

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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HOW EASILY THINGS GO WRONG.

"Alas! how easily things go wrong!"
A sigh too much or a kiss too long.
And a father's patience is quite worn out:
There's a hurried step and a wraithful shout,
And the dream of a youthful pair is o'er.
A youth escapes through the open door,
With terror down the street at a flying pace
With hat in hand and a dog in chase.
The dog to the flying youth draws nigh:
There's a savage growl and a piercing cry,
"Alas! how easily things go wrong!"
Why did the lover stay so long?

THE SILK DRESS.

What It Cost, After Twenty Years of Waiting.

"There's Annie Beldon!" said Aunt Jane, looking up from her knitting as she heard the sound of footsteps on the plank walk which lay along the front fence. "Poor soul! I never see her that I don't think of that verse in the Bible which says that 'from him that hath not shall be taken even that which he hath,' and she sighed deeply.

I looked from the window just in time to see Annie Beldon before she turned the corner of the next street. She was a faded, careworn looking woman, a little past middle age, with dark brown hair thickly sprinkled with gray. Her dress was a rusty black cashmere, her black shawl was decidedly shabby, and her crape bonnet was shabbier still. She looked neither attractive nor interesting, and I turned from the window and took up my crocheting again, remarking only that "she looked as if she had her share of sorrow."

"Sometimes I think she has had a good deal more than her share," said Aunt Jane. "I know dozens of women would have sunk into the grave under only half as much. And the best of it is, she don't never complain. She's the cheerfulness soul that ever breathed."

"Does she live near here?" I asked, more out of politeness than from any real interest in the subject.

"No! but she was my next-door neighbor for twenty-five years when this was a farm-house. The town lay two miles off then, and we never looked to see it grow up right to our very doors. Annie wouldn't be wearin' no shabby clothes if there hadn't been a mortgage on their place. She could have sold every acre at a good profit if it had been free."

"Tell me about her, Aunt Jane," I said, as the old lady paused. "You'll have plenty of time before supper."

"Dear me, child, there isn't much to tell, 'n' maybe the little there wouldn't prove very interestin' to you. I know Annie looks shabby, 'n' old, 'n' gray now, 'n' not much like she did thirty years ago. We was girls together, 'n' she was the prettiest 'n' liveliest little thing I ever saw. Her eyes was black as coals, 'n' her hair hung in long curls to her waist. She had a laugh 'n' a good word for everybody, 'n' more beans than she could tend to. There was only two of 'em, though, that she favored at all. One was Tom Layton."

"The owner of the Layton Mills?" I interrupted.

"Yes; but he didn't own the mills then. He was only superintendent there, 'n' though he was a savin', industrious young man, no one looked to see him get to be a millionaire. But he had a good salary, 'n' his father was well-to-do, 'n' he was reckoned a good match for Annie. For awhile folks thought she'd marry him; but he warn't a professor, 'n' Annie set a deal by her church. She allowed that if she married a man who never went inside of one she'd be false to her principles, for the Bible says the righteous shall not be yoked to the unrighteous, you know. Tom took it real hard at first, but he didn't bear Annie no ill will, 'n' when she married Luther Beldon he sent her a handsome present. Luther he was a real steady young man, but somehow or other he didn't have no luck. He had a good-farm, but work as he might, he never made nothin' off it more 'n a bare livin', 'n' Annie had to pinch 'n' screw to keep clothes to their backs. She was a master hand at managin', 'n' she worked like a horse, but year after year went by 'n' they didn't get no better off. Drouth 'n' early frost, 'n' too much rain, kep' 'em allers behindhand, 'n' just when they was thinkin' they was goin' to do better there'd come some thing that would put 'em back again."

"Luther he got discouraged, but Annie she never lost heart. Eastways she never seemed to. When they'd come over here 'n' Luther he'd get to tellin' her how crossways things allers went for him, she'd allers have something cheerful to say. She'd tell about it was a long lane that had no turnin', 'n' it was allers darkest just before the day, 'n' allers silver linin' to every cloud, till Luther he'd get pleasant again 'n' ready to laugh with her over their troubles."

