

St. Tammany Farmer.

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

W. G. KENTZEL, Editor.

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ONE BY ONE.

Though from the boughs to which they've long been clinging,
The autumn leaves are dropping one by one,
Yet from their dust, new forms of beauty,
Springing, shall smile again in summer's gentle sun.
Though one by one the pearly drops of morning,
From drooping flowers, on viewless pinions rise,
We'll see them yet the gorgeous clouds adorning,
With glowing arches of celestial dyes.
Though one by one the stars are fading slowly,
That all night long kept vigil in the sky,
The distant mountain-peaks, like prophets holy,
Proclaim that morning's light and song are high.
Though with slow step goes forth the sower weeping,
And on earth's lap his precious treasure leaves,
Yet comes the harvest, with its joyous reaping,
When shall be gathered home the ripened sheaves.
Though one by one the friends we fondly cherish,
Withdraw from ours the cold and trembling hand,
And leave us sorrowful, they do not perish—
They yet shall greet us in a fairer land.
Yes; from all climes, where'er the faithful wander,
"Neath scorching suns, or arctic snow and frost,
Stainless they'll rise, in myriads without number;
All, all, shall meet—there shall not one be lost."
—Chambers' Journal.

TALES OF THE TELEGRAPH.

Old Telegraph Operators Recount Their Experiences.

The Great Bullion Robbery at Sidney—Outlaws Circumvented—Ogalalla's Menace—Call For Help—Mine Hunters' Tricks—Fooling a Greenhorn.

Several old telegraph operators met here last night, and in the course of a long conversation told some of their experiences on the frontier. One of them began by recalling the great bullion robbery at this place. It was at noon, and most of the depot and stage hands had gone across the yards to dinner. As the operator sat in the telegraph office alone two men presented themselves at his door and demanded admittance. Both had revolvers. He jumped up and let them in, and they quickly bound and gagged him. Believing that he was safe, they disappeared, and he saw no more of them. As soon as they were out of sight he managed to get to his instrument, and by lying down on the table found that with one of his hands he could reach the key. It was difficult work, but by degrees he improved his position until finally he raised the Cheyenne office and communicated the fact that a robbery was in progress. The operator at that point kept him posted as to the proceedings there, and in a few minutes he was gratified to hear the intelligence ticked over the wires that the superintendent and a party of detectives were en route for Sidney on a special train. The distance was one hundred and two miles, but the run was made so rapidly that the people of the town were hardly aware of the robbery when the train dashed in. The operator had by that time been released, and it was found that the thieves, who had been secreted under the depot, had come up through a hole in the floor made by removing a board. The bullion weighed about five hundred pounds, and, as it was thought that they could not have carried it far, a vigorous search was made near at hand. Before night the greater part of the gold was found in a hole under the depot, and the remainder was discovered in an adjoining coal-shed, where it had been dropped. The thieves got away with only about \$13,000 in currency.

Another operator remarked that he was the man who discovered the Ogalalla train robbery. He was in charge of a little office at Kearney. He had had a very stupid afternoon, and as the day was miserable without, he dozed more or less. He tried to read, but after it became necessary to light the lamps, he found this occupation distasteful, and as no one came in he leaned forward, placing his arms on his table and his head upon them. "I must have slept soundly for awhile," he said, "for I lost myself entirely for an hour or two, but presently I had an indistinct impression that some one was calling for assistance. In my dream it seemed to me that I could hear the cry, 'Help! Help!' and that I was powerless to render any assistance. Finally I sat bolt upright, with a nervous feeling as if something terrible had happened which I ought to have prevented. I rubbed my eyes and looked around sleepily. The depot was empty. It was dusk outside, and the rain was falling. I stepped to the door and looked out for a minute, but heard nothing. Then I went back to my desk, filled and lighted my pipe, and began to read. My eyes had just fallen on the page when my instrument sounded once or twice very feebly. I looked at it closely. It ticked again almost inaudibly. 'Something's the matter,' thought I. I got up, and leaned over to catch the faintest click, as if a child might have been playing with a key somewhere. While I listened I began to comprehend the nature of the message that was being sent. I could not catch all the letters, but I got enough, after listening to it a dozen times, to make out this much: 'Ogalalla, Ogalalla, Help, help.' It flashed upon me all at once. The overland

