LOUISIANA CAPITOLIAN.

W. A. LeSUEUR, Publisher and Proprietor.

BATON ROUGE, LOUISIANA, MARCH 8, 1879.

VOL. I—NO. 6

Selected Miscellany.

LOVED AT LAST.

And so he loves me, though they said
No lover e'er would come to me,
That I should ne'er be wooed or wed,
Or nurse a child upon my knee;
They were so sure that I should miss
The woman's heritage of bliss.

And I, too, in the fad gray hours,
When through low clouds no sunlight shone,
And then the slow September showers
Seemed nature's tears for summer gone,
I murmured with a long, sad sigh,
"My summer also has gone by."

But now I know that what to me
Seemed autumn rains were showers of spring,
Summer has come and now I see
Love's sunlight brighten everything;
He says he loves me, and to-day
My year rolls back to early May.

How did it come? I ask of him;
He says my face is sweet and fair,
And yet to me these eyes seem dim,
And on this brow are lines of care;
But now these eyes shall yet be bright,
And once again this brow grow light.

He loves me! loves me! I repeat
The blest assurance every hour;
And now the wine of life is sweet
That yesterday was sharp and sour.
Now I can drink with spirit bold,
Love's nectar from a cup of gold.

I look through long, slow-coming years,
Made by his love all bright and fair;
I look around through happy tears,
And see his image everywhere;
In his great love I breath and live;
If it be sin, dear God forgive.

It cannot be. Since I have known
His love, God's love seems dearer too;
He has come nearer to me and shown
What for the humblest he can do.
Life's fateful fingers intertwine
The human love with the divine.

Oh love, love, love! Oh blessed word,
That never did I understand
Till in my ear his voice I heard,
And felt the pressure of his hand;
No more I walk with eyes cast down;
I am his queen, love is my crown.

HAPPILY RUINED.

Arthur Morton sat in his room in his hotel. He was a young man six-and-twenty, tall and slim frame, with a face of great intellectual beauty, dressed in costly garments, though his toilet was but indifferently performed.

He was an orphan, and for some time had lived at an hotel. It required but a single glance into his pale features to tell that he was an invalid. He sat with his head resting upon his hands, and his whole frame would ever and anon tremble as though with some powerful emotion.

As the youth sat thus, his door was opened, and an elderly gentleman entered.

"Ah, Doctor, you are moving early this morning," said Morton, as he lazily rose from his seat and extended his hand.

"Oh, not early for me, Arthur," returned Weston, with a bright smile. "I am an early bird."

"Well," have you caught a worm this time?"

"I hope it will prove a valuable one."

"I don't know," sighed the youth. "I fear a thousand worms will inhabit this poor body ere long."

"Nonsense, you're worth half a century yet, cried the doctor, giving him a gentle slap on the shoulder. "But just tell me, Arthur, how is it with Crosby?"

"Just as I told you. All is gone."

"I don't understand it, Arthur."

"Neither do I," said the young man, sorrowfully. "That Mathew Crosby could have done that thing, I would not, could not have believed. Why, had an angel appeared to me two weeks ago, and told me that Crosby was shaky, I would not have paid a moment's attention to it. But only think, when my father died, he selected for my guardian his best friend, and such I even now believe Mathew Crosby was, and in his hands he placed his wealth, for him to keep until I was of age. And when I did arrive at that period of my life, I left my money where it was; I had no use for it. Several times within three or four years has Crosby asked me take my money and invest it, but I would not. I bade him to keep it and use it if he wished. I only asked that when I wanted money he would honor my demand. I felt more safe, in fact, than I should have felt, had my money been in a bank on deposit."

"How much had he when he left?"

"He should have had a hundred thousand pounds."

"What do you mean to do?"

"Ah, you have me on the hip there."

"And that you must do something, my son. Heaven knows I would keep you if I could. I shall claim the privilege of paying your debts, however."

"No, no—doctor—none of that."

"But I tell you I shall pay your debts, but beyond that I can help you to assist yourself. What do you say to going to sea?"

A faint smile fell over the youth's pale features at this remark.

"I should make a smart hand at sea, doctor. I can hardly keep my legs on shore. No, no—I must—

"Must what, Arthur?"

"Alas, I know not. I shall die—that is all!"

"Nonsense, Arthur. I say go to sea. You couldn't go into a shop, and you would not if you could. You do not wish to remain here, amid the scene of your happier days. Think of it—at sea you would be free from all sneers of the heartless, and from all contact with things you loath. Think of it."

