

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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A CANARY AT THE FARM.

Folks has been to town, and Sahry
Fetched her home a pet canary—
And of all the blazes contrary,
Aggravating things above,
I love music—that's I love it
When it's free—and plenty of it—
But I kinde git above it
At a dollar eighty-five!

It's just as I'm a-sayin'—
The lady, now, o' heah!
Out'er money, and a parrot
For a wiler cage and heah,
When the medder-larks is wingin'
Round you, and the woods a-ringin'
With the beautifullest slighin'
That a mortal ever heah!

Sahry's sot, tho', so I tell her
He's a purty little feller,
With his wings o' creamy yellow,
And eyes keen as a vawt, there
And the redress in the matter
Seems to absolutely glitter;
Guss, I'll have to go and git her
A better cage 'n that!

—James Whitcomb Riley.

AN INDIAN POWWOW.

A Religious Rite in Commemoration of the Dead.

How It Is Performed by a Remnant of the Menomonee Tribe in Wisconsin—The Indian's Inordinate Desire for Whisky.

"Would you like to attend a powwow?" asked my friend Brown, at whose camp in the pine woods a party of us was stopping, for a week's rest and a few trout.

"Wouldn't I?" was my reply. "I have always desired to witness such a ceremony." A powwow, as I presume most of my readers know, is a sort of religious rite performed annually in commemoration of the dead. It is generally held at some place where a large number of Indians are buried together.

"Well, then, if nothing happens, you can gratify that desire to-night," said Brown. "Years ago the small-pox killed off about half the tribe of Menomonee, and for they are all buried together in a great heap—'s about three miles from this place. I saw some Indians to-day, and, on asking them where they were going, they told me that powwow began to-night."

"Are they willing to receive visitors?" I asked.

"O, yes," answered Brown, "nothing pleases them more." We set off just before dark. The trail we followed led through the pine woods and was so slight that an untrained eye never could have known there was one. But Brown, who has spent most of his life in the woods, has become almost an Indian in the tricks and accomplishment of woodcraft, and he seemed to find it easy to keep in the path without the aid of a lantern which we had suggested, much to his amusement. The night was not positively dark, but as the sky was full of clouds the way through the woods was at best a very shadowy and obscure one.

"Hark!" said Brown, as we climbed to the top of a ridge. We listened, and heard faintly sounds that reminded me of the howling of wolves, as remembered from my childhood, which had been spent in a wild, unsettled country where wolves and other wild animals were things we were so familiar with that "familiarily" almost "bred contempt."

"That's them," said Brown. "It's always the same thing over'n our. Sh'd think they'd get tired of it and have a change some time, but they don't."

As we went down the long slope of the ridge the sound began to grow more distinct. Now it would come on the wind from the valley and seem near by; then the wind would die away, and the sound with it, until it seemed far off. It was a sound between a howl and a wail, pitched in a minor key, and very mournful. It suggested grief, and was precisely the sound you would expect a man to make in expression of his sorrow if he had no words to express very much and express grief in sounds very much alike when no words are used, I think. There seems to be a universal language for the various emotions we experience, whether of joy or sorrow.

Presently we began to see lights shining through the trees. A sharp turn in the trail led us into a clear space on the side of the hill, from which we could look into the Indian camp, which was situated on a small stream running through the valley almost beneath our feet. The wigwams were at one side of a clearing of perhaps an acre in extent. There were probably about thirty of them. The once powerful Menomonee tribe is reduced to about two hundred men, women and children, and is doomed to become extinct in a few years. In front of each wigwam smoldered a fire about which the cooking had been done. At the other end of the clearing was a circle of fires, fed from piles of resinous pine split into small strips. These ignited immediately and sent out a brilliant blaze, which gave out a dense black smoke, which rose and blended in with the gloom of the pines encircling the little camp. In the center of the circle of fires rose a large mound, overgrown with bushes. In this the dead had been buried in one glistly heap.

"For years they wouldn't come near the spot," said Brown. "Was afraid they'd catch the disease that carried the others off, you see. There's nothing in the world the Injuns so much afraid of as small-pox. And well he may be, for it goes hard with 'em."

