

# St. Tammany Farmer.

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

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## THE MAUD OF THE PERIOD.

Maud Parvencu one summer's day  
Went to the stable bright and gay.  
While standing by the open door  
The rich man passed in coach and four.  
He glanced at Maud with loving air—  
Her father was a millionaire—  
And Maud she gently moved her head,  
And to herself these few words said:  
"I'll not be by a rich man one;  
My pa can cover him ten to one."  
Into the stable then walked she  
To hear sweet words from the coachee  
The coachman did not have much cash,  
But oh he was a lovely mash.  
Down they sat on a bale of hay,  
And this is what Maud heard him say:  
"Will you fly with me, my pretty miss,  
To a land that's far, remote from this?  
"You know that time and time again,  
I've told my love in the shady lane.  
"When driving, darling, by your side  
I've often asked: 'Will you be my bride?'"  
Then Maud made up her mind to sleep  
And said to the coachee: "We'll elope."  
One moonlight night they skipped away;  
Maud's father raved and raged, they say,  
But Maud was happy with her coachee,  
As happy, as happy as a girl could be.  
Time passed on and the rich man wed  
A vixen with a garnish head,  
And often he has raved and sighed,  
Because Maud would not be his bride,  
Maud's father drove her from his door,  
And by and by grew very poor.  
The rich man's wealth soon went complete,  
For they played him well in wild Wall Street.  
The coachman bought him horses and hacks,  
And for Niagara Falls made tracks.  
And in a year or a little more  
He counted his millions by the score.  
And when Maud's father heard the news  
He had an awful fit of blues.  
Then he tried to make the matter straight,  
But got kicked over the coachee's gate.  
Of all sad words from tongue of flesh,  
The saddest are these: "I've been too fresh."  
—W. G. Kentzel in *Cleveland Leader*.

## A GHOST STORY.

### Mysterious Noises and Sepulchral Utterances.

A Haunted Portrait—How and by Whom the Ghost Was Laid—A Grateful Maiden and a Happy De-nouement.

We moved into a house, mother, Teddy, Rosaleen and I. I was Ursula Despard, and Teddy, my fourteen-year-old brother. The rent was so reasonable that mother and I hastened to sign the papers, fearful that some one would secure the bargain.

No. 2018 was just like the other houses in a block, which is sufficiently described in the term "a row of Philadelphia bricks." We were all going to be very happy there, we knew. The amount of rent was so much less than we had expected to pay that it would enable us to supply some much-needed articles for Rosaleen's trousseau. Rosaleen, our beauty, was to be married to a naval officer; we had only so much money, and a naval officer, well, one knows the excessive style implied in those words!

We congratulated ourselves upon securing such a nice establishment from which to launch our paragon. The large room on the first floor, which had evidently been once used as an office or library, was converted into a sitting-room, where, in the evening, we gathered with our work or books, where we held council, or made ourselves easy for a talk. Here, too, we wrote our letters and received intimate friends. It was our home room—the one room in the house where we felt perfectly free and unconstrained.

Rosaleen's "stalking off" was but three weeks distant, and a great amount of sewing and darning and fixing caused us to keep late hours. On Saturday night, fatigued by a week of continued struggling with silks and satins, we left Rosaleen to finish a letter to her future lord and master, Lieutenant Harry De Wire, and I remember looking at the clock in my bed-room, which marked a near approach to midnight. How long I had been asleep I know not, but it could not have been long when I was startled from sleep by a succession of terrible screams. I heard Rosaleen tearing up stairs. I rushed out to meet her, and she fell fainting into my arms.

When Rosaleen recovered, she told us that she had about finished her letter, when she became conscious of a most unearthly, hollow groan, which she could not compare with anything mortal. It did not suggest a crash, or anything loud, but it had a deep, hollow, soul-thrilling quality, which penetrated every bone in her body. Rosaleen, being courageous, tried to convince herself that it was imagination, and so remained. A few moments of silence were followed by an awful clattering of chains. The element of noise entered into this sound; when Rosaleen started to rush from the room she heard, distinctly as she ever heard in her life, the words: "Poison them!"

Rosaleen was not superstitious, therefore I was surprised to observe the depressing effect this incident had upon her bright temperament. She insisted it was a portent of evil. The rest of us persisted in making light of the sounds, until she gave us to understand that it was no joking matter with her.

