

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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BETTER THAN GOLD.

"My little world is very small,
Scarcely worth your notice, sir, at all,"
The mother said.
"My good, kind husband as you see,
And these three children at my knee,
Who look to us so trustingly
For daily bread."
"For their sweet smiles ye love me so,
I keep the fire-light in a glow,
In our dear home,
That, though the tempests rear outside,
And fiercely threaten far and wide,
The cheery blaze may serve to guide
Dear feet that roam."
"And as the merry kettle boils,
We welcome him who daily toils,
For us each day,
Of true love kisses full a score
He gets, I'm certain, if not more,
When fond ones meet him at the door,
At twilight gray."
"One gets the slippers for his feet,
Another leads him to his seat—
The big arm chair—
And while the children round him sing,
And make the dear old rafters ring,
One little daughter crowns him king
With blossoms fair."
"Ah, sir, we are not rich or great,
The owners of a vast estate,"
The mother said.
"But we have better far than gold,
Contentment, and a little fold
As full of love as it can hold,
With daily bread."
—Mrs. M. A. Kilder in N. Y. Ledger.

NATHAN'S LESSON.

Taught by a Sensible and "Blessed Old Maid."

"There is no other way, Clara. I am the only relative she has left, and we must invite her here for the winter, anyhow. She and John stayed with father and mother while I was roaming here and there. Now they are all gone, Martha's alone, and it's no more than right for me to look out for her awhile. I'll write immediately."

"Yes, Nathan; that is right I know, but I can't help dreading it. I always had a horror of 'old maids,' and Mrs. Tracy looked nervously around the plain sitchen of the little farm-house."

"You needn't be afraid of Martha; she isn't very old, and I venture to say, none of the prying, disagreeable old maids we read of."

In spite of his reassuring words, Mrs. Tracy dreaded the arrival of her husband's maiden sister, who he had not seen since the day he left his New England home to try his fortune in the West.

But, as Clara soon discovered, there was nothing to fear from the quiet, sad-faced woman who came to them, whose life had been so full of devotion to others, and noble self-sacrifice, that there had been no time for growing hard and bitter because some of life's sweetest blessings had been denied her.

The children, Bert and Mabel and baby Kay, with the unerring instinct of childhood, felt the depth of her quiet kindness, and took her at once into their loving little hearts.

Miss Tracy, although wholly unobtrusive, was naturally very observant. This, together with the interest she felt in her brother's family life, she felt she had been many weeks an inmate of his house, to make a discovery.

Nathan, in his desire to get on in the world, was missing much that would have made life pleasant. In thinking so constantly of the future, he was losing all the sweetness of the present. That this was affecting the whole family was only too apparent. It was seen in Clara's anxious, weary face, and repeated in a less degree upon the countenances of their children.

There seemed to be no rest for any of them. No relaxation in the struggle for existence. Nothing to vary the wearing monotony of every-day labor, which, like some huge juggernaut, was crushing beneath its wheels all that might have made life sweet and pleasant.

Martha shrank from interfering with the habits of her brother's family; but, looking ahead, she saw for them nothing but sorrow and disappointment, and felt that something must be done to save them.

Watching for an opportunity to talk alone with Nathan, she gladly accepted his invitation one morning to ride with him to town.

They were rolling rapidly over the level prairie road, when Martha broke the silence.

"It is truly exhilarating to ride in this breezy air, over these fine roads, especially with so nice a 'rig,' as you call it. The buggy is easy and the horses really fine animals. You must be doing well now, Nathan."

"I suppose I am, Martha; but it has been a hard pull, with losing crops, sickness, etc. We're in debt yet, but with hard work and economy I guess we can make it up in another year."

"Then what will come next?"

"I intend to have a nice large barn, and some choice cattle; then I shall build a good house and prepare to take comfort. There isn't a better farm than mine for miles around, and I must make the best improvements possible. Then, some day, we'll have the best of everything."

"But who will share it all with you?"

"Why, my family, of course!" opening his eyes wide with astonishment.

"All except Clara, you mean," solemnly.

"Why, Martha, how you talk. It is for her I'm working—who else, I'd like to know?"

"Now, Nathan, just take a few plain words from your sister, who means only kindness. I've had experience, and, in my judgment, Clara hasn't vitality enough to take her through another year of hard work. I have your interests at heart, and would not needlessly arouse your fears; but I am convinced that your wife is wearing out,

She must rest from this constant labor, or your children will soon be motherless."

