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. COVINGTON, ST. TAMMANY PARISH, LA., DECEMBER 13, 1884. VOL. X.- NO. 50.

THE OLD REAPER.

Mid the brown-haired and the black-haired men,
With ruddy faces aglow,
The old man stood in the harvest field,
With a head as white as snow.
"Let me cut a sheaf, my boys," he said,
"Before it is time to go."

They put the sickle within his hand:
He bowed to the windy wheat;
Pleasantly fell the golden ears,
With the corn flowers at his feet.
He lifted a handful, thoughtfully;
It was ripe and full and sweet.

"Many and many a sheaf," he said,
"I have cut in the years gone past;
And many and many a sheaf these arms
On the harvest wains have cast.
But, children dear, I am weary now,
And I think this is—the last.

"Let me rest awhile beneath the tree;
For I like to watch you go,
With sickles bright, through the ripe, full wheat,
And to feel the fresh wind blow."
And they spread their working coats for him
'Mong the grasses sweet and low.

When the sun grew high they came again,
For a drink and their bread and meat;
And in the shadow he sleeping lay,
With sunshine on his feet.
Like a child at night, outspent with play,
He lay in slumber sweet.

When they came again, he faintly said:
"I have crossed the meadow stile.
My work is done; 'tis nearly dark;
I shall rest in a little while."
That night it was Harvest Home with him;
But he went away with a smile.
—*Amelia E. Barr, in N. Y. Independent.*

LIFE UNDER THE SEA.

A Naturalist Watching Fishes in Their Own Element—The Domestic Life of the Denizens of the Ocean—Their Sports and Habits—Photographs Taken Under Water—Fishes That Walk on Land.

"I have taken up diving to study the habits of some animals under water," said an enthusiastic man to an *Enquirer* reporter. "I have made fishes rather a specialty, and for a number of years I have used a boat with a glass bottom. I bought a small sloop that had a well in her to hold fish, took out the bottom and inserted several panes of heavy glass, and there I had a perfect window in the bottom of the boat, so that even in the roughest weather I could lie and look down through it, and see the smallest objects on the bottom, and so make my collections. But this only made me eager to get a nearer view, and so began to think of the diver's armor. I bought this and had the helmet altered so that I could see perfectly well, and as I was not going to visit any wrecks there was no danger of breakage and I was perfectly safe. I made my first experiment on the Florida reef.

"One of the most remarkable features of this life under water is the fact that the fishes were not at all afraid of me, but swam about when I did not move, evidently taking me for an old wreck. When I raised my arm they would dart away for a few moments and then suddenly return. They were as curious as some people, their great eyes staring, ever open, presenting oftentimes a ludicrous spectacle. I have had fishes rub up against my armor, as you often see them against the bottom, probably to rid themselves of some obnoxious parasite. The way I made my observations of fish and their movements was to recline upon the bottom among the coral and have a supply of cray-fish bait that they are very fond of, and in this way I often had a perfect school of fish hovering over me, and so could observe their every movement. Did you ever watch a fish in the water? Take the common sunfish. As it poises in midwater you will see the side or pectoral fins moving in a kind of side motion; just the same movement that you intuitively try to make with your hands when you try to "tread" water or keep yourself motionless; in short, the pectoral fins are the arms of the fish, its fore limbs. In the flying-fish the arm-fins are wings; in some of the sculpins there are regular fingers by which the fish crawls over the bottom; in the Periapthaimus they are used to walk on dry land. In observations of this kind, continued the speaker, you notice things that can not even be seen in a good aquarium, as there the fish are under certain restraint. While I have been lying low, literally, with all these fishes hovering over me, I have seen performances that were exactly akin to our games and sports. When a lot of young fishes were about they were continually engaged in games of chase. Now one would dart, and, followed by half a dozen others, the pursued dodging here and there behind bits of coral until some other fish in turn seemed to attract attention, and the entire crowd would rush pell-mell after it. One day I saw two fishes, called smelts, approach each other in a solemn way, open their mouths as wide as possible until their lips met. Then they would slowly draw or back off and then repeat the operation. You may call it what you like, but judging from our standpoint I assumed they were kissing each other. They were certainly not fighting, as I repeatedly saw encounters, and they were always characterized by rapidity of motion and display of temper natural to the occasion.

