

St. Tammany Farmer.

"The Blessings of Government, Like the Dews from Heaven, Should Descend Alike upon the Rich and the Poor."

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HARRY'S CHRISTMAS MESSAGE.

Cuddling down on the sheep-skin rug,
Fleecy and warm and white,
Three little happy children talk,
Talk low in the warm fire-light.
"It is Christmas eve," says Harry;
"It is Christmas eve," says Grace;
"It is Christmas eve," says Kate,
Lifting her dimpled face.
"And Santa Claus is coming to-night,
Coming when we are asleep;
And mother says he is sure to bring
Just what we want to keep."
"Then he will bring me a golden ring."
"He'll bring me a doll, I know."
Said Harry: "He'll bring me a ship,
With sails as white as snow."
So they spoke of their coming joys
In the ruddy fire-light's glow.
And Harry said in a whisper:
"O, wouldn't I like to know
Where father is sailing to-night—
Father, away on the sea!"
Mother says it is Christmas eve
Wherever his ship may be.
Then three little white-robed figures
Went hand in hand upstairs,
And three little tender faces
Bent low for their Christmas prayers.
The doll and the golden ring,
In slumber were soon forgot;
But Harry, with open eyes, lay still,
Heart full of a tender plot.
When the house was very quiet
He crept to the chimney-place,
Tucked a tiny note in his stocking,
And fled with a happy face.
"Was only a little boy's message,
By some passing angel taught,
Only a sweet unselfish wish,
Only an exquisite thought."
A message to Santa Claus; it read:
"My father is off on the sea;
Please fill my stockings with kisses,
And take them to him from me."
Ah, surely the good God read it,
For the ship came home that night,
And Harry was clasped in his father's arms
At the dawn of the Christmas light.
—Mary A. Barr.

FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS.

"Only five hundred dollars! To think that only five hundred dollars would save the house, and for want of it it must be sold, and what we shall do after that I do not know!" And the handsome young matron who spoke burst into a flood of tears.
She was sitting in the upper front room of her cottage home, with a dressmaker, an elderly person with neat gray curls, who was doing her best to make one new walking-dress out of three old ones; and it was her Mrs. Rockwood had spoken.
"It is a shame to worry you with my troubles," she added, in a moment more; "but really I am in such a state that I can't keep it to myself, Miss Morgan. Mr. Rockwood takes such things so terribly to heart; and you know when I married there was every reason to believe that papa would back us up and help us along, and things have turned out so differently."
"Indeed they have, Mrs. Rockwood," said Miss Morgan. "And if your papa knows what is going on here I wonder he can rest in heaven."
"I forgive him, I'm sure," said Mrs. Rockwood. "My step-mother poisoned his mind against Mr. Rockwood; and I don't believe he was quite in his right mind when he altered his will and left everything to her. If he were living he'd give me this money, if he only knew I needed it, without asking. He never denied me anything," said Mrs. Rockwood, beginning to weep again. "And she has the homestead and all the property, and an income of at least ten thousand a year, and I am going to be turned out of house and home for five hundred dollars."
"Gracious me!" said Miss Morgan. "I don't see how I can go over there and fit her black velvet dress to-morrow. I don't, indeed. I've a good mind to say I won't—there now!—and have the satisfaction of giving her a piece of my mind to pay for it."
"No, no, Miss Morgan. She's a good customer," said Mrs. Rockwood. "It would do me no good, though. Do you think you can get the waist out, Miss Morgan?"
"I can, by piecing; and I can make a bit of shell trimming to hide the place," said the dressmaker. "And I'll run in and drape it for you Thursday. Don't take big seams. I've cut it loose, because, to tell the truth, the stuff won't bear much pulling."
Then Mrs. Rockwood went to work on the sewing-machine. Thankful to have contrived a decent gown without much expenditure of money—linings, buttons and braid, and Miss Morgan's dollar and a half being all that she could save even by having liver and bacon and codfish dinners twice a week—and the worthy dressmaker stitched away with great diligence, making up her mind that she would say a word for poor Mrs. Rockwood to her step-mother, even if she were snubbed for it.
"It brings mean folks to the point sometimes," she said to herself, "if they know their meanness is known to strangers."
Early next morning Miss Morgan rang the bell at Mrs. Canline's handsome front door, and found the lady ready for her. She always got as much as she could out of people who worked for her, and paid as little for it as possible. There was plenty of the black velvet, however, and of rich lace to trim it with, and the buttons were five dollars a dozen.
No skimping and piecing of this elegant costume; and as Miss Morgan stitched she thought of the step-daughter's made-over dress, and inwardly fumed and fretted. How could she get a chance to say anything? And how could she say it so as to do good, and not harm?
"Miss Morgan, I saw you at Mrs. Rockwood's yesterday, didn't I?" said Mrs. Canline, after awhile; and the dressmaker started as though her thoughts could have been read.
"Yes, ma'am," she said, hurriedly, "I went there for a day to make some old things over, and very hard it was to get one decent dress out of three, I can tell you. Such a handsome wardrobe as your daughter used to have, too."

