

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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THE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND ME.

The girl I left behind me
Was pretty and all that;
Bright golden ringlets glistened
Beneath her airy hair.
She had a dainty figure,
Her hands were small and white,
Her mouth was like a rose-bud,
Her eyes were warm and bright.
Her way was light and graceful—
She was a roguish elf—
A sweet bewitching fairy,
And well supplied with pelf.
She sang like any wild bird,
She danced with wondrous art,
And looked just like an angel
In her red village-cart.
Full often in the moonlight
We took a little stroll,
And sat beneath the hemlock
Upon the lonely knoll.
This girl I left behind me
Was just a lovely girl;
She was a perfect daisy,
Likewise a precious pearl.
Often I think about her,
And the sweet long ago,
Why did I ever leave her
Behind me, would you know?
That girl I left behind me,
And swiftly ceased to woo,
Simply, oh, simply, simply
Because she asked me to.

—Puck.

THE FORCES BENEATH US.

The Phenomena of Volcanoes and Earthquakes.

The intensity of the subterranean forces over any given area of the earth's surface is in a constant state of ebb and flow, now rising to a flood of great power, now ebbing into a long period of quiescence, and then again gathering force for a new and awful manifestation of energy. It would seem that the volcanic forces of Southern Europe are again approaching a period of maximum intensity. But so recently as the summer of 1883, the beautiful little island of Ischia was convulsed by earthquake shocks. It was the season of the year when all was at its gayest and brightest, the little capital being filled by the many Neapolitans and Romans who find it so delightful a retreat in summer. On a bright July evening, when all were sitting out in the clear, calm air, under a cloudless sky, there came a sudden earth-throe, and in a few seconds the charming town of Casamicciola was a shapeless heap of ruins; whilst the other small towns which dot the little island shared in a less degree the same fate. Only two years before another shock had been experienced over the same area, but the earthquake of 1883 was of much greater intensity than that which preceded it.

It is but a few months, too, since the subterranean forces seemed to threaten an outbreak in our own country, manifesting their gathering energy by a slight earth-tremor in Suffolk; and now Spain has been the scene of their awful activity. On Christmas night last, the inhabitants of Madrid were thrown into a state of alarm by two slight vibrations. On the same evening more violent earthquakes occurred in the provinces of Andalusia, Malaga and Granada. In the town of the latter name the whole population, we are told, fearing a repetition of the shocks, camped out in squares and other open places. On the morning of the 26th three severe shocks were felt at Granada; whilst at Torrox, in the same province, several yet more violent shocks were experienced later in the same day. The greater part of the Alhambra has been overthrown, more than half the inhabitants of Albuñuelas killed, and the cathedrals of Seville and Granada seriously damaged. Each day the provinces of Granada and Malaga were shaken by fresh earth-throes, and the loss of life has been very great. The subterranean forces augmented in intensity daily, reaching a maximum on December 31, when a more severe shock than any experienced previously was felt at Granada, that being the tenth which up to that date had occurred there. The inhabitants were panic-stricken; thousands fled from their homes; those who remained paced the streets in religious processions, headed by their priests, imploring the Divine clemency. From this date the shocks were less violent in character, although a severe one shook Alhambra on January 12, and they have now happily altogether ceased. About the same time, an earthquake seems to have been experienced at sea, the Captain of a Cadiz bark reporting a shock, accompanied by a loud roaring noise, on December 18, when he was not long out of Cadiz, seven days, however, before the first shocks were experienced in the Spanish provinces.

Often in the world's history must Spain have been the field of volcanic activity, as her crumbling caves remain to attest, and it was in this corner of Europe that the greatest manifestation of subterranean energy in modern times occurred. The story of the earthquake which one hundred and thirty years ago destroyed Lisbon is a familiar one. Then, as in the case of the present earthquake, the inhabitants do not appear to have had any warning of the coming danger; but suddenly a noise like the rolling of thunder was heard underground, this being followed immediately by a tremendous shock, which threw down the greater part of the city, and in the course of a few minutes sixty thousand persons perished. The sea maintained its ordinary level; and of fifty feet above its ordinary level, on which the new quay just completed, the people had collected for safety, and sank with all its human freight; and where it had stood, there was afterwards found to be one hundred fathoms of water, if, indeed, as some accounts

say, the sea was not there unfathomable. The effects of this earthquake were felt over so large a region that it has been calculated a portion of the earth's surface equal to four times the area of Europe was included within its range. From the West Indies and the great inland lakes of Canada extended its range to our own country, to Sweden, and to North Germany. The shock then, too, was also felt at sea, producing an effect similar to that which follows when a vessel strikes a sunken rock or runs aground.