"One of the most remarkable sights that I observed," continued the amateur diver, "were the coral beds. From a boat they present nothing unusual—a brown mass of pointed stems or branches; but one day I had the boat placed on the edge of a channel, and gradually walked down into it until I attained the bottom, in about thirty-five or forty feet of water, and I tell you the scene was impressive. I seemed to be in the streets of a city. The bottom upon which I stood was a pure white sand, hard and firm, and perfectly free of coral; but on either side rose a perpendicular wall of the branch coral nearly forty feet high, all the points extending directly outward or toward me, and presenting a magnificent unbroken surface of a rich olive-brown hue.

"I must have walked one hundred yards through this channel when suddenly I noticed a black object on the bottom about twenty feet ahead. At first I thought it was a shark or a turtle, and, charging bayonets with my pike or iron spear that I carried, I moved on and found that it was something that had evidently fallen from above. It was completely overgrown with seaweed and covered with incrustating corals, and it was nearly half an hour before I had cleared away the sand, during which time I had to go to the surface. I took down a shovel, however, and soon found that my find was a cannon, and by its shape, of foreign make; and so it proved, as a few days later I took out ropes and a derrick on a scow and lifted it to the surface. We found that it was an old Spanish gun, and after the coral was scraped off, the arms of Spain were plainly seen. It had been captured probably by pirates a long time ago, and lost overboard in some way, or a vessel had been sunk and entirely gone to pieces.

"I was so impressed," continued the speaker, "with the wonders of this world under the sea that I began to devise some method of reproducing it, and I made some attempts at photography under water. My appliances were crude, and it can hardly be called a success; but I proved that it is possible, and I haven't the slightest doubt but that in a few years a photographer can go to the bottom and take negatives of wrecks to show the actual positions, etc. Not only this, but fishes and all the marine animals can be reproduced exactly. How can it be done? Well, that is my secret, but of course the electric light will be a prominent feature of such an undertaking.

"One of the last trips that I made on the reef was to an old wreck that had been lying there for perhaps fifty years. I went down to it at night, and when I turned on the electric light I found myself in a curious place. The hull of the vessel was seemingly complete, but not a single part of the surface but what was pierced with holes made by the ship worm (teredo). I attempted to step on the wood, and though looking solid, my weighted foot sank into it like paper, and with a slight push I threw over a large portion of the old hulk. The worms had eaten into the wood and lined their holes with a limy secretion, so that these tubes were all there was to hold the structure together; the wood had disappeared. In the hold great masses of branch coral were growing up out of a pile that was once the cargo."

"How about the fish that crawls out on dry land?" asked some one.

"The fish," continued the naturalist, "is a little fellow that looks very much like what we call a sculpin, although it has none of the barbels and curious appendages that characterize those fish. I first noticed them in the Spice Islands when I was there in 1872. I was walking by the shore one day at low tide where the beach was formed of dark mud and weed-covered rocks, when my companion said, pointing to some small objects that were hopping along shore near the water, 'Isn't it rather queer for frogs to go with salt water?' 'It's so queer that I never heard of it before,' I replied; 'perhaps it's something new.' So we determined to find out what they were, and, taking off our shoes, we waded in and along the beach so as to drive the supposed frogs ashore. But all at once one started right up under my eyes and gave a hop of about a foot and to my astonishment it was a fish; and so I announced to my friend who was behind. He wouldn't believe me; but when he came up, there the little creature was, high and dry, resting on a stone, with its head somewhat raised, on its prominent pectoral fins. I made a jump for it and my friend did the same, but away it went, hopping just like a toad, and for several moments there was a race between man and fish. We soon hemmed it in, however, and I have it in my cabinet now. The side fins are almost arms, and are strong and powerful, and on them the fish rests and jumps. In Australia, some years ago, some geologists found some fossil bones that were pronounced to belong to a large fish. In 1876 some one discovered the identical fish alive.

"The way they did so is somewhat curious. They were on a hunting trip up the country, and one night camped near a small stream. In the middle of the night one of the party was awakened by a curious barking sound, and thinking it might be some wild animal after their horses, he slipped on his clothes, took a rifle and went out. The noise came at regular intervals from the river below, and, taking a narrow path, he started after it. The moon was bright, and, when he got down to the level of the water, he heard the bark and saw a large, glistening object and then saw it leap along or flounder through the grass. Upon this he fired and to his amazement found that he had shot a fish. The shot awakened the rest, and the creature was brought into camp. It was about six feet long, had a small head and enormous fins, while the body ended not in a fin but in a point. It was found that the creature had both air and water with perfect ease, and that when hungry the great fish, which was a vegetable feeder, would come to the shore, expel the air from its air bladder, thus making it held in the barking sound, and wander over the flats in search of food.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

What Happened to the Opposition.