Arthur started to his feet and paced the floor for some minutes. When he stopped a new life seemed already at work within him.

"If I went to sea what could I do?"

"You understand all the laws of foreign trade?"

"Yes. You know I had a thorough training at that in my father's counting-house."

"Then you can obtain the berth of a super-cargo."

"Are you sure I can get one?"

"Yes."

"Dr. Welston, I will go."

Arthur walked home one evening to the house of a wealthy merchant, John Melburne. It was a palatial dwelling and many a hopeful, happy hour had he spent beneath its roof. He rang at the door bell and was admitted to the parlor. In a few minutes Grace Melbourne entered. She was only twenty. She had been waiting until that age to become Arthur's wife.

Some words were spoken, many minutes of painful silence ensued.

"Grace, you know all. I am going away from my native land a beggar. I cannot stay longer now. Grace, did I know less than I do—or, knowing you well, did I know you as I do many—I should give back your vows, and free you from all bondage. But I believe I should trample upon your heart did I do that thing now. I know your love is too pure and deep to be torn from your bosom at will. So I say—wait! There are other feelings in the heart besides love. That love is a poor, profitless passion which puts aside all other considerations. We must love for eternity, and so our love must be free. Wait, I am going to work—aye, upon the sea to work."

"But why upon the sea? Why away where my poor heart must ever be in anguish, fear and doubt as it follows you?"

"Because I cannot remain here. Hundreds of poor fools have imagined that I shunned them because I was rich. They know not that it was the tainted atmosphere of their moral life that I shunned. They gloat over my misfortune. Men may call me foolish, but it would kill me to stay here."

"Alas! must it be?"

"It must. You will wait?"

"I will wait even unto the gates of the tomb."

"Then Heaven bless and preserve you!"

The ruined youth was upon the ocean—his voyage commenced—his duties as laborer for his own daily bread all fairly assumed. Ah! it was a strange life for him to enter upon. From the ownership of immense wealth to the tradesbock of a merchant ship was a transition indeed. But, ere he went on deck again, he had fully resolved that he would do his duty, come what would, short of death. He would forget that he ever did else but work for his livelihood. With these resolves clearly determined in his mind, he already felt better.

At first our super-cargo was too weak to do much. He was very sick and it lasted nearly two weeks, but when that passed off, and he could pace the vibrating deck with a stout stomach, his appetite grew sharp and his muscles began to grow strong.

At first he craved some of the many delicacies he had long been used to, but they were not to be had, and he very soon learned to do without them. The result was that his appetite became natural in its wants, and his system began to find itself flourished by simple food taken in proper quantities.

For years he had looked upon breakfast as a meal which must be set out and partaken of from mere fashion. A cup of coffee and a piece of dry toast, or a seasoned and highly-spiced titbit had constituted the morning meal. But now, when the breakfast came, he approached it with appetite and felt as strong afterward as at any other time of the day.

By degrees the hollow cheeks became full, the dark eyes assumed new lustre, the color, rich and healthful, came to the face, the breast swelled with increasing power, the lungs expanded and grew strong, the muscles became more firm and true, the nerves grew strong, and the garments which he had worn when he came on board had to be let out some inches in order to make them fit. His position became cheerful and bright, and by the time the ship reached the southern coast of Africa the crew had all learned to love him.

Through the storm and sunshine, through tempest and calm, through dark hours and bright, the young super-cargo made his voyage. In one year from the day which he left his native land he placed his foot again upon the soil of his home.

But he did not stop. The same ship with the same officers, was going upon the same cruise again, and he meant to go in her. He saw Grace Melburne, and she would wait. He saw Dr. Weston, and the kind old gentleman praised him for his manly independence.

Again Arthur Morton was upon the sea, and again he assumed the duties of his office, and even more. He even stood watch where there was no need of it, and during seasons of storms he claimed a post on deck.

At the end of another year the young man returned to his home again. He was now eight-and-twenty, and few who knew him two years before could recognize him now. His face was bronzed by exposure, his form was filled out to perfection, and he was greeted with great affection by old Dr. Weston, who would insist on his staying with him during his leave on the shore. One day after Arthur's arrival he suddenly burst into the room and said abruptly:

"Well, Arthur, Mr. Crosby is here. Will you see him?"

