities grow and develop.

There is, to our mind, considerable truth in the reasons given, although we do not expect to see the result predicted, for we do not expect to see the principle of the McKinley bill prevail for twenty years. Indeed, the election of November 4th indicates that the upwards of 60,000,000 of American people are already getting tired of toiling, pinching and almost starving for the benefit of the 14,500 mill owners, and the "fat fryers" of the Quay and Dudley stamp. The people are beginning to vote in their own interest, and that means the repeal of the McKinley bill.

The American farmers and laboring men in general, are awakening to their own interest, and will demand of their public servants—the Congress and President—that their interests be looked after in the future. The farmers are beginning to ask "Why should Congress so legislate as to close the markets of the world against our products, and prohibit us from purchasing our supplies in the cheapest markets we can find?"

The answer, that "this will foster and build up home industries" no longer satisfies the laboring man, for he begins to realize that it is no special benefit to him to have a few enormously rich men, while his farm is under mortgage, and he must stint and starve in order to pay the interest.

The farmers demand their rights and are going to have them.

GO FORWARD.

The time is coming, and is right upon our merchants and business men, when they must move forward or give place to others, or else allow other young cities and towns to outreach us for trade. This article is not intended as a reflection on our merchants and business men, but for their good and for the good of the city and country. We have called attention more than once to the fact that the coast trade, amounting to more than $300,000, reaching as far up the river as Vincent Settlement, all goes to Galveston, and should come through our city. The letter in the last issue of THE AMERICAN, from Mr. J. B. Kent, Jr., shows that the trade of Sugartown and all the northern portion of the parish goes to Lecompte, and should come to this point. Before the present year is half through, the Kansas City, Watkins and Gulf Railway will be in operation and carrying goods to a dozen little towns and villages along its line. Will our merchants control all this trade and send out from wholesale business houses goods and wares to all these points and take in the country produce, etc., or will they let Galveston, Alexandria and Lecompte continue to do the business?

We bring this squarely before your minds that you may see for yourselves that there must be a forward movement right away, or else other merchants and cities reap the trade. Our city, by building a sugar factory, a ginnery and oil mill and a rice mill during the present year, and having a few wholesale merchants, can easily secure the trade from Grand Cheniere on the south to Alexandria on the north. Let our merchants and business men reach out for sugar, cotton and rice, and before two years there will scarcely be room for the produce wagons to turn on our streets.

Sweetness of Spirit.

There are some Christian men who somehow carry the charm of an attractive atmosphere with them. It is a pleasure just to look at them. Even when one differs in judgment with them as far as the poles are asunder, one is none the less drawn toward and fascinated by them. There is such sweetness in their spirit, such gracious gentleness in their manner, such kind catholicity, such manly frankness, such thorough self-respect on the one hand, and on the other hand such perfect regard for the judgment of others, that one cannot help loving them, however conscience may compel conclusions, on matters of mutual consequence, unlike those which they have reached.

These are not weak men, either. What people like in them is not that, with the everlasting unvaryingness of a mirror, they reflect back the thought which is presented to them, and so are always at an agreement with others. Sometimes one is even more drawn to them when they are in opposition, because they are so true and just that their aspect carries with it all the refreshment of variety with none of the friction of hostility.

Natural temper has something to do with this. God gives a great gift to a man when He gives him a sunny di position, a candid spirit, and the insticnt of fairness in a controversy. It is exceedingly hard for some men to be just. They are jealous, suspicious, and morose in their natural bent. It is hard for them to believe good of others. It it easy for them always to put the worst construction upon matters. It sometimes seems as if it were almost more than grace itself can do to transform their tempers so that they will be just toward any man against whom they have been led to have a prejudice.—*Exchange.*

The Difference.

Thirty-six "wet" counties of Georgia have one convict to every 690 people. One hundred and one "dry" counties in the same State have only one convict to every 1,829 people.

That is what prohibition does under the poorest chances. It reduces the criminals and convicts one-half in local option counties, where there are no dramshops, but where men can go across the county line any day and get all the dog poison they want—*The California Voice.*

Texas One-Tenth the Country.

