

St. Tammany Farmer.

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

W. G. KENTZEL, Editor.

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TOO LATE.

What silences we keep year after year,
With those who are most near to us and dear;
We live beside each other day by day,
And speak of myriad things, but seldom say
The full, sweet word that lies just in our
reach,
Beneath the commonplace of common speech.

Then out of sight and out of reach they go—
These close familiar friends, who loved us so;
And, sitting in the shadow, they have left,
Alone, with loneliness, and some here
We think with vain regret of some fond word,
That once we might have said and they have
heard.

For weak and poor the love that we expressed
Now seems beside the vast, sweet unexpressed,
And slight the deeds we did, to those who
And small the service spent, to treasure now
And undeserved the praise, for word and deed
That should have overclouded the simple need.

This is the cruel cross of life, to be
Full visioned only when the ministry
Of death has been fulfilled, and in the place
Of some dear presence is but empty space.
What recollections serve us then
And consolation for the night here been,
Give consolation for the night here been,
—Nora Ferry, in N. Y. Independent.

A TUSSLE WITH A TREE.

I imagined it would take me about
half an hour to put up some boxes for
the accommodation of the blue birds
amid the branches of the magnificent
oak which stands in the rear of my
house.

This oak is the pride of my estate.
It is erect, lofty, symmetrical, now in
its fullest vigor—a temple not built
with hands—more marvelous in con-
struction than any palace ever erected,
and, in my brother man's estimation,
good chiefly for firewood or railroad
ties.

In the endeavor to place the bird
houses on it I find that perversity dwells
among its branches. Or perhaps its
desire is not to be meddled with in any
way—a feature of strong character
and marked individuality, whether in
men, women or oaks.

I wanted to put the boxes on the oak
about twenty feet from the ground. I
erected a ladder against the tree. The
tree refused to allow the ladder to rest
solidly against its massive trunk.
Whichever way I directed that ladder
it fell against small but stout branches
—stout as steel springs. These fought
the ladder and warded it off against
too near approach.

I tried to insinuate the ladder between
these crabbed, obstinate little branches.
They resisted intelligently all such tactics.
Where the ladder's end edged in
a little on one side, a cat's claw of a
branch managed to catch it on the
other. Meantime I, myself, the human,
moving machine at the ladder's foot,
was expending much force in these vain
efforts. For it was an old and very
heavy ladder—a house painter's ladder.

I saw that I must cut these branches
off. I could not reach them from the
ground so to do. Nor could I saw them
off by getting on the ladder as it leaned
against them, since to do this might be
to saw myself off in a sense. The axe
failed to cut them off because I could
not get in a position to deal an effective
blow. I had recourse to a handsaw.
I would saw from the top of my step-
ladder.

Posting the step-ladder at the foot of
the tree proved another difficult opera-
tion, for the ground was uneven, and it
was necessary to level off a place to
give the base a secure hold.

At this time it occurred to me that I
was a long way off from placing those
blue bird boxes. Every move thus
developed and necessary in this under-
taking seemed to carry me farther from
the aim first sought—that of nailing the
boxes to the tree. I had commenced
with the endeavor to place a ladder
against the trunk, found mind and body
intercepted by those obstinate branches,
had left the branches and now found
myself at work with a pick and shovel
on the ground. I thought to myself:
"I wonder how far I must travel away
from these boxes in this fashion in order
to get them? Is this one of those af-
fairs in life, seeming so easy of accom-
plishment, really so difficult, which
looks as if it could be done in a day,
and which may require years? At all
events, the affair is assuming the aspect
of a sort of game, or rather combat,
between myself and this tree, and I'm
going to drop all hurry and anxiety to
place the boxes and see which of us,
myself or the tree, are to be masters of
the situation."

The step-ladder sided with the tree,
and was unreasonably particular in
getting a level base—now toppling as I
stood on it over on this side, now on
that in a decripit, helpless sort of
fashion. It was a striking example, in
its seeming efforts to overturn me, of
what a friend calls "the total depravity
of inanimate things."

