

# St. Tammany Farmer.

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

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## FRIENDS IN HEAVEN.

A brown-haired, blue-eyed wee one,  
Grown weary, and tired of play,  
Climbed up on my knee to ask me  
In her simple, childish way,  
"Have you any friends in Heaven,  
That you sometimes want to see?"  
Can you guess how the question thrilled me  
Like a mor melody?

I thought, as I sat in the twilight,  
With that wee one on my knee,  
Of my little blue-eyed baby,  
Whose summers numbered three;  
She went from my arms to heaven  
One spring-time year ago,  
And left in my heart that sorrow  
That only mothers know.

I thought how the baby's father,  
Grew lonesome, and longed to hold  
Once more on his breast our baby,  
With hair of sunset gold,  
And one summer eve he left me  
To search for my baby of three,  
And I know full well he found her,  
But he never came back to be.

Do I ever want to see them?  
Oh! child of the violet eyes,  
My heart has gone on before me  
To the hills of Paradise,  
Some day I shall feel their kisses  
Drop down on my weary head,  
And I know full well he found her,  
But he never came back to be.

## ONLY "HOPE."

Why the Blue-Eyed Little Lady  
Was Christened "Our Hope."

When Hope Harris was born, they  
said she was a poor little thing and  
could never amount to much. As to  
whether they meant "much" in regard  
to flesh and blood, or the size and  
amount of brains, was not explained;  
but they said it with pitying faces and  
low voices, and mourned with the mother  
that the child was so insignificant.

Why they named her Hope, is quite  
as hard to tell, unless in the small en-  
deavor to make her hopeful in some  
way.

She was little, and weak, and gentle;  
no one asked for her opinion in regard  
to anything; no one took it if it was  
given. She was just "little Hope" to  
her mother and father and half dozen  
brothers and sisters—sweetly pretty,  
with eyes like bits of the skies—deep,  
unfathomable—hair like the soft, yellow  
silk of the corn swaying down in the  
meadows, clear, delicate complexion,  
and a gentle smile that suited  
well her wee round figure and tiny  
hands.

Her big, broad-shouldered brothers  
laughed at and teased her; her tall,  
graceful sisters snubbed her unceas-  
ingly.

She was "only Hope" to them all.  
From childhood she grew to girlhood.  
"Standing with her feet  
Where the brook and river meet,  
Womanhood and childhood sweet."

At home they gave her up as incor-  
rigible, and left her to her own devices.  
All those small, apparently useless  
things that slip into the day's occupa-  
tion of a large household fell to Hope.  
Up and down stairs went her tireless  
feet, performing those duties which  
none of the others would do, as being  
too mean and trivial for their notice,  
yet without which the household wheel  
could not have gone round. If there  
was a catch in the wheel, or the hubs  
were loose, it was Hope alone who  
could mend and oil the machinery.  
Her fingers were the ones that caught  
up the dropped stitches in her mother's  
knitting; her quaint little ballads were  
the music which soothed her father's  
heart; her soft words healed many a  
quarrel between her brothers, even as  
her needle mended the rents in their  
clothes. Still, to herself, as well as to  
them, she was "only Hope," of little  
account, and less use in the big, wide  
world.

Her brothers and sisters married, one  
after the other; the oldest sister with  
her husband and children came to live  
at the old homestead, and Hope lived  
on there, too, without any desire to  
marry or change her lot. She was  
quite contented; of little use, perhaps,  
but then it was home—they all knew  
her, she did not have to explain that  
she knew almost nothing, was not wise  
in any way. Yet her brothers' and  
sisters' children seemed to find no one  
in whom they confided as in her, even  
while they, too, fell in with the general  
custom, and called her "only Aunt  
Hope."

Time passed on, swinging his scythe  
and, lo, in his path rose war, loosening  
the lash from his bounds! In place of  
the church-bells thundered the cannon,  
while dense smoke hung, fog-like, over  
the hills that echoed back the ringing  
of steel on steel, the snorts of the horses,  
the shouting of men!