A great many people want to know how large Texas is in area. They look in quite a number of alleged statistical abstracts and never find the same figures in two of them. The official figures of Texas' area are 252-696 square miles—equal to about 8.9 per cent. of the entire area of the United States and Territories. Texas is six times as large as New York, seven times as large as Ohio, and 100,000 square miles larger than all the Eastern and Middle States, including Delaware and Maryland. Compared with the countries of Europe she has 34,000 square miles more than the Austrian Empire, 62,000 more than the German Empire, and nearly 70,000 square miles more than France.—*Texas Trade Journal.*

WHAT MARY MEANT WHEN SHE SAID "RATS."

("The woman did it."—John Sherman.)

I was one of them "fool farmers;" yes, I'll own it like a man;
There was plenty of us fashioned on the same peculiar plan;
And I've lived out here in Kansas more than five and twenty years,
A growin' poor and poorer, as it certainly appears.

I seldom read the newspapers; I worked too hard for that:
And never knew why I got lean while other men got fat;
I didn't fool with politics, I had too much to do,
But I always voted as I shot and as they told me to.

The day before election, just imagine my distress
When I ketched my wife a-readin'—now whatever would you guess?
A free trade publication, and to make it worse she said
She'd read it regular each night before she went to bed.

And, do you know, that wife of mine jest faced me up and down
That farmers slave to make a few monopolists in town?
I always try to get around those warm domestic spats,
But when I praised protection she laughed and answered "Rats."

I bristled up; it kindled all the sentiments of strife
To think this free trade stuff should be corruptin' of my wife;
I quit her then and there before her argument was through,
As every good protectionist makes it a rule to do.

That night we had a camp-fire and our congressman was there;
We gave him "John Brown's Body" as he went to take the chair.
I wore my old blue uniform to spite the Democrats,
But all the time I wondered what my Mary meant by "Rats."

Our congressman was eloquent, he made a stirrin' speech;
I could almost see the battle's smoke and hear the bullets screech;
And when he bade us vote as we had shot at Malvern Hill,
We rose with one accord and cried with one acclaim, "We will."

We sang the good old war songs and we ate a mess o' beans,
And we passed the evenin' pleasantly, recallin' bloody scenes,
And we took the straightout tickets and we pinned 'em on our hats;
But all the time I wondered what my Mary meant by "Rats."

When I reached home I noticed that my Mary wore a smile,
Which seemed to me as indigatin' storms ahead, or bile;
To head her off I said: "You'll call me early mother dear,
For to-morrer'll be the liveliest day free trade will have this year."

Next mornin' jest at sun-up, as I woke and rubbed my eyes,
A-wonderin' what she meant by "Rats," I saw, to my surprise,
My clothes and hat and boots all ranged in order on the floor,
And bearin' each a card I'd swear I never saw before.

My flannel shirt displayed this sign: Taxed 95 per cent;
My trousers, Taxed 100—so this is what "Rats" meant.
My vest said Taxed 100, and my shoes Taxed 25,
My coat and hat 20, with protection makes us thrive.

I went to fill the basin, and I noticed as I came,
Taxed 45 per cent—Great Scott! the towel said the same!
The soap was marked at 20; as I dropped it on the floor,
I chanced to see a scuttle full of coals chalked 24.

I passed into the kitchen, and it gives me pain to state
That my wife had on a woolen dress stamped only 58,
And in shooting out a guinea hen she made a little dive
Which showed a pair of stockings with a card marked 35.

The baby in his little bed was lyin' fast asleep;
I always held the little chap as most uncommon cheap:
But when I saw them cards on blanket, pillow, crib and sheet,
I felt a lump rise in my throat; I knew that I was beat.

No matter where I went, I struck them pesky little signs;
The stoves, the plates, the knives, the forks, the window sash and blinds,
The scissors, needles, thread, all bore that terrible per cent;
Bigosh, I didn't dare to ask what card was on the rent.

That was the soberest meal I ever ate in all my life,
And as I left the table, in remarkin' to my wife
That I was goin' to the polls, she helped me with my coat,
And said, "I reckon, John, I needn't tell you how to vote."

I walked down to my votin' place; it looked like every yard
Was full of farmin' implements which bore a little card,
And seemed to say from plow to spade, from thresher down to axe:
"Good mornin', John, and don't forget the tariff is a tax."

I voted straight—oh, yes, no doubt of that; I voted straight;
But not exactly in the way expected of my State;
And I showed the boys the little cards provided by my wife—
That night our congressman took formal leave of public life.

I was one of them "fool farmers" durin' five and twenty years,
But I've learned a little common sense, as doubtless now appears.
You can run and tell McKinley, and say—don't forget to state
That we've voted out in Kansas, and we've voted darned near straight!