At last I mounted this ladder and
commenced operations with the saw on
branch No. 1. The branch being
green and full of sap, the saw stuck
and hung in an obstinate manner.
Being on the top board of the step-ladder
my footing was shaky and uncertain.
I sawed, worried by the thought of a
possible broken neck or leg, and ex-
perienced great wear and tear of mind
and body in consequence. Branch No. 2
required a change of location for the
step-ladder and another secure level for
its base. So did branch No. 3. By
the time these three branches were off I
found myself forgetting the original in-
tent of all this work, and even wonder-
ing at times what I was working for.

The branches were at last working for
way and all seemed plain sailing. I
raised the heavy ladder against the
tree. It rested securely against the
trunk. I mounted it with one of the
boxes in my hands, got two-thirds of
the way to the ladder's top, heard some-
thing crack ominously and found that
the left ladder upright had a diagonal
split running through it, was threaten-
ing every instant to part, and that my
neck was in greater danger than ever.
I descended rapidly, but carefully, from

the ladder. Another instance of the
total depravity of inanimate things.
There was nothing to do but repair
the ladder. The placing of the bird
boxes on the tree had retired farther in
the distance than ever. I said then to
myself: "I wonder where this under-
taking will carry me ere it is finished?
What new thing shall I find necessary
to incorporate into this job? Perhaps
it may bring me to the repairing of my
hen-coop. It may take me to the city
to get some needed article. It may
carry me to Europe. I may be obliged
to consult with lawyers and jurists, all
through some indirect operation or
development growing out of this blue
bird box business. It has already cost
me two and a half hours' labor, and I
expected to accomplish it in thirty min-
utes." But I am now prepared for war.
I will devote the whole day to this un-
dertaking—perchance two whole days.

I repaired the ladder carefully, nail-
ing braces both within and without the
broken upright. I placed it in position
and mounted it, carrying a bird box
with me. Arrived at the ladder's top I
found I could not climb the tree to the
spot where I desired to nail the box
with the box in my hands. So I went
down the ladder again and placed the
box on the ground. Then I went up
the ladder so far as it reached, and
henceforth took to climbing. More ob-
stacles presented themselves. Branches
got directly in the way. Twigs
scratched my face and tried to put out
my eyes. Bits of rotten branches and
dry bark lodged and fell into my
eyes. There was more cutting away
to be done. I descended the ladder for
my hatchet, got it, and trimmed a road
up the tree. All as I supposed being
ready, I descended again for the box
and remounted. It was necessary to
take with me a hammer, a gimlet and
some nails.

I tied the hammer about
my neck with a cord and put the nails
and gimlet in my vest pocket. Arrived
at the place where I would nail the box,
I found it necessary to use the hatchet.
Common sense or a few seconds' re-
flection might have taught me that as
the hatchet would probably be needed
again it should have been stuck by the
blade in the tree. No. I had pitched it
from the tree on the ground. So I
went down the ladder again for the
hatchet.

These continual ascents and descents
began now to alarm me. They seemed
endless, and at the present rate I could
vaguely see more and more in the dim
distance of futurity before the boxes
were fastened.

I finished with the hatchet and was
turning the current of my thoughts on
the hammer when, that instrument
being tied, so to speak, by the neck,
suddenly as I leaped over a branch
turned a somersault, slipped through
the knot and fell straight to the ground.
It fell wonderfully straight through the
branches, and on reaching the ground lay
there with a dull, sullen "come
down-from-there-and-pick-me-up" ex-
pression.

I did not come down immediately. I
leaned over the branch and swore at
that hammer. But it did not rise,
then it occurred to me how amusing all
this might be to any third party who
had nothing to do but look on and see
the performance. I said: "Why should
I not be the third party?" But I re-
minded myself that the third party had
nothing to do but sit down and be
amused, whereas I had all these per-
petual ascensions and descensions to
make besides being amused. The con-
tract was too large. I could not be
thoroughly amused and do all the work
besides. So I descended again with
what patience I could summon. I
picked the hammer up. I wanted to
wring its neck. But what comes from
wringing a hammer's neck? Naught
save the necessity of buying a new
hammer.

