

LAUGHING PHILOSOPHY.

If nature designs to charm the eye
With flowers of every hue,
Why not be happy too?
Why not be happy too?
Why not be happy too?
Why not be happy too?

A thousand creatures frisk and fly
And seek and spend and woo
Shall we the common law deny?
Why not be happy too?
Why not be happy too?
Why not be happy too?

Squirrel and bee with rapture ply
The arts their fathers knew
If these rejoice, why so may I?
Why not be happy too?
Why not be happy too?
Why not be happy too?

Journal of Education.

THE RIVALS.

"Isn't that injunction drawn up yet? I should really like to know, Mr. Leslie, how you have contrived to occupy the morning?"

The prosperous village lawyer spoke rather abruptly, rustling among the papers with impatient vehemence. Philip Leslie looked up with an absent-minded, wondering stare, his brown curls rumbled and broad, Scottish face sunburned and flushed, while his fingers were splashed with ink and his office coat worn in no very picturesque style.

Harry Belt laughed, sitting at the opposite desk.

"Don't ask Phil any questions, sir—he's in the clouds! But if my testimony is considered of any value, I should say he had spent the morning in the woods, getting wild flowers for Miss Ware's vases!"

Judge Ware shrugged his shoulders. "Profitable work. But never mind," he added, pleasantly, as he saw the color mount hotly into Philip's face. "Suppose you hurry up the injunction, Mr. Leslie, I shall want it this afternoon."

"I will have it ready, sir," said Philip, plunging his quill pen recklessly into the wooden inkstand and rattling away over the paper at a galloping rate, while Mr. Belt, serene and calm at his desk, contrived to do everything in the most graceful manner.

The injunction was all ready; the sweet Spanish music had died away, Harry Belt was smoking his cigar upon the office steps and honest Philip stole across the entry into Judge Ware's sitting room, where Gertrude, the lawyer's only child, was hemming a strip of snow-white Swiss muslin by the window.

She was a fair-haired young lady, with violet-gray eyes, cheeks as fresh as a wild rose and a saucy little nose, turned up just the least bit at the end, as if to express defiance of the world in general. And Harry Belt and Philip Leslie were both desperately in love with the lawyer's pretty daughter and had been for the last three months!

"Oh, Philip, that's just like you! How you do startle me!"

"I'm sure I beg your pardon, Miss Gertrude," said Philip, crimsoning and feeling as if he should like to annihilate his clumsy feet.

"Take care—don't sit down in my workbasket—and mind you don't upset that vase!"

Philip Leslie deposited himself carefully in a chair and sat very still and stiff. Gertrude burst out laughing.

"Oh, Phil, one would think you were strung on wires, and the machinery had got loose, somehow."

"Gertrude—did you like the flowers?"

"What flowers?"

Philip's countenance fell. "The flowers I brought from the woods this morning."

"Oh, yes—they were very pretty!"

And Gertrude sewed on, indifferently. Philip tried to think of something to say, as he leaned forward with his elbows on the little work-table, and tried to push his huge forefinger into a fairy thimble.

"Gertrude—"

"Oh, dear! There goes my workbasket!"

It was too true. By an unconscious movement of his arm, Phil had sent the spoons and balls and bodkins and needle-boxes rolling into the four corners of the room. He descended after them silently and swiftly, going on all fours, like a monstrous quadruped.

"Oh, Philip! Philip!" sighed Gertrude.

"Yes, I know I'm clumsy, Gertrude," groaned the law student, "but, you see, I can't help it."

"Can't help it," repeated Miss Ware, a little scornfully. "Just wait until I have a husband—you'll see whether or not he can help being clumsy."

"Until you have a husband, Gertrude?"

"Yes," said the young lady, giving her fair curls a saucy toss. Phil had got his elbows on the table again, and was fingering an ivory paper knife now, in a most destructive manner.

"What will he be like, Gertrude?"

"Well—let me see. He must be good-looking, of course."

"Yes—of course," echoed Philip, with sinking heart, as he thought of Harry Belt's Greek features and blue-black hair and mustache.

"And he must know everything that ever was and play on the guitar," (Harry owned a superb instrument) "and sing," (Phil had a voice like a high gale of wind at sea when he tried to sing) "and above all things he must be—oh, take care, Phil, please!"

