

St. Tammany Farmer.

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

W. G. KENTZEL, Editor.

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EVEN IF WE MIGHT.

If we might trace
The backward path and, calmly, face to face
With our lost youth, dear heart, to-day
Could stand
And walk life over bravely, hand in hand,
If all the wrong things we could make just
right—
Ah, if we might!

If we might see
All that the future keeps from you and me,
Our fondest hopes, dear heart, could see
Fulfilled
And know that life should be as we have
willed.
If we could have the future full in sight—
Ah, if we might!

If it were so,
Oh! could we bear that cross we used to
know,
And live it over, now, dear heart, again,
And bear a second time the bitter pain,
And taste the old-time ignorant delight,
Even if we might?

If it were so,
That all the mystic future we could know,
And feel in prospect all a life-time's idles,
Would it be dear heart, be half as sweet as
this?
And could we bear the troubles we should
see,
If it might be?

Ah, no! Ah, no!
The future, dear heart, I would not know,
I would not walk the path of life again,
Even without the sorrow and the pain,
The better as it is, dear heart, to-night,
And it is right.
—Julia H. May, in Chicago Advocate.

A "MORTGAGE" CANCELED

The Bell of Hull Celebrated the Joyous Event.

Old Peter Harvey was a strange man. After living fifty years a bachelor he astonished the little world in which he lived by marrying a little old maid as strange as himself, and all the little world laughed.

But he was a good husband and kind father to his only child Annie. After twelve years of married life he and his wife Elizabeth were called away almost in an hour, leaving little Annie to sob out the first great grief of her life.

After the funeral, when Peter Harvey and his wife had been laid side by side in the old graveyard, and the stern Covenanter minister had said his few solemn words of regret for the dead and comfort for the living, little Annie Harvey went to live with her uncle, Andrew Mallory, till she should become of age.

At twelve years old Annie Harvey was like a rosebud. One fears to see the bud expand into the magnificent flower, lest the delicate tints or the exquisite proportions may be lost.

Such were the feelings of good Mrs. Mallory when she said to her husband: "Wish the lassie would just stay the pretty bairn she is now."

"Tut, tut, neither I mind when ye were a wee bairn yourself, and who says ye're not a comely body now?" said the sturdy old Scotsman.

Mrs. Mallory, delighted with a compliment from her husband, went about her work, remembering the days of her girlhood in far-away Scotland, when handsome Andy Mallory, in his Sunday best, came to court herself, Marian Harvey.

That Annie Harvey should have other views than her aunt concerning herself is not strange. She was impatient for the time to come when she could assume the long dresses and the accompanying airs of riper years, and already she had faint dreams of the delights of beaux, parties, dancing and that crowning delight, flirting.

From twelve to seventeen! How slowly the years move! It seems an age in youth, and but a moment in age. Little Annie Harvey had become Miss Harvey. She was exceedingly pretty and she knew it. She also knew that she was heirless to the lands and money of her prudent, though odd father, and she had been told that the money had been doubled and quadrupled in the careful hands of Uncle Mallory.

But another thing she had not been told, that would have been pleasant in her ears than all this. She certainly had lovers; but they were such milk-and-water fellows that she could not, for the life of her, help thinking of them as she did of her uncle's oxen—great, harmless, good-natured animals—good enough, but so dull.

Among the friends of Peter Harvey was Robert Wallace, an honest, hard-working man, but singularly unfortunate. If a cow became choked eating turnips, it was his cow; if a boy went to sleep in meeting, and was marched out in disgrace, or warned from the pulpit, it was sure to be his boy. When the minister's bees swarmed on Sunday, and refused to go into the nice new hive, out of a hundred heads present they selected his head, and fought sharply for a resting-place there. His wife nailed a horse-shoe over the door, and he drove his oxen and horses with a witch-hazel rod, but still the troubles came. Finally old Kezzie Brock threw salt in his well, and from that day forward his troubles ceased.

Within an hour after old Kezzie had settled the witches in the well, Peter Harvey came riding down the lane, singing his favorite song "Comin' Through the Rye," a sign he was in an excellent good humor. After stopping to have a chat and taking a drink of "Glenlivet" with a drop of water from the well, he proposed to Robert Wallace to sell the few animals and other things he could not take with him, and emigrate to Illinois; and drawing out his well-filled pocketbook, he counted him four hundred dollars for the journey.