"An't I got a treasure in my wife?" he'd say. "Long as frosts 'n' midew 'n' floods don't take her away from me, I guess I can get along."

"They was ever here to take dinner the day I was thirty. I was wearin' for the first time a new black silk dress which John had given me for a birthday present. It was thick 'n' soft 'n' mighty handsome, 'n' Luther he didn't seem able to keep his eyes off it.

"You a black silk, Annie?" he said, putting his arm round her as she stood by his chair. "We've been married seven years 'n' I ain't been able to get you nothin' better 'n calico."

"I don't need a silk," says Annie. "I've got all the dresses I can use now."

"Luther looked at her real steady a minute. Then he says, sorter slow 'n' quiet, 'For all that, I mean to get you one, Annie. I want to see how you'd look in it."

"No better 'n I look now in my blue delaine," says Annie.

"We'll see 'bout that," says Luther. "I don't care how hard times are, I mean to live till I get you a black silk dress."

"She laughed 'n' told him he'd make a peacock of her if he could; but for all her brave words I knew she was down-right fond of pretty things, 'n' it really hurt her to have to wear old, faded dresses, 'n' bonnets five years behind the style. But she never said so, 'n' she'd walk into church Sunday after Sunday in her old blue delaine 'n' yellow straw bonnet, lookin' as sweet 'n' happy as if she'd been dressed like a queen."

"Well, Luther he never came over here after that without he had some remark to make 'bout my black silk, 'n' he stuck to it that he would give Annie one like it before he died."

"But year after year went by 'n' my silk was all wore out 'n' I'd got another, 'n' still Annie's best dress was a cheap delaine, 'n' it wasn't often she could afford to buy even a pair of cotton gloves to cover her hands. Things hadn't gone better with Luther, 'n' they had other things; to sorrow for than losing their best horses 'n' cattle 'n' their crops. They lost their six children, one after the other. Three of 'em died in one week of scarlet fever, 'n' the other was sickly little things 'n' went off in slow consumption."

"If it hadn't been that she had to keep Luther up I believe Annie'd have give way many a time; but for his sake she didn't show one-half she felt. 'n' she never lost faith in the Lord. She said His ways seemed hard, but that He knew what was best for her."

"Well, time went on, 'n' about five years ago things seemed to take a turn for the better with Luther. His wheat crop turned out well, 'n' he sold it to good profit, 'n' he got his corn off the bottom lands before the river rose, 'n' that was a great help to him. He seemed real cheerful, 'n' told John that he was just beginnin' to enjoy life, 'n' if things went well he'd soon have the mortgage cleared off the farm. The weather set in cold 'n' stormy just after Thanksgiving, 'n' one afternoon I was out in the chicken yard shellin' corn to the hens, 'n' all muffled up to my eyes, when I heard a wagon stop at the gate, 'n' there was Luther a noddin' 'n' beckonin' to me. I went down to the gate to speak to him, 'n' before I'd got there he was tellin' me how he'd sold Tom Layton a colt, he'd been raisin', 'n' was on his way at last to buy Annie that silk dress. He asked me 'bout the number of yards he ought get 'n' where he'd best go to buy, 'n' said he couldn't hardly wait to get it now he was ready. He was goin' to give Annie a surprise, he said; she didn't know what he was goin' after."

"Well, the tears was in my eyes as I watched him drive off, pleased as a child at the idea of surprisin' Annie. But I never guessed what the black silk dress was to cost her, poor soul!"

"It began to rain soon after Luther'd gone, 'n' I poured down for upward of four hours. I was at the window when he went by on his way home, 'n' I noticed he didn't have his overcoat on, 'n' I wondered what he'd done with it, for I was sure he'd had it on when he stopped at the gate. Annie told me afterward that he'd taken the coat off his back 'n' rolled the black silk up in it to keep it from gettin' wet. It wasn't even damp when he unrolled it, 'n' showed it to her, but he was wet to the skin himself, 'n' a few days later there was a doctor's buggy at the gate. John he went over to see what was the matter, 'n' found Luther walkin' 'n' the floor 'n' groanin' with pain. The cold had settled in his side 'n' the doctor couldn't give him no relief. But he said he guessed he'd pull through all right 'n' there wasn't no need to worry."