Monday night Teddy came home very late, and man-like went to the cupboard, obtaining some cake, then entering the sitting-room, began to eat. He went to Harry's picture for some cause. Again was I aroused from slumber as Teddy broke into my room, crying:

"O, Lula! Come down stairs! The picture spoke to me!"

I slipped on a wrapper, and together we entered the room. The gas was but dimly burning, and the customary rattle of the street had ceased. The deep tone of a neighboring clock measured out its midnight strokes. Teddy was ghastly pale, and I felt myself shivering with a dread of some undefined fear. As the last stroke died away I recognized the unearthly moan, described by Rosaleen as so entirely different from mundane noises. Every muscle in my body was quivering with intense excitement, and a cold perspiration broke out upon my forehead.

The mysterious noises seemed to proceed from the picture of Lieutenant Harry De Wire, which hung quite low on the wall, suspended by a long cord. Rosaleen directed the hanging, as I strongly suspected for certain osculatory performances not unknown to girls in love. As I drew near the portrait a hollow voice, with melancholy cadence, wailed out:

"De Wire!" I sank to the floor in a dead faint, and when I opened my eyes found myself in my room upstairs, surrounded by anxious faces. Teddy had summoned mother and Rosaleen by his cries, and they bore me swiftly from the haunted room.

"Tell me, dear," gasped Rosaleen, her face pallid and pinched with fear. "Did his picture speak to you?" I gave an account of my fright, and Rosaleen told us what she had been ashamed to confess before, that she heard the voice when she went to press a good-night kiss upon the portrait. It was certainly a terrible occurrence, and the fact that it was associated with Lieutenant De Wire's picture filled all of us, and more especially Rosaleen's mind, with the most dismal forebodings. What could it mean? Was it indeed an echo from the spirit land, the warning of some impending calamity?

To add to our distress, Rosaleen did not receive a letter from her betrothed until Tuesday morning, and when Tuesday came, she still no news, she felt convinced, if her lover had come to his death. I fought against the feeling, and endeavored to fortify my mind by reason and argument. I had no faith in "signs and tokens," and abhorred the whole gang of long-haired spiritualists and strong-minded mediums. I despised myself for allowing even the suggestion of a supernatural cause to enter my mind, but was useless. This idea was constantly ringing in my ears: "You have so bitterly denounced the existence of spirits, and are now brought face to face with a terror which will satisfy you that it is not all humbug."

Without saying a word to any one, I resolved to solve the mystery at all costs. I slipped down stairs Tuesday night a few minutes before twelve, and stationed myself before the picture, determined not to yield to any fears. Before going down I drank a glass of wine and, bracing myself, I awaited developments. I had not long to wait; once more I felt my nerves drawn to their highest tension by the sepulchral groans, followed by the clanking of tons of iron chains dragged over a hollow vault. I pressed my lips together and my nails into the flesh of my palms; ice-cold chills, followed by the feeling of a red-hot iron, ran up my spine. When I heard the words, "We have got a leg to begin with," seeming to come from a grave a thousand feet deep, I could stand it no longer. I dragged myself upstairs, but could sleep no more that night.

I feared to tell Rosaleen. At noon the next day the postman brought a letter from Lieutenant De Wire. When she read out a passage saying he had fallen and severely sprained if not broken his ankle, I suppose my face told them that this accident was in some way connected with the ghost, for Rosaleen began to question me, nor would she accept any explanation other than the true one. I knew from her face that she was satisfied that the accident would result in amputation, if not death. In fact, I was so distraught that I firmly believed that it would end so myself.

After dinner Rosaleen went into the sitting-room, took down the picture, carried it upstairs, and hid it away in her trunk. That night I could not resist the force that impelled me once more to go down stairs at midnight. I was by this time so nervous and mentally unstrung that it seemed there was not sufficient power in my muscles to become tense. With one hand against the wall, I heard the usual preliminary sounds with a feeling almost of apathy. I heard, and heard distinctly, the words, "It's taken away!" Then, like one who has received a message from the grave, I staggered back to my room.

"It's taken away" was certainly a reference to the removed picture, as the sentence "We have got a leg to begin with" had been a direct allusion to Lieutenant De Wire's accident. I was certain the name "De Wire" had been uttered and no other, and Rosaleen, the words "Poison them!"

