

**"THE FOLK QUALITY."**

is an Essential in the Make-Up of a Successful Politician.  
We frequently hear it said of some citizen eminent for integrity and common sense: "What a pity he does not go into politics! We are willing to trust his judgment in all private matters. We need him in public life." The fact that such men are by a process of natural selection told for the conduct of private trusts and sometimes excluded from public life is cited as a reproach to democratic government, on the ground that it ignores a certain class of valuable and trustworthy men.

The truth is, that these men lack a certain element necessary to eminence in a democratic community, which we have ventured to designate as the "folk-quality." They have patriotism, energy and ability, but they lack a certain love for the rough and tumble of primary election, they lack the adaptability to the conditions which make politics attractive to some men. This love and this adaptability may co-exist with honesty and integrity. Possibly they take more of manliness than of delicacy and refinement, but in that case delicacy and refinement are superficial. They are entirely compatible with the innate uprightness and refinement that President Lincoln possessed. The same might be said of William H. Seward. To both of these men politics was the breath of their nostrils. We hear a great deal nowadays of folk-lore and folk-poetry, by which is meant something which grows among the people and as it is their own product is marked by qualities which suit them. A writer like James Whitcomb Riley or Eugene Field, whose work is tinged with this quality, is sure of success. "What he says goes." If a man possesses a feeling of being at home among the people simply because they are his people, he loves politics irrespective of his moral nature or his education. It brings him to the front. After he gets there his political economy and his high ideal of public duty will help him wonderfully. But they will not do him the least good unless he has some share of the universal sympathy which living unconsciously in his heart makes him willing to put up with the ridiculous and the disagreeable.

It is absurd to say that a man must force himself to be familiar with what he despises, that he must lay on one side his honor and sense of shame before he can hope to succeed in politics. If that were true we should indeed be in sorry case. We carry too many examples to the contrary. He must possess the folk-quality in order to make a start and in order to get on. Perhaps this is only giving a name to something that is indefinable or the term stands for a conglomerate of all the qualities that lead to political success in America.

Undoubtedly our American system does tend to eliminate some men who, if born in England, might have proved valuable in public situations. In all countries some men rise in public life who ought to have been kept out and some men are kept down in defiance of public interest. Gladstone would have risen had he been born in New England. Webster would have been as great in England as he was here, probably have risen higher. It is doubtful if Lord Salisbury could have become secretary of state if he had been an American citizen. The point insisted on is that the one absolutely necessary quality for political advancement is not a narrow, unprincipled nature. It is the ability to take hold with hearty, natural interest in the work. Sometimes an able, ambitious man forces himself forward by will power, but he feels out of place and is usually relegated to the ranks before long. Sometimes a wealthy man buys his promotion. That we shall have to stop. The man who is really fitted to get on in politics gets on. We shall never believe that that fitness consists in qualities of which he should prefer to be destitute.—Hartford Courant.

**The Electoral College**

The electoral "colleges" were never really so free in their choice as the constitution expected that they would be. Washington was chosen by the state "colleges" freely; but in 1796 congressional caucuses placed the candidates in nomination; the federalists in congress naming John Adams and Thomas Pinckney, the republicans (democrats) naming Thomas Jefferson and Aaron Burr. This system of nomination continued down to 1831, when the first whig national convention was called by the Maryland legislature; it met at Baltimore, December 12, 1831, and nominated Clay and Sergeant. The democratic convention, held in Washington May 12, 1832, nominated Jackson and Van Buren.

**Encouragement Enough.**

She—but I have never given you any encouragement.

He—You have frequently alluded to your rich relatives.—Town Topics.

**BORROWING BOOKS.**

**The Annoyance a Borrower's Forgetfulness Causes a Lender.**

There was a cozy tea going on in my friend's sanctum where three or four congenial souls were discoursing of books. The hostess was an ardent admirer of Bagehot, and had just finished a glowing tribute to him. "Wait until I read you something from his Physics and Politics," said she, going to one of several bookcases and pointing to reach the desired book which proved not to be there. With a shade of disappointment crossing her face she said: "I suppose some one must have borrowed it."

"Do you permit your friends to borrow books without apprising you of it?" asked one.

"I feel as if it is a crime not to be generous with books," was the reply; "but it is very trying sometimes, I must admit. I have lost one volume from a well set of Browning; 'The Tale of Two Cities' is lacking from my Dickens; Thackeray wants 'Pendennis'; 'Romola' is missing from George Eliot; and 'Richard Feverel' from Meredith. I should have liked to draw the line at Bagehot, who is the apple of my eye."