Hope's brothers went out from the  
corn-fields and laid down the plow for  
the sword. There were wet eyes and  
sad hearts at the homestead, but the  
country called out for her sons, and  
these broad-shouldered laddies must go,  
and the wives and daughters, the moth-  
ers and sisters, smiled bravely through  
all their tears.

Hope grew daily silent and thought-  
ful, her blue eyes wide and wistful.  
"What, say you, child?" asked her  
mother one day, as they all sat out on  
the shady piazza, busily plying the  
shining needles through the bands of  
linen that were to go as bandages to  
the wounded soldiers far away.

"Nothing, mother," answered Hope,  
smiling as she turned down a hem and  
went on sewing.

"But something does ail you," said  
Mrs. Harris, her aged eyes searching  
eagerly the fair young face. "You are  
always quiet, Hope, but lately, a stone  
could hardly be duller than you."

"You don't play with us or tell us  
stories either, Aunt Hope," chimed in  
a childish voice at her knee, "an' I  
went to your room last night 'cause I

couldn't sleep, an' there you was at the  
window looking out, so I went back to  
bed an' didn't sturb you, Aunt Hope."  
"Are you at last in love, Hope?"  
asked one of her sisters, laughing.  
"No," said Hope, simply. Then she  
sat silent awhile.

When she spoke again, her blue eyes  
were looking across the wheat fields to  
the distant line of hills.  
"Mother," she said softly, "I have  
decided a question which has troubled  
me very much lately. Away off be-  
yond those hills lie the battle-fields and  
the camps where our wounded men are  
lying, dying day after day because there  
are so few to nurse them back to life.  
You have my sisters here, I can be of  
so little use to you or them, and it is  
my duty to go and do what I can for  
our soldiers. Do not try to dissuade  
me," as they started up in surprise and  
horror. "My mind is made up to do  
this thing, and I must go. I have  
written to one of the nurses, and she  
tells me gladly to go. You can not  
miss me, and perhaps as there are so  
few there, I can be of some little ser-  
vice."

And so she went; unclasping the  
clinging fingers of the children, smiling  
back at the group gathered on the rose-  
twined piazza of the time-worn home-  
stead, over whose threshold her light  
feet had so often passed and so gaily.

How strange the old home seemed  
without her! How plainly the big  
rooms told of the absence of a small,  
gentle woman, whose voice and eyes  
not being there, left so little music and  
sunshine.

"Yet," they said, comforting one  
another, "Hope was so helpless and  
weak, she surely can not stand the  
strain on her strength, or be of any use  
there in the hospital tents on the battle  
field, and will soon return."

But the days and weeks went by and  
still Hope Harris did not return, worn  
and weary, to the old farm-house, as  
her parents and sisters and friends ex-  
pected. Instead, she flitted in and out,  
to and fro, among the soldiers lying  
helpless upon the rude beds, like an  
angel of mercy, with eyes like the  
skies, and hair like stray gleams of  
sunshine.

She grew brave in the midst of danger.  
Her real womanly nature asserted itself  
as she ministered to the wounded and  
dying. There she found her work  
which had slipped past her at home.  
Her hands were small, perhaps, and  
slender, but strength lay under the  
delicate blue-veined flesh, while there  
reposed in the dainty finger-tips a  
magic power that charmed away many a  
headache from broad, manly brows.

A woman's hand is an exquisite poem,  
with rare, sweet rhythm in curves and  
lines.

The hands of Hope Harris were small  
and womanly, but the work they ac-  
complished was a wonderful work.

Two sturdy young men were wounded  
and brought to the tents one day, the  
one with his right leg gone, the other  
minus his left arm.

A nurse was needed. The surgeon  
called for Nurse Harris, and without  
one word of warning or preparation,  
little Hope, white-faced, but steady,  
bent over the bedside where lay broad-  
shouldered John.

"Hope!" he cried, amazed, starting  
up only to fall back helpless among the  
pillows, the red blood staining the torn  
blue sleeve, while Hope, her lips trem-  
bling, but with steady hands, helped  
the surgeon in his work of dressing the  
terrible wound. And when that was  
finished and the big fellow lying quiet,  
they went to the set poor soldier,  
and up into Hope's other face looked the  
bonnie blue eyes and features, stern  
from pain—of him who had been his  
mother's bride and darling—glad-  
hearted, mischief-loving Jim!