"Miss Parsons was makin' the silk up. Luther wasn't satisfied till Annie had gone to the village 'n' got some one to work on it, 'n' she thought best to humor him. He wasn't no better when the dress came home, 'n' the doctor was still 'tendin' him; but no one 'lowed he was any way dangerous. It was John who brought the dress home from Miss Parsons, 'n' he said Luther was just too pleased for anything to see the bundle."

"I'm goin' to have Annie dress right up in it," he says, 'n' you 'n' Jane must come over after supper 'n' see how she looks."

"Well, as I heard afterward, John had hardly gone when Luther began to tease Annie to put the dress on. She wouldn't hear to it."

"I've been waitin' nearly twenty years to see you in that dress," he says, 'n' I won't wait even an hour longer."

"Well, Annie she made him lie down—'for he'd been walkin' the floor constant nearly all day—'n' she went into her bedroom to put the dress on. She'd got the skirt on, 'n' was fastenin' the waist, when she heard a queer sound from the spare room where Luther was lyin'. She stopped a minute to listen, 'n' then called to him to know if he wanted anything. There wasn't no answer, 'n' she crossed the hall 'n' hurried into the spare room. Well, child, she found him dead. His face turned toward the door as if he'd been watchin' for her, 'n' the sound she'd heard was the death rattle in his throat."

"When John 'n' I got there he'd been dead only a few minutes, 'n' I tell you, child, it was a sad sight to see her kneelin' down by that low bed in her new black silk, her arms round that dead man 'n' moanin' 'n' shudderin' over him 'n' beggin' him to speak to her."

"He isn't dead!" she says to me as I come in. "He has only fainted. O, Jane! do something for him. Get hot water, 'n' you'll find camphere in the pantry on the lowest shelf to the right."

"But I saw that hot water 'n' camphere wouldn't be no use, 'n' I told her so as gentle as I could 'n' begged her to come away. She wouldn't listen to me at first, but after the doctor had come, 'n' he'd told her it was all over, 'n' poor Luther'd died from apoplexy of the stomach, she let me take her to her own room."

"As we was crossin' the hall she heard the dress rustle, 'n' she stopped short 'n' looked at me pitiful."

"'He never saw me in it, after all,' 'n' she broke down and cried as if her heart would break."

"After poor Luther was buried 'n' there was a stone put up over him 'n' his debts was all paid, there wasn't nothin' left for Annie, 'n' she was glad to take a place in the mills. We wanted her to come here, but she was too proud to eat bread she hadn't earned, she said."

About a week ago I was out with Miss Sniper gettin' subscriptions for the church carpet, 'n' we met Annie on the street. Miss Sniper, she ain't over-sensitive herself 'n' she don't give no one else credit for bein' so, 'n' she up 'n' asks Annie if she didn't ever wish she'd said 'yes' 'stead of 'no' to young Tom Layton."

"'Never,' says Annie. 'Had I my life to begin again I would not alter it as far as Tom Layton is concerned.'"

"'But it's a pretty hard way to have to work for him, isn't it?' asked Miss Sniper, 'n' I felt it in my heart to hate her for askin' such a thing."

"'But Annie only smiled. I consider myself fortunate to be able to earn such good wages,' she says, 'n' then she walked away smilin' still."

"I was glad Miss Sniper didn't know about that black silk dress. If she'd said anything about that, Annie would 'a' broke down. She's got it packed away at the bottom of her trunk, poor soul, 'n' she never speaks about it."

A SLICK SWINDLE.

How a Parisian Gambler Engineered a Pretty Confidence Game.