It seems that one part of the ceremonies of the evening had been completed just before we came in sight of the camp,

for the Indians were standing about in little groups outside the line of fires. Most of them were clad in the gayest attire, which consists of buckskin leggings, a long shirt of gaudy calico, profusely ruffled and a blanket. The brighter the blanket the more it is prized, and one of vivid green or flaming red is always selected in preference to any other. About each Indian's head is worn a shawl of many colors, made into a sort of turban. Cheap jewelry is highly prized, and it is no unusual sight to see a dozen brass rings on a brave's hands. They are worn without any regard to fingers, all being treated alike, and if a ring happens to be too large for the largest finger, it goes on the thumb. The effect of a ring with a prodigious "stone" in it worn on the thumb is very striking, to say the least, though I presume it would look "all right" when one got used to it. Heads are highly prized among the Indians, and some of them seem to have bought them by the pound instead of the string, judging by the quantity worn.

At one side the squaws and papposes were grouped together. Neither of these elements of the tribe are allowed to take part in the powwow. Among these Indians, as among most tribes, the women are considered of but little account; they are obliged to do the hard work about the camp, cook, take care of the papposes and get as beasts of burden when the camp is broken up. I have often seen great, healthy Indians mounted on ponies so small that the rider's feet barely escaped the ground, while in the rear the poor squaw was plodding along under a load of kettles, mats of woven rushes, of which part of the wigwam is built, and a pappose. The "brave" tries to look very dignified in his gaudy blanket, with a gun across his horse, in front of him, and always a clay pipe in his mouth, and as a general thing so much dirt on his face that no amount of war paint, provided he used the article, would show through. He always seems to be satisfied with his appearance, and the poor, patient squaw looks at him with admiration expressed on her rather inexpressive face. The old or last year's blanket is turned over to her on the arrival of the new ones, and she never has the opportunity to make such a brilliant display as her lord and master does. Her dresses, however, for all the women of these tribes wear a sort of "Mother Hubbard" gown—are always gorgeous during the early stage of their existence; but as this stage is limited to the first two or four days, grease and dirt take possession of them after that time, the poor squaw enjoys only a brief and fleeting glory, and subsides into the general squalor which makes all of them look alike. The papposes wear but one garment from spring to cold weather, a sort of shirt of bright calico, which is never washed, and never is taken off, so far as I could judge, until it wears off.

As we stood there, we saw the Indians forming into line at one side of the circle of fires. Pretty soon we heard a thumping that was kept up in regular time, and none of us, with the exception of Brown, knew how it was produced. We found afterward that it was made by striking on thin pieces of hemlock fastened over a box-like frame. These pieces were struck with sticks, and the vibrations of the wood gave out a feeble imitation of the sound of a drum; a sound which can be heard a long way off, but is utterly lacking in ability to give pleasure to any but an Indian's ear. Perhaps it is used at these powwows because it does not give pleasure. If that is the case, it is appropriately selected, for the monotonous thump, thump, thump, soon became almost unbearable to us. One by one the Indians left the line they had formed and sprang into the space between the fires and the mound, uttering low, dismal shrieks and cries. After the ring was completed about the mound a sort of a dance began, which seemed to be on a "go-as-you-please" order. Each Indian seemed to extemporize a step of his own, and the variety was certainly sufficient to relieve this part of the performance of the charge of sameness. Presently the music grew faster, and the cries of the dancers became louder. Such wild, dismal sounds I never heard before. They haunted me all night. At regular intervals the dancers would face the mound and give utterance to a howl in chorus—it could be called nothing else with due regard to truth—and the effect was anything but pleasant; just as I have imagined bloodthirsty warriors to howl when scalping victims.

The dance was kept up for perhaps half an hour—as long, I should judge, as the participants could stand it without becoming tired, something an Indian always objects to on principle. "Guess we'd better go down an' talk with 'em a little," said Brown, and we followed him down the ledge and into the camp. The squaws mumbled and chattered about us to each other as we passed them, the papposes eyed us keenly and curiously, and the "braves" welcomed us with eager demands for "toback" and whisky. Whisky is not allowed an Indian, and any one selling it to him is fined or imprisoned when the offense is proved. There is nothing an Indian will not do to gratify his taste for liquor. He will even work a lazy fashion, if he thinks he will get a drink of whisky at the end of it. We had none for them, but Brown turned over to them all the "toback" he had, and the four or five who were fortunate enough to get a chew gave grunts of satisfaction, while the others looked on with disapproval.