"My daughter? Why, Miss Morgan, you ought not to call Mr. Canline's daughter—a grown-up woman when I married him—mine," said Mrs. Canline, testily. "Dear me! she was engaged to that stupid young Rockwood when I first met her poor pa. My daughter!"
"I should have said your step-daughter, Mrs. Canline," said Miss Morgan. "But, really, you'd feel sorry to see how hard it is for her to make both ends meet."
"Well, of course, I'm sorry," said Mrs. Canline. "But, as you make your bed, so you must lie. She offended her pa and he left her nothing, and me all. I couldn't help that. And I've my dear boy at college just that age that he needs so much money. I told him I should send him a present that was worth while this Christmas. He can't come home—it's too far, you know. And I shall give him five hundred dollars. Of course his expenses are all attended to, but he must have a little swing. There it is all in one note. I shall register it this afternoon."
"Five hundred dollars!" said Miss Morgan; "exactly the amount of the mortgage the Rockwood's house is to be sold for."
"Are they really going to lose their house?" said the step-mother. "What thriftlessness! Well, I shall send the children a little Christmas present all the same. I shall send them five dollars, for I have a silly way of being generous to the undeserving."
Miss Morgan bent over her work. "You that have all her father's fortune," she thought—"you who came between parent and child so that he disinherited her. Oh for shame! for shame!"
She stitched away, the needle flying through the velvet. She fitted the broad shoulders and well-laced waist. She gathered the lace into graceful falls, and she thought of Mrs. Rockwood all the while.
It was about four o'clock in the afternoon that Mrs. Canline drew her desk toward her, and took out two sheets of paper. On one she wrote:
MY DARLING SON: Here is your Christmas box. I send it with my best love and wishes. Study hard and make me very proud of you.
YOUR MAMMA.
The other sheet held these words:
MY DEAR GEORGINA: I enclose you will find a Christmas gift for the children. Spend it carefully. I add this warning because you really are not economical and prudent by nature, you know. Make the best use of it. It is really quite a little sum, when you think of it you should. Affectionately, your step-mother.
JANE CANLINE.
These two notes lay on the table. Upon the first a five hundred dollar note; on the last, a humble five-dollar bill; and Mrs. Canline had carefully directed two envelopes. When opening her pen-knife hurriedly, she cut a great gash across her thumb.
"Come and help me, Miss Morgan," she said. "Please put those notes into the envelopes with the money. That for Louis must be sent to-night. I can register them as I come from the doctor's; for the thumb must be seen to. I hate scars on my hands."
Miss Morgan ran to the desk, bent over it, and in a moment had sealed the notes.
Then the lady, slipping them into her pocket, hurried to the doctor's, and was just in time to register her letters at the station on the way home.
A few days after Mrs. Canline was in receipt of two notes, one from her son, which ran thus:
DEAR MAMMA: Unless you have the queerest possible idea of my wants you must have made a mistake. Did you send me five dollars? Yours, in astonishment,
LOUIS CANLINE.
The other began:
DEAR KIND MAMMA: What a load you have taken off my heart. That five hundred dollar note has saved our home, and poor Edward's reason, I believe. Five hundred thousand never did me good. Your ever grateful step-daughter,
GEORGINA ROCKWOOD.
Mrs. Canline, having read these letters, sat for a while like one petrified. She saw that the money she intended for Louis must have gone to Georgina, and vice versa, but it was too late to help it now. She supposed that the pain of her wounded finger had made her stupid. It was done as we do most stupid things—in a hurry. Of course she should send five other hundreds to Louis. As for Georgina, she could not be made to give up her prize at this date. And Mrs. Canline resolved to play the generous and affectionate parent.
She went about a week or so boasting that she had paid off the mortgage on poor Georgina's house; and as Georgina was too grateful to hide the fact, Mrs. Canline gained a good deal of credit for kind feeling to her step-daughter amongst their mutual friends.
"Many people were surprised; none more so than little Miss Morgan."
"I am so glad," she often said to her mother. "I did feel so guilty. I really thought I changed the money in those envelopes. I wanted to do it so. I rejoice that Mrs. Canline did it herself. I do feel gratified she did."
—Mary Kyle Dallas.
A Pleasant Proposal.
"Don't you love the smell of a good cigar?" inquired an Austin antipodes of Vanderbilt of Gus De Smith.
"You bet I do," replied Gus, his face brightening with anticipation.
"Have you got ten cents about your person," inquired the first speaker again.
"Yes; what of it?" asked Gus.
"Well, you give me ten cents, and that with the money I have will purchase a prime cigar."
"But what will I get?" said Gus.
"Why, you'll get the smell which you say you dote upon so much."
—Texas Siftings.
The domestication of Buffalo calves is being attempted in Arkansas.