A few days ago a little street musician with his violin under his arm entered a pork-butcher's shop in the Rue des Martyrs and purchased a knuckle of ham for two francs. On feeling in his pocket he found that he had left the money at home which his mother had given him to pay for it. As it was luncheon-time, and he would be scolded if he went home empty-handed, he asked the shopkeeper to take the violin in pledge; he would come and redeem it in the afternoon. The shopkeeper consented, and put the instrument away in a corner. A quarter of an hour later a gentleman of distinguished appearance drove up in a landau, made purchases of pate de foie gras to the amount of forty francs, and carelessly taking up the violin, exclaimed: "What a superb instrument!" He tried it *en connaisseur* and offered 100, 200, 500, and finally 1,000 francs for it. The shopkeeper could not dispose of what did not belong to him, but promised to try and obtain it for his wealthy customer, who took his departure leaving as his address: "Lord Russell, Grand Hotel." A very pretty scene ensued on the return of the poor little musician. He for some time objected to parting with his favorite fiddle, but last, after going home to obtain his mother's consent, he gave it up for 850 francs. The pork-butcher dressed himself in his best, called a cab, and drove to the Grand Hotel, where he was politely informed that no such person as Lord Russell was staying there. The unfortunate tradesman turned all colors, excitedly insisted that he was not mistaken, and brandished his fiddle with such energy that he had to be turned out. The value of the instrument has since been ascertained to be six francs.—*Paris Morning News.*

Something Better.

She stood on the front steps gazing at the eclipse through a bit of smoked glass, and the old fellow stopped his team at the curbstone and stood up in his wagon and gazed all around in search of the attraction. Discerning nothing unusual he called out:

"What is it, marm—what's the riot?"
"The eclipse," she answered.
"What is it?"
"On the sun."

"Y-e-s, does seem a leetle dim up thar," he said, after a long squint, "but Lor'-s-massy, it's nuthin' tur grown folks to waste their time over! If you want to see sunthin' better—sunthin' real excitin'—come out hum with me. I've got a five-legged calf, a two-headed chicken and an oak tree as was struck by lightning, and you kin see 'em all without a glass 'n' have a biled dinner on top of 'em for nuthin'." "Clipse of the sun, eh! Well, now, how little it does take to tip some folks off their balance!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

"Nearly one hundred chests of leaves colored with soapstone and Prussian blue to resemble tea were confiscated recently in New York.—*N. Y. Sun.*

Grafting is often done too early; wait until the swelling of the buds.

THE SPECTER IN RED.

Some of the Traditions Current Among the French People.

There exists a tradition that the Louvre, the great square and the Tuileries palace, where it stood over there to our right, are haunted by a specter called "Le Petit Homme Rouge." The appearance of this specter is always followed by a national misfortune—civil commotion, revolution, public disaster, or the death of the head of State. When Catharine de Medicis built the Tuileries she took forcible possession of a lot of other people's property, including a butcher shop, the neighbor of which was known among his neighbors as the "Little Man in Red," because of his bloody business. This butcher was the witness of some of the adventures of Kate de Medicis, and, in order to be sure of his silence, the queen-mother had him decoyed into a subterranean passageway that connected the Tuileries with the Louvre, where he was murdered. The spirit of this poor fellow took up his abode in the garret of the new palace, and ever since he has been a herald of death or misfortune. In the latter days of the reign of the grand king the "Petit Homme Rouge" showed himself to Louis XIV., and then followed a ruinous and disastrous war, the death of the Duke of Bourgogne and his wife within six days of each other, and then the king's own death. Louis XV. next mounted the French throne and was called by his people "le bien aime." One day the "Little Man in Red" showed himself to the king, and not long after he died with smallpox, loathed and deserted; he died as hated and detested a monarch as ever sat on a throne. Poor Louis XVI. must have seen the butcher's ghost the first night he slept in the Tuileries after that howling mob had forced the royal family to move into Paris from Versailles. On the 20th of June, 1792, the sans culottes gathered in this Place du Carrousel and forced their way into the palace. For six long hours the royal family were forced to witness a defile of the vilest scum through such rich apartments. The king and queen sat at the council table; the Princess Elizabeth sat beside her mother, who held the young dauphin in her arms, and from time to time stood him on the table for the people to look at. One fellow took off his red cap and placed it on the head of the infant dauphin, who began to laugh and amuse himself by peeping out from under it at the crowd. The beast of a Santerre, finding that this baby incident was putting the rabble into a good humor, shouted out: "Take off that cap. Don't you see it is stifling the child?" Among the spectators of this extraordinary scene was a young lieutenant of artillery, who, as he walked away when all was over, remarked: "With these cannon planted at the palace door, I could have swept the Place du Carrousel of all this *canaille* in five minutes." That officer, Bonaparte by name, was destined to be the immediate successor of Louis XVI. in the Tuileries, and only three years later he had an opportunity to show the effect of skillfully handled guns on a mob, when from the steps of St. Roch Church he cleared the same place and put an end to the reign of terror.—*Paris Cor. N. O. Picayune.*