The surgeon said afterward that he  
wondered how she stood it, so dainty  
and so small she looked, bending above  
the painfully set face of the man lying  
helpless before her, and added, as he  
brushed something from his eyes, that  
the hungry look on the big  
fellow's face as she leaned down to  
him was enough to make the hardest  
heart ache. But the recovery of the  
two young fellows, he said, was en-  
tirely due to the untiring care of the  
gentle nurse. While away off in the  
farm-house Hope was blessed with tears  
and prayers for the good that she had  
done.

And when the battle was over and all  
met around the hearthstone in the big  
homestead, bound in rose vines, the  
hearts of each and all swelled with un-  
utterable love and gratitude to the  
small, golden-haired, blue-eyed little  
lady, who ever afterward was tenderly  
cherished as "our Hope," to never  
again be "only Hope!"—*F. R. Indium,  
in the Woman's Magazine.*

## Iron Jewelry.

We read that iron jewelry is being  
extensively worn, and that one knows  
not which most to admire, the elegance  
of the finished work, the skill of the  
molder or the fine quality of the metal  
that may be induced to assume such  
elaborate forms. Some of the articles,  
as brooches, have a beauty of network  
almost rivaling Italian filigree in gold,  
yet it is nothing but cast iron. The  
polish is perfect and not easily tarnished,  
even when exposed to the action of the  
carbonic acid of a crowded, ill-venti-  
lated room. The luster is a clear,  
bluish, almost transparent sheen, from  
which the light is reflected as from the  
diamond. The polishing of the facets is  
performed upon an ordinary buff-wheel  
dressed with crocus.—*Iron Age.*

The cattlemen of Montana have  
formed a protective organization, of  
which the motto is: "You had better  
mind whose range you are on and  
whose cattle you are branding."

## THE PLAYFUL WASP.

Johnny Tells all About the Business En-  
terprise of This Funny Bird.

The wasp is a very funny bird; he  
has two wings, four legs and a light-  
ning rod. He is not as useful as the  
hen, but all the same he lays for  
humans.

Last summer old Mrs. Bogmyre's  
baby fell down on a wasp. But when  
the wasp let go, old Mrs. Bogmyre's  
baby went right up "pushing clouds."  
Soon after that "Bill Squacks" sat  
down on one. But Bill didn't linger,  
he seemed willing and anxious to rise.  
Then he went capering off home. He  
had to carry himself in a sling for a  
long time.

Wasps do not have to be tamed, they  
are always tame enough. When one  
comes up sly-like and whispers some-  
thing in my ear, it makes me weep to  
think they are so familiar with man.  
And then I wish they would never  
come nearer than a mile away.

Wasps build their nests in flocks.  
And it is dangerous to go near the nest  
while the old ones are sitting.

Once, grandfather owned a bull and  
a wasp nest at the same time. I went  
out to the farm to spend vacation.

The old bull seemed to take an inter-  
est in me from the start, and didn't act  
as though he wanted me to play out in  
the field. So I let him chase me up to  
the fence corner, where the plum tree  
was that had the nest in it, then I punched  
the nest with a stick just to see if the  
wasps were at home, and out came the  
wasps like pop out of a pop bottle. One  
old civil engineer wasp slid down an  
imaginary line and brought up on the  
old bull's nose. A thrill of wild delight  
seemed to go clear through the bull.

He reared up on his hind feet and  
beckoned for me to come over and have  
some. But I declined. Then he yelled  
to the cows to come and see what he  
had found, but by the time they arrived  
he seemed satisfied and with a couple  
of toots he signaled off brakes and  
tried a race with himself down to the  
back field, giving vent to his glee in  
loud snorts. As he went, he pointed  
his tail up. I thought that was prob-  
ably the road he wanted me to take.