train was being robbed, or had been robbed. I grabbed my key, and let every one have it from Cheyenne to Omaha. There was some lively telegraphing there for a time. They sent engines out from two or three points, and got to Ogalalla in time to scare the robbers off. You see I was a good deal further off than a dozen other operators, but somehow I was the first one that caught on. The way it happened was this: The robbers came into the depot at Ogalalla about an hour before train time, and bound and gagged the operator. After they got him fixed they sat around and waited. When the train drew up they left him, and he immediately got himself in a position where he could use the key a little. The boys who saw him say it is a mystery how he ever did it. His legs were tied twice, and his arms were pinioned behind him, so that it was almost impossible to move even the fingers. The fact that I could not catch two consecutive letters until I had heard the message ten or twelve times, shows how faint the stroke was. It was the queerest experience of my life.

A third man said he had seen a good deal of service on the border, and had had a good many adventures, only one of which ever impressed him much. Down at Grenada, on the Santa Fe Road, when it was first opened, he had had a circus all one night with a party of robbers. The country was then a very dangerous one, and the management was in continual fear of desperadoes.

"I was in the office in the evening," he said, "getting ready to close up, when four or five hard men came in. They didn't say much at first, but seemed to be looking the ground over. We were always on the lookout for that kind of chaps, and as the machine was ticking I pretended that somebody was asking me a question. I laughed a little, and seizing the key, I broke in with: 'Everybody—Don't stop the express at Grenada to-night, whether signalled or not. Robbers here.' They eyed me sharply, but said nothing. The sounder kept up a merry click, and I leaned back in the chair. They fooled around for half an hour, and then one of them asked me what time the train was due. 'Eleven five,' I said. 'Well, we want it,' one of them replied. I told him that I would signal it. About 10:30 I got out the red lantern and lighted it. Just as I got it fixed two of them jumped up with revolvers in their hands and said they would save me the trouble. While one of them covered me with a pistol the others tied me flat on my back to a settee. I couldn't move head or foot. After they got me there I began to think what sort of a scrape I had got myself in. The train would come presently, and go flying by, and then those cut-throats would murder me just for the fun of it. I had thought of the thing all over when I heard a sharp whistle and a roar. The men ran out on the platform with masks on and revolvers in hand. One of them had the lantern, which he swung vigorously. In going out on the platform they had left the door open, so that I could see things pretty well. I began to hope that the train would stop, for I knew it contained men enough to do up that crowd if not taken too much by surprise. The roar came nearer and nearer, until at last I knew by the sound that they were not going to stop. With the whistle blowing at full blast and the dust flying in clouds she swept by like a streak of lightning. It was all up with me. I thought. The robbers dropped the lantern and began to swear. Then I could hear them talking, and pretty soon I made up my mind that the train had stopped down the road a way, and that they were watching it. Before long they took to their heels, mounted their horses, and were gone. When the trainmen came up to the depot, all armed with Winchester, I was the only occupant. They released me, and I told them what had happened. A couple of them stayed there with me, and the train went on. If any express ever came any nearer being robbed without going through the mill than that one did, I'd like to know it."

All agreed that it was a close call, but the fourth speaker said he had a better story than any of them. There were no robbers in it. "I was one of the first men who worked a key in Virginia City, as you may know. One night a man came in picked up a blank, wrote on it, and, handing it to me, asked what the charge was. I read the message as follows: 'Killed Tom to-day. Will kill Jim to-morrow.' It was addressed to somebody in Philadelphia. I collected toll and looked the message over, but I did not place much significance upon the wording of the message, and after a while forgot all about it. We used to get some awful queer messages. About one year later a nicely-dressed stranger came in, and handing the Philadelphia copy of that dispatch, asked me if it had been sent from there, and if I could tell him where the sender was. I told him that I remembered the circumstances, but that I had not seen the man since. The next evening this man came in and handed me for transmission to Philadelphia a message reading: 'Found Charley. Will leave for home with him to-morrow.' As he was paying me I made some inquiry, because I was curious to know something about the case. The man said he would tell me the next day. I never saw him again. Two or three months later a man came in and, showing me that dispatch, asked me if I remembered sending it. I told him I did. 'Can you tell me where the man is who sent it?' he said. I couldn't. Then he went out, and I yelled to him: 'Say, hadn't