An immense furniture truck, with high slatted sides, heavy wheels, and canvas top, stood at the entrance to Harlem Bridge Sunday afternoon. A preoccupied looking mule and an ancient horse with a perpetual air of discouragement about him, were hitched to it with nondescript harness.

On the side of the wagon was a board on which was scrawled with charcoal "Oke Pint."

"Step right up, gents and ladies," yelled the proprietor cheerfully, settling his battered white plug hat comfortably over his right eye, and waving his arms hospitably. "Step right up an' patronize ther oppysition line fer ther Pint. This a'nt no monopoly line. We're plain, but luxarious. Young feller with ther gal! carry yer over fer five cents a head. Cost yer ten cents by the regler rattle traps."

The "young feller with ther gal" surrendered to the brilliant inducements offered and mounted the wagon via a soap-box placed on the ground. Three tough young men followed; a rotund German, with his stout wife, seven healthy children and two huge baskets, were hoisted aboard; more tough young men followed, and the cheerful proprietor proceeded to hustle them about and jam them down as if he were depositing furniture.

"Step right up," he yelled. "This here lightning 'spress's bound to be on time."

"O, say!" put in a passenger, "are you ever going to start? We're full already."

"Yes, there's thirty-one aboard already," grunted a fat man.

Mr. Crowley surveyed the strikers calmly and contemptuously, and remarked: "What do yer want fer a nickel? Want reserved seats? This a'nt no swell taller-ho, this a'nt. Maybe yer thought yer were charterin' a 'partment in er Palace car."

"Never seen sich a lot o' kickers," muttered the proprietor as he administered a kick to his slumbering team. "Yer can bet, this is the last time this 'ere train starts with only thirty-one passengers. If yer want to ride in a limited 'spress, with half a load, yer'l have to pay for it."

The mule took a toe hold, strained, and pulled the wagon and the old horse along.

Half way to the Point one of the hind wheels broke short off at the axle, letting the corner of the cart down with a crash that demolished the rear end and dumped half the passengers in the dust. The tough young men picked themselves up and moved to institute a riot. Mr. Crowley sat impassively upon the box and surveyed the wreck. The mule resumed his ruminating attitude, and the old horse seized upon the opportunity to go to sleep.

A shade of sadness stole over the proprietor's wooden face and he unconsciously sighed: "This knocks the oppysition."

"What are you going to do about this?" inquired the fat man dolefully, sitting up in the road and endeavoring to take the kinks out of his derby.

"Durned if I know how I kin fix her," answered Mr. Crowley, referring to his wagon.

"Hang your wagon!" chorused the tough young men. "How are we going to get to Oak Point?"

Mr. Crowley shifted his hat uneasily, looked puzzled and hazarded: "Walkin's good, gents."

"We paid you for a ride," said the "young feller," whose coat was now slit up the back. "Give us our money back or transfer us."

Mr. Crowley jammed his hat onto the back of his head and replied with some energy: "Give back nuthin'; yer gettin' off cheap. Most any other feller'd make yer pay for the damage. Yer hadn't no call ter crowd on so. Any fool'd know a wagon couldn't stand thirty-one passengers. Yer can transfer yerselves aboard the monopoly stages."

"It don'd gost somedings more?" hesitated the German, glancing with a calculating eye over his numerous flock.

"Well, you has a cheek! It'll only cost yer ten cents. Yer don't expect the oppysition ter pay it, do yer?"

The tough young men concluded to walk. The fat German encompassed economy by picnicing on the grass under a tree. The "feller" reluctantly hailed one of the monopoly stages, handed his "gal" in and paid twenty cents.

The last words the fat passenger heard as he started in a rage to walk back were: "Durned ef this 'ere don't knock ther oppysition."—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.*

Vegetarian Cats.

Your correspondent, S. Jepson, of Riverton, R. I., wishes to hear the result of those who have tried feeding sweet corn to their cats. I can speak from sixteen years' experience with our pet cat, and can vouch for his love for it. I think our pet cat can be called a vegetarian. His fondness for almost all cooked vegetables is very marked. String-beans, peas, Lima beans and squash disappear rapidly before him; he will eat of beets and beet-greens with a greater relish than meat: cabbage he cares but little for, but all kinds of greens, like dandelions, mustard, etc., he eats as though he loved them. Potatoes are not a special favorite with him, although he will eat them. I have noticed that cats of Maltese blood are very fond of potatoes; one that I owned years ago would even eat them raw. I know their tastes differ as much as human beings, for some of the kinds of food mentioned above I have placed before hungry cats and they would not touch it.—*Hartford (Conn.) Times.*

They Won't Elope.