Great was the joy of the Wallaces at this unexpected act of friendship.

"But," said Peter Harvey, when he had written out a note for the money, made payable when convenient, "you

must give me security and I'll just take a mortgage on this colt." And he clapped his hand on the head of one of the half dozen lads who called Robert Wallace father.

With true Scotch humor the mortgage was executed and recorded, and Robert Wallace, with his household, started for distant Illinois.

Like all emigrants to a new country, he had his troubles, but in the end prospered. He owned broad acres, and cattle and horses in abundance; and, after eight years on the prairie, he said to his wife:

"When the crops are secured, we will go back to old Ryegate, and take a look once more at the green hillocks of Vermont."

"And mind you cancel that mortgage and make me a free man," said John Wallace, now a young lawyer in Peoria.

"I'm thinking the lad intends to marry, and wants to show a clean record," said his mother, laughing.

But Robert Wallace and his wife never saw their Scotch friends in old Ryegate, nor the green hills of Vermont. Before the crops were gathered man and wife were cut down by the harvesters Death, and their neighbors laid them side by side under the trees their own hands had planted.

John Wallace, the son, with whom this story has to do, with that restlessness common in Western life, had gone still further west, and finally located in Denver; and there he prospered slowly, as young lawyers in new places generally do.

Annie Harvey was ailing.

"A breath of sea air might do her good," said old Dr. Goodwillie; and to the seashore she went.

The little steamer Rose Standish carried her load of passengers safely through all the windings of that crooked channel which leads to the dock of ancient Hingham.

Mrs. Helen Sakie and her invalid charge, Annie Harvey, were glad to accept the offer of a gentleman fellow-passenger, who placed them in a carriage, which conveyed them over the beach to Nantasket.

The sea air wrought wonders in Annie Harvey. Before three days had passed she was flirting outrageously with young Perkins, of Boston, whose mother had learned from Mrs. Sakie by sharp cross-questions the undoubted respectability (id est, in dollars and cents) of her charge.

Miss Harvey had also condescended to smile graciously upon her fellow-passenger in the Rose Standish, Mr. Wallace, of Denver. But when that gentleman invited her to ride, she was engaged for the same pleasure with young Perkins and his mother. Let him make what advances he would, Perkins was continually in the way; and yet Perkins was, to use the plain but expressive language of John Wallace, "an infernal fool," still none the less troublesome for that.

But John Wallace was in love for the first time in his life, and he was not a man to let trifles or simpletons stand long in his way if he could help it. So he persevered in his wooing, and at last thought he might venture to propose to that most fickle lady, Annie Harvey.

Moreover, his business demanded his speedy return, for he was yet too poor to afford any long vacation. He found Miss Harvey on the veranda, busy with crochet or some other feminine employment. He invited her to ride; but Mrs. Perkins reminded her of a prior engagement. Mr. Wallace expressed his regret, for it was his last day at the beach. That information seemed to startle Miss Harvey, for she at once laid aside her work, and, saying she would be happy to ride with Mr. Wallace, went to her room to dress.

Ancient Hull has, or had, nineteen lawful voters. Rotation in office would permit each voter to represent his distinguished constituents in the General Court of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts at least once in his lifetime.

The wise politicians of Hull weighed carefully the probabilities and possibilities of politics, and so skillful did they become that Boston, the concentrated center of all wisdom, looked anxiously for the returns from the elections in Hull, saying, resignedly: "As Hull goes, so goes the State."

John Wallace and Annie Harvey rode over the long stretch of firm, sandy beach from Nantasket to Hull. They talked of the sea, of the old wrecks, of Minot's lighthouse, and the white waves forever dashing against its sides; and John Wallace described his home in far-away Denver, the little city surrounded by its giant peaks, which, in the clear mountain air, seemed so near, yet were many miles away. The lady was silent, thoughtful, reserved, almost demure. So is a certain domestic animal when approaching cream.

John Wallace told his story as all others have told it, and it fell on willing ears.

"But," said he, "to-morrow at this time I must be on my way to Vermont to pay a debt of my father's. I am mortgaged, and have been since my childhood. When that is canceled, I can with honesty offer you my hand and heart."

A little laugh followed. Ringing out sweet and clear across the beach came the bells of Hull, telling the little world around that it was twelve o'clock.