Kansas, November 4, 1890.

Not So Dreadful after All.

"Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me."—*Psalm xxiii*, 4.

When we returned from Italy some years ago, the Mount Cenis Tunnel was newly opened, and we reckoned that it must be a dreary passage. We thought it must be very dark, and therefore we had better be provided with a candle. It would be damp and close, and therefore we reckoned upon closing every window, for fear we should breathe the impure air. So we speculated; but when we traversed that wonderful passage, the carriages were well lighted, and much of the tunnel also, and we sat with open windows, finding it as easy to breathe as on the mountain's side. It was a joy rather than a peril to pass through the dreaded tunnel. So shall the voyager along the good old way find that death is not what he dreams. Jesus will light the darksome way, and the soul will need no candle of earth; fresh breezes from glory shall drive away the death damps, and the music of angels shall make the heart forgetful of all pains. How can the good old way lead into danger? What can it conduct us to but eternal rest?—*Spurgeon.*

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

TAKE BACK THE HEART.

Take back the heart that thou gavest.
What is my anguish to thee?
Take back the freedom thou cravest,
Leaving the fetters to me.
Take back the vows thou hast spoken,
Fling them aside and be free;
Smile o'er each pitiful token,
Leaving the sorrow for me.
Drink deep of life's fond illusion;
Gaze on the storm-cloud and flee
Swiftly through strife and confusion,
Leaving the burden to me.

Then when at last overtaken,
Time flings his fetters o'er thee,
Come with a trust still unshaken,
Come back a captive to me.
Come back in sadness or sorrow,
Once more my darling to be.
Come as of old, love, to borrow
Glimpses of sunlight from me.
Love shall resume her dominion,
Striving no more to be free;
When on her world-weary pinion,
Flies back my lost love to me.

—*Selected.*

Evangeline's Story.

THE SAD LOVE ROMANCE OF LONGFELLOW'S "TALE OF ACADIA" RETOLD—HISTORICAL FACTS CONCERNING WHAT HAS BEEN GENERALLY REGARDED AS POETIC FICTION.

"Give us the land where the ruins are spread,
And the living tread light on the graves of the dead.
* * * * *
Give us the land that hath legends and lays,
That tell of the memories of long-vanished days.
* * * * *
Give us a land with a grave in each spot,
And names on the graves that shall ne'er be forgot;
Give us the land of the wreck and the tomb,
There's grandeur in graves—there's glory in gloom."

The thousands who have been thrilled by the beautiful poem of Longfellow, "A Tale of Acadia," know but little, perhaps, of the subject of it, and the circumstances that led to its production. The story here is that the son of a wealthy Acadian, who was a classmate of Longfellow, gave the legend to him, and in after years he used it as the subject of the poem. The first time I read the poem, entranced by its beauty, but saddened by the mournful story of Evangeline, I little thought I should ever visit the land and stand upon the ground where her sacred ashes mingle with parent dust. In the quiet, quaint old French town of St. Martinsville, on the banks of the Teche, where Evangeline met her lost lover, after her long, weary journey, under the shadow of the walls of St. Martin's church, the unfortunate girl sleeps the last, long, unbroken sleep.

The Acadians came to the new world before the landing of the Pilgrims on Plymouth Rock, and before the settlement at Jamestown in Virginia. They settled in the peninsula of Nova Scotia, and, as all readers of colonial history know, Nova Scotia was ceded by France to England in 1713 The inhabitants refused to acknowledge the English monarch, and believed they would again be reunited with France. An expedition was fitted out by the English in 1755, which sailed from Massachusetts on the 20th of May, of that year, under the command of Gen. Moncton. They soon conquered the whole of the peninsula. The English required the Acadians, who sympathized with their countrymen of French descent, to take the oath of allegiance to the monarch of England, and those who refused were driven on board of the English ships, and without knowing their fate or destination, were transported to Louisiana, then a province of France, and landed upon the marshy shores, inhabited only by the most barbarous savages and wild beasts. Among these was Louis Arceneauf, the legendary lover of Evangeline, of St. Gabriel, the native place of the unfortunate lovers. Descendants of these exiles from Acadia, in Nova Scotia, are still to be found in Southwest Louisiana, and a more quiet and hospitable people exists nowhere I have ever been. So much for the historical facts upon which the poem of Longfellow was founded.