We were unable to go on with preparations for the wedding; we were at our wits' end to know what to do. Should we apply to a D. D. to exorcise the ghostly voice, an M. D. to prescribe or a D. P. to philosophize? Teddy suggested an M. P. (member of police), while poor, dear mother wavered between the claims of a medium and an astrologer. Fortunately for us, we heard no demonstrations through the day nor in the earlier portion of the evening. The fact that the manifestations occurred only at midnight was additional proof of their spiritual source. There was no chance for investigation; there was the plain wall, covered with matter-

of-fact wall paper—what was there to examine or investigate? What could be done but stare at it and ask one's self: If it is not a voice from the land of shadows, what is it?"

It could not go on this way much longer, I knew; so I resolved on a decided movement, and one contrary to all the reticent traditions of the Despard, who had always "insisted on keeping things to themselves." I ordered a carriage and sent mother and Rosaleen out for a drive. So soon as they were out of sight, I turned the key in the lock and went to see the landlord.

Mark Bolton was a dapper little gentleman of quaint manners, and a beaming courtesy which had a wonderful attraction for me, as opposed to the strained foppishness affected by the young men of this age. He was the agent for and part owner of the block of houses, one of which was our habitation.

To him I related the story, and the fact that he received the wondrous mystery in a sympathizing spirit, instead of treating it with the derision I so much feared, raised him much higher in my esteem.

"Miss Despard," said he, smiling benignly, "will you allow me to call to-night and make the acquaintance of these troublesome voices?" "Somehow the load dropped off my shoulders. Mr. Bolton was so self-contained and courageous that I went home lighter in spirit than I had been for many a day. At eleven o'clock he came, and in an exceedingly short time managed to make us all feel at home with ourselves and our sitting-room once more. He seemed to have dropped into our circle as if he had belonged there for years.

A few minutes before twelve Mr. Bolton stationed himself as directed by me. The clock chimed out again at half past midnight. Some minutes elapsed without the usual manifestation, until I feared the spirits had failed us. But, no, in a moment more the dismal groan was sounded, and the arrangement of hardware followed. I saw Mr. Bolton start, while a puzzled expression came over his face. I felt glad that our ghost had vindicated itself and me! The horrid noises were supplemented by the words "Kill the other one" issuing directly from the wall. Our landlord stood aghast.

He reflected a moment, then pulled out his pocket-knife. With this he detached a portion of the wall paper, and uncovered the office of a medium. This then was the secret of it all; the sounds were conveyed from some other place, and the tubing transformed ordinary noises into ghastly cadences. The next day the mystery was further explained. A former owner had connected his library with a building some distance away. Some time after the piping had broken up, leaving intact only that portion built in the wall, one end of which was in our sitting-room, the other extending to the cellar of an adjoining house, between a couple of wooden shelves. The spoken words we heard were those of the colored servant, who was accustomed to bank up the heater fire about midnight. The rattling of the chains was produced by the shoveling of coal. I had mistaken some words about "de fire" for "De Wire." The "poison" and mangling had reference to mice, which were making free with articles on the shelf. That was all!

I was so much obliged to Mr. Bolton for his efforts, that I could not "say him nay" when he asked me to marry him. Besides, how handy it was to have a man about the house to "lay a ghost."—*Godley's Lady Book*.

## Natural Wonders.

Did you ever see a well forty feet deep, lined throughout with stone, in which there is hardly a seam, made without hands? I have and could not credit the evidence of my senses. There are, so it is said, several of these natural wells in Florida. I question though whether they are not the handiwork of some ancient race. Florida is an old country. It has been the dwelling place and the fighting place of generations of both red and white men. It will not do to doubt the scientists, but if you could see these natural wells, so called, your first thought would be, what splendid workmanship! The water in these wells is always brackish—not so with that in those that are dug in the sand. I never tasted better water in my life than that in the well just outside my kitchen door, cool and soft and clear. Florida is not without its springs of healing, also, and for many diseases to which mankind is heir there are waters all the way from San Mateo to Sanford of various compositions. Sulphur and iron, sulphur and soda, salt and iron, sulphur and carbonate, all adapted to the various diseases of humanity. Our pretty lakes are also worthy of attention. There is one not two miles from Palmer called Kanahapa. The lake is small, but the shore on either side is studded with live oaks, it may be centuries old. These again are envied by grand old vines, whose main stems are as thick as a man's body and whose interlacing branches mingle with the rich gray moss that hangs in festoons from every point of the oaks, whose long arms stretch a hundred feet toward the lake. It is, in fact, a veritable fairy bower and well repays the visitor who sees it by the clear white rays of the moon.—*Cor. San Francisco Chronicle*.