"They sound like wedding-bells," said Miss Harvey, quietly.

"They do, indeed?" was the reply.

The old preacher was sitting in his door, his coat off, thinking dreamily of his written sermon. A vehicle drove past, but he was still in the clouds.

"Will you please step over to the church, sir?" started the preacher from his reverie; and he hurried on his

coat and hat, wondering what the gentleman could want at the little old church.

When he entered the church he found the old sexton talking with a gentleman and lady.

"We want you to perform the marriage ceremony," said the gentleman to the astonished preacher; and he handed him a card with the names of John Wallace and Annie Harvey written on it.

The old preacher laid aside his hat, and, brushing down his white locks, walked to the desk, followed by the others. The school-children, seeing strangers in the church with the minister and sexton, gathered round the door and whispered to each other their curiosity at the unusual sight.

In a few solemn words the old minister pronounced John Wallace and Annie Harvey man and wife, then gave them his blessings, and kissed the bride. John Wallace kissed her, also, and as he did so, was told, in a whisper:

"That cancels the mortgage."

The old sexton, forgetting that he had rung his mid-day peal, set the bells again in motion, and the wives of Hull looked out in wonder.

"This time they are wedding-bells indeed!" said John Wallace, as he helped his wife into the carriage.

"Yes—our wedding-bells," was the happy answer.—*Leslie's Magazine.*

A FINE CHICKEN.

How It was Attacked by an Honest Old African.

"What are you doing there?" exclaimed a grocer, angrily turning upon an old negro who had just slipped a dressed chicken under his coat.

"Jes' 'bout 'n' up my coat, sah. Feels or slight change in de weather. Hump," he said when he found that he could not button his coat, "I 'se gittin' so fat dat I 'se outgrowin' all my cloz. Wall, I mus' be goin'."

"Say, before you go, take that chicken out from under your coat and perhaps you can button it."

"What chicken?"

"The one you've got under your coat."

"I declar, boss, yer's de mos' 'spicious pussion I eber seed in my life. Puts me in mine o' er gentleman I know onct—"

"Never mind about gentlemen you have known. Take that chicken from under your coat or I'll call a policeman."

"Whut, jes' fur er little bit uv er chicken like dis?" he asked, removing the chicken and throwing it into a tub.

"W'y, boss, I'd hate mighty ter be ez close as yerse'f is. Dat chicken ain' much bigger'n er snow-bird, nohow."

"Now, get out of here."

"Whut fur?"

"Because you are a thief."

"Yer ought ter be er shamed o' yerse'f ter talk dat way ter ez ole er pussion ez I is. I wouldn' 'cuze er pussion o' stealin' tell I had dan prubed it on 'im. Boss, ez yer ain' willin' ter trus' me, please, sah, step back dar by de stove an' git my hat fur me."

When the grocer had turned his back, the old rascal took up a large chicken and hid it under his coat. "Thankee, sah," he said when the grocer had given him his hat. "Mighty sorry dat yer 'spicined me. Say, boss, de true is, I 'se one o' dese heah klipter-maniacs."

"Yes, you are one of these klipter thieves."

"Wall, I won't argy wid yer. Good night. I tell yer whut it is," he said to himself when he had passed out, "or pussion get ter pay fur callin' me names. I put er fine on 'em right dar. Huh, whut er monstrous fine chicken dis is."

—*Arkansas Traveler.*

A GOOD DOG.

He Knows Where His Blind Master Wishes to Go and Leads Him There.

Yesterday a slender man, stone blind and evidently a stranger in the city, was seen on Mitchell Street being led about by a beautiful cockle spaniel, that appeared to be a wonderfully intelligent dog. He was of a rich liver color and his bright, curly hair looked like it had been combed and dressed for a walk on some fashionable avenue.

"Is there a tobacco store about here?" asked the blind man.

"Next door below," was the response.

The dog resumed his walk, and in a moment the blind man said:

"In here, Cate."

The dog led him into the place, and the blind man called out to the clerk:

"Say, young fellow, have them clay pipes you've got over there got any stems to 'em?"

The astonished clerk replied:

"The blind man bought a pipe, filled it with tobacco, and touched it off."

"Fine dog you've got there."

"Yes," was the reply. "He's taking me down to the express office. He can lead me anywhere I want to go."