And now for the legend of Evangeline. It was told me by Col. Felix Voorhees, of St. Martinsville—by the way, a second cousin to the "Tall Sycamore of the Wabash." and who visit each other occasionally. Col. Voorhees had the story from his mother, and she from her grandmother, Mrs. Bordat, who accompanied Evangeline in her wanderings to that land, described to her by Father Felician:

"Beautiful is the land with its prairies, and forests of fruit trees;
Under the feet a garden of flowers, and the bluest of heavens
Bending above, and resting its dome on the walls of the forest,
They who dwell there have named it the 'Eden of Louisiana.'"

I give the legend in my own words instead of those of Mrs. Bordat, which is plentifully interspersed with French words and phrases:

Evangeline is no mythical character. Though considerable poetical license is used by Longfellow, the poem is founded on facts which, in a great measure, are as follows: The true name of Evangeline was Emmeline Labiche. Her parents had died when she was a small child, and she had been brought up by Mrs. Bordat, upon whose statements the story of her life is founded. She is described as a sweet-tempered child, who grew to womanhood with all the attractions of her sex, and, while not a beauty, in the usual sense given to that word, was looked upon as the handsomest girl in St. Gabriel.

Evangeline, or Emmeline Labiche, had completed her sixteenth year and was betrothed to Louis Arceneau. Their nuptials were to be celebrated in a short time, when their beautiful Acadia was ravaged by the English soldiers, and all who refused allegiance to England were hurried on board the English ships. In the hurry of embarkation friends and families were separated and never saw each other again until their exile was accomplished and they met in the wilds of Louisiana. And some never met again on earth. Louis Arceneau refused to leave his native home, and resisted his enemies with rage and despair, until severely wounded, when he was taken up and carried aboard the ship. Emmeline witnessed the whole scene, and when the white sails of the ship which bore her lover away faded in the distance, she uttered a piercing scream and fell senseless upon the beach. When she recovered her senses she clasped Mother Bordat in her arms, exclaiming in broken words: "Mother! mother! He is gone; they have killed him! What will become of me?"

The remembrance of her lost lover remained enshrined in her young heart, never to be contaminated with love for another. She lived among her friends, sweet-tempered, but with sadness depicted on her countenance, and smiles so sorrowful that they came to look upon her as their guardian angel, so that, where she dwelt no harm could come; and for these angelic traits, they agreed to call her no longer Emmeline, but "Evangeline," or "God's little angel." Thus was her name changed, and ever after known in the sad story of her life.

After the Acadians were driven from Nova Scotia, as detailed above, those remaining were eventually exiled to Maryland, among whom were Evangeline and her foster mother, Bordat. From the stories they learned in Maryland, of emigrants who had gone to Louisiana, Evangeline became impressed with the idea that in the land of eternal summer she should find her lost lover. Through a vast wilderness, beset with dangers of every kind, and inhabited only by barbarous savages and beasts of prey, accompanied by Mother Bordat, she wandered in search of the "Eden of Louisiana." Finally after months of weary wanderings and escaping untold dangers, unknowingly they neared their journey's end.

"Slowly they entered the Teche, where it flows from the green Opelousas,
And through the amber air, above the crest of the woodland,
Saw the column of smoke that arose from a neighboring dwelling."

When they reached the Poste des Attakapas, the population assembled to welcome them; but Evangeline had no eye for them. She walked beside her foster-mother with measured step and grave countenance, when, all of a sudden, she grasped her companion by the arm, exclaiming in a voice which vibrated with joy: "Mother, mother! It is he! It is Louis!" pointing to a figure reclining under a giant oak. It was her childhood lover, Louis Arceneaux. She flew to him with outstretched arms, exclaiming: "Louis! Louis! I am your Emmeline, your long lost Emmeline. Have you forgotten her?" Louis hung his head and uttered no word of welcome. "Louis," said Emmeline, painfully impressed with her lover's coldness and silence, "why do you turn away from me? I am still your Emmeline, your betrothed, and have kept pure and unsullied my plighted faith to you. No one word of welcome, Louis?" and the tears sprange to her eyes. The reply of her lover froze her heart.