The Gambler's Paradise.

Here the gambling houses are licensed. On Royal Street, within a stretch of two blocks, eighteen keno, faro, or other games of chance flourish. The police protect them. The proprietors pay \$100 a month for official toleration. The gamblers are not only recognized, but they are patronized by the police, who do not hesitate to play keno, Spanish monte and other games while wearing uniform and being supposedly on duty. Sunday afternoon, on the corner of Custom-house and Franklin streets, it is a common thing to see policemen playing Spanish monte with negroes and the lowest class of whites. On Canal Street, a few blocks from the station of the Louisville & Nashville Railroad, monte houses run day and night. At two o'clock in the morning the writer has seen a member of the New Orleans police dealing the game to a room crowded with colored roustabouts. The officer was on duty at the time. He has a proprietary interest in the game and his profits from this disgraceful connection are very large.
The money paid by licensed gamblers in this city goes into a municipal charity fund. This fund has been increased to such a bulk that a hospital has been erected and its current expenses are supplied by the gamblers' blood money. The gamblers of the town speak of the institution as "our hospital," and when prominent sports from the North visit their Louisiana brethren they are taken to "our hospital" and generously entertained. The strong clutch which gambling has on this community is a remarkable feature of life here. The largest keno establishment in the world is on Royal Street. It will accommodate in both departments nearly 1,000 players. Sunday mornings at nine o'clock the play begins and the house runs through the week. Frequently the key is not turned in the front door for a month. The profits are enormous. The proprietors of the game run no risk. They take fifteen per cent. of the money invested in keno. Their pocket winnings are ten per cent. In short-card and dice games they supply speculators with every facility for losing lucre. The game is about \$200,000 "strong," and the chief manager has not only great wealth, but great political influence. His name is Currie. He employs over forty men, paying them an average of five dollars a day. He possesses much executive ability, is a good talker and rules the roughs who patronize him with a rod of iron. Men who will fight and shoot on slight provocation have learned from experience that Currie cannot be trifled with. He is of slight build and swarthy complexion. He sleeps in a luxurious furnished apartment adjoining the keno-rooms and is waited upon by a corps of black servants with honors which would become royalty itself. Shortly after daylight his carriage is summoned, and he is driven to the retirement of one of the most elegant houses in New Orleans. A keno card in Currie's place costs ten cents. With 500 cards out the holder of the lucky one realizes \$50, less \$7.50, which goes to the house as commission. Royal Street is honey-combed with gambling halls. The entrances are made attractive, electric lights blaze above and below, whisky and cigars are furnished patrons without cost, and some establishments pay \$75 for refreshments, which are gratuitously distributed every twenty-four hours. The weather is extremely hot here; doors and windows are rarely closed on Royal Street, and parties walking through that thoroughfare at night may distinctly hear the keno numbers called from a dozen establishments, the rattling of the balls, followed, after intervals, by a vocal salvo which proclaims "keno correct."
—New Orleans Cor. Chicago Herald.

Boundaries and Titles.