—The State of Kentucky has 1,297 Baptist churches. In these the baptisms during the past year numbered 6,023, and the net gain in members was 6,053.

## A TEN THOUSAND TON BOWLER.

Rocks as Large as a Small Cottage Scattered Over Long Island and Connecticut.

Erratic boulders is a geological term to indicate large rocks found on the surface of the ground at a distance from the place of their origin. Some of these displaced rocks are known to exist at a distance of hundreds of miles from their former location—like many that are found in this State and on Long Island and in Massachusetts. The theory of the geologists is that these great rocks, which are in many instances as large as a small cottage, were carried on moving masses of ice during that indefinite and mysterious time called the glacial period. Some of them were so deposited by the melting or breaking ice as to leave them to this day curiously balanced on the point of contact on which they rest. These, known as "rocking stones" and "balanced rocks," are in some instances so nicely poised that, ponderous as they are, some of them can be sensibly rocked with some exertion of strength by the hand, while it would require a much greater force to overthrow them. Of these balanced rocks there are several examples, not only abroad, but in New England. A notable one exists in Lanesborough, in Berkshire County, Mass. Connecticut is well sprinkled with the ice-borne boulders, though we believe our State has few or no rocking stones. One of the largest of the boulders—and it is thought to be the largest one in the country—is in this State, in the New London county town of Montville, on the west side of the Thames River, between Norwich and New London. This big rock has just been photographed. It is locally known as the Shepheran rock, and is forty-five feet high and seventy feet long. By the best engineering estimates its weight is 10,000 tons. That is a pretty solid load, even for a traveling iceberg to carry. Ages of rain and frost have told on it by splitting off big fragments—one of which is sixty feet long and has an average thickness of twelve feet—its estimated weight, 1,200 tons, considerably exceeding that of the entire rock called "Pierre a Martin," the largest of the granite boulders among the limestone ledges of the Jura Mountains in Switzerland. The next largest of the glacial deposits in New England is said to lie at the foot of a mountain in Warrington, in southeastern Vermont. It is called the Church Hill rock, and is sixty-two feet long, forty feet wide, and fifty feet high; but its weight is believed to be 4,000 tons less than that of the Montville rock. The erratic granite boulder out of which was hewn the statue of Peter the Great, at St. Petersburg, was forty-two feet long, twenty-seven feet broad, and twenty-one feet high. It is said the famous Plymouth Rock on which the Pilgrims landed is an erratic boulder of granite, that was moved by the ice from Roxbury in Boston. Indeed the New England coast is plentifully strewn with these large rocky visitors from the north, and a good many, no doubt, lie submerged in the waters of Long Island Sound and of other sounds and bays to the eastward as far as Cape Cod, forming no considerable portion of the hidden dangers to navigation along the New England coast.—*Hartford Times*.

## Yankee Speculation.

Some astute observer has remarked that if two Yankees were cast away on a desert island, they would each make a fortune by swapping jack-knives. This money-making propensity of the Yankee was illustrated some years ago in South Africa.

An enterprising son of New England had found his way to the Cape of Good Hope. Looking around for a chance to speculate, the idea struck him that he could pay to exhibit a party of Kafirs in London. In a short time he had collected a half-dozen Kafirs from a farm within fifty miles of Cape Town. He had them instructed in the native dances and took them to London, where they appeared clothed in skins and lustrous in paint. A Kafir war was then going on, a fact of which the speculating Yankee made good use in his show-bills. These Kafirs became the rage, and thousands of Londoners and visitors to that city thronged the exhibition hall. It happened that about that time a Dutch farmer from the Cape, named De Beer, was in London. Seeing a show-bill advertisement of the appearance of wild Kafirs, taken captive in war, he went to the hall. The performance went on as usual, until suddenly two of the Kafirs rushed from the stage, and clasp the farmer round the neck, shouted out in Dutch:

"Why, here is old Papa De Beer!" The other Kafirs jumped off the stage and threw their arms about the Dutchman. He struggled with many Dutch explosives to release himself from their greedy embraces.

The audience, thinking the war inmates of the savages had led them to attempt to murder a spectator, were thrown into great excitement. It was with difficulty that the Dutchman could make himself heard. He finally calmed the excitement by explaining that these wild Kafirs were his own farm-hands, whom the Yankee speculator had enticed away some six months before.—*Youth's Companion*.

—The most popular course chosen by the new students of Cornell University this year is civil engineering, which is taken by fifty-three students, and mechanics with twenty-nine.—*Albany Journal*.