"See him? See Mathew Crosby? Of course I will. He owes me an explanation, and I hope he can give me a satisfactory one."

The door was opened and Mr. Crosby entered.

He was an elderly man, but hale and hearty.

The old man and the young one shook hands, and then inquired after each other's health.

"You received a note from me some two years ago," said Crosby, "in which I stated that one in whom I trusted had got your money and mine with it, and I could not pay you."

"Yes, sir," answered our hero, not knowing what was to come next.

"Well," resumed Crosby, "Dr. Weston was the man. He had your money."

"How? What?" gasped Arthur gazing from one to the other in blank astonishment.

"Hold on, my boy," said the Doctor, while a thousand emotions seemed to work within his bosom.

"I was the villain. It was I who got your money. I worked your ruin and I will tell you why. I saw that that you were dying. Your father died of the same disease. A consumption was upon him—not the regular pulmonary affection, but a wasting away of the system for want of vitality. The mind was wearing out the body. The soul was slowly but surely eating its way from the cords that bound it to the earth. I knew that you could be cured, and I knew, too, that the only thing in the world which would cure you was to throw you on your own physical resources for a livelihood. There was a morbid willingness of the spirit to pass away. You would have died ere you would have made an exertion, from the very fact that you looked upon exertion, as worse than death. It was a strange state of both mind and body. Your fortune rendered work unnecessary, so there was no hope while the fortune remained. Had it been a wholly body malady, I could have argued you into the necessary work for a cure. And, on the other hand, had it been a wholly mental disease, I might have driven your body to help your mind. But both were weak, and I knew you must either work or die.

"And now, my boy, I'll tell you where my hope lay. I knew that you possessed such a true pride of independence that you would work. I saw Crosby, and told him my plans. I assured him if we could contrive to get you to sea, and make you start into active life, for the sake of a livelihood you could be saved. He joined me at once. I took your money and his, and then bid him clear out. You know the rest. Your money is safe—every penny of it—to the amount of one hundred and fifty thousand pounds. Poor Crosby suffered much in knowing how you looked upon him; but I know that he is amply repaid by the sight of your noble, powerful frame, as he sees it to-night. And now, Arthur, are we forgiven?"

It was a full hour before all the questions of the happy friends could be asked and answered; and when the Doctor and Crosby had been forgiven and blessed for the twentieth time, Mr. Melburne said, "Wait!"

He left the room, and when he returned he led sweet Grace by the hand.

Late in the evening, after the hearts of our friends had fairly begun to grow tired with joy, Arthur asked Grace whether he need wait any longer.

Grace asked her father, and the answer may easily be guessed.

WOMEN ON THE BATTLEFIELD.

(London Daily Telegraph.)

It is related by one of Gen. Stonewall Jackson's many biographers that the American civil war, abundantly productive as it was of harrowing scenes and thrilling episodes, had nothing more pathetic to exhibit during its protracted course than the meeting between the great Confederate soldier and his wife on the day but one preceding his death. Stonewall Jackson was wounded, as it will be remembered, at the battle of Chancellorville, upon May 2, 1863, and was carried, upon the second day, to a Virginia farmhouse, situated in the neighborhood of a little station on the Richmond and Fredericksburg Railway. For a while his progress was satisfactory, but during the night of the 8th, the sufferer, feeling restless and oppressed, called upon his black servant, and requested that a wet towel might be applied to his chest.

After sleeping some hours he woke in violent pain, and the doctor pronounced, upon investigation, that pneumonia and congestion of the lungs had set in. At this critical moment the train arrived from Richmond, and from it descended Mrs. Jackson, carrying in her arms a baby which had been born since she and her husband had last met. Her face was radiant with smiles, for the bulletins which reached Richmond before her departure pronounced that the General was recovering with marvelous rapidity from wounds, and that he would soon be fit to take the field again. But upon her arrival at Guinea's station a far different tale awaited her anxious ear, announcing that her idolized husband's life was despaired of, and could under no circumstances be prolonged for many hours.

It was under these circumstances that the heart-broken wife entered her dying husband's bed-chamber for the last meeting they were destined to have on earth. Distressed at the amazing bitterness of her grief, but unappalled at the imminent approach of death, the General exclaimed to an English friend, who entered the room to bid him farewell, "Did I not tell you that it were for soldiers who carry their lives in their hand, to go into battle without having wives and children to mourn them if they fail?" Shortly before his death, and when delirium had set in, he exclaimed—they were his last words—with a smile of ineffable sweetness, and with an expression as of relief, "Let us cross over the river, and rest under the shade of the trees."