But Gertrude's warning had come too late. The delicate little white Bohemian vase, with its long-stemmed wild flowers, had gone over and the table was deluged with water.

Philip pulled out his pocket handkerchief and went to work desperately with a face of scarlet, while Gertrude laughed and scolded alternately.

"The fact is, Phil," she said merrily, "you ought never to be at large. You ought to live in a cage and only go out with a keeper and a chain like other bears."

Philip Leslie went back into the office feeling utterly and entirely miserable. Harry Belt sat there, straight and handsome as a young Apollo.

"Well?"

"It's no use, Harry—my chances are nowhere. You go in and win, and take my best wishes with you, old boy."

"But have you given the thing a fair trial, Phil?"

"Yes," said Leslie disconsolately. He was no longer a schoolboy, and he could not cry; but there were tears in his voice, and Belt, tacitly respecting the pain in his heart, asked no more questions, but left him alone with the two high desks and the leather-scented law books, and the lights and shadows playing on the floor from the door and window.

He was sorting out his possessions half an hour afterward, when Harry Belt came into the room.

"Well, old fellow," he said, trying to smile a greeting at the handsome young law student entered, "shall I offer you my congratulations?"

"No," said Belt shortly, pulling at his long mustache and throwing himself into the leather-covered armchair.

"Hullo! She hasn't—"

"Yes, she has!"

"Refused you?"

"Exactly!"

Leslie stared in blank amazement. The idea that any woman in her sober senses could refuse Harry Belt had never in the course of his wildest speculations entered his brain.

"Did she give any reason, Belt?"

"She didn't want to at first, but I pressed her rather closely and then she owned up there was some other fellow she liked better. Confound him, say!"

The young Apollo with the straight nose and the blue-black hair was evidently out of temper. Philip Leslie looked at him with a dreamy, misty light in his frank brown eyes and a curious quiver about his lip.

"You're wrong there, Harry Belt. If there's any man that is worthy of Gertrude Ware's love and has won her heart, I should be the last to grudge him the treasure he will possess. I say God speed him and keep him to cherish her as she deserves."

All that night Philip Leslie lay awake watching the faint starlight creep along his wall, and listening to the voiceless silence of the mid-summer night. And when it was daylight he rose and prepared for the long journey that was to take him away from Gertrude Ware.

Gertrude had not got out her morning sewing when Philip came in to bid her good-by. She was dusting the piano with a small, rainbow-tinted feather duster—a dainty piece of work which she liked doing and generally took some time about.

"Gertrude—I have come to tell you good-by!"

She stood leaning up against the piano, looking like a fair, drooping lily, with the bright, feather-brush in her hand.

"Philip, are you going away from us?"

"Yes," said Philip, speaking bravely and trying to keep the crimson from his cheeks.

"Why?"

"Gertrude," said the young man, simply, "Harry Belt and I both loved you very dearly—loved you as a man loves the woman he would fain make his wife. You know this before yesterday?"

"I suspected it."

She spoke very low, with her fair head still drooping and the curls lying on her shoulders like motionless coils of gold.

"Very well, Gertrude; when Harry Belt spoke to you last evening and you told him that you had given to another the treasure we both coveted—your heart, Gertrude—I felt that I could not dwell under the same roof. So, Gertrude, I am going to turn pilgrim once again; will you bid me good speed?"

"Philip," said Gertrude, playing nervously with her bright-colored plumes, "did Harry tell you who it was I liked best?"

"No, Gertrude."

"I did not tell him!"

Leslie stood silently holding her hand in his and looking down into her averted eyes, but he did not speak.

"Shall I tell you who it was, Philip?"

"If you please, Gertrude."

He felt that he would rather not hear his rival's name, yet he could hardly refuse her proffered confidence.

"Phil—can't you guess?"

"No."

She laughed and flushed and stood on tiptoe to whisper, and then shook her curls impatiently.

"Stoop down, you great tall giant! how can I reach your ear?"

He stooped, still holding her hand and instinctively dreading to hear the name spoken.

"Philip—it is—"

"Well?" for she had stopped with her coral lips close to his ear.

"You, Philip!"

He started back, with the blood mounting to his very temples.

"Gertrude, you would not be so cruel as to joke upon—upon such a subject?"

"I am quite in earnest, Phil!"

"But, Gertrude, I am clumsy and awkward and—"

"I know it," she answered, demurely.