But whilst earthquakes may thus seem to happen without the slightest warning, there can be but little doubt that their apparent suddenness is due either to want of observation or to a wilful disregard of the signs which indicate the advent of subterranean outbursts. Their approach is usually heralded in many ways—underground noises, gaseous emanations from the soil, the drying up of wells, a change in the temperature of thermal springs, haziness in the air, being the more general forerunners of these phenomena. At such periods, too, a sense of dizziness is often experienced by dwellers in the threatened locality, whilst microscopical instruments, if there be any in the district, will register slight variations of subterranean activity. During the continuance of the earthquake the ground often heaves like the sea, producing feelings akin to the familiar pangs of sea-sickness; rivers seek fresh channels; large fissures open in the earth, and permanent changes take place in the geographical features of the country. Thus the series of earthquakes which in 1826 and 1827 visited New Zealand, caused so distinct a change that the former features of the coast could be no longer recognized. The earthquakes of the present century in Chili have produced a permanent elevation of the coast there; and recent subterranean outbursts in Java have considerably modified the geography of that region.

Concerning the origin of these phenomena, so far-reaching in their effects, it must be admitted that the true theory has never yet been framed. Early speculations were much tinged with the superstitions of the time; and even so late as the beginning of the present century we find a lingering remnant of this superstitious regard of physical phenomena in the naming, by the inhabitants of Sindre, of a mound thrown up during the Indus earthquake, "Ullah Bund," or the Mound of God.

It is obvious that the study of these interesting phenomena is beset with many difficulties. Observation can often only be made at imminent personal risk. Yet, spite of this, beginning with the few observers and the almost mythical records of the days of Pliny, the fascinating subject has continued to attract an ever increasing circle of students, who have earnestly endeavored to pierce the veil of mystery which surrounds it. Each fresh manifestation of subterranean energy is now watched with increased interest. Whenever possible, the sequence of events is noted with extreme detail, old theories become weakened, fresh ideas confirmed, and new avenues of thought open themselves to the earnest investigator at every step.

With the phenomena of earthquakes, those of volcanoes are closely linked, volcanic outbursts being frequently heralded and accompanied by earthquake shocks; and there can be little doubt that the two are most intimately bound up, if, indeed, they are not two effects arising from a single cause. This being so, the facts which surround the one class of phenomena may be drawn upon in attempting to frame an explanation whence and how either originates. That some portions of the earth's interior are in an immensely heated condition, the nature of the materials ejected from volcanic vents renders evident, and observation has also clearly demonstrated the fact that the temperature increases from the surface of the earth downwards, the average increase being one degree Fahrenheit for every fifty feet of descent. Now, from considerations connected with the figure of the earth and the other members of the system to which it belongs, it has, with much probability, been inferred that the solar system has evolved from one of those glowing gaseous aggregations termed nebulae, that "this world was once a fluid haze of light;" and that when it first existed as an independent body it was in a state of the most fervent heat, a residue of which now gives rise to volcanic phenomena.

What happened, then, as our earth radiated its primitive heat into space? The question is a vexed one. So many men, so many minds. One class of theorists, not giving sufficient weight to the fact that the increase of pressure towards the earth's center would tend to keep matter solid there under the influence of high temperatures, suppose that the process of radiation by the earth into space has, throughout the lapse of ages, resulted in the formation of a solid external crust covering a still fluid nucleus. But this class of theorists is, like the volcanoes of Britain, practically extinct, or is at least as subdued and unpretending as the Suffolk earthquake. Other geologists, giving more weight to the fact of increase of pressure towards the earth's center, consider that its condition is that of a body with a solid nucleus and a solid external crust, between which there still remains a residue of liquid matter.