"Don't, Martha, talk in that way! Clara is as well as usual. She was always slender and delicate. I'd gladly have kept her in ease, but she knew she married a poor man, and was willing to work up." He was a little annoyed.

"I doubt not you have been kind and good to her, and now that she has helped 'work up' so far, I know you will be glad to give her a vacation. You do not realize what it is to care for three little children and do all the work that must be done in a farm-house. She might have been slender when a girl, but not careworn. To-night, if you will look at one of her old pictures, you will be convinced I am right."

"Suppose I am; what then?"

"How much would it cost to send her back to Ohio for the winter? I can keep house."

"Simply out of the question. She wouldn't go anyhow, Martha."

"I thought you didn't know it; but she is as homesick as a child to see her father and mother. She hasn't said so, she never complains, but an unutterable longing fills her eyes, and quick tears when she speaks of them. Sure of your consent and my willingness to keep house for her, she would go gladly."

"And you think it would do her good?"

"Undoubtedly, and it would be the cheapest medicine you could give her, and the surest. Think it over a day or so, Nathan."

That evening Martha was not surprised to see a startled, anxious look on her brother's face, as he closely regarded his wife, whenever he thought himself unobserved. Husbands are often the blindest of all persons in regard to their wives, but Nathan was convinced.

That night when they were alone, he suddenly exclaimed:

"Clara, how would you like to visit your mother this fall?"

She looked at him a moment in silence, while a wave of crimson swept over her pale face. Then, turning away, she said, brokenly:

"Don't talk about it, Nat; I know we can't afford it, and I'd rather not speak of it."

"But we can afford it, and Martha is willing to keep house for me. No, do you want to go, dear?"

There was an unconscious tone of reproach in his voice, and a look of pain in his face which she could not understand.

"O, Nathan!" she sobbed, with her face hidden on his shoulder. "don't imagine that I love you any the less, or am tired of our little life here; but I do want to go. Just now there is nothing in the world I want so much as to see father and mother."

"Well, then, you shall go, little wife. Do, at any cost; I didn't know you cared so much; but that settles it, you shall go."

After Mrs. Tracy and the baby were gone, Martha looked around the unornamented rooms and resolved that there should be something new, something bright and pretty, to welcome back the home-keeper. The front room had never been furnished, but after considering her resources, Martha thought she could manage it, if she could persuade Nathan into buying a carpet.

"A carpet? why Martha!" he exclaimed at her proposal, too astonished to say more.

"What was Clara's old home like? You don't want her to notice too sharp a contrast on her return," said the sister, quietly.

"I may get a carpet," thoughtfully; "but so many other things would have to follow."

"Nat, when father and mother died, we were going to divide things, but you had no home then, and while John and I stayed, everything remained the same. When I came here, I sold or packed everything, and there is a big box for you, which is on the way out here. Besides bedding and clothing, there are pictures, vases, curtains, a table-spread and some of mother's nice rugs. They will help furnish the room. I guess you can afford to buy a cane-seat rocker and two chairs, and we'll make the rest."

"I'd like to know how."

There are two bottomless chairs in the garbary; I will economize the frames, cushion seat and back, and with strips of embroidery and heavy fringe they will be handsome. That old rocker which is forever coming to pieces can be mended and treated likewise, minus the rockers, and you'll have an easy-chair. A pine table which you can make stained and varnished, and covered with the spread, will do nicely."

"Well, it sounds practicable, I'll help all I can."

"There will be ottomans to make, a mantle to put up, and a cornice for the curtains. It will take our spare time for all winter, but how pleased Clara will be."

"I intend to have everything nice for her some day."

"Yes, Nat; but a woman must have something to live on in the meantime. There's a love of the beautiful in every woman's heart, and it must be satisfied. If surrounded by grand scenery the mind can feed on that; but here, in this level, monotonous country, I believe the home should be very bright and attractive."

"There may be some truth in that, but I never thought of that before," replied Nathan.

"It is not common for a man to think about the home as a woman does, for he mingles with the world, while most of her hours are spent inside the four walls. Clara had no time to fix up anything; that baby was a sight of trouble;

but if you and the children help, we can do wonders."

And they did. When Clara came home, four months later, she scarcely knew the place.

"Come and look at your wife," whispered Martha, when Nathan had finished the chores and was ready for a happy evening.

There she was in the pretty room, chatting with the children. Joy and gladness shone through her face, which had lost its sharpness and pallor, and there was an elasticity in her movements which recalled her girlhood.