you better tie a string to yourself? I'm losing you fellows pretty fast.' This led to an explanation, and he told me about it. It seems the three were brothers. The first one was a little flighty, and was continually running off to some out-of-the-way corner of the globe. Only a few months before he appeared in Nevada he had been in India. His brothers paid no attention at first to his crazy telegraph, thinking it was only one of his loony jokes, but when several months had passed and they heard nothing of him they began to fear that he might have fallen into trouble, and it was decided that one of them should go after him. This was the second gentleman, and his failure to return brought out the third under the apprehension that the others had been foully dealt with. Well, he was gone about a week, and I began to believe that he had gone up the spout, too, when the first one came sneaking into my office and said: 'Say, if anybody comes around here looking for me just tell them you don't know where I am.' 'Where's your brother?' said I. He looked at me nervously and said: 'He's up in the Comstock with me.' 'Where's your other brother?' 'He's down East.' 'No he isn't,' I replied; 'he's here in this town, and he's looking for you, and going to find you.' Just then the second one came in and said to the first: 'Come on, Charley, let's be going.' While I was questioning him in walked the other, and there was a great handshaking all around. The whole three of them seemed to enjoy the thing immensely. Well, I began to think those were about the craziest stunts I ever saw, when the last one said, kind of pityingly, to me: 'It's all right, my boy. Those messages ain't just what they seem. A little cipher, you know. We've got silver up here till you can't rest, and we couldn't be telegraphing everything.' You see, I was young in those days, and when two of those lunatics came in at different times with copies of messages, inquiring very particularly after the men who sent them, what was I to think? My Philadelphia could come any such game on me now, I'll bet you. They all got rich, and when they came to sell out one of them made me a present of a silver brick worth twenty-five dollars.

The last speaker was one who had no hair on his head, but who said in response to an inquiry that no scalping-knife had ever taken it off. "It was just scared off," he exclaimed, "down toward old Julesburg. One day I was at my desk when the man up at Hooper's siding, ten or twelve miles away, telegraphed down that he was surrounded by redskins, and that they were whetting their tomahawks on the wires. I thought that it was a pretty good joke until he telegraphed that the station was in flames, and that a lot of the Indians had set out for my place. Then I began to prick up my ears. There were not many of us there just then, and we were in no condition to fight Indians anyway. We threw up breastworks, and got everybody who had a gun, a pistol, a club, or a knife to fall in. It was about sundown when we got all ready for them. While we were waiting nervously for the onslaught, one of the citizens, a saloon-keeper, came riding up in mad haste and shouted that there were just millions of them coming." "You fellows are all as good as massacred now," he said. "There's only just one thing to do, and that is to telegraph up and down the line for help. Put it strong, now," he said to me. 'Beg, implore, exhort them.' Well, I could rattle a key pretty well in those days, and I everlastingly begged for help. I was thoroughly scared, and I threw my whole soul into the work. After about an hour of agony Cheyenne broke in with: 'Oh, turn yourself out, you big calf! What's the matter with you?' This cooled me off a little, and I looked outside and saw the people going and coming as usual. They had put up a gorgeous joke on me just because I was a telegraphic tenderfoot. My hair fell out soon after that, and it has never grown since.—*Sidney (Neb.) Cor. N. Y. Sun.*

Comfort For Bald Heads.

According to a French paper there is a German professor who maintains that the reason why the sheep is so intellectually backward and stunted as we know him to be, is that the strain which the growth of his coat imposes on his organism absorbs its entire stock of energy and leaves none to support the mental functions. And so it is with the bear. The sagacity of the animal world is, the professor insists, the appanage of the hairless creatures, and he instances the elephant and the serpent in support of his theory. Extending his observation to inanimate nature, he points out that the grander and loftier mountain summits are totally bare of vegetation, while it is only the top of the hills and mountains of the second class that are covered with verdure and are susceptible of cultivation. And applying his theory to the human race, the professor undertakes to demonstrate that baldness is a mark of intellectual superiority. It is a result of the intellectual fermentation of the brain, which gradually bulges out the upper surface of the skull. Baldness is not simply loss of hair, as is vulgarly supposed; it is caused by the excess of cerebral energy, which forces the skull through and causes it to grow above the hair.—*St. Paul Pioneer-Press.*

Leadville has no cats. It is said that tabby can not live in the thin mountain air of the heights of Colorado.—*Chicago Times.*

SCIENTIFIC EDUCATION.