He went home an hour earlier the other afternoon, and calling his eighteen-year-old daughter into the parlor he began:

"Susie, I have been thinking."

"Yes, papa."

"I have been thinking that it would be a good plan for you to marry William, our coachman."

"W-hat!"

"He is old enough to be your father, to be sure, but he would doubtless make you a good husband."

"Never! never!"

"He is plain-looking and uneducated, but I believe I could respect him as a son-in-law."

"Why, father, have you lost your mind? I marry William! I wed that long-nosed, hump-back, big-mouthed boor! I'll die first!"

"But, Susie, you know——"

"I'll not listen! Say another word to me and I'll take poison!"

Then the old gent slid out to the barn, assumed his humblest look and said to the coachman:

"William, I've been wondering why you don't get married."

"Humph!"

"There's my daughter Susie. She's young, but will make a woman of sense. I believe in early marriages, and if you and she can agree I shall offer no objections."

"Your Susie! Me marry her! Begging your pardon, sir, and hoping you won't throw me out of my place for my boldness, but if that impudent little chit was the only female left on earth I'd turn my back on her."

"But, William, I would try to be a good——"

"No use, sir! There is never an hour that I don't want to box her ears! If you insist I'll skip the country."

And when the old gent picks up his daily paper and sees the heading: "Another Heiress goes off with the Coachman," he leans back and chuckles and slaps his leg and cackles: "Haw! haw! haw!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

Sulphurous Gas.

Repeated experiments have proved that fowls can be cured of croup speedily by the fumes of sulphur. A safe method of administering this is to take four strips of board about two feet in length and six inches in width; nail these together so as to form the sides of of a box; nail boards across the bottom, and this forms a box that will hold earth. Place three inches of soil in this box and set it in the poultry-house or stable where the poultry or other sick animals are. Take a strong iron kettle—one that is wide and shallow is best adapted to the purpose—and put in two or three shovelfuls of coal from the stove. Set the kettle in the box of soil and sprinkle on a couple of spoonfuls of sulphur. The fumes will soon penetrate every part of an ordinary-sized room and cause the croupy fowls to cough and sneeze, bringing up mucous and phlegm through the nostrils and mouth. Repeat this treatment three times daily for three days. If the room is small one spoonful of sulphur will do at a time. When cattle in barns are infested with lice, fumigate twice a day for three days and the lice will disappear. For a large stable a greater quantity of sulphur is required. A physician who has tested the merits of sulphurous gas, says: "For children with croup or whooping-cough, catarrh or any affection of the bronchial tubes, inflammation of the lungs, etc., give fumigation with sulphur before any physic is taken into the stomach. In cases of typhoid fever fumigate with sulphur twice a day."—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

Vaccination.

At the instance of Mr. Burt, a parliamentary paper is just published which will not make pleasant reading for the anti-vaccination fanatics. It shows at a glance the annual number of deaths from small-pox in the army and navy since 1860, together with the ratio of such deaths per 1,000, and the number of men joining in each year. Throughout the whole period, with very few exceptions, the tendency has been toward a constant diminution of mortality. In the case of the army, this is all the more gratifying on account of the much larger number of recruits now joining the service, a class particularly liable to catch any infectious disease which happens to be rife. During the first five years to which the table refers, the average annual mortality from small-pox in the army was 29.5, and the average number of recruits 10,929. But in the last five years the mortality per annum fell to 5.5, while the number of men joining rose to 27,666. Turning to the companion service which had 26 fatal cases in 1860, we find a clean record for two years in succession—1877 and 1878—and the final ratio per 1,000 is only .03, the same as in the army. It appears established, therefore, by these tests that compulsory revaccination is slowly but surely operating to stamp out small-pox both in the army and navy, and if this happens in these cases we have warrant for believing that the same results might be accomplished in the civil population. *London Globe.*

—Chinese children in California are not allowed to attend the public schools, on the ground that public education is intended only for those who can become citizens. There are nearly fifteen hundred of them in San Francisco.—*San Francisco Call.*

—An advertising agent says that, in these times a man might as well attempt to shampoo an elephant with a thimbleful of soapsuds as attempt to do business and ignore advertising.