In objection to both these views it has been shown that for the earth to maintain its rigidity under the moon's attraction, such a crust must be of enormous thickness, of so great a thickness, indeed, that Sir William Thomson, who investigated the matter, prefers to consider the earth as a solid globe cooling by

contraction. On this view of the earth's condition, volcanic phenomena are explained as the result of the conversion into heat of the mechanical force of contraction; while earthquakes may themselves be regarded as proceeding from the crushing and bending of the rocks by the stress of contraction itself. Again, there are those who regard the earth as a globe mainly solid throughout, but with lakes of liquid matter in various parts near the surface, remnants of its former heat, and believe that it is from these lakes, as the earth continues to contract, that matter is forced into volcanic vents to feed their intermittent fires; whilst, looking at the fact that earthquakes so frequently precede an eruption, these earth-tremors may from this point be regarded as ineffectual efforts by the pent-up subterranean forces to establish a volcanic outburst; and since the observations of Mr. Mallet in earthquake localities have demonstrated the fact that shocks emanate from centers near the earth's surface, being sometimes nearer, and sometimes further, as the shocks are mainly horizontal or mainly vertical in character, there would seem to be some probability in this latter view of the origin of the subterranean forces; but there are many arguments which militate against its acceptance.

There are those also who, while they regard the matter of the earth as being in a really solid condition, yet conceive that some portions of it may be in a state of potential liquidity; that is to say, ready to assume the liquid form on a release of pressure; and when it is remembered that a barometric fall of two inches—a by no means remarkable circumstance—means the removal of millions of pounds of air-pressure from off the surface of the earth, it seems as though there might be some truth in this view also; but it loses probability when we reflect that for this release of pressure to be effectual in producing liquidity, it is necessary that the solid matter of the earth should be just on that borderland between the solid and liquid states, which it is so difficult to imagine can often be the case; and it must be finally admitted that science has yet to frame a perfectly satisfactory explanation of these interesting phenomena.

Human nature is too apt to dwell upon the awful results of these evident and striking manifestations of nature, and to pass over her more regular and noiseless, yet far more potent, activity. It must not, therefore, be forgotten that these subterranean outbursts we have been considering are but the more violent and pronounced examples of a slow and gradual process of upheaval and depression which is going on at all portions of the earth's surface. And these movements of the earth's crust, whether they be the slow upheaval and depression to which reference has just been made, or the cataclysmal efforts of an earthquake or volcanic outburst, are in the main most beneficial to man, and have an important influence on his progress and well-being. It is the short-sighted philosophy of imperfect knowledge which regards only the evil which such catastrophes produce. The heated regions of the earth's crust where the volcanic forces are in energy are the laboratories of nature, where her most valued gems and minerals are produced; whilst the earth-throes which devastate a country, and seem to be fraught only with evil to mankind, bring the rock containing them to the surface; and we may strangely reflect that, but for these eruptive efforts, iron, and many other minerals which have contributed to the comfort and progress of man, might for ever have remained unknown to him. One of "the fairy tales of science and the long result of time" is the gradual change in the relative positions of continent and sea which these oscillations of the earth's crust have brought about. Our own island has now been submerged until the sea washed its mountain tops, now elevated until it ceased to be an island, and Father Thames flowed across a great stretch of land, which filled up the North Sea, to join the great Rhine, the two streams pouring their united waters almost within the arctic circle. So, over all the earth, continents have grown out of the sea, and great lands have given place to vast oceans. "The stony rocks are not primeval, but the daughters of time." Everywhere, flux and change—growth and decay; only fixed and unalterable the immutable and eternal laws which govern it.—*Chambers' Journal.*

A Dollar's Worth.
"That's one of the benefits of being an orphan," he said to the bootblack at the postoffice yesterday. "I was coming across the street when a horse driven by a plumber knocked me down and walked all over me."
"Who are ye?" says the man, as he pulls up.
"Jim Taylor," says I, as I dig up through the mud.
"How much are ye hurt?"
"A dollar's worth."
"Who's yer pap?"
"Haven't got any. You must settle this 'ere case with me alone."
"Ho settled and I gin him a receipt. Now if I had any old folks he'd have gone to a lawyer, and we'd have had to sue, and if the case ever got before a jury his lawyer would have proved me blind in both eyes and a horse-thief to boot. Nothin' like bein' yer own boss and settlin' all fatal injuries on the spot fur ready cash."—*Detroit Free Press.*

The first apple orchard in Kansas, according to Secretary Brackett, consisted of 150 apple trees, brought all the way from Illinois in a wagon and planted in Douglas County in 1855.