We talked with them for perhaps half an hour. They told us that there were several hundred buried in the mound; that the Great Spirit would be angry if

they did not come here once a year to perform these ceremonies; that what we had seen was all that we would be likely to see if we remained all night, for the ceremonies were the same thing over and over, all night, and all the time of their stay.

That being the case we thought it better to withdraw, and we did so after the close of another dance. What the meanings of the ceremonies are none of the Indians seemed to know. I do not suppose they cared to know. They hold their powwows from force of habit merely, and not from any religious convictions or education; for these poor, spiritless fragments of the old tribes have no religion, seemingly, and have lost all the pride and ambition that characterized their ancestors, and which led them to a strange and old traditions and observe the old rites and ceremonies. The Indian of to-day in this State has given up all but the powwow, and he would give that up if it were not for a superstitious fear of what might happen if he were to neglect this mark of regard for the dead. I do not think his superstition would be as strong as his desire for whisky, for I am quite sure that he would forego powwows for all time to come if by so doing he could secure enough of the miserable stuff to enable him to have what he calls a "cheap good time." But we can not blame the poor degenerate creature for this, for we have men of intelligence and ability among us who would do as much as the Indian will for a drink of poison to soul and body.—Eben E. Rejordan, in Boston Transcript.

SMART YOUNG MEN.

A Class of People Whom We Would Do Well to Beware of.

Three panies have been caused by three young men, two of whom were less than thirty years of age; each was the son of a minister, who had forgotten the God of his father. One was a banker, one was a broker and one a confidential clerk. Two died homeless and penniless in self-exile and one is now in jail. One of them was a financial prodigy. At the age of twenty-two he was a bank president. The bank was a success. His personal speculations brought him large returns. The venerable directors encouraged him in his career. He was esteemed a wonder in the financial world; but his aged father, the retired clergyman, trembled for the future of his son. When the young banker had accumulated \$200,000, he began to get into bad habits. He had a son who was sure he could make a million. Temptations multiplied. Honesty was suspended, the golden bubble burst, detection followed, the young banker fled from home and died a penniless stranger in a strange land. His life story, with a few circumstantial variations, is the story of the confidential clerk. The final story of the third is yet to be told. Let us be wary of the smart young man. How consummate are his personal attractions. His address is pleasant. His imagination is his faculty. He is the most persuasive conversationalist. Listen to him and the false seems true and fiction real. Success attends his early ventures. He is envied, petted, courted, feasted, trusted. He handles millions. His methods are never questioned. Dividends are facts. Ask no questions for conscience's sake. Now look at his powerful temptations. He fancies that fortune is his slave, but his black Friday comes at last. The sheriff arrests him; the dungeon awaits him. His days of extravagance are ended. Money gone, jewels and fast horses sold, and the banquet hall is forsaken.—Dr. J. P. Newman.

ORGANIZED SCIENCE.

The Old Royal Society of London, and Its Hard Struggle.

There are said to be in this and other lands over one thousand scientific bodies. Many of these are devoted to special departments of investigation, while others aim to foster all branches of learning. Some few are very exclusive, being limited to a few persons of ripe attainments, while others are popular in their constitution, aiming to interest all intelligent men in the advancement of science. It is now proposed to form one gigantic society of all the various scientific bodies in Europe and America. It is held that union of effort will bring about mighty results for the good of mankind. It is evident that scientific men are held in the highest esteem. They are the priests of the new faith, for men believe in and reverence them. When scientific bodies were first organized they met with much opposition. The Royal Society was organized in London, in 1620, and a very hard time it had to live at all. Many of its original members were so poor as to be unable to pay the subscription rate of one shilling per week. Among those excused from the payment of this tax because of poverty was Isaac Newton, who subsequently, in 1686, laid before the Royal Society the original manuscript of his famous "Principia." Sir John Hill wrote a quarto volume to set forth the crimes, heresies and conspiracies of the Royal Society, and clergymen, physicians and fellows of the universities joined in the hue and cry against them. Although their studies were confined to purely scientific topics, such as mathematics, astronomy, physics, and the like, they were suspected of designs against Church and State and the morals of the community.—Demorest's Monthly.

Alexander Graham Bell hopes to introduce generally into deaf and dumb institutions the entire substitution of articulate conversation for the present system of sign language.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

HE KNEW HIS GAIT.

A Detroit Tramp Who was Well Posted on the Forms of Law.