Those Faculties Which Develop First Must be Educated First.

The advocates of a wider choice of studies in American education are of two classes: One class, admitting the claims of linguistic training to superiority, asks only the option of employing either ancient or modern languages, saving a little space, perhaps, for natural science. The other class holds, first of all, that the art of education must be based upon the science of psychology, and that the symmetrical development and highest efficiency of the mind can be secured only through a training which gives the due amount of exercise to each faculty. It has long been recognized as an absurdity to suppose that the muscular part of the human organism gets its best development from any one kind of hard work. The stone-cutter or machinist may have strong arms, with very defective legs. The coal-heaver will be strong in the back, but will have a stooping posture and a cramped chest; much rowing produces about the same development. Similarly with the brain. The most prolonged and severe exercise of the memory will not perceptibly improve the observing powers, and no amount of drill in observation will secure a full development of the powers of abstract thought. This matter is very fully and clearly set forth in Mr. James Sully's new work, "Outlines of Psychology." "In the second place," continues Mr. Sully, "the whole scheme of training should conform to the natural order of development of the faculties. Those faculties which develop first must be exercised first. It is vain, for example, to try to cultivate the power of abstraction before the powers of observation (perception) and imagination have reached a certain degree of strength. This self-evident proposition is one of the best accepted principles of the modern theory of education, though there is reason to apprehend that it is still frequently violated in practice."—*F. A. Fernald, in Popular Science Monthly.*

NOT A BEGGAR.

How an Impecunious Fellow Raised the Wind in Detroit.

"Gentlemen," he began in a smooth, molasses sort of voice, "I am dead-broke but no beggar. I want to raise about three dollars, but I shall do it in a legitimate manner. Now, then, let me ask you to inspect this." "He took from his pocket a piece of iron chain as large as his thumb and containing six links and passed it around. After it had carefully been inspected by each of the party he continued: "I want to bet my overcoat, which is certainly worth \$10, against \$3 in cash that none of you can separate one link from the others."

The piece of chain was passed around again to be more closely scrutinized, and finally one of the party, who was a machinist, returned it with the remark: "And I want to put up that sum against your overcoat that you can't do it yourself." "Done!" said the stranger as he pulled off his coat. Coat and cash were put up in the hands of a stakeholder, and the stranger asked the group to follow him. He walked across the street and into a blacksmith shop, and picking up a hammer and cold-chisel he deliberately cut out a link. The crowd stood around like so many pumpkins at a county fair, but when the stranger held up the link and claimed the stakes the machinist recovered his wits sufficiently to exclaim: "Sold by a professional deadbeat! The money is yours, old fellow, but in exactly thirty seconds after you receive it I shall begin to kick, and you had better be twenty rods off!" "Thanks—glad to have met you—good day!" replied the stranger, and he was out of sight in seven seconds.—*Detroit Free Press.*

The Springfield Armory.

The Armory shops will turn out more rifles this year than ever before since the war, the average being 140 a day. Last year's product was 35,000, and the product of the year before was 32,000. The amount of work depends on the amount of the appropriation, which is about \$400,000 a year. The shops are now working at the best advantage for all concerned. There are 458 men as against 415 a year ago. Since March 1 the eight-hour system has been in force, and there has been a general readjustment of wages. Formerly skilled and unskilled day laborers alike received \$2.75 a day. The average pay is still about the same, but the tariff has been adjusted so as to make the wages agree more nearly with the capabilities of the workmen, and to make the change from ten hours to eight hours without loss to the Government. It is found the men work so much more effectively in proportion under the eight-hour rule that, with the more equitable arrangement of wages, the cost of the rifle has not been increased. Such increases as there might have been is more than compensated for by the good machinery and improved methods introduced.—*Springfield Republican.*

Eggs lose their nourishment by cooking. The yolk, raw, or very slightly boiled, is exceedingly nutritious; one slightly boiled, however, is more easy of digestion than a raw one.—*Chicago Journal.*

A CURE FOR DYSPEPSIA.

Making "Good Digestion Wait on Appetite, and Health on Both."

The English press are at present discussing Mr. Andrew W. Tuer's method of making "good digestion wait on appetite and health on both." He wrote an article on this most important subject for *Chambers' Journal* and it must have done good, for that popular publication has a universal circulation. The general opinion in America is that Englishmen never have dyspepsia, but this seems a popular error. Mr. Andrew W. Tuer thinks dyspepsia should be "fewer," so he fixed up a dose, which we may suppose will result in a perfect "cure."