"Emmeline," said he, "speak not so kindly to me, for I am unworthy of you. I have pledged my faith to another. Tear from your heart the memory of the happy past. Forgive me and pity me." He turned without another word and walked away, and Emmeline saw him no more. Long she stood, rooted to the spot, with a death-like paleness resting upon her countenance, staring upon vacancy, and when her kind old foster-mother took her by the hand and spoke her name, she muttered, "Emmeline, Emmeline," in an undertone, as if endeavoring to recall the name, then looking up with a shudder, exclaimed in an unnatural voice, "Who are you!" and turned away. She was hopelessly insane.

Emmeline Lebiche never recovered her reason. As the legend goes, her beautiful countenance was fitfully lightened by a sad smile, which made her all the fairer. She never recognized any one but her foster mother, and, nestling in her arms like a spoiled child, she would bestow on her the most endearing names and fondle her lovingly. So sweet and amiable, every one pitied and loved her. When she strolled on the banks of the Teche, plucking the wild flowers that bloomed along her path, and singing in an undertone some Acadian song, those who met her wondered why a being so fair and gentle should have been visitied with God's wrath.

At last Evangeline sunk under a broken heart and expired in the arms of good old Mother Bordat, with an angelic smile on her lips. She sleeps in her quiet (but now unknown) grave, near the little church of the Poste des Attakapas. It is now called the church of St Martin, and is in the center of the town of St. Martinsville. As long as Mother Bordat lived her grave was kept green and was daily strewn with the fairest of flowers. The third church, a stately edifice, now stands upon the spot where stood the little church of the Poste des Attakapas, and the grave of Evangeline is unknown to any one living. But it is a fact, satisfactory to all the old people of the parish of St. Martin, that it was in the immediate vicinity of St. Martin's church. Nearly every parish in Southwest Louisiana, particularly in the Attakapas country, has the name of Evangeline among those of their towns. Poor Emmeline-Evangeline; God's little angel! —*William Henry Perrin, in Courier-Journal.*

The Struggle of the Louisiana Lottery Gang.

The Anti-Lottery League of Louisiana is making a gallant fight with the Morris gang of gamblers in New Orleans. It will be remembered that this gang bought and bulldozed a constitutional amendment through the Legislature renewing its charter. The governor of the State vetoed it, accompanying his veto with a message of a trenchant character which was commended all over the country. It was passed over his veto in the house, but failed in the other branch, owing to the death of a member. The gang then set up the plea that the governor could not veto a constitutional amendment and demanded proclamation of it by the secretary of State. The latter stood by the governor in the contest and refused to publish it. In this emergency, for publication is an essential condition of submitting the amendment to popular vote, the gang applied to the District Court at Baton Rouge for a mandamus compelling the secretary to promulgate by due publication the proposed amendment. The judge has ordered the writ, making it returnable on the 30th inst., when the matter will be heard. As the lottery gang controls the lower courts, there is little doubt what the decision will be, but the Anti-Lottery League will not stop there. It will take the case to the Supreme Court. Of course the principal point at issue will be whether a constitutional amendment must of necessity be approved by the governor, or whether his veto, after it has received the necessary two-thirds vote, can cause its defeat.

It is to be hoped that the final decesion will be adverse to the gang. If it be such, it will be its death blow; but if it be in its favor, it will continue the fight with all the honest and reputable people of that State and of the country for the right to swindle and defraud the public, and it will devise every means that its diabolical cunning can suggest to evade the provisions of the national anti-lottery law. It may yet come to pass, if it can be done legally, that these sharks may have to be suppressed by an amendment to the national constitution.—*Chicago Tribune.*

A Born Lawyer.

A lawyer advertised for a clerk. The next morning his office was crowded with applicants—all bright, and many suitable. He bade them wait until all should arrive, and then ranged them in a row and said he would tell them a story, note their comments, and judge from that whom he would choose.

"A certain farmer," began the lawyer, "was troubled with a red squirrel that got in through a hole in his barn and stole his seed corn. He resolved to kill the squirrel at the first opportunity. Seeing him go in the hole one noon, he took his shot gun and fired away. The first shot set the barn on fire."

"Did the barn burn?" said one of the boys.

The lawyer, without answer, continued: "And seeing the barn on fire, the farmer seized a pail of water and ran to put it out."

"Did he put it out?" said another.

"As he passed inside, the door shut to and the barn was soon in flames. Then the hired girl rushed out with more water—"

"Did they all burn up?" said another boy.

The lawyer, without answer, continued his story:

"Then the old lady came out, and all was noise and confusion, and everybody was trying to put out the fire."

"Did any one burn up?" said another.