About this time the cows saw the  
joke, and they seemed as anxious as he  
to go off to some quiet place and smile.  
One old cow had to leave or burst right  
out laughing, so she winked to the rest  
as if to say "Come, ladies, let us re-  
tire," then they gambled off down to  
where the bull was, to talk it over with  
him.

I forgot about the wasps and climbed  
upon the fence to see the race. But just  
then an old business wasp dove down,  
pricked open his misery bag and vac-  
cinated me in the neck; then I jumped  
down and ran to the house. I couldn't  
see very well from any way.

If you ever see an old wasp kind of  
smiling like, and backing up towards  
you at the same time, and acting as  
though he had a load of something he  
wanted to dump, you want to flee; don't  
stop to argue; if you do you will be  
bowed down with sorrow, humped up  
with sadness, and do your fleeing after-  
wards.

I think the best way to handle wasps  
is to let the job to some one else and  
then go off on a visit.—*Peck's Sun*

## A DISGUSTED JUROR.

The Sensation Caused by a Citizen Who Was  
Not Entertained in Court.

An old fellow who had served during  
several weeks on a jury created a sensa-  
tion in court by arising during a trial  
and addressing the Judge.

"Scur," said he, "jes listen to me a  
minit, if you please. I recognize the  
fact that I have made a big mistake. I  
come here an' hung round tryin' to git  
on the jury an' at last I got thar."

"Well, what is the matter with you?"  
the Judge demanded.

"I'm comin' to that. I got thar, as  
I told you, an' we lit into bus'ness. I  
thought that I would hear all about  
how fellers got killed an' how some-  
body was murdered, an' I thought that  
we'd say some feller was guilty an'  
would see him hung, but I was disap-  
pointed. Here come a lot of 'cases  
about fellers removin' mortgaged  
cotton, an' all about Mr. So-and-So  
suin' each other but I ain't hearn  
nothin' 'bout killin' nor nothin' inter-  
estin' yit. I am a powerful hand for  
fear, Judge, an' I never could stand dry  
details. I want'er hear suthin' that'll  
make my hair stand upon end. I  
thought that a juryman had a fine time,  
I thought that with him it was a regular  
show, but as I told you, I've been de-  
ceived. W'y, I mou't stay here a month  
foolin' with sich stuff, an' even then  
wouldn't have nothin' ter tell the boys  
when I got home; so, Judge, if you  
don't give me a chance to hang a feller,  
I'll have to jog 'long towards home."—  
*Arkansas Traveler.*

## A Picture of "Fighting Joe."

I had not seen Hooker for many  
years, and I remembered him as a very  
handsome young man, with florid com-  
plexion and fair hair, and with a figure  
agile and graceful. As I saw him that  
afternoon (at the second battle of Bull  
Run) on his white horse riding in rear  
of the line of battle, and close up to it,  
with the excitement of battle in his  
eyes, and that gallant and chivalric ap-  
pearance which he always presented  
under fire, I was struck with admiration.  
As a corps commander, with his  
whole force operating under his  
own eye, it is much to be doubted  
whether Hooker had a superior in the  
army.—*General Pope, in Century.*

Garfield's memorial window at  
Williams College has been finished at  
a cost of \$3,645.

## ARMY WRECKS.

An Ex-Army Officer's Chat About Unfor-  
tunate Comrades.

"You want to know why I gave the  
old fellow a dollar?" asked an ex-army  
officer on Friday as I questioned the  
propriety of the donation that he had  
made to a rather rough specimen of  
humanity who had asked for money  
enough to get him a dinner. I knew  
that my friend was no more able to be  
liberal in such matters than thousands  
of men whose first impulse is to help  
street beggars. He resented my im-  
plied criticism of his conduct, and after  
a time broke out with the question  
quoted above.

"The case stands this way," he said:  
"there are men who ask me to help  
them who can not get their own con-  
sent to ask others. This is not because  
I am under obligations to them, but  
because they know that I know the  
stuff they are made of. Now, this poor  
fellow was always down at the heel in  
the army, but he was an exceptionally  
crave man. I have seen him do a great  
many things that I felt at the time I  
could not have done. His one good  
quality was his capacity to do the right  
thing in time of battle or in time of  
great excitement, and I have compli-  
mented him scores of times upon deeds  
of uncommon bravery.