Mr. Tuer's remedy is glycerine—unprefixed with nitro, of course. No doubt a dose of nitro-glycerine and some hearty exercise after it would effectually cure dyspepsia and other ills the flesh is heir to. However, the difficulty of getting enough of the patent together to hold an inquest on after the operation of nitro-glycerine no doubt impressed itself upon Mr. Tuer, so he contents himself with plain glycerine, which is not so boisterous in its results. Nitro-glycerine is one of those remedies that are not to be shaken after being taken. Mr. Tuer says: A drachm of glycerine mixed in half a wine-glassful of water is to be swallowed with, or immediately after each meal until the enemy takes to flight, which in an ordinary case will be in from one to two days, and in an obstinate one, perhaps a fortnight. Sooner or later, unless the predisposing causes are removed, another attack will follow, and the glycerine will have to be resumed.

"Predisposing causes" having been referred to, it must now be the endeavor to find out what they are, so that a perfect cure may be effected and the glycerine discarded altogether. One's own common sense would suggest that food known to disagree should be avoided. Indigestion is often set up at the earliest and, to the dyspeptic, the lightest meal of the day, at which he probably confines himself to crisp toast buttered as soon as cold, bread-and-butter with very lightly boiled egg, or a little fat bacon, the whole moistened with a little tea. In the worst just used, "moistened," probably lies the "predisposing cause." The food, when only half chewed, is moistened with a sip of tea to expedite its departure to the stomach, but to insure its digestion, be it ever so staple, the food must be thoroughly masticated and receive during the process the necessary moisture from the saliva. Food should be swallowed without extraneous aid in a liquid form, and ought never to be washed down. A sip of tea may be taken between the bites, but not when there is food in the mouth, of which a fair quantity ought to be disposed of before the tea is even thought of. The tea itself, by being slowly sipped, receives its share of the saliva and is rendered more digestible. And this assertion is borne out by the fact that many persons who can not digest milk when culped or drunk down quickly, readily do so when it is slowly sipped. The habit of taking one's breakfast in the manner recommended is so very easily acquired that, after the first trial, no inconvenience will be felt; in fact, the food will be enjoyed and the pleasure of the meal greatly increased. Indigestions committed at the dinner-table are credited as the cause of many dyspeptic attacks, but probably more may be traced to the pernicious habit indicated and indulged in by so many persons at breakfast and tea.

A final hint as to the tea at breakfast. The epicurean method of making it, and that, we believe, practiced by professional tea-tasters, is to put a single spoonful—let it be of the best and without any admixture of green—into a breakfast cup, which is filled up with boiling water, covered with a plate or saucer, and allowed to stand for three minutes only, when—after decanting into another cup, so as to dispose of the leaves, which will remain behind—the tea is made. Sugar is added to taste, and lastly, milk—and very little, if any of it. Tea made in this manner is not only deliciously aromatic, but most digestible; for the bitter tannin, which is apt to harden—literally to tan—the food in the stomach, is left behind.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Not Remarkable.

"There are two occasions when a man should not speak," said old Sam Johnson, turning to Boswell. "What are those occasions, Colonel—excuse me, I mean Doctor? Thought we lived in Arkansas. I ask what are those occasions?" taking out his notebook. "One is when he has nothing to say." "Yes," said Boswell, taking down the remark. "And the other is, when he has just said what he has had to say." "Wisdom," muttered Boswell, reaching for his pencil, which had fallen on the floor. "May I ask, Doctor, who was the most discreet man of speech you ever knew?" "Yes. His name was Anderson Hayley. Used to haul cross-ties out in Saline County." "In what way was he so discreet of speech, Doctor?" "In never saying anything that should not be said." "Did he never, in a moment of forgetfulness, speak without mature deliberation?" "Sir, he never did." "A most remarkable man." "Sir, not necessarily; he was dumb."—*Arkansas Traveler.*

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

Scholars are frequently to be met with who are ignorant of nothing save their own ignorance.

The first society for the exclusive purpose of circulating the Bible was organized in 1805, under the name of the British and Foreign Bible Society.