"And yet you care for me?"

"And yet I love you with my whole heart! Oh, Phil, you are worth a dozen Harry Belts!"

"I don't think I'm dreaming," he slowly enunciated. "Let me see if I am quite awake."

And he lifted little Gertrude off her feet and stole her first kiss.

"Phil! Behave, or I shall have recourse to the feather duster!"

As if Phil cared for the feather duster.

So it transpired that Harry Belt left Judge Ware's law office instead of Philip Leslie, and the firm is "Ware & Leslie" now and Gertrude is the cheeriest little wife in the world, notwithstanding she still complains that "Phil is as clumsy as two bears!" And Phil looks down on the fair-haired little creature and secretly wonders how on earth he ever came to possess such a fairy talisman!—N. Y. Mercury.

HE WANTED BLACK.

Trials of a New York Man While Purchasing a Suit of Clothes.

"I want a plain black suit of clothes," said a young man in a big down-town clothing store.

"Black, did you say?" queried the salesman, although the intending purchaser had spoken with painful distinctness, says the New York Times.

"Yes, black, plain black, all black," said the customer, with slight impatience.

The salesman hunted through a pile of coats and pulled one out.

"That ain't black," he said, "but—"

"Have you got any black suits?" asked the customer?

"Oh, yes," said the salesman, slightly hurried; "plenty of 'em."

"Gimme one," said the customer, stonily.

"All right, all right," answered the salesman, "don't get mad. It's a very warm day."

"One black suit of clothes is what I want," said the customer. "When I want advice I'll go to a lawyer."

The salesman hurried away and presently returned with a black coat and vest. They fitted and were accepted. The salesman went away again. He reappeared with a pair of trousers striped white and black.

"They're a strip in these, but I thought—"

"Wow!" groaned the young man. "I don't want 'em. I want black trousers. Great Scott! Can't I get what I'm willing to pay for?"

"Certainly, sir, certainly," answered the salesman nervously; "but I thought—"

"Good-day," said the customer. "I'm going to a store where the salesmen don't think."

He had almost reached the door when the salesman caught up to him. He carried a pair of black trousers of the same quality as the coat and vest.

"Please try 'em," he said, "I'll lose my job."

And the young man did try them and bought the suit. Hereafter, however, he'll pursue another course. When he again wants a black suit he intends to ask for one of yellow and green.

A REMARKABLE WOMAN.

How Mrs. Coston Got Her Signals Adopted by the American Navy.

One of Washington's remarkable women is Mrs. Martha J. Coston, now advanced in years but brilliant in mind as ever, and able to look back upon a life full of achievements. Mrs. Coston, says the Illustrated American, is the woman who, almost single-handed and in the face of tremendous difficulties, brought the Coston signals to their present perfection. Left a widow at the age of 21 with three children and no resources, she set out bravely to develop an idea which she found indicated among her husband's papers. This idea was to furnish color signals at night for ships in the same way as colored flags were used by day. The trouble was to find the chemicals which would produce the necessary colors, red, white and green, in sufficient intensity. Mrs. Coston worked on this problem for many months, and after a series of failures finally succeeded, and the Coston signals were adopted by the American navy and used during the late war. What they did during the war is known to every naval officer, although scant justice has been rendered to the plucky woman who furnished them. Admiral Porter took Fort Fisher by the aid of the Coston signals, starting the battle at night, as he was able to do by this means. His success broke the back of the war. It was the Coston signals which saved twenty-seven lives of men on board the famous Monitor lost off Cape Hatteras.

Customs of the Bull Fight.

It is the custom in Spain for ladies to make beautifully decorated banderillas and monas for the bull fights. The latter are in the shape of a silk cap, decorated with flowers and tinsel, with long silk streamers. An iron barb is concealed beneath this lovely object, by which it is fixed to the bull in the ring. These ornaments, after having served their purpose in torturing the bull, become the trophies of the matadores, who present them to their friends and patrons. A return gift, usually of money, is customary.

The Electrical Stable Alarm.

A recent electrical invention of interest to horsemen is the electrical stable alarm. An alarm bell is placed in the sleeping apartment of the groom and connected with a spring circuit closer by means of a small insulated wire. The circuit closer is operated by a light, flexible cord stretched across the rear of the stalls. When the horses are disturbed in the night by being backed out of their stalls by thieves or any other cause, an alarm is instantly sounded.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON XIII—SEPT. 24—THE REVIEW.