In a war which was accompanied by as large an effusion of blood as was probably ever poured forth within four years, Gen. Jackson was not the only officer of distinction who held that, in order to do their duty when the battle flag is unfurled, "no fond regret should soldiers know." But, nevertheless, there never yet was a war in which some devoted wives had not insisted upon accompanying their husbands into the field and sharing their bivouac, with a view, should occasion arise, of nursing them when wounded. We are reminded by the death, aged eighty-eight, of the widow of Lieut. Leroux, of the 48th foot, which has just been announced as having occurred at Plymouth, that from the passage of the Douro, on May 12, 1809, until the battle of Salamanca, fought on July 23, 1812, she was the constant companion of her husband through all the dangers and vicissitudes of more than three years of the Peninsular war.

Turning, again, to the experience of the American war, we might quote the instance of Mrs. Gordon, the wife of one of the most gallant and high-minded officers who ever went into battle—an officer who, we are happy to add, was spared to survive the painful carnage to which the Southern armies were exposed, and who has lived to serve his country admirably into another arena as one of the United States Senators for his native State of Georgia. Gen. J. B. Gordon was one of the most conspicuously brave and devoted officers of the illustrious fraternity which fought under Gen. Lee, and he was among the small and select band which, numbering eight thousand altogether, surrendered to the overpowering legions of General Grant at Appomattox Courthouse, on the 9th of April, 1865.

It cannot be pretended that the constant presence of Mrs. Gordon by her husband's side during by far the larger portion of the fratricidal strife abated one atom of his courage and devotion, or exercised any demoralizing influence upon the officers and men by whom he was surrounded. And yet it is impossible to deny that it had been better that if, like the wives of his brave comrades, she had been content to stay at home and go to the front in the event of emergency.

* * * * * * * *

We do not contend that women are constitutionally disqualified for enduring the hardships of a campaign, for it is notorious that in every war, and every great battle, it is not unusual to find one or more female corpses among the slain. In a book entitled "A Voice from Waterloo," written by the late Sergeant-Major Cotton, of the Seventh Hussars, we find an illustration of this well known truth.

In a note to his little work Sergeant-Major Cotton tells us that upon the field of Waterloo many females were found among the dead, and that all of them wore male attire, and were known to be as martial in their bearing and as courageous as the ordinary rank and file. He adds a story that just at the moment when Shaw, the famous Life Guardsman, fell mortally wounded, "after having, it is said, killed nine of his steel-clad opponents," a French officer, whose horse had been shot under him, seized the regimental colors of the 32d foot, which was carried by Lieut. Belcher. A struggle ensued, and the Frenchman endeavored to draw his sword, when he was wounded in the breast by the thrust of a halbert, and immediately was shot dead by a soldier named Lacey.

It was in vain that Major Toole exclaimed, when it was too late, "Save that brave fellow!" and after the battle the generous Major and Colonel Brown discovered that the French Hussar officer, whom Lacey had shot was an exceedingly handsome young lady. There is hardly a battle in the great Napoleonic wars concerning which similar experiences, which occurred at Austerlitz and Borrodino, will perhaps recur to readers of Segur's memoirs. But when they who have looked upon a battlefield on the eve or morrow which follows the desperate struggle will be the first to acknowledge that a scene to paint which even the imagination of Victor Hugo is inadequate, does not require the presence of women to augment its horrors.

Even in the calm interludes of war which divides battle from battle, there is much that justifies the Roman poet in speaking of wars, *matribus detestata*. In the "Adventures of Ferdinand Count Fathom," the ablest of our descriptive novelists, Thomas Smollet, has left such a picture of the scenes in which his hero's mother mingled as can not be even read by men without a blush of shame, and they who know war best how little it is over-colored. We are told by the historian of the Burmese war of 1826, that three young and handsome women of rank, who were supposed to be gifted with preternatural powers, and to be able to turn aside and render harmless the bullets, rode among the native levies, encouraging the men; and Anglo-Indians will remember how gallantly the Rance of Jhansi bore herself in battle.