## AN INQUISITIVE POSTMASTER.

A Reporter's Adventure in an Illinois Postoffice—His Experience as a Spring Poet Bouncer Comes in Good Play.

A reporter was in a very small town in Illinois one day this week. We were expecting a check from the editor, and consequently our footsteps were directed towards the postoffice. Arriving at the office, which is in a little one-story frame building, we inquired, "Is there any mail for me?" forgetting to give our name. The postmaster eyed us for a second, then turned and glanced over a big package of letters; he found none, and then scrutinized another bundle. Again failing to find the expected letter, he turned towards the reporter and surveyed him from head to foot.

"Say, what's yer name?" he then inquired. We told him and again he turned and carefully inspected the very same letters that he had only a moment before examined. Then he turned and queried:

"Where's the letter to come from?" "Evansville," we answered. "Oh, so? Guess I'll find it, then." The same performance was again indulged in, but without effect. He lazily laid the letters aside and asked us if we were any relation to the so and so's, that used to live in Rattan county, Kansas. We answered him in the negative.

"Visiting here, I s'pose?" "Yes; is there any mail for me?" "What did yer say yer name was?" We told him again, and he remarked that if the letter was there it came in on the morning train.

"O, yes, that's so. I'll look over this bundle," and he extracted another from a pigeon hole. Evansville—Evansville—let's see, that village is in Ohio, ain't it?"

"No, sir. It's in Indiana."

"Small place, I guess, near Ft. Wayne?"

"No, sir. Southern part."

"Near Posey County? How's politics there?"

"Hang politics! Is there a letter for me?"

"O, letter? I'll see," and he finished rummaging over the package, and found one that he eyed for half a minute nearly. Just then a voice in the rear of the office yelled:

"Chicken fight. Bet a dollar on Jones' cock!"

With the letter in hand the postmaster made his exit through the back door. We sat down and waited ten minutes, and then a passing boy and a girl came to go round the back way and call the government official.

"Want to see me?" he innocently inquired, coming to the window.

"For heaven's sake, man, are you crazy? I have been here an hour."

"Want mail? What's yer name?"

"Come outside, you danged stinker, and I'll show you."

"O, you're the fellow that was standing here awhile ago?"

"Are you going to give me my mail?"

"Here is a letter."

But before he gave it to us a young lady came in and the postmaster turned his attention to her. They chatted away for five or ten minutes, but our patience was gone.

"Will you excuse me, mam? This infernal gizzard has been two hours handling me that letter that he is holding in his hand!"

"Letter? O, yes! Here it is."

We grasped it eagerly and—heavens, it was for Smith.

"Say, this letter isn't for me?"

The girl tittered.

"Isn't your name Smith?"

"This was too much. We remembered the many days we had acted as spring poet bouncer at the *Argus* office and jumped over the partition. The maiden fled, and then the matinee—for gentlemen only—commenced. First one of that old party's heels would knock over a pile of 'dead matter,' then as he swung around again another would knock over a lot of Congressional reports that he was saving to sell for old paper, and about four hundred packages of garden seeds sent by Congressman Snags to his constituents in that county. Then his right arm would hit his date stamp and knock it so that it would strike his mulligan bottle and carom onto the ink bottle and break both. Then another arm would go through the air and knock off a lot of circulars from the Henry College Lottery, and finally with a wild yell we picked him up and fired him through a back window, right through a big poster of the Snags County District Fair that was acting in the place of glass.

As we got on the train the next morning at St. Louis, we heard the newsboys yelling: "All about the bloody affair at Snagsville. Eight masked robbers attacked the postmaster, who shoots two and drives the others off. Object supposed to be robbery!"

We only smiled. We could afford to smile; we had succeeded in borrowing fifty cents of a friend in St. Louis to buy dinner with, and our pass was safe in our pocket.—*Evansville Argus*.

—A scientific man writing from Florida, speaks of the great advantages houses have there, as well as in South Alabama, in being built upon pillars and having no cellars. The cellar atmosphere is a prolific source of disease, and increases seventy-five per cent. the risk from malaria. With the houses upon pillars there is always free circulation of air beneath.

—There are rumors of several large engineering enterprises as likely to be brought to the attention of manufacturers during the winter, and a large amount of railroad building is projected.—*Railway Review*.

## SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—Berlin, Germany, has only fifty churches. Only 20,000 of the million of inhabitants are church-goers.

—Frederick Billings, of Woodstock, Vt., is erecting a \$100,000 building to give to the University of Vermont.