Thursday forenoon, as a tramp was about to enter a yard on Sibley street, the owner of the place came around the corner of the house. The recognition was mutual, and the owner observed: "No use coming in here."

"Why?"

"Because we have nothing for tramps. Better be off with you."

"Is that a threat?" asked the tramp. "You can take it that way."

"Then you are liable to the law. The fifteenth Michigan reports, page 221, makes a threat of bodily injury a punishable offense. It was also held by the Supreme Court in Baker vs. Gray that a threat could always be construed as a breach of the peace."

"There's too many loafers of your shape around."

"In a loafer, eh? Slander is defined as applying opprobrious epithets, or circulating stories calculated to injure one's character. See Twentieth Mich., pages 23-24 and 25. Also decision in Black vs. Tallman."

"You come in here, and I'll give you all the law you want."

"An assault may consist of bodily injury or simply of words. If John Doe utters against Richard Roe in anger, menacing covert threats of bodily injury and leading Richard to suspect and fear bodily harm, that is an assault. See Michigan Statutes, pages 11 and 12; also Supreme Court decision in case of Fairbanks vs. Shadwell."

"Well, I warn you to keep out."

"Certainly. Any person entering upon the property of another when forbidden so to do is guilty of trespass. Thirteenth Michigan, case of Jones vs. Daintree."

The owner of the place looked at the tramp for a moment and then disappeared in the back yard. The stranger sauntered after him for a while, and then started slowly up the street with the observation:

"Any person going about from place to place without occupation or means of subsistence, or any person asking for food or alms upon the streets or public highways, shall be considered a vagrant. That's me. See sixteenth Michigan, page 92. Also, decision in case of Detroit vs. Warner. Judgment of lower court sustained, and plaintiff remanded back to the work house."—Detroit Free Press.

A Quality Considered Highly Desirable in New York Belles.

The quality of exclusiveness, by the way, is considered highly desirable by our wealthy belles. I found this out in talking with the foremost dressmaker in town—a woman who holds about the same relationship to the adornment of her sex here that Worth does to Parisian femininity. "You are doubtless laboring under the delusion that one fashionable lady wishes to wear the same that other fashionable ladies do," she said. "It is true, of course, that the outlines of fashion are fixed, season by season, but within those limitations the aesthetic, really artistic dresser aims to be individual and peculiar. Only by that method can she distinguish herself from the common herd of expensively clothed persons. I have customers who don't care a rap for a costume unless some, if not all, of the materials are not duplicated in New York. I make a trip to Europe twice a year in quest of novel and scarce fabrics, picking them up with as much care and trouble as the seeker after pictures for a critical market. I visit manufacturers in several of the continental countries, and especially I ransack the Oriental bazaar, since the rage for Eastern stuff set in. Besides, there are makers of cloth who produce only a limited amount of certain patterns, just as certain books and engravings are made rare by the destruction of the plates. One German concern will guarantee to an American buyer of a stipulated quantity of goods that no more of the same sort shall come to this country. The purchaser then divides her lot with a dressmaker in each of four or five of our widely separated cities, and is thus prepared to say to the buyer of her own portion that it shall be unique to her so far as New York is concerned. It may be that the article is originally of comparatively small cost, but the wearer, all the same, has to pay right royally for the exclusive franchise. I have patrons, too, who make me promise that the style of the garments which I devise for them shall not be repeated exactly. This feature of American toilets has lately become very marked, and seems to be regarded as a proof of culture in those who insist upon it."—N. Y. Cor. Union Observer.

A Farm Necessity.

Every farmer should keep a can of the following mixture: Kerosene, two quarts; linseed oil, one quart; resin, one ounce. Melt the resin in the linseed oil and add to the kerosene. Coat all steel or iron tools, wherever bright, with this, when they are to be laid, if only for a few days. It will not take half a minute for half a teaspoonful of the mixture to coat a plow, when one has finished using it, and it will prevent all rust and save half a day's time in cleaning it when it is again needed. Coat the iron-work of the mowers and reapers with it when they are put away. A little rust is only a little thing, but it makes much difference in the aggregate.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Old rats, it is said, lose their faculties and are led around by the younger ones.

SYDNEY SMITH.

Some Characteristics of a Famous Genius and Wit.