The hammer was picked up as it de-
sired to be. Again I climbed the lad-
der. In the midst of an apparently
speedy dispatch of the labors a new
trouble presented itself. The tree had
changed its tactics and called a new
ally to its aid.

This ally was a hen—one of my hens.
My back door and only door had been
left open. This hen had entered, was
on my table consuming the remains of
my breakfast and threatening destruc-
tion with her awkward legs and claws
to my crockery. It is this particular
hen that annoys me in this way more
than all the rest. While they are off
foraging in the field she hangs around
that back door bent on thieving and
plunder.

I cried out: "Shoo!" from above sev-
eral times to no purpose. She wouldn't
"shoo!" She paid me no respectful
attention whatever. She knew well
enough she had plenty of time to clear
out of the house before I could get
down from the tree. I made her sev-
eral threatening remarks. She cocked
up one eye, winked at me in a contempt-
uous manner, and calmly went on peck-
ing. I threw several twigs in the house
to no purpose. I descended the ladder
and wrathfully drove her out. She
went out as hens general do from any
pent up place, by the longest possible
way, with great risk to window panes
and fragile articles from her fluttering
wings, and with a great cackle and out-
cry, as if she deemed it an outrageous
proceeding on my part thus to disturb
her while peacefully engaged in con-
verting the breakfast scraps into fresh
eggs for my own use, which cackle and
outcry was re-echoed by the head
roosters of her community in the field,
as if they too concurred and heartily
seconded her opinion of me.

So rebuked I climbed once more the
ladder, and put myself in position for
nailing on the boxes—a work of some
difficulty, since I was obliged to make
my body conform to the shape and re-
quirements of the tree and the various

divergences and contour of its trunk
and branches. Effecting one position,
I found that in it I could not strike a
blow with the hammer through the
interference of a hostile little limb. In
another I could not pull the nails from
my vest pocket. I found myself for the
tree immediately in hand—constantly
lacking in the requisite number of legs
and arms. It seemed to me I could
have kept then and there employed six
or eight more of these members. I
realized then the great advantages for
such kind of work possessed by certain
monkeys who could have slung them-
selves airily and gracefully from a
branch by their strong and flexible ex-
tension of vertebrae, leaving all the
arms and legs free for other uses. I
was so reflecting when I heard a tiny,
modest rattle to earth. It was the gimlet
for which I had immediate use. It had
fallen from a vest pocket. A few nails
gently pattered after it. Then there
was wrath. But to what purpose?
Gimlets on the earth respond and rise
no more to expletives than do hammers.
The gimlet would not come to me. I
went by the old and usual route to the
gimlet, wondering as again I wearily
climbed the ladder if patience to work
out one's salvation must, like eternity,
be infinite, and if one's charity must be
stretched to cover this total depravity
of inanimate hammers and gimlets.

I nailed the boxes in position. All
now seemed to work smoothly. I
finished the work and went down the
ladder as I supposed for the last time.
I surveyed those four boxes with pride
and admiration. I took away the ladder
and lugged it afar to a distant corner.
I resurveyed the boxes and discovered
that one of them was hanging by a
shred of bark shaking with the breeze,
as the nail had not penetrated to the
wood of the tree, thus proving again
the total depravity of inanimate things.

I would not succumb. All my pride
and stubbornness was now aroused.
I had ceased to regard the placing of
those boxes on the tree as of the first
importance. This with me had been
superseled by the desire of winning in
this game or contest with my splendid
but stubborn oak. I re-erected the
ladder, refastened the box, and then
waited to see what new ugliness on the
oak's part would come. But none
came. I had conquered.

During the week several house hunt-
ing birds have inspected these apart-
ments. They seem difficult to suit, and
make no choice.
I thought when I commenced writing
this story there was a moral concealed
in it somewhere or hanging to its skirts.
Now that I have finished it I can't find
any. I deem it more kind and con-
siderate to leave the reader to find his
or her own moral and apply it where it
is needed. I have in the past too much
erred in going round slapping moral
mustard plasters on people's skins re-
gardless whether they wanted them or
not.—*Prudence Mulford, in N. Y. Graphic.*

Losses on Imported Fruit.