"There, that will do; you have all felt great interest in the story." But observing one little bright-eyed fellow in deep silence, he said: "Now, my little man, what have you to say?"

The little fellow blushed, grew uneasy, and stammered out:

"I want to know what became of that squirrel. That is what I am anxious to know."

"You'll do," said the lawyer. "You're my man; you have not been switched off by a confusion and a barn burning, and hired girls and water pails. You have kept your eye on the squirrel."—*Tact in Court.*

New York State is credited with 2000 cheese factories.

TO A SAD LITTLE GIRL.

You say you are ugly, and you are afraid
That nobody loves you, sad little maid:
For people whisper, with lip a-curl,
As you pass by, "What an ugly girl!"
Ah, well, my dear, if you mope and fret,
Your ugly face will be uglier yet.
Let me tell you the secret without delay
Of growing beautiful day by day.
'Tis a secret old as the world is old,
But worth in itself a mine of gold:
Beauty of soul is beauty of face,
For inward sweetness makes outward grace.

There is the secret, simple and true;
Now prove what its wisdom can do for you.
Fill up your heart with thoughts most sweet,
Bidding all others at once retreat,
And these sweet thoughts will grow like seeds,
And bloom into beautiful words and deeds,
And soon, very soon, they will leave their trace
Of lovelines on your ugly face;
The lines will be softer on cheek and brow,
Bright smiles will shine where tears are now,
Your eyes will sparkle, and some blest power
Will make you lovelier every hour.
Just try it, my dear; begin to-day
To do kind things in the kindest way—
To kindly think and to kindly speak,
To be sweet-tempered, gentle and meek.
Then never again shall you need be afraid
That nobody loves you, sad little maid.
Opinions will change, with a pleasant whirl,
And all will think, "What a charming girl!"

—*Harper's Young People.*

How Alcoholic Drinks Affect The Temperature of the Body.

In wines, spirits and beers, alcohol exists in a greater or less degree. Wines contain from 10 to 25, spirits 38 to 55 and beers about 10 per cent of alcohol. Now when alcohol is taken into the system it accelerates the motion of the heart, and causes it to force the blood more rapidly to all parts of the body. At the same time it weakens it, weakens the small blood vessels which are spread out through the whole surface of the body, so that when the excessive supply of blood comes they are not able to govern it, consequently produces more warmth. Now this warmth is not imparted by the alcohol, but it is set free by it. The warmth that is felt is given off at the expense of the body.

If the quantity of alcohol taken be comparatively moderate, if it be but sufficient to excite, without actually causing intoxication, there follows a second condition or stage (assuming even that no more alcohol is taken) during which the flush of the face and skin dies away, the mind begins to get rather bored, or languid, and there is felt a slight chilliness of the body, and when the thermometer is now brought into play and the temperature taken, we find the animal warmth is failing. Should a person in this stage go out into a cold air, and especially when he is badly supplied with food, the fall of temperature will be quite decisive. To the person himself the condition is almost painful; he is depressed and chilled, and in this state he easily takes cold, and in frosty weather readily contracts congestion of the lungs and bronchitis. Thousands of persons are affected in this manner during sudden changes of the weather, and in very many cases death is the result.—*Exchange.*

Even With the Bagg Family.

"Now, madam," said the attorney for the defendant to a little, wiry, black-eyed, fidgety woman who had been summoned as a witness in a breach of the peace case, "you will please give in your testimony in as few words as possible. You know the defendant?"

"Know who?"

"The defendant, Mr. Joshua Bagg."

"Josh Bagg! I guess I *do* know him, and I knowed his daddy afore him, and I don't know nothing to the credit of either of 'em, and I don't think——"

"We don't want to know what you think, madam. Please say 'yes' of 'no' to my question."

"What question?"

"Do you know Mr. Joshua Bagg?"