"While he was in the army his  
mother died, and his father made a dis-  
reputable marriage. In the very last  
year of the war his wife ran away with  
an old rival, and the boy he cared most  
for went to the bad. The first thing  
this good father did when he left the  
service was to use his pay and extra  
bounty in prolonging a disgraceful  
spree. He got into all sorts of trouble  
and disgrace, and no body cared to  
have much to do with him. I found  
him sick and ready to die. Remember-  
ing what the man had been, and re-  
membering the discouragements that  
met him when he came out of the ser-  
vice, I made an attempt to save him.

"I did save him in so far as prevent-  
ing him from becoming a drunkard is  
concerned, but since the last engage-  
ment in front of Atlanta the man has  
not had the spirit of a squaw. He has  
worked hard, but nearly always at a  
disadvantage. When he gets down he  
comes to me because he knows that I  
will understand that he is in need. He  
is the sort of a fellow, you know, who,  
rather than submit to any humiliation  
from an old comrade, would walk on  
the pier and jump into the lake. My  
heart is sorely troubled over the ques-  
tion of what we shall do with such men.

"There is another type of the unfor-  
tunate soldier of a higher grade than  
this that ought to be looked after. The  
young man who went into the army  
from the purest and highest motives,  
who lost his health and strength and  
capacity to do in the hard service of  
actual war, and who came out of the  
service saddened, proud and high-  
spirited, as only a thoroughly edu-  
cated soldier can be, and took up the  
burdens—the new burdens—of civil  
life without a murmur, with scarcely a  
hope—such a man stands for a class.  
There are thousands of men whose  
army education stimulated and culti-  
vated a natural pride that was very  
great. Their experience in the army  
contributed also to the growth of a sen-  
sitivity that has become morbid.

"Their struggle in life since the war  
has not made them grumblers, but it  
has not blunted their sensitiveness.  
They have never asked for pension or  
for favor of any kind. Some of them  
are burdens to their family, or are de-  
pendent for their support upon appre-  
ciative friends. They are dropping off  
by the hundred every year, without any  
mark, with simply a crooked leg or an  
empty sleeve or an ugly scar pointing  
to a record of rare courage in the army.  
It is not strange to me that such men  
would rather come to an old comrade  
for help than to go to a soldier's home  
or to the public. I can't explain it,  
but I can understand it, and so I gave  
the man a dollar."—*Chicago Inter-  
Ocean.*

## DENSITY OF POPULATION.

An Interesting Study for Students of the  
Population Problem.

The following summary will be of in-  
terest to those who wish to compare  
the relative density of the population  
in different countries in Europe and  
America. The number of inhabitants  
given is that occupying a square kilo-  
meter, which is about .39 of a square  
mile.

In Europe, Belgium is the most  
densely populated country, and in  
America, Chili. The mean density of  
the population by countries is thirty-  
two inhabitants to the square kilometer  
in Europe. Doubtless the limited ex-  
tent of territory in Chili give it the ad-  
vantage of a more dense population,  
because there is little waste territory.

Belgium	187	Portugal	49
France	125	Spain	32
Germany	112	Turkey in Europe	28
Italy	96	Sweden	10
Denmark	84	Russia	7
Switzerland	64	China	2.9
Austria-Hungary	61	United States	6.6
Denmark	51	Buenos Ayres	1.7
		Argentina Repub.	1.3

—*The Sanitarian.*

Nearly two years ago a stage-  
driver on the Reding and Lake View  
route in California was drowned while  
crossing a stream, and the mail-pouch  
he was carrying was lost. Recently  
the missing pouch was found on the  
bank of the river, and its contents were  
in a fair state of preservation.—*San  
Francisco Call.*

The common daisy is perhaps the  
most divisible plant in the garden.  
Each separate branchlet may be re-  
moved, with its modicum of root, and  
every bit will form a plant.

## VERY CURIOUS.

A Scotch Physician's Experience With a  
Chinese Patient.