"What else does he do?"

"Helps me dress."

"Eh? Your valet de chambre?"

Well, I don't know what that means but every morning he gets me my hat and clothes, and finds a chair for me."

"What does he eat?"

"Raw beef all the time."

"Want to sell him?"

"Money couldn't buy him!"

The man gave his name as J. Keller of Little Rock, Ark.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

—Ex-President Hayes made an address in Toledo, O., at the opening of a new manual-training school building. Among other good things he said "the best and most important crop in this country is our boys and girls."—*Western Rural.*

GLASS EYES.

Something About Those Made in Europe and the United States.

"How are artificial eyes made?" the reporter inquired of a local optician.

"They are first blown into the shape of a bottle. They look like a miniature whisky flask. Then the operative separates the structure, and, after blowing in the center colors, the veins, and adding the shade to the ball, the edges of the inside are finished off, and the eye, which is nearly always of an original shape, is pecked away, perhaps never to be worn. It may be around in a store for a hundred years before a customer is found whom it will fit or suit in every respect. Very few are made of the same pattern, because there is no rule of size, style, color, taste or finish to follow. Most of the eyes are made in Germany and France. The best are made there, but a good eye is now being made in this country."

"How long do they last the wearer?"

"Some people use a dozen, while others make one answer. It depends largely upon the condition of the socket in which it is worn. The liquid discharged from some men's eyes is of such a destroying character that it will eat into the glass in a few months, and so completely destroy the smooth surface of the bowl as to make the eye unbearable. Some men wear an eye five years, but such instances are rare. A lady came in my store the other day," continued the optician, "and asked to be fitted for a pair of eyeglasses of extra quality. I observed at a glance that she was the possessor of a glass optic. She did not allude to the fact, neither did I. She wanted something of the best order, and of course I knew anything would do to cover up the dummy eye. I got out a frame, placed a splendid crystal in the loop that was to cover the perfect eye, but nothing in the other frame. The lady looked at me in amazement (with her good eye), but assumed an indifferent look. She thought the glass was splendid; read an extract in a newspaper and ordered the glasses. Now, you see I made the price considerably less. I told her they were worth \$12, but to her they would be cheaper. She returned next day, got her glasses and departed. The false eye was covered with the cheapest kind of crystal."—*Milwaukee Sentinel.*

"Seven. I know, because then I took off the founaces and put on box plaiting."

"And when did his mother-in-law sue him?"

"Six years ago. At that time I had the overskirt made into a basque."

"And it was four years ago that your brother endorsed his paper?"

"No, only three years. At that time I had the skirt cleaned and turned."

"Well, it's only a year ago that Mary Ann came East, is it?"

"That's all. Then I had the dress made over to wear a plain underskirt."

"I guess she's right," remarked Mr. H., as his wife left the room.

"Right or wrong," cried the entranced friend, "that woman's price is greater than rubies. Why, if my wife should try to regulate her memory by her dresses, she'd forget all she ever knew quicker than a successful candidate ever forgot his campaign promises."—*The Judge.*

HE DEMURRED.

How a Mississippi Lawyer Conciliated the Court.

Squire Riggs, a Mississippi lawyer, in the conduct of his cases, is so given to "demurring" and "filing bills of exceptions," that he is known all over his judicial district as "Old Demurrer."

During a recent trial he filed no less than seventeen exceptions to the rulings of the court. Finally the Judge lost all patience with him, and charged him with unprofessional conduct, and refused to allow him to proceed further as an attorney in the case. "Damn such another court as this," said the Squire, whereupon the Judge fined him ten dollars for contempt.

"Contempt!" exclaimed the Squire.

"Yes, sir, for contempt of this court," replied the Judge.

"But, Judge, I said nothing of this court that could be construed as contempt."

"You did, sir."

"What did I say, may it please your Honor?"

"You said, sir, 'Damn this court.'"

"You are mistaken, Judge, and failed to note my exception. I distinctly said: 'Damn such another court as this.'"

"The fine is remitted; proceed with the case, gentlemen," said the Judge.

—You dear thing," she said, gushingly, "how handsome your bonnet does look. I'm sure it looks as well as it did last winter." Only a woman could say things like this and say them so easy.—*Rockland Courier-Quotette.*

GERMAN DOMESTIC LIFE.