CIDER MAKING.

Reminiscences of One Who in His Youth Indulged in Pomace and Sweet Cider.

My mind reverts with pleasure to that period in my existence when the male portion of my parentage persuaded me to rise at 2:30 p. m. and allowed me to pry a yoke of anti-labor oxen ten miles through a November climate that stood seven feet in its socks and was warranted to freeze everything that didn't have a Yale lock on it.
The object of these nocturnal trips was the cider mill, which was usually run by a joint stock company and a horse that moved as if he had spent the most of his life as an hour hand on a town clock. Being of young and tender years, it generally became my duty to see that the horse didn't faint away or lie down to slumber and allow the apples in the mill to get rusty. The horse and I generally got on good terms at an early stage of the game and would divide the time for sleep between us. The horse had been a somnambulist from his earliest childhood, and his habit of walking in his sleep enabled him to sneak in a few hours' sweet repose on my time without my knowing it. The only way I could tell whether he was April fooling me or not was to mention whoa to him; if he was awake and in full possession of his senses, he would immediately observe my suggestion; if he was asleep and unconscious of his surroundings, he would not heed my gentle murmur.

The art of cider making is not generally understood by those people who love to drink it and put it in their mince pies. It is for the enlightenment of these people that this article is written. The apples from which the cider is made are picked off the ground in an advanced state of decomposition. They are generally picked with a coal shovel, and anything that happens to be lying around on the ground is picked just the same as if it was an apple and thrown into the cart as first-class cider material. The giver's tone to the cider and causes it to work. When the apples and other ingredients are ground up and ready for the ardent hug of the cider press, the composition is called pomace and looks a good deal like sauer kraut in a brown study. The juice squeezed out of this composition is called cider.

I developed a very large appetite for cider at the first engagement I played with a cider mill. I opened with eating apples, gave a matinee by filling up with pomace, and closed the performance by absorbing cider from a barrel through a three-inch bung-hole punctured with a straw. When I went to bed that night I was so puffed up with pride and pomace that I had to postpone my evening prayer until after the swelling went down.

No matter where you locate sweet cider, it is bound to ferment. It is sure to foam and sizzle. From extensive research in ancient history, I find this is caused by the alcohol the cider contains, which is not visible to the naked eye, but is there just the same. Somehow I forgot this when I sucked so much juice into myself and retired without a thought of the disaster that was likely to follow. I awoke about 12:14 a. m. with a well-emphasized feeling of unrest equi-distant from the two poles. I thought I was a maddening crowd, as my friend Shakespeare once remarked. I got the impression that I was a torch-light procession at a political demonstration. I felt like a howling mob. I was satisfied that I was full and complete election returns. The cider had begun to ferment, and as I was on the outside of it I felt an irresistible desire to celebrate the event. I arose and with a dollar and a quarter umbrella over my shoulder marched up and down the room with firm and measured tread, while my voice rose clearly on the still night air as I put the imaginary hosts following me through military tactics. The cider continued to ferment. I imagined that I was a trumpet out of the water pitcher, in a stentorian tones I ordered the firemen to turn the hose on me. The cider still fermented. I thought I was a riot, and getting up on a rocking-chair, I ordered peace-loving citizens to put me down. Just then I stepped on the edge of the rocker and my order was promptly obeyed. I came down on my nose. More ferment. I got the impression that I was a terrible runaway, and appealed to the policeman to catch me before I did any more damage. While I was tearing at breakneck speed up and down the room, crushing the furniture beneath my proud and angry hoofs, the door was suddenly burst in and my father entered with his hair looking up to the blue dome of heaven and a hog walnut whiffletree in his right hand. The whiffletree caught me just as I passed him on my way up to the other end of the room for the purpose of mangling the wash-stand. This attracted my attention, and I was on the point of rearing in the air and pawing him to death with my forward feet when he lassoed me with the back of a chair, and I was laid on the bed while the entire family came in and took reserved seats on me till the cider had ceased to ferment, and I dropped off into a slumber that was childlike and bland. Ever after this little episode I became guarded in the manner in which I corraled pomace and newly-born cider.—*Tom Holmes, in St. Paul Herald.*

"Now, Johnnie," said the teacher, "if your father borrows \$100 and promises to pay \$10 a week, how much will he owe in seven weeks?" "One hundred dollars," said Johnnie. "I'm afraid you don't know your lesson very well," remarked the teacher. "I may not know my lesson very well," Johnny frankly acknowledged, "but I know my father."—*N. Y. Sun.*

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—Pope Leo XIII. thinks that the evil of the working classes arise chiefly from the abandonment of religious principles.