"She looks ten years younger, Martha, and if I can help it she shall never work so again. You've taught me a lesson I'll not forget. We'll take all the comfort we can now if we never get a big house."

"Martha has made this so pretty that we shan't want another," exclaimed Clara, hearing his last remark as they entered the room. "I'm so thankful to you all for this pleasant home-coming."

"Martha deserves the thanks, for she planned it all," said Nathan, catching up the baby.

"You are a jewel, Martha; and to think that I was afraid of you and dreaded to have you come!"

"Was that because you knew I was an 'old maid'?" asked Martha, laughing.

"Yes, that was just it. I didn't know you see, that you were such a 'blessed old maid.'"—*Heartstone.*

AMUSING BLUNDERS.

Absurd Mistakes Which Have Been Made by Learned and Prominent Persons.

Horace Walpole records that when the Duchess of Bolton wished to diverge George I, she affected to make some ridiculous mistake, which never failed to put the King in good humor. Blunders frequently take the place of the medieval jesters, the chief of whose wit appears to have rested upon the absurd mistakes they feigned to make.

Lord Falkmouth's dispute with Pitt in the House of Commons have dropped into oblivion with countless other unimportant Parliamentary debates, save for the ridiculous mistake of one of the speakers.

Pitt concluded his argument with a Latin quotation, which Lord Falkmouth did not understand, but conceived to be something of unflattering nature applied to himself. Demanding what was meant, Pitt dryly replied that the expression was not his own, but Horace's.

"I did not believe Horace Walpole would have insulted me after the obligations I have laid him under," cried the affronted peer, who was better acquainted with the owner of Strawberry Hill than with the Latin poet. His error was somewhat akin to that of the lady who remarked that she was surprised that Lord Nelson, who never made a great profession of religion, should have written a book on "The Fasts and Festivals of the English Church." It is often assumed that it is only ignorant or stupid persons who make ludicrous mistakes; but this is quite a fallacy. Actual "blunders," to match any in Miss Edgeworth's famous collections, have been perpetrated by clever men, from the days when Sir Isaac Newton cut a hole for the cat, and a hole for the kitten, in his study door.

D'Israeli has written at length on "The follies of the learned," and many celebrated names figure in every bit of what may be termed "historical blunders." Dr. Stukeley discovered a coin of Caracalla, on which he deciphered the letters "Orivna Avg.," and conceiving this to relate to a wife, wrote an article on this hitherto unknown "August Orivna." Unluckily, a brother antiquarian possessed the same coin in a better condition and showed the inscription to be "Fortuna Avg." It is said that the legend of St. Ursula and her 11,000 virgins arose out of a misreading of the abbreviations in an ancient MS., which spoke of St. Ursula and Undecimilla.

"V. M." ("St. Ursula and Undecimilla; virgin martyrs"). This is a very transparent read and copied as "Ursula et Undecim Millia Martyrum Virginum," and made two names into 11,000. Voltaire relates an amusing story of another antiquarian blunder. When the fragments of the Latin author, Petronius, were much talked of in the literary world, a professor at Lubek saw a letter written by a brother scholar at Boulogne, in which the latter remarked, "this city possesses an entire Petronius," never doubting that this expression referred to the ancient author, and fired with the hope of acquiring the complete work, of which only a fragment had yet been recovered, the German savant set out at once for Boulogne. Arriving there, he anxiously inquired of the librarian of the city if it were really true that the town boasted a complete Petronius. "Certainly it does," was the prompt reply, "the blessed saint Petronius lies buried in your cathedral."

—A visit to many of the homes in the settlements of Indian Territory would surprise the visitor by the evidences of refinement and education, and the absence of everything that would even remotely suggest barbarism. With difficulty he would be persuaded that the fair-haired lady at the piano was an Indian, or that the white-skinned children had any tinge of Indian blood in their veins. They are Indians indeed, by birth, and, according to the laws of the nations, by inheritance, but by their education, as well as their descent, they are white people, and quite as well able in the contest of life to take care of themselves by developing their patrimony as their neighbors across the Kansas line.—*Chicago Interior.*

—The "genial commercial solicitationist" is the Boston style of address for a drummer.

"TO BE SHOT DEAD AT SIX."

The Fate of a French War Correspondent in the East—A Severe Example of Military Discipline in Tonquin.