A Bad Business.

"So you don't want to canvass any more for the 'Life of Andrew Jackson,'" said the proprietor of a subscription agency to a young man who had just returned from the country.

"No, I believe not. The work is very pleasant and all that, yet I prefer to do something else. Believe I'd rather dig ditches or clean out wells."

"Was your trip to the country successful?"

"Well, no, I can't say that it was. I'll give you a sample of my experience. One afternoon, while riding along a lonely road, I came upon a field in which an old fellow was plowing. I waited until he got to the end of a row and then, approaching him, I asked if he would not like to look at the 'Life of Andrew Jackson.'

"'W'y, I looked at one o' his lives tuther day. Must have had more lives than a cat. Stranger, I'd like powerful well to look at it, but the fact is, I ain't got the time. This cotton is mightily in the grass. Whoa, Ball, come around.'

"'My friend,' said I, 'if you would like to look at the book, I'll plow while you sit down and examine it.' This pleased him very much, and taking the book, he climbed the fence, went into the woods, and sat down in the shade. I plowed for some time, until I got tired, but thinking that the old fellow would soon make his appearance, continued to plow on. At last I went into the woods and found him deeply interested in the book.

"'It's too late for you to go much furder to-night,' said he, 'so you'd better stay all night at my house.'

"I agreed, for houses in that section of country were far apart. Well, when we went to the house the old fellow took my book and devoted himself to it the entire evening. I knew that he would buy it, for I could see that he was deeply interested. The next morning just before I got ready to start, I turned to my host and said:

"Have you made up your mind to buy that book?"

"'No, but I did 'low to buy it but thar ain't no use'n buyin' it now.'

"Why?"

"'Case I sot up last night an' read her through.'

"'That so? Well, in consideration of the fact that I have staid all night with you, I'll make you a present of the book.'

"'Much obliged to you.'

"'Not at all. Well, I must be going.'

"'Hold on. You hain't paid me yit. I charge you a dollar an' a half fur your night's lodgin'.'

"Yes, sir, and he made me pay it, regardless of the fact that I had presented him with the book. No, I don't care to engage further in the book business."—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

A Man Who Likes to be Hung.

A few days ago a young German named Anton Dresser, who had been discharged from the employ of a fruit peddler, and who boarded on German Street, attempted to commit suicide by hanging. When discovered and cut down his heart had almost ceased beating, and it was two hours before he was restored to consciousness. He was yesterday asked by a representative of this paper to describe his sensations, and he promptly replied:

"They were so pleasant that I may try it again some day."

"Did you have the idea on your mind a great while?"

"No. From the moment it entered my head to the time I swung off was not over half an hour. I tied the rope to a beam in the barn, put my neck in the noose while standing on a barrel, and then kicked the barrel away. The only fear I had was that the rope would hurt me."

"And did it?"

"Yes; for a second or two it was like a dull knife sawing at my neck."

"And you must have choked terribly?"

"I did not fully realize it. I was dimly conscious of kicking around, and I know I raised my hands and grasped the rope. I suppose I suffered for ten seconds and then it was a very pleasant thing."

"How?"

"Why, the pain disappeared, and the feeling was about like when you are flighty with fever. Queer things danced around me and made up faces at me, and I felt as if I was moving through the air."

"And you were conscious?"

"Barely so. It seems now that I dreamed it all."

"But you did not know when you were cut down?"

"O, no! The dream, or whatever you may call it, finally faded out, and the next thing I knew I was in bed in the house and they were treating me."

"And you rather like hanging?"

"I would rather die that way than any other. I wouldn't like a drop to break my neck, as is the case on the gallows, but if they would swing me off and let me choke I would face the music any day."—*Detroit Free Press.*

—The Sandwich Islands are the popular resort for people on the Pacific coast who wish to make a sea voyage for health, just as Europe is for the people of the East. The tourist travel to King Kalakaua's dominions has doubled within the past year.—*San Francisco Call.*

—A bullet thrown at a girl in a Lowell cartridge factory, to awaken her, lodged in her ear and caused her death. —*Boston Post.*

—The day schools of New York have 150,000 pupils, and the night schools 12,000.

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—Paris alone has seventy schools for mechanical trades, against one when France first started industrial education.