"Is there anything new in the fruit
trade to-day?" a down-town fruit
dealer was asked.
"No, but there ought to be."
"What should there be?"
"A method of transportation that
will keep the fruit in a perfect con-
dition en route. You have no idea of
what per centage of the fruit sent to
this market is lost on the way. Last
year 281,000 oranges were shipped from
Mediterranean ports to New York and
112,000,000 of them perished on the
way, or about 40 per cent. Of
\$16,000,000 lemons shipped more than
63,000,000 perished, or 20 per cent."
"The destruction is not so great on
the short trips from the West Indies, is
it?"

"Greater. Nearly 17,000,000 oranges
perished out of 33,000,000 shipped."
"How about other kinds of fruit?"
"The loss is greatest on oranges.
More than 3,200,000 pineapples were
shipped here, and 800,000 or 25 per
cent. were lost. There was a grand
total of 1,100,000 bunches of bananas
shipped, and 181,000, or 16 per cent.,
perished. Coconuts are the best shippers,
only 1,100,000 perishing out of 14,200,
000 shipped, or 8 per cent. Of 109,000
barrels of grapes, 25 per cent. perished.
Among the fruits that are imported in
small quantities, were 114 barrels of
limes, with a loss of one fourth; there
were 43,000 mangoes shipped, but 55
per cent. were lost, while 10 per cent.
of the 33,000 plantains that were
shipped perished before they got here."

"On whom does the loss fall?"
"On the shipper, of course; but you
see if all this fruit could arrive in good
condition, the prices to the consumer
would be much less and the profits of
the dealer as great."—*N. Y. Sun.*

To Parents.

Surround your children when at
home with objects and influences which
will make their minds best able to en-
joy and expand under the teachings of
the public instructor. If they see you
surround the home with beautiful
things, because you love them, they
will do so, too. If they see your garden
arranged for beauty as well as utility,
while all over the homestead stern
economy yields to a reverential love of
nature, and to a sense that the gratifica-
tion of the eye and the mind is quite as
important as the gratification of the
appetite, they will grow up with liberal,
generous feelings and opinions; they
will be men and women who have the
best interest of the world at heart.

—A quantity of ore from the Ellen-
ville (N. Y.) gold mine sent to a New
York assayer the other day assayed at
the rate of \$358 a ton. The mine is
said to be rich in both gold and silver.
—*N. Y. Sun.*

A Philosopher in Rags.

"Say, boys, did yer see my pard about
here?" The speaker was sitting on a
stone wall by the roadside in Dorches-
ter about dark last night. The speaker
was of medium height and rather slim.
He wore a skull cap and an ill-fitting
coat. His shirt had probably been white
once. His trousers had seen better
days. On one foot was a congress shoe
and on the other a large boot. His face
needed to be shaved. He was a tramp.
"Your pard? How did you happen to
lose him?" asked some one.

"Well, yer see, we were sittin' on a
fence up the road there and a cop came
along and told us to git. Pard, he
skipped, and I told him I would meet
him down the road here. I wasn't
afraid of the cop; I sat there and had a
chin with him. I guess pard will turn
up. Have yer got any tobacco?"
"Some tobacco was produced."
"Yer see, boys," continued the man,
"I arrived in town this morning; just
came from Putnam, Conn. Came up
on the New York & New England. Did
yer know it? That's a good road to
travel on. I met three of the old boys
on the train."

"Did you have to pay any fare?"
"Well, I guess not; I came up on the
freight. The brakeman on that train
is a smart chap; he played a good trick
on me. Yer see, I was on the roof of
one of the box cars, and thinking that
it would not do for him to see me, I
crawled down into the car as he came
along. He saw me, and what did
he do but lock the door, and of course
that locked me up in the car. Bimeby
he came along and asked me
what station I wanted to get off at, and
I told him Hyde Park, and when we
got there he opened the door and let
me out."