A Parisian Suicide.

A dramatic scene was enacted recently in the Rue Pierre Charron. A man of lean countenance, worn, haggard, unkempt, and thinly clothed, stood at the corner of the street, a prey to the deepest distress. Addressing the passers-by, he declared that he was ruined, and that his children had not touched food for days. Suddenly he drew a revolver from his pocket, turned it toward his breast, and fired. He was raised and carried to the entrance of a house, and upon his coat being opened his shirt was found to be deeply dyed with blood. A warm-hearted member of the crowd which had assembled undertook to make a collection for the wounded man's family, and was proceeding to pass round the hat when the police came to transport the suicide to the hospital. Hereupon the suicide disappeared with the revolver and the warm-hearted man with the collection, making, it is said, until lost to sight, the best short distance time ever known in western Paris.—*Paris Cor. N. Y. Evening Post.*

An improved lead-headed nail for use in putting on corrugated iron roofs has made its appearance in the market. The shank of the nail is round and sufficiently sharp at the point to enter the wood readily, and may be driven home in the usual way. The head flattens under the blows of the hammer, or a punch may be used, which will give it a conical head. The lead of the head comes in contact with the sheet iron in such a way as to lessen the chance of leaking.—*Chicago Journal.*

"Pa, does the sausage come out of its hole on Candlemas' day and look around for its shadow so as to make an early spring. Ma says it does." "What are you talking about?" said the papa to the little boy. "It is the ground hog that comes out of its hole, not the sausage." "Well, ain't sausage ground hog?" and the little one went off on his roller skates as though shot out of a gun, leaving the old man to worry over the incipient punster in an otherwise respectable family.—*Peck's Sun.*

"I can't furnish you with brains, madam," he exclaimed. "I don't see why you can't," she replied. "You don't seem to have any use for them yourself."—*N. Y. Graphic.*

ATTORNEY-GENERAL GARLAND.

The Ponderous Joke Which Colonel Dick Bright Played Upon Him.

Colonel Dick Bright, of Indiana, bears off the honor of perpetrating the first joke at the expense of the new Attorney-General, himself an inveterate joker and a hearty lover of good fun. While Colonel Bright was Sergeant-at-Arms of the Senate his personal relations with Mr. Garland, then a member of that body, were intimate and cordial. The two gentlemen, indeed, became warm friends, and have since remained so. To-day Colonel Bright walked into the Department of Justice and made his way back into the Attorney-General's private office. It was after office hours, and in a few moments the Attorney-General made his appearance. The day had been a busy one, and Mr. Garland was very tired. Into both of his ears since early in the morning had been poured a ceaseless flood of praise and appeal in the interests of men seeking office.

"Dick, old fellow," said the Attorney-General, advancing with his hand extended and wearing a pleasant smile. "I'm glad to see you."

"The two clasped hands and dropped down on a sofa side by side. Mr. Garland had a pleasant chat in prospect, and the hope of hearing a new story or two."

"Mr. Attorney-General, you look fatigued," said Colonel Bright, sympathetically.