When land is cheap, as it generally is in portions of the West that are but sparsely settled, the owners of tracts are careless about the establishment of boundary lines. If they fence in a farm they are not particular to set the fences on the exact lines. The length of the boards or other materials employed for making the fence will often determine the position of one boundary. The fence on the highway is hardly ever in the exact position required for the width of the road. A considerable portion of the space claimed for highway purposes is generally included in the adjoining field. The first fences erected in a newly-settled place generally determine the position of those put up subsequently. The latter are placed on about the same lines as the former. It is often the case that no surveyor is employed to run lines for the purpose of locating fences till the ancient landmarks are all destroyed, and their position known only by tradition. It is to be regretted that the corners of sections are not marked by substantial monuments of stone or metal. The little mound of earth erected by the Government surveyors at section corners soon becomes obliterated by the tread of animals and other causes. It then becomes necessary to measure from some spot where a monument exists in order to establish a boundary line. Sometimes disputes arise in respect to the position of the corners of sections. These might be prevented by the erection of suitable monuments. The cost of setting trees on the corners of sections would be slight, and they would serve a very useful purpose as landmarks. They are not easy to displace, and will endure for generations. They are better than short monuments, as they can be seen long distances.
When land becomes valuable every owner desires to have all that belongs to him. If an owner thinks he has not his full share he employs a competent surveyor to run the lines. It is often found that fences are a long distance from the proper place, and the cost and trouble of moving them are great. In some instances, as in a recent case in the eastern part of this State, it is found that wells dug and buildings erected by one set of farmers are on land owned by others. Of course great trouble and expense attend a discovery of this kind. Boundaries should be accurately determined when a place is to be improved. It is easy to put the fences in the right position in the first instance. The longer the matter is delayed the greater the difficulty will become. If there is any question about the position of boundary fences the farmers who are interested should unite in having an accurate survey made. The expense to each individual will in that way be largely reduced. The present is an excellent time for making surveys. The trees and bushes are deprived of foliage, and the grass is killed by the frost. In most places it is very short. The weather is cool and farmers have comparatively little to do. If a survey shows that it is necessary to remove fences the work can be done in whole or part before the frost interferes with digging the ground. Having made the survey, pains should be taken to plant trees on the section corners, and, if desirable on account of smaller divisions, at the corners of the quarter sections. Farmers will generally find it to their advantage to have their permanent fields and pastures run out. It is often very desirable to know the exact contents of an inclosure. It is quite a satisfaction to know definitely how much land is devoted to any kind of crop. Knowing the exact amount of land in a field saves much bad guessing.
Having ascertained the exact boundaries of a farm the owner would do well to have the title examined and, if necessary perfected. There is as much uncertainty about the title as about the boundaries of many farms. Many buy farms without first obtaining an abstract of the title and without having an abstract examined by a person competent to pass on its merits. They take the seller's word that the title is good. His word may be good on most matters, but the title to the land he conveys may be very poor, and this without his knowledge. Deeds are often inaccurately drawn and acknowledged by incompetent persons and lead to great trouble at some period. Mortgages are often given and satisfied, but no evidence of their having been satisfied appears on the county record. The time has already come in cities when a purchaser requires an abstract of title to any property he buys. This time will soon come in the country. People will not pay large sums of money for farming land unless they have conclusive evidence that the title is right in every respect. Mistakes in the conveyance of property, releases of mortgages that have been satisfied, and mistakes of any kind can be corrected or adjusted during the life of the persons who were parties to them with little trouble or expense. The longer they are delayed, however, the greater the difficulty becomes. Every owner of farming land should be able "to read his title clear." He should have his chain of title drawn out by one competent to do it, and examined by one whose judgment is good in such matters. He should also preserve his deeds and tax receipts. Our system of land and tax receipts is very simple in the West, as is our system of conveying property. Still many land-owners are very negligent about the matter of boundaries and titles.
—Chicago Times.

A Strange Pet.