"Yes; what are the best roads to ride
on deadhead?"
"The Boston and Albany is n. g.; so
is the Providence. The Fitchburg is
the bully road, and the Old Colony
pretty near as good."

"Were you ever in Boston before?"
"Yes, plenty of times. Boston is the
darling place to live in, if a feller has
plenty of money. If I ever strike a
fortune I am coming to Boston to live."
"Are you married?"
"Yes; I left my wife in New York.
She was a tough un."

"How did you happen to leave her?"
"She had three bad habits—eating,
smoking and drinking—and it cost too
much to support her; just the same
with all women."

"Do you ever do any work?"
"Very seldom; the doctor says that
work will injure my health. I had a
job offered me about a month ago. A
man down in Hartford said he would
give me \$150 a month to run an eating
house for him. You know I am just
taking a vacation, and I didn't want
to break it for any such position as that.
Work and I had a falling out. I ain't
lazy, but I guess I was born tired and
never got over it."

"Do you find any trouble in getting
enough to eat?"
"Yes, I generally keep something
ahead, though." Here the tramp un-
buttoned his Prince Albert and dis-
played an inside pocket filled with food
and cigar stubs. He began to analyze
the stuff. "That piece of cake I
bumped from a little kid up the street;
those apples were given to me by the
old man that keeps the bakehouse out
near Hyde Park; that piece of bread I
got from a philanthropic old lady who
lives in the large, old-fashioned house
up at a place called Mount Bowdoin.
She asked me if I didn't want a job
sawing wood out in her barn. I told
her that I was in a hurry to get to
Lowell to see my wife, who was dying
of consumption. This touched the old
lady's heart, and she gave me ten cents.
I guess I have got enough for a couple
of days."

"What do you find the hardest stuff
to get hold of?"
"Tobacco and money. I can get
along without money, but without the
tobacco I am gone. The other day a
man offered me a glass of whisky, but
I told him I would rather have a
chew. He didn't have a plug, but he
gave me a dime and I bought one."
"Do you find any trouble in getting
enough to drink?"

"Canada is the place to get the pure
old whisky and plenty of it; but over in
Detroit the darned rascals make three
barrels out of one of the Canada barrels.
They adulterate it; but that is business,
and they make money out of it."
"I started to go into that house there,
but I saw a dog laying out on the back
piazza, and I thought I had better skip.
I ain't afraid of dogs, but this one was
ugly looking."
"Where are you going to sleep to-
night?"

"I have been down to the police sta-
tion, but I don't like the looks of the
ranch, and there's too many cops lay-
ing around. I guess I will go out to
the Milton station house; they furnish
a good feed out there; down here they
don't. Milton's the daisy place for
grub; there's none of yer brass-buttoned
peelers around there."

"Where are you going to strike for
when you leave this place?"
"I was thinkin' of goin' over to
Europe, but its hard to beat a passage
on a steamer, and if they happen to
catch you they will make yer work yer
passage. So I have kinder given up the
idea. I guess I will go West. Well,
boys, must skip; here comes a cop. If
you see a chap that looks like me, and
answers to the name of Jim, send him
along. Good day."—*Boston Globe.*

"I never feel comfortable when
there's a man around that smiles all
the time. The only dog that ever bit
me never stopped waggin' his tail."
—*Josh Billings.*

A Good Lawyer.

Lawyers rule this country. Of the
seventy-six members who lately made
up the United States Senate, fifty were
practicing lawyers. The same profes-
sion furnishes heads to nearly all the
Government departments.

Why is this thus?—is one of those
questions to which several different
answers may be given. But the fact
has formed, in the Senate, a standard
by which the ability of each new Sen-
ator is measured.

"He is a good lawyer and will make
a good Senator," is a remark frequently
heard when the name of an incoming
Senator is mentioned.