"Dick, I am fatigued. I'm glad it's all over for the day, and I'm glad you are here. It's refreshing to talk to a man on some other subject than office." Mr. Garland took one of Colonel Bright's hands and rubbed it down with a gentle stroke. Colonel Bright, all unobserved, smiled a very wicked smile. He then straightened up and assumed a slightly embarrassed and serious expression of face.

"Senator," he said, dropping into the old title, "I'm sorry to disappoint you; but I am seeking office myself. I have come in late to get an uninterrupted audience."

Mr. Garland's face lengthened and a small sigh escaped him. But he rallied and said in his old way:

"Well, I'm glad to see you, anyhow. State your case, old fellow."

"We have always been good friends, Senator," began Colonel Bright; "the very best, I trust—I served you when I could when in office."

"You did more than I ever asked you to, and I can never forget it," generously admitted Mr. Garland.

"Well, then, I ask a small return now," replied Colonel Bright. "I don't want any of these places here at home, where there is such a scramble, but I want to go abroad. If there is no other applicant deemed worthy of the place, I should like to be made Inspector of Pork at Jerusalem. I am well indorsed for the place, as you will see," handing over some papers.

"I ask your assistance to get it. I can imagine no objection to me, unless it should be urged that, being from a hog-raising country, I might become the creature of a pork ring and force only one kind of meat on the Jerusalem market. My character, however, is good enough, I trust to survive such an assault."

Mr. Garland had mechanically taken the Colonel's papers and heard him through without once catching on. He had actually begun to read the application, which had been made out in due form, before the light dawned upon him. Then his lips began working, and the start once made, the corners of his mouth ran away toward his ears, and the Attorney-General subsided in a hearty roar of laughter. Colonel Bright joined in, and the two friends again shook hands.

"Dick," said Mr. Garland, rising and walking off a few steps, "what will you take to go over and try your game on Bayard? Do it; and you can command me for the best dinner in Washington."

But Colonel Bright was afraid. He felt that he didn't know the Secretary well enough. He contented himself with lunching with Mr. Garland at Mr. Garland's expense on what he had already accomplished.—*Washington Telegram.*

A Pin Piano.

Mr. E. M. Taber, the librettist of "Desiree," was a clerk in the Pension Office, and his desk was immediately next to the wainscoting of the hall. After he left his successor made a discovery. Ranged along the wooden wainscoting was a row of pins, the lowest deeply imbedded in the wood, the highest simply far enough indented to keep it from falling out. There was such an evident purpose in this row of pins that the attention of the chief of the division was called to it. Running his finger-nail along the row, he found that each pin represented a natural note or a semi-tone. It took but a minute more to play a tune upon this pin piano, and until the novelty wore off, Mr. Taber's ingenious arrangement of pins was a source of amusement to his former fellow-clerks.—*Washington Post.*

"Mrs. Gadabout—'Well, they say woman is a conundrum, anyway.' Mr. G.—'You are just about the easiest conundrum I ever did see.' 'I am? Why?' 'I never come home without finding you out.'—*Philadelphia Call.*

The Episcopal Bishop of Mississippi, Dr. William Mercer Green, is in his eighty-eighth year, yet on a recent visitation he preached nineteen times, baptized eight and confirmed thirty-three persons.

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

To stab the people's Free School is to pierce our country in the heart—is matricide.—*W. H. Venable, in Intelligence.*

"It is doubtful," says the New York Graphic, "if there are fifty men in the United States who speak and write the English tongue correctly." It is probable that every one of these fifty or less is teaching a foreign language in a university.—*Chicago Current.*

The annual meeting of the American Tract Society was held at Washington, D. C., recently. The reports showed receipts of the year, \$857,470; expenditures, \$845,083; books, tracts and periodicals circulated, 9,250,000; number of colporteurs, 161, who made 155,225 family visits.