—At Yale thirty per cent. of the Freshmen room in the college buildings; at Harvard forty-eight per cent.; and at Princeton eighty-four per cent.

—The sexton of a New York church has a crank in his pew, by turning which he regulates the temperature of the house during service.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—The University of Cairo, in Egypt, said to be nine hundred years older than Oxford, has ten thousand students, who are being educated as Mohammedan missionaries.

—A church paper makes the positive assertion in regard to Christian workers, that in most churches "about nine-tenths of the work is done by less than one-tenth of the members."—*Chicago Herald.*

—During 1883 the six faculties of medicine in France conferred 662 diplomas of doctor of medicine, viz: Lille 20, Nancy 21, Lyons 43, Bordeaux 44, Montpellier 69, and Paris 465. During the same year 692 diplomas of medicine were conferred in Germany.

—The total cost of maintaining the common schools of the State of New York last year was \$11,834,911. The number of pupils was 1,000,057. These figures acquire a peculiar interest when one considers what New York was when Sir Moses Montefiore was a boy.—*Current.*

—Russia is so far behind in educational matters that in the rural districts the village priest is the only teacher available for the education of the children of the working classes, while even in such a city as Moscow, with 100,000 children of school age, there is only school accommodation for 7,000. In technical education, however, the two great schools in Moscow and St. Petersburg are among the finest in Europe in point of equipment and endowment. The capital also contains efficient schools for education in mining and engineering pursuits.

—President White, of Cornell University, believes in the value of athletic sports as a part of college life, and cites the fact that while he was at Yale the sixteen men who composed the boat's crew were not only the best men in college physically, but were also the best mentally. While this may be true enough, the tuition-paying public may still properly insist that the college authorities shall see to it that the students shall be continually reminded that the chief business of college-life is study.—*Chicago Current.*

—General Booth, of the Salvation Army, having been interviewed by one of the staff of the *Methodist Times*, gives this report of the financial condition of the army: "Our own people contribute about \$1,500,000 a year. We get about \$100,000 from outsiders. The last two years we had very heavy expenses. We had to spend \$350,000 on Clapton, the Grecian and other special undertakings. That withdrew some subscriptions from the ordinary work. We have not yet recovered from that great effort. But \$25,000 is all we want now to put ourselves in easy financial circumstances."

A Georgia Quilting.

A quilting was organized at the house of a very bashful young man by the young ladies of this settlement, with a view of getting him into society. The day being arranged and everything in readiness, the girls met and commenced the fun. The young man thought, to evade the crowd, he would go to the back side of the plantation to work, and he took himself thither and commenced operations in a secluded spot. He had not been there long before he encountered a huge coach-whip snake which made fight. The young man fought bravely, but his snakeship got the better of it, and the young man had to hit the grit lively. He started homeward and the snake after him. As he moved he looked back over his shoulder occasionally, but his snakeship was there. He opened his throttle and got up railroad speed, and at last reached the yard fence exhausted. He fell into the yard, when one of the girls rescued him and killed the snake. The snake had struck at him and fastened its fangs into his coat so it could not get it loose until he reached home.—*Moral: Young man, don't be bashful, not too much so.*—*Jackson (Ga.) Argus.*

His Usual Advice.

There was another Cincinnati riot the other day. A young man who had lost about \$10,000 on a wheat speculation went for a broker with:

"See here, didn't you say that wheat was as low as it could go?"

"O, yes."

"And that it was a good time to buy?"

"Certainly."

"And that you'd advise any one desirous of speculating to invest in wheat?"

"I believe that was my advice."

"Well, sir, I bought wheat on your advice and am \$10,000 out of pocket, as you know."

"Exactly."

"But what are you going to do about it?" howled the victim.