—Only about one-half of the Protestant Episcopal Churches in Pennsylvania have houses for their rectors to live in. —*Philadelphia Press.*

—Mrs. H. D. Huntington, of Cincinnati, who died recently in Colorado, bequeathed in her will $300,000 to the Episcopal Church.—*Cincinnati Times.*

—The Louisiana State Board of Education has decided to locate the State Normal School at Natchitoches, that town having given buildings and grounds valued at $60,000.

—Obtained as they now are in many cases, academic honors are an imposition on the public, a blot on our educational institutions, and a hindrance to the cause of true education.—*F. C. H., in Monmouth College Courier.*

—A recent writer on the subject of common school education declares his opposition to prize-giving. It is very certain that the system is quite as likely to develop an unworthy cunning on the part of students as it is to excite a creditable spirit of emulation.—*Current.*

—For some reason not stated the authorities of Lambeth Church, London, have removed the celebrated "Pedlar's Window" from the church. This window has been in existence for nearly 300 years, and was in some way associated with the piece of land bequeathed to the parish and known as "Pedlar's Acre." Beyond the suggestion of the name nothing is known of the donor.

—There are 144 theological schools in the United States, with 624 instructors and 4,793 students. The number of law schools is 47; professors, 229; students, 3,227. Medical schools, 126; professors, 1,749; students, 14,536. The Harvard library contains 185,000 volumes; Yale, 115,000; Dartmouth, 60,000; Brown, 52,000; Columbia, 51,000; Princeton, 49,000; Cornell, 46,000; Michigan, 45,000; Williams, 19,000; Iowa, 18,000; Oberlin, 16,000; Minnesota, 15,000.—*Chicago Inter Ocean.*

—It is stated that the number of Protestants in France is at present 580,000, of whom 350,000 belong to the Reformed Church, 50,000 are Evangelicals and 180,000 are divided between Independents, Methodists, Baptists, etc. Comparing the figures with the general population it appears that there is in France one Protestant to every sixty-three Catholics. The State pays 782 Protestant pastors, although the total number of the latter is as high as 906, of whom by far the greater number (699) belong to the Reformed Church. Paris counts 40,000 Protestants of all sects, and no less than forty-four buildings devoted to Protestant services.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—There was a young man from Havana, Who trod on a piece of banana; His heels flew up, the rest slid down, And he was injured in a most frightful manna.—*N. Y. Herald.*

—Why is life like a harness? Because life contains *traces* of care, *lines* of trouble, *bits* of good fortune, *breaches* of good manners, and *bridled* tongues, and every one has a *tug* to pull through. —*Golden Days.*

—Visitor: "O, ho! Here you are! Found you out! What a snug little den!" Recluse (chuckling): "Yes, here I am, with my pictures and my books; and here I can sit and read all day long *and nobody a bit the wiser.*—*N. Y. Ledger.*

—A lady of high rank once tried to bribe a judge in England, by offering him a pair of gloves filled with gold coin. He kept the gloves, but returned all the money, saying, with keen wit: "I prefer my gloves *without lining.*"

—Wife—I notice a statement to the effect that in this city every year $22,000,000 is spent for liquor, but only $7,000,000 for religion. That's significant. Husband—Significant of what? Wife—That you men are having a pleasanter time in this world than you will in the next.—*Chicago Tribune.*

—A Scotch woman wishing to frighten her husband from nightly visiting a dram shop, got a man to scare him on his way home. As he rose from behind a bush, John called out, "who are you?" "I am Auld Nick," was the reply. "Come awa' mon," said John, "gie me a shake of your hand; I am married to a sister o' yours."

—It is stated that a Russian has been awarded a patent which promises to work a "revolution in the match-making industry." If it will prevent rich men's daughters from eloping with their fathers' coachmen, and encourage legitimate match-making, which will prove satisfactory to the old folks, the "revolution" can't strike this country a day too soon.—*Norristown Herald.*

—"I understand your son has just finished a course of rhetoric. Does he show much improvement in his writing?" "Wonderful improvement! He used to write in a simple, straightforward way that anybody, even a child, could understand. Now it is almost impossible to tell what he is driving at. Yes, sir; it is wonderful how he has improved, wonderful!"—*Boston Transcript.*

—A young law student in the Southwest went to an old Judge to be examined for admission to the bar. After a desultory conversation the Judge said: "Well, young fellow, hang out your shingle and go ahead." "But you have not examined me." "Never mind," was the brilliant reply; "if you don't know no law you won't get no practice, so you won't do no harm nohow."—*Boston Post.*