When one tries to estimate the genius of Sydney Smith, what strikes one most is his humor unaccompanied by melancholy. Most great humorists have been melancholy men, like Moliere. Sydney Smith, on the other hand, was not a jester only in his books and in society. His wonderful high spirits were almost constantly with him in the home which they filled with happiness and laughter. The essence of his wit is this volatile and airy spirit, soaring without trammels high above the laboring world, and discovering, from its familiar heights, mirthful resemblances in things where other men only saw incongruities. Boldness, freedom, vivacity, these are the characteristics of his humor. He had an extraordinary audacity in venturing almost on the verge of nonsense. He was daring in humorous exaggeration. This buoyant courage and gaiety of fancy sometimes give his good thing the character of American humor.

He began his history of Ethics with Socrates, and avowed that "Aristotle was not such a fool as many people think who have never read him." The early philosophers, he declared, "were gallant gentlemen, for whose company, I confess, I have never had any great relish." Again: "If Orpheus or Linus sang, in bad verse, such advice as a grandmother would now give a child of six years old, he was thought to be inspired by the gods, and statues or altars were erected to his memory." "This good-humored irreverence to the mighty shades of Orpheus and Linus reminds me, in its frank Philistinism, of Mark Twain and the Innocents Abroad. I am accustomed to take Orpheus very seriously, and do not quite enjoy this cavalier treatment of Linus. But the gaiety of Sydney Smith becomes more boisterous than ever when he tries to account for the superiority of man over the beasts. To these he allows the rudiments of our faculties. But, he remarks, live longer, collect more experience and are gregarious, so that we communicate our valuable discoveries to each other. How different is the conduct, he says, of the unprogressive lion! "A lion lives under a hole in a rock, and if any other lion happens to pass by, they fight. Now whoever gets a habit of lying under a hole in a rock, and passing news to his neighbor, will pass news to his neighbor, and will communicate, very hence their stationary culture. "If lions would only come together and hold about the observations they have made about killing sheep and shepherds, and the most likely places for catching a calf grazing, they could not fail to improve." This is quite in "Mark's" way, as Lord Tennyson says. Again, when the Catholics were oppressed in Ireland, Sydney Smith said to the clergy and the Government, "Why do you choose these fierce people to bully? Why don't you torment William Wilberforce and the Clapham saints? Why torture a bull-bug when you can get a frog or a rabbit?" Again he writes, on pulpit oratory: "Why are we natural everywhere but in the pulpit? Why call in the aid of paralysis to piety? Is sin to be taken from man, as Eve was from Adam, by casting him into a deep sleep?" Yet, with all his audacious humor, his friends could only once remember that Sydney Smith made a jest bordering on irreverence towards things Scriptural, and he instantly withdrew it, and seemed ashamed of his words.

He was a great lover of light; he rejoiced, like Scott, in the discovery of gas, a glaring mode of lighting which we do not much admire nowadays. This love of light, of shadowless views and clear-cut distinctions, was part of his intellectual nature. "We are all for orthodoxy and common-sense," he exclaimed, in the Edinburgh Review, and he was convinced that common-sense and orthodoxy were at one in their decisions. His mind was of the eighteenth century. He had no more mercy on Methodists and missionaries (guilty, both of "Pis-ecites," those ambiguous creatures, the bats of the "modern twilight of the gods."—Andrew Lang, in Harper's Magazine.

Four Distinct Climates in Mexico.

The Republic of Mexico contains an area of 741,699 square miles, or 474,621,000 square acres, and a population of over 11,000,000 souls, and enjoys four distinct climates:

The tropical; from the coast to the foot-hills.

The semi-tropical; from the foot-hills to the wide, level plateau.

The temperate; from the plateau to the higher plains, such as the plateaus of Anahuac, Toluca, Durango and Sinaloa.

The cold; among the mountain valleys of the States of the interior, where hailstorms are frequent, and where the inhabitants require artificial warmth during the night.—Detroit Free Press.

No more touching compliment could be paid than that of the child who had overheard a conversation at the table on the qualities of a wife. As he stooped over to kiss his mother he remarked: "Mamma, when I get big I'm going to marry a lady just 'actly like you."—Indianapolis Journal.

Ouida says: "A girl's love must never be begged, but conquered." That's all very well, but how to subdue the thick-soled parent of the period is what's bothering our young men just now.—San Francisco Post.

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

The professor of anatomy at Edinburgh University is paid \$16,000 a year.