An American Girl's Opinion of Housekeeping in the Fatherland.

The domestic machinery of the Germans is much simpler than ours and in many respects more economical and practical. One truth is soon made apparent to a stranger, that is, that economy is a necessity in Germany. In a family of seven there is usually but one servant. She rises at five, washes the floor and puts her own room in order. At six the baker comes, then the man with the milk and butter (the Germans never put salt in their butter, so they buy it fresh every morning). The children are awakened and the maid helps them to dress, then makes the coffee and serves it, first to the older children, who are obliged to be off to school at half-past six in the summer and seven in the winter. This done, in our family, the maid puts my sitting room in order, washes the floor, dusts the furniture and shakes the rugs. At seven we have coffee, and by half-past seven I am ready to begin my work. After the rest of the family are served with coffee and rolls the sleeping and other rooms are put in order, each floor being washed or waxed and the rugs thoroughly beaten; then the maid goes to buy the dinner. There are no supplies in the larder in Germany as at home. If cold boiled ham or any cold meat is needed for supper the maid goes to the butcher and buys just enough for the meal.

A custom that struck me curiously was that of having shops in the basements of even the handsomest houses on the most fashionable streets—

butchers, bakers, shoemakers, notion stores, jewelers, all can be found within a radius of a block from any given point. It is undoubtedly convenient for the people, but it mars the beauty of the streets very much. My maid has gone to market, I believe, so by this time she has returned and is preparing the second breakfast, which is served at eleven, and consists of a couple of eggs and a slice of brown bread and perhaps a glass of milk for a boarder; but for the children and the rest of the family it is usually only a slice of brown bread and a half thick with a little cold meat. Occasionally a cup of chocolate varies the monotony. Then comes the dinner at two—soup, meat and vegetables and dessert; the latter the children are only allowed to have on Sundays. After the soup has been served the lady of the house puts what she intends for the maid in a dish, and on no account would a servant be allowed to take more than had been given her. The same plan is followed with the meat and vegetables. After the dinner dishes are washed and the kitchen put in order, the maid dresses and takes the children out for a walk in the park, returning in time for five o'clock coffee, which even the little three-year-old boy of my landlady drank every day. It was a problem to me how these children kept their health with coffee in the morning and afternoon and at night. I am sure American children could not endure it.

At eight supper is eaten; cold meats, tea or milk, or beer, and bread and butter compose the meal. The laundry work is always done out of the house, so that lessens the work of the one maid very materially. All bread, cakes, pies, and even puddings, are bought ready made—as we say of clothes. The bread is much better than ours, because it is always thoroughly done.

A good maid is not paid more than twenty dollars a year, and in many families only twelve. They are allowed one Sunday evening out in two weeks, and if they should come home later than they have promised they do not go out again for a month. All disputes between mistress and maid are settled by the police. In one house I was in the quarrels were so frequent that one policeman, at least, was there most of the time.

German women are much interested in their housekeeping; they obey their husbands religiously because they have to, and are very fond of fancy work and gossip. They are very tenacious of their titles, and if a lady's husband is a doctor or professor and you do not call her Frau doctor or Frau professor you offend her mortally. I told my German teacher that I had some friends in Berlin whom I had met some years ago in Rome and asked how I should address the lady, as I was going there to dine. I thought the gentleman's title was Justizrath; then I might call her Frau Justizrath. "But," I said, "he is also Geheimerath."

"O, then, that is still higher and she must be called Frau Geheimerath." Later on in this conversation I mentioned that he was also professor in the university. The look of amazement and surprise I got, and the way in which she said "How lucky that you told me; you must call her Frau Professor," convinced me that I would have made a serious mistake if I had used either of the first mentioned titles.—*Christian Advocate.*

—There are some people who will grumble when they get to heaven. Mose Schauburg is one of them. "What for has you such a disgusted expression your face on?" said Sam Levy to Mose Schauburg. "Because I vash disgusted. Choot as I vash walkin' dot Austin Avenue down I found a kvavater of a tollar," replied Mose. "A kvavater of a tollar? Mine Gott, vy vash you disgusted?" "Because it vash not a whole tollar."—*Texas Siftings.*

—Texas newspapers no longer say burn; they use the much finer word "ashify" in headlines.—*N. Y. Sun.*

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

The Mikado of Japan desires the establishment of English schools with English teachers in his empire.