Golden Text: So Then Faith Cometh by Hearing and Hearing by the Word of God; Romans X: 17—Acts XVI: 6-15—XXVIII: 20-31.

Home Readings.

M. Called to Europe..... Acts xvi. 6-15.
T. Paul at Philippi..... xvi. 19-31.
W. Paul at Athens..... xvii. 22-31.
T. Paul at Corinth..... xviii. 1-11.
P. Paul at Ephesus..... xix. 1-12.
S. Paul at Miletus..... xx. 22-35.
S. Paul at Jerusalem..... xxi. 27-39.

Introductory. No part of the bible is fuller of interest or instruction than that which we have been studying for the past twelve weeks. We have had a series of cross sections from the life of the apostle Paul, giving us not only a vivid portraiture of his peculiar personality, but also a wonderfully lifelike view of the manner in which the early Christian church spread itself, in the face of all opposition, from side to side of the great empire. As a textbook on the true principles and methods of missions, these sections are of unsurpassed value; nor can any change of time or circumstances rob them of their significance, for the conquest of the giant forms of modern heathenism is to be accomplished by the use of the same instrumentalities that were so effective in earlier days. Not by the strong arm of human governments, nor by the civilizing agencies of science and art—though all these may lend effective subsidiary aid—is the world to be saved but by the straightforward preaching of the cross of Christ. The motto of every modern missionary must be that which Paul adopted at Corinth: "I determined not to know anything among you, save Jesus Christ, and him crucified."

1. What were the circumstances that led to Paul's entry into Europe?
2. Give the narrative of his first work at Philippi.
3. In what way was his work brought to a standstill?
4. Tell what you know of his arrest and imprisonment.
5. Do the same with reference to his release.
6. What fact did Paul take as the text of his sermon on Mars' Hill?
7. What was the substance of his sermon?
8. What was its conclusion and applications?
9. With whom did Paul lodge at Corinth, and why?
10. What was the effect of Paul's preaching in the synagogue at this place? How long did he remain there?
11. Tell what you know of the incident that took place at the beginning of Paul's ministry at Ephesus.
12. Give a synopsis of the remainder of lesson V.
13. Why did Paul meet the Ephesian elders at Miletus?
14. What were the two chief points in the exhortation which he made them?
15. Why was Paul in the temple at Jerusalem?
16. Who instigated his arrest, and on what ground?
17. Who rescued him from the mob?
18. What took place on the castle stairs?
19. How did Paul come before Felix?
20. What did he deny, and what admit?
21. Narrate the second speech before Felix and Drusilla.
22. What brought Paul before Agrippa and Festus?
23. What did Festus say to him?
24. What answer did Paul make?
25. Narrate the dialogue between Paul and Agrippa.
26. Tell all you know of Paul's shipwreck.
27. Was Paul put in prison when he reached Rome?
28. Whom did he summon to himself?
29. Tell as fully as you can what followed.
30. How long did he remain in Rome?

THE PITH OF THINGS.

It is estimated that 90,000 pianofortes are manufactured every year in London.

A race horse at Memphis, Tenn., became crazed by kidney trouble, necessitating her being put to death.

Philadelphians believe in life insurance; Wanamaker has taken out policies aggregating \$1,500,000, Hamilton Disston \$600,000 and J. B. Stetson 515,000.

According to experts who have recently been examining it, the lion of St. Marks, at Venice dates back to the twelfth century. M. Casati, the well known archaeologist, however, places the date much earlier, and still adheres to the popular notion that the lion is of Etruscan origin.

The original John Jacob Astor came to America from Heidelberg in 1783. When he died in 1848, his estate was estimated at \$20,000,000, and it was then by far the richest estate in America, and one of the greatest in the world. Perhaps the sum possessed by his descendants now amounts to ten times as much. They are the greatest landholders of the union so far as the value of their property goes, and their land is situated within the limits of New York almost wholly.

ODDITIES.

The proprietors or owners of death traps are rarely found among the burned or mangled.

The letters in the various alphabets of the world vary from twelve to 202 in number. The Sandwich islander's alphabet has the first number named, the Tartarian the last.

One species of beetle is known as the "sexton" or "grave digger," because they bury, or attempt to bury, all dead animals, large or small, with which they come in contact.

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