Mrs. John Raser, of near New Centerville, Tredyffrin township, is the owner of a beautiful tame polecat that appears very much attached to her. The animal was caught by her son last spring, when it was still quite small, and cared for. Soon it commenced to grow very rapidly and showed a decidedly wicked temper when any one else than Mrs. Raser came near it, making an effort to bite all who attempted to touch it but her. She could stroke its back, take it in her lap, or do whatever she pleased with it, and in a short time it commenced to follow her around like a kitten. It was allowed to wander about the kitchen when she was about, and did so in as frolicsome a manner as a playful kitten of the domestic species as long as she was alone, but the moment anyone else appeared it would run and hide out of sight. Mrs. Raser is the owner of two English beagle hounds and one large Newfoundland dog. For the two former the little animal from its infancy always showed a decided hatred, and soon commenced to attack them whenever they came near, always succeeding in clearing them out of the house in perfect terror, by reason of the severe bites that it was able to give them with its sharp teeth and frisky movements whenever it caught them inside. They have now got so that they keep well out of its reach. Toward the large dog it has always shown a different disposition, however. Instead of attempting to bite, it made friends with him, and now it can be seen following him in a frolicsome manner, attempting to catch and play with his large, bushy tail whenever opportunity presents itself. "The other day," said Mrs. Raser to a reporter who visited her home, "the Newfoundland came in with his tail matted with burrs that had become tangled in his hair. As soon as he sat down Jumbo (meaning the polecat) noticed the burrs and set to work to extract them, doing so as nicely as it could have been done with the most nimble fingers, and the dog let it go on with its work until they were all picked out."
The cat has now grown to its full size and still feels perfectly contented with his home. It has grown less shy of the other members of the family and of strangers, but still insists that none but Mrs. Raser shall touch it. It has made its nest in a closet, and whenever Mrs. Raser is not about it will seek this and go to sleep. It has learned to know the hours when the family takes its meals, and as regularly will put in an appearance to be fed at just such times. It will appear in the dining room and sit up on its haunches like a begging dog at the side of Mrs. Raser until she serves it with its meal. If it chances to be shut out of the room it will come to the door and tap with one of its paws until it is heard and admitted. Its hair is unusually long and very glossy. Immediately over its eyes there is a spot of white hair extending squarely across its forehead and then, after ending abruptly on both sides, passes backward, growing narrower as it does so until almost a complete triangle is formed, but there the white divides into two lines about one-half inch in width each and six inches long, which curve gracefully off in opposite directions, terminating on each side of the body just back of the shoulders. The rest of the hair is glossy and perfectly black. Altogether, the animal is a very pretty one, and about the house it is perfectly cleanly in its habits. It is not the first animal of a wild disposition that Mrs. Raser has tamed in a similar manner, she having been equally as successful two or three years ago in domesticating a ground hog, which last spring chanced to wander out on the track of the Chester Valley Railroad, near the house, and was killed by a passing train. To show that the polecat has become thoroughly domesticated, Mrs. Raser informed our reporter that a few nights ago it had been left out all night, and next morning was found curled up on the front door-step.
—Westchester (Pa.) Village Record.