"Do your friends always lend in return?"

"I seldom ask them. A book that I want very much I try to own, and those that are only worth one reading I get from library. The other day a neighbor, who had never borrowed books of me directly, but had frequently done so through a friend, came to me for 'something for a sick aunt to read.' I want you to understand, said she, 'that I do not borrow for myself. I do not approve of borrowing books.' Now this rather amused me as being a distinction without a difference.

"It is difficult to know what to do about lending books in such cases," said a white-haired lady as she retrospectively stirred her tea. A person who borrows a book and neglects to return it is not necessarily an intentional thief. A defective memory will account for much, but if one is aware of her poor memory, she should make a note of the obligation when she borrows a book."

"One of my wedding gifts is meant to avert just such losses as our hostess suffers from," said a pretty bride. "It is a little book made of a dozen or more pages of the handsomest quality of cream laid satin paper. The cover is of vellum, daintily painted with the flower of my birth month, the goldenrod. A tiny gold clasp holds a ring of gold to which is attached a bow of yellow satin ribbon. A little gold and pearl pencil is attached to it by a slender gold chain. This booklet is suspended at one side of a bookcase in my library; and when a friend, no matter who, or how dear, borrows a book, I beg her, for her convenience and mine, to write in it the name of the book, the date and her own name. I do not think I shall lose many books."

The shadow lifted from my friend's face. "Thank you for the suggestion," said she. "It is never too late to mend. My book shall be lettered with this quotation from Lowell: 'If I were asked what book is better than a cheap book, I should answer that there is one book better than a cheap book and that is a book honestly come by.'—Alice Chittenden, in Housewife.

**THE PARISIAN CHEF.**

**Drift of Social Life Away from Home to the Club.**

The tendency in all the French restaurants of the present day is to prepare meals for their chance customers who may happen in at any time of the day. Meals are eaten in greater hurry than formerly, even in France, where it used to be the habit during the fiercest revolutionary and communistic struggles when the time of dejeuner came for each side to stop fighting for an hour or so and devote themselves to the midday meal. The hurry and anxiety of modern life is slowly destroying what ever was distinctive in French cooking, which cannot be properly done in haste or when food is required in very large quantities. The development of club life is partly responsible for this, and the latter is only another sign of the destroying social problems which confront modern existence at every step. Men in fashionable society dine more frequently at the club than they do at their own homes. Fewer people marry than formerly, home life is decreasing, and club life increasing. Hence the last refuge of the Parisian chef is at the fashionable clubhouses, which are now counted by the score and most of which set very good tables.—Thomas B. Preston, in Chautauquan.

**Didn't Bet High Enough.**

Foster—Dudely offered to bet old Bullion a hundred that he would marry his daughter.

Lowe—What did Bullion say?

Foster—Raised him.—Town Topics.

When a man gets down, he is nearly as hard to get on his feet again as a horse with a broken leg.—Atchison Globe.

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He—you have frequently alluded to your rich relatives.—Town Topics.

**L'ABEILLE DE LA NLE-ORLEANS**

Est très répandue en Louisiane et dans tous les Etats du Sud. Sa publicité offre donc au commerce des avantages exceptionnels. Prix de l'abonnement, pour l'année: Edition quotidienne, \$12 00; Edition hebdomadaire, \$3 00; Edition du Dimanche, \$2 00.

**RAILROAD WITHOUT CARS.**

**Its Complete Rolling Stock Consists of One Locomotive.**

There is a railroad in Oregon over which passes an enormous traffic, although the line does not possess a single car. It is located upon one of the highest elevations of the west slope of the Cascade mountains, in the heart of what has been until a comparatively recent date an almost inaccessible region. Its length is five miles, and it circles and twists in that distance until it resembles the trail of a mammoth serpent. It represents the most difficult achievement of the lumbermen of Oregon.

The only feature of the road except the line itself that resembles the ordinary narrow gauge railroad is the 18-ton Baldwin locomotive which forms the power that pulls the freight. This freight consists of logs which will average a size equal to that of the engine boiler. These logs are formed from the trees which are felled by the red-shirted lumbermen in the employ of the Bridal Veil Lumber company. After being cut, the logs are rolled to the nearest point on the railroad. They are then arranged in line, huge staples driven in each end, sections of heavy chain attached to the staples, forming a train of logs. The foremost of these logs is then chained to the engine which hauls it and its companions upon the roadbed of the line.