"*Don't* I know 'im though? Well, I should smile! You ask Josh Bagg if he knows *me* Ask him if he knows anything 'bout tryin' to cheat a pore widder like me out of a two-year-old steer. Ask him if——"

"Madam, I——"

"Ask him whose land he got his cord wood off of last spring and why he hauled it in the night. Ask his wife, Betsy Bagg, if she knows anything about slippin' in a neighbor's paster lot and milkin' three cows on the sly. Ask——"

"See here, madam——"

"Ask Josh Bagg about that uncle of his that died in the penitentiary out West. Ask him about lettin' his pore ole mother die in the porehouse. Ask Betsy Bagg about puttin' a big brick into a lot of butter she sold last fall—"

"Madam, I tell you—"

"See if Josh Bagg knows anything 'bout feedin' ten head of cattle all the salt they would eat and then lettin' 'em swill down all the water they could hold just afore he driv 'em into town and sold 'em. See what he's got to say to *that!*"

"That has nothing to do with the case. I want you to—"

"Then there was old Azrael Bagg, own uncle to Josh, got rid of his native town on a rail 'tween two days, and Betsy Bagg's own brother got ketched in a neighbor's hen-house at midnight. Ask Josh—"

"Madam, what do you know about this case?"

"I don't know the first livin' thing 'bout it, but I'll bet Josh Bagg is guilty, whatever it is. The fact is, I've owed them Baggses a grudge for the last fifteen year, and I got myself called up as a witness on purpose to get even with 'em, and I feel that I've done it. Good-bye."—*Detroit Free Press.*

City Building in the South.

This is a day of great achievements. Grand enterprises are conceived in the busy brains of far seeing men; investigations are made and plans are perfected; capital enlisted, and the lonely valley or rugged hillside, where yesterday solitude reigned supreme, is to-day swarming with human life, and resounding with the busy notes of preparations. An army of workmen invades the peaceful domain; the surveyor's chain maps out the ground, lots are sold; houses go up as if by magic; churches and schoolhouses are erected; railroads are constructed; the great rushing tide of humanity pours into its gates, and a city is built, as it were, in a day. A home market is at once established for the produce of the surrounding country. Agricultural lands in the vicinity advance in value. The spirit of enterprise and progress which has so long remained dormant, for want of an exciting cause, is quickened into vigorous life, the inhabitants are aroused to a healthful state of action. They begin to see the mighty possibilities of future development. They find their barren unproductive hills suddenly become of great value. They awake to the necessity of a broader and more liberal education. Pride in their own growing city and section stimulates them to a generous rivalry with other localities. They imbibe the spirit of their surroundings, and join the army of tireless, enthusiastic workers, and the blessings flowing out to them and the community in which they live are simply inestimable.

A smart Aroostook lassie of three summers lives at Maysville Center. She tripped and fell while at play the other day, but, picking herself up and rubbing the hurt, she exclaimed, "My sakes, 'f I wasn't tough, I'd been dead years ago."—*Augusta (Me.) Journal.*

Many Persons are broken down from overwork or household cares. **Brown's Iron Bitters** Rebuilds the system, aids digestion, removes excess of bile, and cures malaria. Get the genuine.

The World.

What an almost inexhaustible subject is the world. To attempt a descript on of it at large, would fill a sufficient number of books to form quite a library of itself. Yet it may briefly be described as the dwelling place of mankind. As long as man lives he is in the world. When he dies, all that really constituted the life takes flight to another sphere. The Scriptures in one place warn man against loving the world or the things that are in the world, thereby indicating that it contains much to captivate and enchain the affections. Again, we read that Jesus Christ assures men that in the world they shall have tribulation, but goes on to add comfort by saying He has overcome the world, showing that they, too, can be overcome by his strength. In another place men are exhorted to keep themselves unspotted from the world, and still again the Scriptures affirm that the world passeth away. Now here is a strange place! Plainly a place which is beautiful, attractive, doubtless full of joys and lovely things to please the eye and gratify the senses. True enough, the world possesses beauty, is attractive and lovely. And yet, it contains also the opposite of all these charms, for tribulation is a long, hard word, very full of trouble, and the victorious assertion of the Savior that He has overcome the world implies a need of strength as there must be conflict, struggle, and endurance brought to bear, in order to overcome so strong a force as the world. And the caution to keep unspotted from the world, must mean that there is much of taint and contagion to be dreaded and avoided in this seemingly fair world. And then 'the world passeth away." It must be a perishable place, destined at last to be destroyed, so nothing in it can be abiding. It is just as described: beautiful, alluring, full of tribulation, something to be overcome, and to avoid pernicious contact with, and something perishable itself at last. Yet there is need to exercise care that the teachings and injunctions of the Bible be not misunderstood. The command not to love the world nor the things that are in it, by no means teaches that the beautiful works of God as seen in the world are to be despised or unappreciated. Who that looks abroad and sees the budding spring ripen into summer's bloom could help experiencing a happy glow, responsive to nature's renewing. And not only the beautiful world of nature, but all the wonderful achievements of art are things to admire and enjoy. One of our commentators says: "To love the world and the things that are in the world, is to make them our treasure, and put our trust in them instead of in God." And in Matthew the counsel is given to lay up treasure in heaven, because where the treasure is, there will the heart be also. Nor does the injunction not to love the world include advice to keep away from other men and make a recluse of oneself in hopes to keep pure and unspotted. No ordinarily intelligent person need fail to understand the plain, direct meaning of Scripture with reference to the love of the world and the things that are in it. The world is not our rest, and nothing in it will endure permanently. Not even the love of friends is strong enough to resist the inexorable law of the universe, which demands that everything earthly must be fleeting and transitory.