But there are lawyers and—lawyers.
Besides, the epithet "good" is so epi-
taphical as to leave one in doubt as to its
meaning, when applied to a lawyer.
If all members of the profession were
as "good" as the late Mr. Hackett, of
Portsmouth, N. H., the country might
rest in the peace that flows from confi-
dence, while lawyers rule it.

"He did not," says a former student
in his office, "look upon his profession
simply as a means of earning money,
but as his place for doing good in the
world."

An anecdote illustrates how Mr.
Hackett, when a young practitioner
and in a trying emergency, proved him-
self a "good" lawyer and a good man.
In those days the country trader did
not pay cash for purchases, but gave
his notes to the city merchant. So long
as he paid it, or, at least, a part of its
face, about the time it matured, all
went well between him and his credi-
tors.

But should he prove unduly remiss,
or should it be rumored that he was
"hard up," then there was a race be-
tween creditors. Each one ran to serve
the first attachment on the debtor's
property, as that writ must be satisfied
in full, before any other.

When young Hackett trudged from
his father's house to seek his fortune,
he passed a night in the home of Mr.
Coe, a country trader of means. As he
was leaving, the next morning, Mrs.
Coe joyously said:
"You're going to be a lawyer. Now,
remember, if any of my husband's notes
come into your office, you won't sue
them without letting him know before-
hand."

Five years after, a client called on
Mr. Hackett to bring suit forthwith
upon several notes, among which was
one given by Mr. Coe. The hard times
had caused many failures and the
client was scared.

Just as Mr. Hackett was about put-
ting the writ of attachment in an offi-
cer's hands, his promise to Mrs. Coe
flashed through his mind. But there
was his duty to his client, who had
given him pre-emptory instructions—
besides, four hundred dollars were at
stake.

Taking the officer, he rode to Mr.
Coe's. He was absent. Mrs. Coe, on
learning the cause of the visit, said that
an attachment would ruin her husband,
as every creditor would rush in with
his demands. If he was given a little
time every dollar should be paid.

The young lawyer decided instantly
upon his course. Assuring Mrs.
Coe that her husband should suffer no
harm; he returned to Portsmouth.
The next morning he drew from the
bank all the money he had in the world
—two hundred dollars. The bank dis-
counted his own note, indorsed by his
president, for two hundred more.
When his client came in, the following
conversation ensued:
"Well, squire," said the client, "have
you secured my note?"
"Yes," answered Mr. Hackett.
"What have you got it on to?"
"This is what I've got it on to," taking
from his desk a roll of bank-bills.
"Why, what does this mean? If I'd
supposed he was that kind of a man, I
wouldn't have sued him."
"You or anybody else ought to be
ashamed to sue a man like Mr. Coe,
when you could get your money by
calling for it."

"That's so, squire; I am ashamed;
I'm sorry, too."

He was so sorry that he willingly
paid the expenses, and went away
grateful to the lawyer and full of kindly
feelings to his late debtor. The next day
Mr. Coe, pale and agitated, appeared
in the lawyer's office.

"Mr. Hackett, have you sued me?"
were his first words.
"O, no," was the reassuring reply.
"I'm all right, then," added Mr.
Coe, opening his wallet: "I've got the
money here. But if you'd sued me,
'twould have started everybody else."

Laying down a sum far exceeding the
debt, he begged Mr. Hackett to help
himself to a liberal fee.
"Not a cent, sir," promptly replied
the man who preferred to assuage strife
rather than foment it. "For I shamed
the costs out of my client."—*Youth's
Companion.*

In Trimble County, Kentucky,
Mary Stephens supposed her husband
was dead, he having left home many
years ago, and she married again in
July last. Stephens went to his wife's
home recently, not intending to let
himself be known. His wife immedi-
ately recognized him, and, throwing
her arms about his neck and scream-
ing "My long lost husband," kissed
him. This aroused the jealousy of the
new husband, who struck her across
the neck with a drawing knife he had
in his hand, severing the jugular vein.
Stephens drew a revolver and shot the
murderer, who in turn gave Stephens
a cut across the back of the neck with
the drawing knife. Both men are said
to be fatally injured.—*Louisville Courier
Journal.*

Eggs are sent by mail in England
under the parcel-post system.