A terrible example has been made in Tonquin. One of the special correspondents attached to the expedition now in the field was Camille Farcy, well known as a brilliant writer. He had long been connected with *La France*, one of the leading journals. The army which he was detailed to accompany was that of General Foregonel. The officer is a martinet, and entertains the most rigid ideas regarding discipline. Before the expeditionary force landed he, in conjunction with General Vicaendon, concocted the following pledge, which all the journalists were obliged to sign:

"I promise upon my honor to transmit no information whatever, either by telegraph or mail, or by any other means, without first having submitted my manuscript to the officer commanding such expedition, or to such officer or officers as he may designate to power. I further agree that any failure to keep this pledge will expose me to the rigors of martial law."

This document was signed by all the correspondents attached to the expedition. When Farcy's turn came, he took the pen, but it was with evident reluctance that he signed. When he had done so he said to Foregonel:

"General, I sign this document only because I am forced to do so; because, without doing so, I could not fulfill my duty as a correspondent; because, without doing so, I could not accompany the expedition. But I warn you, sir, that I shall speak the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, touching such matters as may come under my observation." And with a defiant glance at the General, Camille withdrew.

The old General gnawed his grizzled mustache to conceal his wrath. He did what, perhaps, most men would have done—he set a spy to dog the footsteps of Farcy.

The expedition was successful. Two evenings after the spy detected the journalist, under a disguise, quitting the camp. He followed and saw him deposit a large envelope in one of the minor postoffices on the frontier. He was at once arrested and conducted to Foregonel's headquarters.

"Aha!" said the General, "at it already, my fine fellow? Well, what have we here?" and he seized and broke open the envelope. "Item—addressed to *La France*. Evidently some correspondence which you were sending without my knowledge."

"Yes, General," said Farcy, calmly. "Let us see what it is," said Foregonel, as he began to peruse the letter.

"General," said Farcy, coldly, "permit me to remind you that you are violating private correspondence."

"Private correspondence? Bah!" retorted Foregonel. "Very private, indeed! All Paris would know it in another day," and he resumed his reading.

There were some severe strictures in the letter upon the conduct of the campaign. Foregonel's reading was interrupted by oaths and when he finished he was purple with rage.

"So," said he, grimly, "you consider yourself competent to judge of the operations of a General in the field, do you? Well, sir, you shall have a taste of martial law to add to your knowledge of military affairs."

Farcy declined to defend himself. A court-martial was immediately convened. Its proceedings were summary.

—Its sentence short: "Camille Farcy is condemned to be shot at six in the morning."

It was then midnight. The doomed man was placed in charge of a Lieutenant and a squad of soldiers, put upon a special train, and was borne swiftly into the capital city, where the execution was to take place.

At half-past five o'clock the train dashed into the city. It passed under the walls of the palace where Albert Grevy, the Governor General, lives in state. The windows were brightly lighted, and the strains of a waltz were borne to the ears of the prisoner. The Governor was giving a ball.

"You have half an hour to prepare for death," said the Lieutenant, compassionately. "Would you like to have me send for a priest?"

"I suppose," said Farcy, "you will grant my last request?"

"Yes."

"Then let me go to the ball. I would like to have a waltz before I die."

The officer bowed, and repaired to M. Grevy's palace.

"His request shall be granted," said the President's brother. "Who could refuse a dying man's request? Bring him here, he shall dance with my daughter."

And it was done. The last moments of his life were spent on a ball-room floor.

At six o'clock the officer spoke: "The file is waiting," said he.

"Let us go," said Farcy. He saluted the dancers and withdrew. When he reached the ground where the file was waiting him, he refused to allow his eyes bandaged, and demanded permission to give the word of command.

"May all journalists do as I have done," said he; "it is their duty." Then, folding his arms, he cried:

"Fire!"

The crash of the muskets rang out on the morning air. Camille Farcy fell dead, pierced with balls.

The vengeance of General Foregonel was accomplished.—*Paris Figure.*

—The large and elegant buildings of the Union Theological Seminary on Park Avenue, in New York City, have been completed at a cost of \$7,250,000, and they are now occupied.—*N. Y. Sun.*

THE MOCKING-BIRD.

A Lover of Nature Visits the Sweet Slinger in the Florida Pines.