It makes no difference how much wealth may have been amassed, how many friends there may be to love, once the fiat goes forth that man shall return to the dust as he was, and the spirit to God who gave it. Everything must be left at the solemn bidding, and the soul stripped of every earthly belonging must go forth to meet its God. Says Spurgeon:

"Remember, dear reader, the love of men and women is very sweet, but all must pass away; and what will you do if you have no wealth but the wealth that fadeth, no love but the love which dies, when death shall come?"

What will you do, indeed? To such as have made no preparation for this inevitable "passing away" from time into eternity, how like a hopeless echo the query repeats itself, for if no love for God and things of the kingdom dwell in the soul, how shorn and helpless must it stand before its Maker at last! But there is a wealth that never fadeth, and a love that never dies. Death only admits the soul of the believer in Christ, and his most precious promises to a kingdom whose beauty and riches far transcend all the poor wealth of the world, and are as imperishable as they are priceless in value. The love of heaven never passes away, but endures forever and forever. What provident, worldly-wise man would build a house on a foundation so insecure he knows the first rough storm would overthrow the entire structure? How far more foolish and short-sighted the man who loves the world better than he loves the things of the kingdom of God, whose love and whose hopes are centered only on things which are sure to pass away. —*The Christian at Work.*

The Situation of the Rice Market.

Mr. A. H. Cowen, broker and commission merchant in rice, writes a letter as to the position of this staple article, which is entitled to consideration from the trade. No one keeps the "philosophy" of the rice market more carefully studied up than our friend Cowen:

"Several weeks ago I called the attention of the trade to the shortage of rice in china, Japan and the Orient, and urged upon buyers in this market to avail themselves of low prices in our domestic production. At present the article is at a very low figure and should claim the attention, not of speculators, but of the merchants in general, who appear to imagine that the article will further decline as the season advances. It is impossible for any one to hold such a theory, taking into consideration all the facts that bear upon it. Many are loth to believe the statements of short crops in India and tell us that with a prospective crop in Louisiana and the Carolinas of 500,000 to 600,000 barrels, there will be ample supply for all demands here and abroad, even should we be compelled to export freely.

Does any merchant pretend to tell me that a supply of this magnitude will be sufficient to meet every contingency that may arise during the season of 1890 and 1891? Ireland, in its famished state will have to look forward to this cereal to save her from want and starvation. India, with its crops (rice being the cheapest food for its millions), will turn its attention to the United States, and we shall find that the daily runs of the mills in this country will be inadequate to the demand that will arise. It is the cheapest and most nutritious food in this country and elsewhere. The fact of potatoes, beans, etc., being exceedingly high, there is nothing to prevent rice being used in lieu of them. As a broker, I would not urge upon the trade a single barrel of rice, but let merchants ponder over the situation themselves. If the facts presented in this by me should be but partially true, rice will be ½ to 1 cent per pound higher in ninety days than at present.—*Inter-State Grocer.*

Dangerous to Live.

Are we safe nowhere from bacteria, some one inquires, not even when we are sealed up in a vacuum in a glass case? Not content with showing us that horrid monsters claw and fight in every drop of water we drink, scientific gentlemen have been microscopically overhauling a hailstone and finding that an infinitesimal speck of the ice contains no less than 400 to 700 bacteria. They may be the germs of smallpox, scarlet fever, leprosy, naughtiness and crime. Not even ice will kill them, for they thaw out and wriggle ferociously. The invention of the microscope revealed wonders to man, but it made life a burden to nervous people. Nothing is free from microbes any more, nothing is pure, except the benevolent motive of one, says the same inquirer, who lends a friend five dollars when he never expects to get it back again.—*Scientific American.*