—The first volume of the Gutenberg Bible was sold at the Earl of Gosford's sale in London recently, for \$2,500.

—At a conference held in Sidney, recently, the federation of the Presbyterian churches of the various Australian colonies was resolved upon.

—The "Sternenhau," a branch of the Evangelical "Johannesstift," near Berlin, appeals to Christian young men to join its society, and undergo a course of study preparatory to their becoming preachers to the Germans in North America.

—More than ten thousand copies of the New Testament have been recently disposed of—given away and sold—among the Fijis. Religious reading seems to take with them, if it be true, as reported, that nine thousand copies of the "Conference Catechism" have been sold among them.—*Chicago Times*.

—This country was pretty well represented at the recent meeting of the Evangelical Alliance in Copenhagen. Some two hundred Americans were in attendance, and among them such representative clergymen as Dr. Philip Schaff, John Hall, William M. Taylor, Edward Bright, and Wilbur F. Watkins.

—Recently the dome of St. Peter's, in Rome, was re-laid at an expense to the Vatican of \$40,000. The old sheathing required such continuous repairs that it was deemed better to replace it. The sheets of lead which now cover the dome weigh 708,610 pounds, and would extend over more than an acre and a half of land if they were spread out flat.

—In Missouri a missionary of the American Sunday School Union found a church thirty years old, meeting in a good house of worship, well appointed as to comforts, with a large congregation, but which had never had a Sunday-school. While there was preaching to parents and adults, the children were hunting, fishing, etc. Here he organized a good school with fifty scholars.—*Baptist Weekly*.

—The Government of Sweden has appointed a committee for the new revision of the Old Testament. Archbishop Dr. A. N. Sundberg is Chairman, and he will be assisted in the work by three professors, two Bishops and one pastor. For nearly a century the Swedes have been working on the revision of their Bible translation. The new Testament version was adopted by the last General Assembly, and appointed to be used in the schools, but not yet in public services.

## PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—Teacher—"How many wars were waged with Spain?" Pupil—"Six." Teacher—"Enumerate them." Pupil—"One, two, three, four, five, six."—*French Joke*.

—A little boy complained to his mother that the teacher couldn't remember his name. "When she speaks to me," he says, "she always calls me Silence."

—"Won't you take half of this poor apple?" said a pretty damsel. "No, I thank you. I would prefer a better half." Eliza blushed and referred the young man to her papa.

—The daughter of a New York millionaire has eloped with a street broker; Coachmen have come to be so particular in their selection of brides that some rich girls have to put up with street brokers.—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

—"Yes, sir," said the entomologist, "I can tame flies so that when I whistle they will come and alight on my hand." "Pshaw!" said the bald-headed man, "that's nothing. They come and alight on my head without my whistling." The entomologist sat down.—*Savannah Journal*.

—They kissed:  
Beneath a shady tree they sat;  
He held her hand, she held his hat;  
I held my breath and lay quite flat;  
They kissed—I saw them do it.  
He held that kissing was no crime;  
She held her head and lay quite flat;  
I held my peace and wrote this rhyme,  
While they thought no one knew it.

—"It is a great pity that you come dangling at my heels, Mr. Nonentity," said a consequential lady to her sentimental adorer. "You remind me of a barometer that is filled with nothing in the upper story." "Most amiable of you, sir," said he, "for so flattering a compliment, let me remind you that you occupy my upper story entirely."—*N. Y. Ledger*.

—Mrs. Parvencu had been abroad, and when she returned she had much to tell. One day a lady was talking to her. "Ah, my dear Mrs. Parvencu, did you go into Italy?" "O, yes," was the reply, "we were all over it and saw everything." "Did you visit the Vatican?" "Yes, we were there, but it was erupting fearful that day, throwing up lava and smoke and stuff, and they concluded it would not be safe to go up to the top. It was a fine spectacle from the conservatory of the hotel, and I enjoyed it quite as much as if I had been right on the spot."—*Merchant Traveler*.

—George had proposed and had been accepted. "Well," she said, "I can sing and play on the piano and harp, can paint, and at the seminary I was up in the fine arts, and political economy and logic, and I can crochet beautifully, and play lawn tennis, and—and—that's about all, I think. Now, tell me what are some of your accomplishments, George?" "I haven't got any." "Not a single one?" "Well," he said with a sigh, "if the worst should come to the worst, I think I might be able to cook!"—*New York Sun*.