The nine leading denominations in London provide sittings as follows: Church of England, 677,645; Congregationalists, 172,547; Baptists, 136,178; Wesleyans, 96,140; Salvation Army, 35,180; Presbyterians, 32,221; Primitive Methodists, 17,785; Methodist Free Church, 17,100; Roman Catholic, 51,190.

The growth of the Free School in popular favor has had a striking demonstration in Berlin. In 1883, 122,098 children received gratuitous instruction as against 53,783 in 1872, while only 34,646, or 22 in 100, children paid for instruction in 1883, as against 33,995, or 39 in 1872. At the present time about four-fifths of the Berlin children are educated at public expense.

In New York there are 489 churches, chapels and missions, which have accommodations for 375,000 persons. The 396 Protestant places of worship can accommodate 275,000. Of the 304,782 children in the city, 115,826 are in Sunday-schools, while 103,329 is the estimated attendance at the day schools, public and private. The current expenses of the churches amount to about \$3,000,000 a year.—*N. Y. Herald.*

In a report to the Baptist General Association Dr. Evans states that while Pennsylvania had a population of about 4,500,000 only 500,000 are members of Evangelical churches. There are eleven counties with a population of 300,000 without a single Baptist Church and five counties each having only a single church of the Baptist denomination. There is only about one Baptist to every sixty-six or sixty-seven of the population.

A writer in the *Congregationalist* says that when some one asked Rev. Dr. Meredith how he would deal with Christians who refuse to join the church, the eminent divine made this characteristic reply: "I would talk with them, I would not tell them they could not go to heaven unless they joined the church, but that they had better do so. I think I would talk to them in this way. If I were going to Europe I would go down to the Cunard wharf and take passage with others on a large vessel made on purpose for such a voyage. But if I were a fool I would take an eighteen-foot dory!"

PUNPING PARAGRAPHS.

Spunging of names, one of the "characters" of Providence, R. I. is an aged negro of diminutive stature, who is happy in the possession of the name of Glorious Valorous George Washington Peck Hamilton Stout.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Hugo Arnot one day when panting with asthma was almost deafened by the noise of a brawling fellow who was selling oysters below his window. "The extravagant rascal," said Hingo, "he has wasted as much breath as would have served me for a month."

Astronomers tell us in their own simple, intelligible way that the gradual lengthening of the days is due to the "obliquity of the ecliptic to the terrestrial horizon." This ought to set at rest the foolish idea that the days are longer because the sun rises earlier and sets later.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Little girl on a visit to St. Louis—"O mamma, I think this must be heaven." "Do you, see? Why. 'Don't you see, mamma, all the ladies and gentlemen have wings, but they are on the sides of their heads instead of on their backs.'" "Hush, darling. Those are not wings."

"You say, Mr. Simpkins, you want to marry?" observed Miss De Silva. "Yas, I want to find the richest and prettiest woman in the world, who will marry me for love. Can you tell me where to find her?" "Indeed, I can't," replied the young lady. "My acquaintance with insane asylums is very slight."—*Drake's Traveler's Magazine.*

A young lady at home from boarding-school for the holidays was asked if she would have roast beef, when she replied: "No, I thank you; gastronomical satiety admonishes me that I have arrived at the ultimate stage of deglutition consistent with distictic integrity." The young lady never was asked if she would have anything over again.—*Chicago Inter Ocean.*

"Do you eat hash with a fork?" asked the landlady of her new boarder. "No, ma'am," he responded, kindly. "Ah, you eat it with a knife, then?" "With some evidence of disapproval." "No, ma'am," he repeated, more timidly than before. "Indeed, Fray, may I ask how you do eat it?" "Yas, ma'am." "How?" "With tear and trembling, ma'am." He left the same day.—*Merchant Traveler.*

Many men of many minds: The man who writes, and writes in verse, is seldom worth a tinker's curse. The man who plays the violin, is always better than six. The man who thinks he knows it all, Displays a mighty sight of gall. The man who thinks himself the best, Is he whom we should all detest. But he who pays the printer is The noblest Roman in the 'biz.'—*The Boston (Tex.) Postgraph.*