The railroad is narrow gauge, three feet. It is constructed on the same principle adopted by the regulation roads over which cars pass, with one exception. Stout plank is nailed to the ties and it is upon this foundation that the logs rest as the engine pulls them along. The rails act as guards to prevent the logs leaving the track. In this manner the timber is conveyed from the point at which the engine takes it in charge to the beginning of the two-mile flume that leads from the end of the first section of the road to what is called the chute pond, a small body of water located about a half mile from the mill where the logs are turned into lumber.

In order that the logs may slip easily along the roadbed, the plank nailed to the ties is kept thoroughly greased, except at sharp grades, where the momentum of the logs is sufficient to cause them to slide easily.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

**THE TEN BEST POEMS.**

**Short Pieces Bearing the Divine Stamp of Genius.**

An interesting though perplexing task for the fancy of erudition is here proposed:

"To the Editor of the Sun: Sir: Will you please name the best ten short poems in the English language? "H. D."

Before the choice is attempted we must agree what poem is short. Compared with that great epics, "Comus" and "Sohrab" and "Rustum" are short. Compared with the latter: "Lucidas" and the "Pied Piper" are short. If the former were eligible they would have to be among the ten. "L'Allegro" and "Blenheim" are shorter still. But, interpreting our correspondent's wishes by his words, we will choose from the truly short only. In so doing, it will be well to say that to prevent the list from being swamped by Shakespeare or Milton, we will take but one poem from each. Again, that one will be chosen somewhat arbitrarily, without prejudice to its rivals. With these preliminary explanations we venture upon selection:

Sonnet, "When in Disgrace"

(Shakespeare).

"Bannoockburn" (Burns).

"The Tiger" (Blake).

"Pibroch of Donald Dhu" (Scott).

"Bugle Song" (Tennyson).

Sonnet, "When I Consider" (Milton).

"Hohenlinden" (Campbell).

"Brahma" (Emerson).

"At the Church Gate" (Thackeray).

"Gunga Din" (Kipling).

The list of others, running from more unloved sentiment to more intense and purely distilled poetry, is by no means brief. But, looking among the short poems bearing the divine stamp of poetic genius, for the vivid, the picturesque, the lyrically complete, the intellectually impressive, and the passionately inspiring, the ten given above are certainly very powerful claimants for their places. And what a marvelous lot they are!—N. Y. Sun.

**Home-Grown Tobacco.**

In Connecticut there is hardly a farmer who does not raise tobacco. The Connecticut leaf is particularly valuable for wrapping purposes, and also excels in flavor. In Ohio the growers say that the total expenses of their crops average \$85 per acre, but they find tobacco growing profitable even at those figures. There is said to be a growing belief among American tobacco consumers that home-grown tobacco equals the imported article. Tobacco is grown in at least a dozen states, Pennsylvania leading in the amount of production, while Ohio has 50,000 acres given up to the culture, and an average crop of 30,000,000 pounds.

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Tobacco—What did Bullion say?

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**ANNONCES JUDICIAIRES.**

**VENTES PAR LE SHERIF.**

**ANNONCE JUDICIAIRE.**

Vente d'une grande et attrayante Propriété-Résidence de valeur dans le Sixième District,

**Coin Ferdinand et Chestnut,**

Dans l'îlet borné par les

dites rues et les rues Elizabeth et Walnut.

Connue comme le No 7040 rue Ferdinand.

Rosetta Gravel Paving and Improvement Company vs C. Julian Bartlett.

OUR CIVILE DE DISTRICT POUR LA PAROISSE D'ORLEANS—No 52.505—En vertu d'un arrêté du 1<sup>er</sup> juillet 1896, à savoir: à l'affaire civil d'assise & vente à moi adressé par l'Honorable Cour Civile de District pour la Paroisse d'Orléans, dans l'îlet à l'ouest de la Bourse d'Orléans, à l'angle de la rue Elizabeth et de la rue Chestnut, dans l'îlet borné par les dites rues et les rues Elizabeth et Walnut.

Connue comme le No 7040 rue Ferdinand.

Rosetta Gravel Paving and Improvement Company vs C. Julian Bartlett.

OUR CIVILE DE DISTRICT POUR LA PAROISSE D'ORLEANS—No 43.700—En vertu d'un arrêté du 1<sup>er</sup> juillet 1896, à savoir: à l'affaire civil d'assise & vente à moi adressé par l'Honorable Cour Civile de District pour la Paroisse d'Orléans, dans l'îlet à l'ouest de la Bourse d'Orléans, à l'angle de la rue Elizabeth et de la rue Chestnut, dans l'îlet borné par les dites rues et les rues Elizabeth et Walnut.

Connue comme le No 7040 rue Ferdinand.

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