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—A Scotch schoolmaster chastises his
pupils by pouring castor oil down their
throats.

—Some lady in the East, who does
not wish her name disclosed, has given
Mills Seminary, San Francisco, \$5,000
for a library building.

—At the meeting of the Board of
Missions of the American Bible Society
at New York, recently, an appropri-
ation of \$309,640 was made for foreign
work.

—The Nashville Advocate says: "If
you would make real improvement in
your Christian life you will do well to
begin by improvement in the manner
of spending your Sabbaths."

—Within four years the Methodist
Episcopal Church has expended
\$5,455,000 for religious publications,
and the Methodist Book Concern has
supplied \$3,500,000 worth of literature.

—Says the New Orleans Christian
Advocate: "There are fourteen county
towns—court house seats—in Kentucky
in which there is not and never was a
church building of any denomination."

—The venerable ex-Governor Dow-
ney, of California, has given \$500 to
furnish a new school-house in the town
of Downey, that State, and at his sug-
gestion an inscription will be placed on
its portals reading: "Order is Heaven's
first law. Be good children, and true
to your country."

—A minister suddenly stopped in his
sermon and sang a hymn. "If the
members of the choir are to do the talk-
ing," he explained, "they certainly will
permit me to do the singing." And
then things in the neighborhood of the
organ became more quiet.—*Chicago
Herald.*

—Several French women and one
young American girl, Miss Laura
White, are studying architecture in the
special school at Paris with a view to
making it their life work. The *Woo-
yenne* says that already several women
have distinguished themselves as
builders and house decorators. The
exquisite carpenter's and cabinet
maker's work in the Mayor's house at
Passy has been executed by a lady.

—At a recent meeting of the Congre-
gational Club of New York, the topic
of discussion was "The Pulpit as seen
from the Pews." The first speaker,
Mr. Austin Abbott, said among other
things that the first point the preacher
has to regard is that the habits of busi-
ness men of recent years have changed.
Time was, when a man was willing to
have a business transaction proposed
one day, consider it during the next,
and give his answer on the third. To-
day, he wants immediate decision.
Everything is to the point. He wants
exactly that element in the sermon.
The sermon has to be long, provided it
go by logical steps from point to point
and never retrace its steps; but if it go
around and around in an endless circle,
he doesn't wish to hear it.—*N. Y.
Examiner.*

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—We are surprised to learn that
Daniel Montague has the oldest piano
in the United States. We have always
supposed the family next door owned
it.—*N. Y. Graphic.*

—"What shall I write about?" asked
a young reporter of the managing ed-
itor. "O, write about the first thing
that comes to hand," was the brief or-
der. The scribe drew his pay that night
for an article on "door-knobs."

—At a Columbia (Ky.) hanging there
were a thousand women present. There
is nothing envious about a woman ex-
cepting where her own sex is con-
cerned. She always likes to see a man
get up in the world.—*Troy Times.*

—A French composer, learning that
the original of Byron's "Maid of Ath-
ens" was living in poverty, composed
a song and sent her the proceeds of its
sale. This is truly kind and thought-
ful. Most composers would have sent
her the song, too.—*N. Y. Graphic.*

—"Ah, I owe you a thousand dol-
lars," said a chronic borrower, acci-
dentally meeting his creditor. "O,
don't mention it," answered the credi-
tor, politely, but in a mournful tone.
"We won't, we won't," replied the
debtor, pressing the man's hand.—*Chi-
cago Tribune.*

—"Experience may be a dear teach-
er," remarked a minister as the con-
tribution box was returned to him empty.
"But the members of this particular
flock who have experienced religion
have accomplished it as a very trifling
cost. The choir will please sing the
seventy-ninth hymn, omitting the first,
third and fourth verses, in order to
save unnecessary wear on the organ."

—A few days ago a lady entered a
store and asked to be shown some dress
goods. She was shown a piece at \$1.25
a yard, but this not being good enough