But the days of Penthesilea and Boadicea have long passed away, and the mature judgment of mankind has decreed that neither as warriors, inspiring prophetesses, or nurses, ought women to take part or be near at hand when the battle flag goes to the front. There will always remain an abundance of duties which, in war times, the softer sex is admirably disqualified to discharge, and no one has taught us more forcibly than Miss Florence Nightingale, what is the sphere of action in which the "ministering angel" reigns without a rival among her male companions.

FATE.

A bright little girl,
Giving a twirl
On her skate.
A great bearded man
Right into her ran.
Was it fate?

The ice being thin,
It let them both in;
He was stout,
He climbed up on the ice
And—wasn't it nice?
Pulled her out.

In twelve months down the aisle,
She came with a smile,
On his arm.
Now she skates—little dear!
And feels, as he's near,
No alarm.

My success is owing to liberality in advertising—*Bonner.*

The road to fortune is through printer's ink.—*P. T. Barnum.*

Frequent and constant advertising brought me all I own.—*A. T. Stewart.*

Success depends upon a liberal patronage of printing offices.—*John J. Astor.*

My son, deal with men who advertise. You wil never lose by it.—*Ben Franklin.*

How can the world know a man has a good thing unless he advertises the possession of it.—*Vanderbilt.*

Advertising is the oil which tradesmen put in their lamps. They that are unwise put no oil in.

"Brilliant and impulsive people," said a lecturer on physiognomy, "have black eyes; or, if they don't have 'em, they're apt to get 'em if they are too brilliant and too impulsive."

OBEYING PLEASANTLY.

Harry had seen some older boys flying their kites from the tops of the house, and he thought that it would be nice fun if he could do so too. So he came to his aunt and said:

"Aunt Mary, may I go up to the top of the house and fly my kite?"

His aunt wished to do everything to please him, but she thought that it was very unsafe; so she said:

"No, Harry, my boy. I think that it is a very dangerous sort of sport. I'd rather you wouldn't go."

"All right. Then I'll go on the bridge," said Harry.

His aunt smiled, and said she hoped that he would always be obedient as that.

"Harry, what are you doing?" said his mother one day.

"Spinning my new top, mother."

"Can't you take the baby out to ride? Get out the carriage and I'll bring him down."

"All right," shouted the boy, as he put his top away in his pocket, and hastened to obey his mother.

"Uncle William, may I go over to your shop this morning?" said Harry one day at breakfast: "I want to see those baskets again that I was looking at yesterday."

"O yes, Harry," said his uncle, "I shall be very glad to have you.

"But I cannot spare you to-day, said his mother. "I want you to go with me. You shall go the shop another day."

"All right," said Harry, and he went on with his breakfast.

No matter what Harry was asked to do, or what refusal he met with in asking for anything, his constant reply was, "All right." He never stopped to worry or to tease. He never asked, "Why can't I?" or "Why mustn't I?" Harry had learned not only to obey, but he had learned to obey in good humor.—*Carrier Dove.*

A BEAUTIFUL STORY.

Coleridge relates a story to this effect: Alexander, in his march into Africa, came to a people dwelling in peaceful huts, who knew neither war nor conquest. Gold being offered him, he refused it, saying that his sole object was to learn the manners and customs of the inhabitants. "Stay with us," said the chief, "as long as it pleases thee."

During his interview with the African chief, two of his subjects brought a case before him for judgment. The dispute was this: The one had bought a piece of ground, which, after the purchase was found to contain a treasure, for which he felt himself bound to pay. The other refused to receive anything, stating that he had sold the ground with what it might be found to contain, apparent or concealed.

Said the chief, looking at the one: "You have a son;" and to the other: "You have a daughter; let them be married, and the treasure given them as a dowry."

Alexander was astonished.

"And what," said the chief, "would have been the decision in your country?"

"We should have dismissed the parties and seized the treasure for the king's use."

And does the sun shine in your country?" said the chief; "does the rain fall there? Are there any cattle there which feed upon herbs and green grass?"

"Certainly," said Alexander.

"Ah," said the chief, "it is for the sake of those innocent cattle that the Great Being permits the sun to shine, the rain to fall and the grass to grow in your country."

NOT TO BE FOOLED WITH.