Near the mouth of the St. Mark's River, as I lay under a small tree, a mocking-bird came and lit on the top of a neighboring bush, and sang for me its rarest and most wonderful combination, called by the negroes the "dropping-song." Whoever has closely observed the bird has noted its "mounting song," a very frequent performance, wherein the songster begins on the lowest branch of a tree and appears literally to mount on its music, from bough to bough, until the highest spray of the top is reached, where it will sit for many minutes flinging upon the air an ecstatic stream of almost infinitely varied vocalization. But he who has never heard the "dropping song" has not discovered the last possibility of the mocking-bird's voice. I have never found any note of this extremely interesting habit of the bird by any ornithologist, a habit which is, I suspect, occasional, and connected with the most tender part of the mating season. It is, in a measure, the reverse of the "mounting song," beginning where the latter leaves off. I have heard it but four times, when I was sure of it, during all my rambles and patient observations in the chosen haunts of the bird; once in North Georgia, twice in the immediate vicinity of Tallahassee, Florida, and once near the St. Mark's River, as above mentioned. I have at several other times heard the song, as I thought, but not being able to see the bird, or clearly distinguish the peculiar notes, I cannot register these as certainly correct. My attention was first called to this interesting performance by an aged negro man, who, being with me on an egg-hunting expedition, cried one morning, as a burst of strangely rhapsodic music rang from a baw thick-et near our extemporized camp, "Lis'n, mars, his'n, dar, he's a-droppin', he's a-droppin', sho's yo' be'n!" I could not see the bird, and before I could get my attention rightly fixed upon the song it had ended.

Something of the rare aroma, so to speak, of the curiously modulated trills and quavers lingered in my memory, however, along with Uncle Jo's graphic description of the bird's actions. After that I was on the lookout for an opportunity to verify the negro's statements. I have not exactly kept the date of my first actual observation, but it was late in April, or very early in May, for the crab-apple trees, growing wild in the Georgia hills, were in full bloom and spring had come to stay. I had been boldly into the first sparkle of daylight. The sun was rising, and I had been standing quite still for some minutes, watching a mocking-bird that was singing in a snatchy, broken way, as it fluttered about in a thick-topped crab-apple tree thirty yards distant from me. Suddenly the bird, a fine specimen, leaped like a flash to the highest spray of the tree and began to flutter in a trembling, peculiar way, with its wings half-spread and its feathers pulled out. Almost immediately there came a strange, gurgling series of notes, liquid and sweet, that seemed to express utter rapture. Then the bird dropped, with a backward motion, from the spray, and began to fall slowly and somewhat spirally down through the bloom-covered boughs. Its progress was quite like that of a bird wounded to death by a shot, clinging here and there to a twig, quivering, and weakly striking with its wings as it fell, but all the time it was pouring forth the most exquisite gushes and trills of song, not at all like its usual medley of improvised imitations, but strikingly, almost startlingly, individual and unique. The bird appeared to be dying of an ecstasy of musical inspiration. The lower it fell the louder and more rapturous became its voice, until the song ended on the ground in a burst of incomparable vocal power. It remained for a short time, after its song was ended, crouching where it had fallen, with its wings outspread, and quivering and panting as if utterly exhausted; then it leaped boldly into the air and flew away into an adjacent thicket. Since then, as I have said, three other opportunities have been afforded me of witnessing this curiously pleasing exhibition of bird-artistry. I can half imagine what another ode Keats might have written had his eyes seen and his ears heard that strange, fascinating, dramatically rendered song. Or it might better have suited Shelley's powers of expression. It is said that the grandest bursts of oratory are those which contain a strong trace of a reserve of power. This may be true; but is not the best song that wherein the voice sweeps, with the last expression of ecstasy, from wave to wave of music until with a supreme effort it wreats its fullest power, thus ending in a victory over the final obstacle, as if with its utmost reach? Be this as it may, whoever may be fortunate enough to hear the mocking-bird's "dropping song," and at the same time see the bird's action, will at once have the idea of genius, pure and simple, suggested to him.—*Atlantic Monthly.*

"My dear," said Mr. Snigginbottom to his wife one day at the table, as he valiantly struggled to carve a piece of meat, "why do the butchers put these miserable wooden pins into the roasts? Every time I try to carve off a slice I strike one of them." "I do not know, dear, unless the meat is more skewer that way," responded Mrs. Snigginbottom. "Maria, I think you had better see a physician at once. I am afraid overwork is affecting your mind."

—The art craze which formerly afflicted Cincinnati, has run its course, it is said.

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—A London professor teaches the art of memory.

—Thus far the Methodist Church South has raised \$367,158 in centenary donations.