"The same as I always do," was the placid answer. "I always advise dropping wheat and going into oats!"—*Wall Street News.*

—The recent death of a citizen of Jamesburg, N. J., from blood poisoning is attributable to a wound received during the rebellion.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—"Will the coming man work?" asks a social scientist. That will depend a good deal on the wealth of the coming woman.—*Chicago Tribune.*

—If advertisements were allowed on the Washington monument everybody, for a wonder, would want their cards "at the top of the column."—*Philadelphia Call.*

—Josh Billings: "When I was a young man I was always in a hurry to hold the big end of the log and do all the lifting. Now I am older I seize the small end and do all the grunting."

—"Shall I take your love to your mother?" said a lady visitor who was going to see the mother in question to a little child of three years. "She has my love," was the quaint reply.

—Brown—"Yes, I'm going to take a short trip through the South. I don't care so much about it myself. I only go to please my wife, you know." Fogg—"Ah! I see. You leave Mrs. Brown at home, then."—*Boston Transcript.*

—"Did you say that your wife never gave you a certain lecture after you came home late at night?" "She never did." "How is that?" "She always goes along with me when I go out."—*Texas Siftings.*

—Those persistent purists who claim that one should invariably say: "The lamp was lighted," will of course make no definite or vigorous kick against saying "the young man chased out of the garden gate by the infuriated mastiff was bited."—*Chicago Telegram.*

—The brain of an adult man weighs on an average forty-eight ounces while that of the average adult woman weighs forty-four ounces, and yet woman is far superior to man mentally. I have obtained this information from a lady friend who is entirely trustworthy.—*Bilt Nyc.*

—It is said that bees will never sting a person whose head is smeared with molasses. The brother of H. H., when a man has incurred the animosity of a colony of bees, he doesn't have much time to go home, get molasses and spread it on his epidemics. The old-fashioned way in the best—just run.—*Burlington Free Press.*

—Two said to be continued:
There was a little man,
And he had a little can,
And a quart or more of kerosene was in it;
And upon the kitchen fire,
To make it burn still hotter,
He poured the oil, and in much less than
quarter of a minute
There was no little can,
There was no little man,
The fire too sad—I can't go on—O, why
did I begin it?
—*Marquette Biting, in Detroit Free Press.*

—In Montgomery County, says a Macon (Ga.) journal, there is a pear tree eighty-seven years old, which has not failed to bear a crop of fruit in over eighty years. The tree was set out by Stafford Davis in 1798. The fruit resembles the sand pear in shape and flavor. By the way, it would not be amiss to state that Mr. Davis is now a resident of Worth County, where he removed from Montgomery many years ago. He is now 107 years old. He married four years ago (at the age of 103) a young lady of eighteen years of age. Mr. Davis is a farmer, and made a good crop last year. He plowed regularly through the working season.

SLEEVES.

The Fashions in These Feminine Adjuncts as Indicated in Metropolitan Journals.

Sleeves have undergone no change for high-necked dresses. For evening, however, they are made in several ways. There is the mere strap, formed of the ruching, or band of flowers, which trims the neck of the Grecian bodice and which requires an arm of marble to do it justice; then there is the fchu sleeve, which looks like a tiny handkerchief puffed over the shoulders and fastened at each side of the armhole at the top of the bodice. This sleeve is intended to match the chemisette or tucker under the dress bodice. A third sleeve is a half sleeve of white or black lace, according to the color of the dress. This sleeve forms two vandykes, which are buttoned together over the arm, thus covering only the under part of the arm. It is most becoming. Then comes the armet sleeve, which has the usual shoulder-strap and a second band midway between the shoulder and elbow. And, finally, there is the epaulette sleeve, with the epaulette made of bows of ribbon, or lace, or fringe.

According to plating bids fair to be very popular for both walking and home dresses this spring. It is one of those fashions which startle at first and then become universally in favor at their second appearance. Train skirts are even being accorded plaited and they are extremely pretty.—*Philadelphia Times.*

Sweet Things.

"Sweet things are very bad for you, dear," said a fond mother to her little six-year-old boy, who had the end of a fast-wearing stick of candy in his mouth. "And is sweet things bad for papa, too?" asked the innocent child, releasing the stick from his mouth for only an instant.

"Yes," said the mother.

"I thought so," replied the boy, as the last end of the stick disappeared.

"Why did you think so, my boy?"

"Because he always goes out when you begin to sing 'Sweet Violets.'"

If that boy lives he may manipulate the bones some night.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

—All the Massachusetts towns and cities are obliged to give school books and other supplies to the pupils free.—*Boston Post.*