A tramp met presiding elder James A. Godfrey, of Amite county, on horseback, in the road, a few days since, and demanded of him his watch, which was turned over to him. He then made an effort to dispossess him of his horse, when the divine, becoming suddenly enraged, struck him a blow, felling him to the ground and forcing a pistol from him, demanded a surrender of the money and watch; having secured which, he marched him to Liberty and turned him over to the officers of the law, who immediately ushered him to more appropriate rulers—the jail.—*Louisville (Miss.) Index.*

A few Democratic representatives may be in favor of paying war-claims, but meanwhile the Democracy of the South will put its foot firmly down upon any such extravagance. When the party gets into power a sign will be hung before the treasury door: "No war claims paid here." Nothing else will appease the stalwarts, and nothing less will please the Democracy better.—*Atlanta (Ga.) Conttitution, Dem.*

Never refuse to receive an apology. You may not receive friendship, but courtesy will require, when an apology is offered you, to accept.

A CHRISTMAS MISFORTUNE.

Some years ago, when the writer was reporter upon an Eastern paper, it devolved upon him to write for the same edition an account of the presentation of a goldheaded cane to Rev. Dr. Mudge, the clergyman of the place, and a description of a hog killing machine that had just been put in operation at a factory. Now, what made Mr. Mudge mad was this: The inconsiderate bacconeer who made up the form got the two locals mixed in a frightful manner, and when we went to press, something like this was the appalling result:

Some of Mr. Mudge's friends called on him yesterday, and after a brief consultation the unsuspecting hog was seized by the hind legs and slid along the beam, until he reached the hot water tank. His friends explained the object of their visit and presented him with a handsome gold-headed butcher who grabbed him by the tail, swung him around, and in less than a minute the carcass was in the water. Thereupon he came forward and there were times when the feelings overpowered one and for that reason he would not attempt more than thank one around him, for the manner in which so huge an animal was cut in fragments was astonishing. The doctor concluded his remarks, the machine seized him, and in less time than it takes to write it the hog was cut into fragments and worked into sausages. The occasion will be remembered by the doctor's friends as one of the most delightful of their lives. The best prices can be obtained for fifteen cents per pound, and we are sure those who have sat under his ministry, will rejoice to hear that he has been so handsomely treated.

Mad! Well, about nine o'clock that morning the office had been abandoned by every man except the advertising clerk and he ascended to the roof and robed himself in boiler iron so that he could see the clergyman tearing around down in the street with his congregation, all wearing the panoply of war, and carrying butcher knives and things. The next day we apologized, but the doctor stopped his subscription.

"Sing me my own," he whispered lovingly, as they both sat on one piano stool, "sing me 'Oh, whisper that thou feelest.'" "I will, young man, I will," said the tremulous tones of—her papa, from the direction of the door. We will sing it as a duet, you and I; I will feel and you can whisper what it is. And then he felt for the boy with his feet, and went on, with unfeeling indifference, "And you needn't confine yourself to a whisper, necessarily, in telling what you feel! Give it voice, young man, give it voice!"

It is difficult to say what constitues the beauty of a woman. The Sandwich Islanders estimate women by their height. The Chinese require them to have deformed feet and black teeth. A girl must be tattooed sky-blue and wear a nose ring to satisfy a South Sea Islander's taste. African princes require their brides to have their teeth filed like those of a saw. And thus goes the world, the criterion of beauty differing according to the latitude and longitude.

An editor in one of the Northern countries has received $2 in an envelope, with no writing except the words, 'conscience money,' written in a trembling hand, as though the writer was about to die. The editor don't know which of his subscribers to give credit to for the $2, and he has decided to give his two hundred delinquents credit for one cent each.

Mr. Charles Torr, a young gentleman of Lime Dale, Ind., thought it would be a good joke to send Miss Amanda Vernon a comic valentine. Miss Amanda, however, not appreciating the joke, and having no gentleman friend to avenge her injuries, took a cowhide and chastised the merry Charley on the street. Served him right, is the general verdict.

A lady taking tea at a small company, being very fond of hot rolls, was asked to have another. "Really I cannot," she modestly replied; "I do not know how many I have eaten already." "I do," unexpectedly cried a juvenile upstart whose mother had allowed him a seat at the table, "You have eat eight; I've been countin'."

A Norwich tenant has been importuned so frequently for his rent that in a climax of exasperation the other day he turned on the landlord with the cogent and conclusive retort: "Now, you needn't put on so many airs, old man! Why, I owe enough here to buy all your old houses!"

The Attorney-General of Maine does not say so right out, but he hints that if a whipping-post or two were set up in that State 'twould be no bad thing.

Never associate with bad company. Have good company or none.