—There are 810 Young Men's Christian associations, with 108,137 members, owning \$3,956,675 worth of real estate.

—Hawaii, with about 67,000 population, reports 201 schools, with about 8,000 pupils. Three-fourths of these attended public schools. More than half the children of the nation were receiving instruction in the English language.

—Said Mr. Moody at Tremont Temple: "I'm tired of hearing people say that they haven't the ability to engage in Christian service, or the time, or the tact, or some other excuse. Why don't they be honest, and say they haven't the heart?"—*Boston Journal.*

—"One of the surest proofs of a genuine Christian church," says the *Richmond Advocate*, "is devotion to its minister, and if he be worthy of love and sympathy, it is scarcely possible for this devotion to be excessive either in view of the preacher himself or of his people."

—Dr. Gelle, of Paris, has found that twenty to twenty-five per cent. of children hear only within a limited range. A practical result of this discovery is that children are now placed at such a distance from the teacher's desk as will correspond with their strength of hearing.

—A rosewood tree near Santa Rosa, Cal., furnished all the lumber for the Baptist Church at that place. The interior of the building is finished in wood, there being no plastered walls. After the lumber for the church was taken 60,000 shingles were made from what remained of the tree.—*Chicago Inter Ocean.*

—A window in St. Mary's Church at Lambeth, Eng., has a picture of a peddler with his dog, and tradition says that a peddler left the church an acre of ground, conditioned only that this picture should be thus preserved. The building dates from the thirteenth century, and all records are lost, but a bit of ground owned by the church is always called peddler's acre, and it now yields over £1,000 a year.

—The Oxford Press is about to effect a revolution in the Book of Common Prayer. It proposes to issue a Sunday Service Book of the Church of England, the object of which is "not to change a sentence, or even syllable, of any of the services; it will add nothing but perspicuity of form, it will subtract nothing but confusion of order; and further, it is anticipated 'it will tend to popularize and utilize the Book of Common Prayer among the masses.'"

—Ohio during the past year instructed 483,232 children in her public schools. There are 31,021 in private schools. There are 1,081,321 children of school age in the State. The average monthly pay of the 11,096 male teachers in the public schools is \$39 each; that of the 13,049 female teachers is \$29—a curious discrepancy. The school expenses of the State during the past year amounted to \$8,820,915.—*Cleveland Leader.*

—Uncle Sam's farm at Mare Island, Cal., produced 4,000 bushels of wheat last summer.

—"Good night," he said, as he at last tore himself away and stepped out upon the porch. "Wait a minute," she said, "until I chain up the dog. It's about time for the milkman, and they are not very good friends."

—The most juvenile divorce case yet reported occurs in Philadelphia between a fourteen-year-old girl and a twenty-one-year-old man. She claims that he deceived her by saying that he lived in a brick house, whereas he was a bricklayer's apprentice.—*Philadelphia Times.*

—"Yes," said the gilded youth, "I want a wife to make me pleasant." "But," objected his friend, "you'd be howling around nights all the same." "Yes; but now nobody cares, and it would be such comfort to know that somebody was at home mad about it."—*Chicago Tribune.*

—"Mrs. De Sparks—" "O, have you heard the news?" Mr. De Sparks—"What news?" "Mrs. Poulter's daughter has eloped with the coachman." "Nothing unusual about that. She did just as all other women do." "What all other women do? What do you mean?" "She took a husband for wheel and whoa."—*Philadelphia Call.*

—A young man once went to Vicksburg, Miss., and announced that he was going to publish a "lively, spicy paper, devoted to local affairs." Next day several one-armed, one-legged, and one-eyed gentlemen called on him and advised him not to do it, because they had tried it and it didn't seem to suit the people of those parts. Some people have no idea of true humor.—*Baltimore American.*

—"I see you advertise goods to be sold for a mere song," said he, as he stepped into a furniture store on Washington Street. "Yes, sir," answered the gentlemanly proprietor. "Well, now, let me see; I like that red plush sofa there, and will sing you 'When the Robins Nest Again' for it." At last, however, he was able to sit up in bed, and if he continues to improve he will probably be out in a week.—*Boston Post.*

—A Little Rock man sold his cooking stove to get money enough to take his family to the circus. When one of his friends remonstrated with him he said: "We had no use for the stove. Had nothing to cook." "But why didn't you buy something to eat with the money you got for the stove?" "Then we would have nothing to cook it on. Don't talk to me. I'm a philosopher."—*Arkansas Traveler.*

—PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

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