—An agricultural school is to be founded at Santa Clara, Cuba, by a wealthy and beneficent lady, Senora Marta Abren de Estavez.

—The expenses of Yale College last year exceeded the income by \$11,534. The deficit occurred in the academic and mechanical departments.

—The Church of England has nine preaching stations along the line of canal work on the Isthmus of Panama, where among the 18,000 laborers there are a large number of Englishmen.

—In the fifty years of its existence as at present constituted the contribution of the Domestic Committee of the (Episcopal) Board of Missions have increased from about \$18,000 to about \$219,000.—*N. Y. Examiner.*

—It is asserted by the *Christian Union*, on the strength of late statistics, that the importation of Mormon converts from Europe "far exceeds the number of converts from Mormonism by all the Protestant missions together."

—A society has been formed in Japan and now has 1,800 members, which is called "Japanese Friends of the Bible." Each member is pledged to "read a portion of the Scriptures daily."

—The Lutherans in the United States built in 1884, it is said, 255 churches. The number for 1885, will, it is thought, reach 300. The new churches are for English, German, Norwegian, Swedish, Danish, Slavoc, Servian, Finn and Icelandic congregations.—*N. Y. Independent.*

—At the recent quarterly meeting of the London Baptist Association, Mr. Spurgeon said that he looked for twenty conversions a week as regularly as he looked for his breakfast. In the absence of such a result to his ministerial labors he should conclude that something was wrong. The president pointed out that during the last ten years the number of Baptist churches had increased by 588, the membership by 58,000 and Sunday-school scholars by 116,000.

—A New York pastor the other day asked for permission of the church authorities to move his down-town church because of the disreputable character of the neighborhood and the wickedness of the people. To our thinking these supply two overwhelming reasons for the maintenance of a church in that precise neighborhood. Else what are churches for if not to preach the Gospel to the wickedest as well as to the best people?—*Christian Union.*

—Rev. Sam Jones no doubt uses a great deal of slang and improper language in his sermons for which there can be no justification; but there is no doubt also, that he has got genuine religion in his heart and knows Christ; that he knows how to tell the precious story of the cross, and that his heart is full of love for lost souls. There is a good side to Sam as well as a rough one, as his simple, touching story of the silver dollar proves. "I gave the hungry, ragged woman a silver dollar," he said, "and the eagle on it became a nightingale, and it sang for me as sweetly as God's ministers through the live-long night."—*Christian at Work.*

—A student in want of money sold his books, and wrote home: "Father, rejoice; for now I derive my support from literature."

—An observer has found out that a woman can shoot at a tramp with a shot-gun and never hit the mark once in a hundred times, but when she throws a dipper of boiling water distress follows in its wake.

—A Nevada woman recently eloped while her husband was taking a bath. A few such episodes will do more for the cause of cleanliness than was ever dreamed of in Dio Lewis's philosophy.—*Binghamton Republican.*

—Journalists are proverbially wealthy. To be sure we once knew one who was accustomed to write his "copy" on the soles of his shoes and then go barefoot while it was being "set up." But that was no sign of poverty. He probably did it from choice.—*Rambler.*

—Second husband (to wife)—Are you as fond of me as you was of your first husband, dear? Wife—Yes, indeed; and if you were to die, John, I would be just as fond of my third. I'm not a woman to marry for anything but love.—*New York Sun.*

—Bostonians never utter the vulgar saying, "Money makes the mare go." Professor Sullivan and all other residents of Boston say: "The speed of the feminine horse is greatly accelerated by pecuniary propulsion."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

—I have concluded not to go to the play to-night," said Fixton to Mrs. F. "I want to see a friend; and, besides, you know, it's a little damp, and you might catch cold, dear." Mrs. F. "Catch cold! You humbug, your first thoughts are always for yourself." Fixton: "Yes, dear, and my second are for you; and second thoughts, you know, are always the best."—*N. Y. Ledger.*

—Mrs. Breeze: "I am so sorry, Delia, to hear that you have had trouble with your husband." Mrs. Geeze: "You have been misinformed. Amelia; merely a little disagreement. You know married people can not always agree." Mrs. Breeze: "Can't they? Well, we always agree. In fact, I make it a point to see that we do agree; or rather, that John agrees with me, which amounts to the same thing."—*Philadelphia Call.*

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