Miss Sarah F. Smiley had been licensed by Bishop Doane, of Albany, to read and explain the Scriptures "in such parishes as she is invited to teach in by the rectors."—*Albany Journal.*

The dome of St. Peter's, at Rome, has been under repair for eleven years, and the work is only just finished. The whole of the vast cupola has been recovered with lead, chiefly given by pious Spaniards.

Many of the London street cars, which run on more than 400 routes and carry 75,000,000 people a year, have texts of Scripture neatly posted up in them, at an annual cost of \$2.50 for each. This is the work of a London association formed for the purpose.

"We have seen it mentioned as a wonder by old Puritan writers," says Spurgeon, "that certain fish live in the salt sea and yet their flesh is not salt. We have met with far greater singularities in the spiritual world, namely, men who live in a sea of grace and yet are not gracious."

All profitable, successful lines of business are special lines, so, if we would be earnest servants of God, we must be specialists. Having one thing to do, understand it thoroughly, and do it as unto the Lord, casting off the unprofitable works of darkness and putting on the armor of "light."—*Cleveland Leader.*

Mr. Moody, speaking of his equable temperament and steady nerves, says: "I am never excited in my most exciting meetings. I can sleep like a top within three minutes of going into a meeting, and I can be sound asleep three minutes after leaving it. If I were to get into a state of nervous excitement I should have been dead long ago."

The Ten Commandments, mostly negative or laws of not doing, are not, all together, said Horace Bushnell, "as weighty and broad upon the conscience as Christ's one positive law, 'Do ye unto others as ye would that others should do unto you.' Not even the thunders of Sinai are any match for the silent thunders of Calvary."

Hattie Snell, a thirteen-year-old girl living in St. Johnsville, N. Y., is the originator of an interesting scheme to build a church. The Episcopal Society were attempting to raise money to build a new church, and Hattie took a great interest in the project. She conceived the plan of obtaining aid from the statesmen at Washington, and she wrote letters to nearly everybody whose name appears in the Congressional Directory asking each to contribute a few bricks. Her plan was so novel and her letters were written in such childish ingenuousness that the responses were large. Among the contributors were President Arthur, all the members of the Cabinet, General Sheridan, Vice President Edmunds, Speaker Carlisle, many of the Senators and a large number of Congressmen.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

One of Sir Joshua Reynolds' finest works, "Simplicity," was sold last month in London for \$18,000. Simplicity always pays.—*Lovell Courier.*

The town of Derby, Conn., has thirteen drum corps. When they are all out on parade there is but one man and a goat left in the whole town to stand on the street corner and puncture the atmosphere with cheers.—*Philadelphia Press.*

"Who owns this hotel?" Walter—"Mr. Blank am de proprietor, sah." Guest—"Glad to hear it. I thought from your actions that the waiters owned the hotel." Walter—"O, no, sah. We don't own nuffin but de guests."—*Philadelphia Call.*

At Buffalo, N. Y., recently, several men, whose pastime was quail-shooting, or "birding," as they say in the South, were chatting and chaffing together. "That's an A. I. dog of yours," said a bystander to one of the sportsmen. "Indeed!" was the reply. "I thought it was a K. 9 (canine)."

"Has he gone, dear?" "Yes, grandma." "And what was that sound in the hall, Jessie?" "Why, it must have been the door shutting, grandma." "Your grandma may be old and deaf, Jessie, but doors do not shut with a sound like that when she was a girl." "Did the men wear mustaches then, grandma?" "No, my dear." "Well, that makes the difference probably."—*Pittsburgh Chronicle Telegraph.*

A New York lady who was very much afraid of the sea was induced to take a trip on the steamboat to Coney Island. She did not show much alarm until the boat was fairly out at sea, when she suddenly turned pale and shuddered. "What is the matter?" asked her husband. "Just look at all of those life-preservers." "Don't get scared," replied her husband, soothingly. "I dare say there is not one of them that is in order."—*Texas Siftings.*

What a boy will not do: A boy will not smoke his father's cigars when the box is kept in a burglar-proof safe. He will not pour a nest of red ants down his little sister's back if the latter wears a high-necked dress, and there is no snow on the ground. He will not step on the pantry-door, is locked. He will not tie a tin can to a cat's tail if there is a dog handy. He will not be in swimming when his mother is out if the skating is good. So, after all, boys are not so very bad.—*Golden Rule.*