No student in Tulane University is permitted to pursue more than four studies.

The Swedish Church has recently adopted the revised version of the Scriptures.

William H. Vanderbilt has given \$500,000 as a building fund to the College of Physicians and Surgeons, New York City.—N. Y. Sun.

Robert J. Burdette, the *Hawkeye* humorist, has presented to the Baptist Church of Lower Merion, Pa., a church bell in memory of his wife.

The Salvation Army claims that its colors are flying in nineteen different countries, and that it prints eighteen journals in six different languages.

It is estimated that the South is spending to-day twice as much as it did five years ago for education, and four times as much as it spent in 1870.

There is a Methodist preacher in Phillipsport, Pa., who travels over forty-five miles on his Sunday circuit, holding four services. His salary is only \$200 a year.—Pittsburgh Post.

The conductors of the Palestine Survey Expedition think they have identified the sepulcher of Joseph of Arimathea, in which our Lord was laid after the crucifixion.

Mr. Ayer, a wealthy grocer of Boston, has built on the Back Bay section of that city a \$250,000 pile of granite, the "First Spiritual Temple," to be used by the Spiritualists.

The benevolent contributions of the Presbytery of New York for the past year foot up a total of \$748,874.47. Of this total there was for foreign missions, \$82,142; home missions, \$88,022; and church erection, \$31,562.

Before the apostles of the New Education proceed further they should devise some policy whereby students, on entering college, may be made to regard their college-work as seriously as an apprentice does his on entering a shop.—Current.

The journal of the Twelfth Annual Council of the Episcopal Diocese of Arkansas gives the following figures: Clergy, including the Bishop, 14; parishes, 18; baptisms, 156; confirmations, 58; communicants, 1,171; Sunday-school scholars, 801; contributions, \$12,805.

The Christian at Work says that eight hundred of the dead profits have been taught in the different Methodist schools for the Freedmen during the past year. The receipts of their Freedmen's Aid society have been \$450,000, invested in permanent school property; and the receipts of the year are \$118,453.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

There are travelers who can not wait for a railroad war of rates. They are bound to go at any rate.

Why don't you literary men get rich? asked a lady of a Bohemian. "I don't know," he replied, "unless it is that dollars and cents never go together."—N. Y. Independent.

Many persons seem to imagine that they are always in an amphitheatre with the assembled world as spectators; whereas, all the while, they are playing to empty benches.—Monthly Magazine.

"If you want to look for heroes in our days," says a woman writer, "you must look for them in the kitchen." That is where the policeman spends most of his time while on duty.—Burlington Hawkeye.

A favorite style: "Well, my daughter, my mother and I have been consulting recently about the windows for our new house. What kind would you like in the parlor?" "O, thank you, papa, for seeking my advice. I should prefer bean windows by all means."—Boston Budget.

Health Hints: Never go to bed with your clothes on. Never sleep with your eyes open. Never drink a cocktail after dinner. Don't look down the barrels of a gun to see if it is loaded. Never kindle the fire with kerosene. Never fold a buzz-saw. Never try to conciliate a strange dog with kind words.—Chicago Tribune.

A little girl was told that she must not go to the currant bushes—that the currants would make her sick. She said she did not mean to, but Satan tempted her. "Why didn't you pray: 'Get thee behind me, Satan?'" asked her mother. "I did," was the reply. "and he got right behind me and pushed me into the bushes."

Baby Mine with a Twist: I've a letter from your sire, Baby mine, baby mine. And he says he'll come and see us if he ever gets the time. And he thinks far in the distance He can see a coming day When his very busy business Will send him down this way. And while the engine stops for water Full six minutes and a half, He will listen to the music Of your winsome baby laugh. Twice already he has seen you. Twice has kissed your dimpled cheek. How you grow, you little beauty. One year old last Wednesday week.—Inter Ocean.

"Darling," he whispered, as the clock sadly struck two, and he still sat there trying to impress her with his love, "there is one thing I so much desire. Would you let me take something that would be eternally sweet to my remembrance?" "I don't know," she coyly replied, making a move as if to fall on a thirty-cent shirt-front. "but there is one thing you could take that will fill my happy cup to overflowing." "What is it, loved one?" ready to catch her, but only a cold answer came, that sounded like the bottom of a coal-box in December. "You might take your leave."—Atlanta Constitution.