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

The negroes of Fort Worth, Texas, are to have the finest school-house in the State.—Chicago Times.
—There is lots of Christian work to do at home as well as in India and Africa. A Bible agent found 750 families in Weakly County, Tenn., without Bibles.—Chicago Inter Ocean.
—The President of the Middlebury College, Vermont, proposes to weigh the boarders at the beginning and end of every term. A record of the weights will, it is supposed, establish the nutritive value of the various foods used.—Rutland Herald.
—A friend of the Church of England writes to the London Times in favor of disestablishment, claiming that it would be a gain to a large number of the clergy. There is, he says, among the clergy of the Established Church a great amount of personal poverty. Among this class are found many who are hard working, efficient, scholarly and intellectual. To such he thinks disestablishment would be a blessing, for purchase would cease and the people would have a voice in the election of their pastor.
—The annual meeting of the delegates and representatives of Churches of Christ in Great Britain and Ireland, pleading for an unequalled return to primitive Christianity in all its purity and simplicity, as given to mankind by Christ and his Apostles, was held lately at Wigan. The delegates and members of the churches assembled in this conference disclaimed power to legislate for the churches at large, or to intermeddle in the affairs of any individual church. The conference is held simply for co-operation in evangelistic work.—N. Y. Herald.
—Various are the methods of initiating Harvard students into the secret societies. All aspiring young men are put through, for two weeks, a series of mental and humiliating drudgery and subjection. One New Yorker is said to have been lately made to sell papers for a week, dressed in striped bed-ticking. A well-dressed young man obedi- only dashed through Harvard Square, holding out a long-handled tin dipper, and pathetically imploring, "Won't you give me a little something?" at the same time devoutly crossing himself. Others were fantastically dressed and placarded, and sent on ridiculous errands. The penalty of disobedience is a closing of the doors of the societies forever to the candidate.—Boston Post.
—Gen. Robert Toombs has been baptized and admitted into the Methodist Church by Bishop Pierce, of Georgia. A Georgia newspaper account of the event says: "After the sermon, during the ceremonies at the reception of the new member, scarcely a dry eye could have been found in the house, so great was the joy felt by the people when they knew that our grand old citizen had made peace with his God. Mr. Gabriel Toombs has long been a Christian, and the sight of the pleasure on his face, as he stood by his brother during the ceremonies, is well worth one's memory for years to come."
PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.
—"Don't go too much on show, my son," remarked Mrs. Yeast to her boy. "The drum major of a band, to be sure, is very attractive, but he doesn't furnish any of the music."—Yonkers Statesman.
—An Austin fireman who was late to a fire gave as an excuse that he lived three miles away from the scene of the conflagration. "Well, you'll have to move your residence up nearer the fire or quit the company" was the hasty reply of the irate chief.—Texas Siftings.
—An English traveler in America asked a captain of a lake steamer the name of the lake they were traversing. He replied, "Lake Huron." "Yes, I know," responded the Englishman, "it is the lake I am on; but what is its name?"
—All were happy—
A little bird sat on a bough,
Beneath the tree there stood a cough,
And close at hand there was a cough,
They said, "How happy are we now—
We'll all pitch in and have a cough."
—Ex-Senator Blanche K. Bruce, the colored Register of the United States Treasury, sends presents to all negro babies named for him in the South. If this notice is circulated, the number of his namesakes will probably overwhelm him.—Chicago Journal.
—"I have solved the conundrum, 'how to get rich,'" said one Boston tramp to another. "We will work our passage to England, steal some good clothes and return here as lecturers. The Americans will swallow any sort of a lecture, provided we play Englishmen well."—Boston Post.
—"How are you and your wife cummin' on?" asked a West Point man of a colored man. "She has run me, boss. I is to blame, boss. I gave her a splendid white silk dress, and den she got so proud she had no use for me. She loved I was too dark to match de dress."—N. Y. Graphic.
—It is not strange that pretty widows have so many more suitors than equally pretty maidens. Men know that a widow is not looking for a beautiful prince on a milk-white steed, and consequently will not be quite so hard to suit. In matrimony as in other things, time is a great consideration nowadays.—Philadelphia Call.
—"I can't carry this bundle," said a wife to her husband. "I can't," the husband replied, "for I have to carry the two children." "But you ought to have some consideration for me," the wife continued. "You must think I'm a wagon." "O, no, my dear, I don't think you are a wagon. A wagon holds its tongue but you never do."—Arkansas Traveller.

Eating a Calf.

Somewhere in the neighborhood of Aylsham lived a certain Jerry Eke, whose appetite was said to be superhuman, whose prowess at harvest suppers was the boast and wonder and envy of the villagers round. It came to pass that at a farmers' market dinner the talk turned upon Mr. Eke's performances, when some one present protested that what had been narrated was impossible. "Impossible!" said another; "I'll bet you twenty-five pounds Jerry Eke will eat a calf at a sitting." The wager was taken, and the preliminaries were arranged. The calf—let us hope only a baby calf—was killed; the bones were cut out, the flesh was chopped into minute particles and apportioned into seventeen enormous pasties, whose outer crust was a thin film of batter made lovely and tempting to every sense, but carefully kept from any ingredients that cloy the palate. Jerry was called in, he having agreed to the wager with evident delight, and was told he might fall to. He did so and steadily gorged. He had made no difficulty of the first nine pasties, but when a tenth was brought in he seemed to flag. To the horror of his backers he sighed and looked perplexed. It was but a moment; he desired only to expostulate. "I say, Mass'r, I ain't got nothing to say again them boys, I loik 'em amazin'; but I'm a thinkin' et's abawt time as I should begin upon that there calf."—Nineteenth Century.

A Pleasant Proposal.

—According to London Truth, Daniel Wilson, the son-in-law of the President of the French Republic, was almost the playmate of his wife when he was a schoolboy and she a growing girl. They knew each other so well that it did not occur to them to get married until they were both getting on toward middle age.
—A man in California, aged ninety-seven years, has applied for naturalization papers. It's never too late to mend.—San Francisco Chronicle.