The Chinese are firm believers in au-  
spicious and inauspicious days. When  
about to undertake anything of impor-  
tance, they resort to divination to ascer-  
tain if the project will turn out well.

An American merchant, residing at  
Canton, was once asked by a rich  
Chinese merchant to visit his son, who  
was sick, and to fetch a foreign physi-  
cian with him. Having chosen a Scotch  
physician named Cox, the American  
called at the mansion, where they  
found the invalid in his own suite of  
apartments, attended by numerous ser-  
vants and looking very ill. The doctor  
studied the case, and sent a prescrip-  
tion prepared at his own dispensary to  
the sick boy. But a day or two after-  
ward, the American learned that the  
boy was better, though he had been  
unable to take the medicine prescribed  
by Dr. Cox. Another question devel-  
oped the reason why he did not take it.

About A. D. 173—194, there lived a  
famous physician named Hwa-To, now  
deified and worshipped as the god of  
medicine. It is customary before tak-  
ing medicine to burn before an altar  
dedicated to Hwa-To fragrant matches,  
and then, with three small pieces of  
wood, to divine whether the medicine  
will prove beneficial or hurtful. The  
divination consists in casting simultane-  
ously the three pieces of wood, which  
are flat on one side and convex on the  
other, into the air. The manner in  
which they fall to the ground gives the  
information sought for. When the  
prescription was received from Dr. Cox,  
this ceremony was gone through, and  
the result being inauspicious, the medi-  
cine was not taken.

"No good chance," said the father,  
in pidgin English. "Too mucchee curio!  
Kok-see (Cox) number one handsome  
man!"

That is, it was very curious the signs  
were not auspicious, as Cox was such a  
stout man, and the Chinese think stout-  
ness a sign of ability and a mark of  
beauty.—*Youth's Companion.*

## SEASONABLE HINTS.

Some Pretty Concepts in Jewelry, Toys and  
Candlesticks.

Finger rings were never more worn  
than at present.

Bracelets and necklaces are both  
worn very narrow.

Ornamental safety pins, set with  
jewels, are worn in the laces, bonnet  
strings and ribbon bows of dressy toi-  
lets in Paris.

Gemmel, or double rings, and triple  
gypsy rings, each ring set with a differ-  
ent stone, are sought for by present  
makers of jewelry.

The plush pug, mounted on casters,  
is the favorite toy dog for babies. It is  
so soft that it can not hurt the little  
one, so durable it is not easily hurt  
itself and can run all around the cradle  
or baby carriage.

Taste and custom go together when  
wool dresses are de rigueur for morn-  
ing, traveling and utility wear, wool  
and silk or velvet combinations for  
afternoon promenades and unceremo-  
nious calls, and silk and velvet, plush  
and lace costumes for reception, dinner  
and evening wear.

Among silver candlestick novelties  
are a pair representing Don Quixote  
and Sancho Panza in grotesquely  
elongated forms. That is to say, the  
Don's long legs are made immensely  
longer, while his long sword, made the  
same length, serves for the third leg of  
the candlestick. Sancho Panza in the  
meantime, with exaggerated short  
body, is mounted on his mule, which  
has its two grotesque long front legs,  
slightly straddled; its two hind legs,  
also lengthened, placed close together,  
with the tail clinging to the same, thus  
giving the three-legged pedestal effect  
to correspond with the match piece.—  
*N. Y. Sun.*

## THE TEAR-KERCHIEF.

A Tyrolean Custom Which Is Both Im-  
pressive and Peculiar.

In some portions of Tyrol a peculiar  
and beautiful custom still prevails.  
When a girl is about to be married,  
before she leaves her home to go to the  
church, her mother hands her a ker-  
chief, which is called a tear-kerchief.  
It is made of newly spun linen, and has  
never been used. It is with this ker-  
chief that she dries her tears when she  
leaves her father's house, and while she  
stands at the altar.

After the marriage is over, and the  
bride has gone with her husband to  
their own new home, she folds up the  
kerchief and places it unwashed in her  
linen closet, where it remains un-  
touched. The tear-kerchief has only  
performed half of its mission.

Children are born, grow up, marry,  
and move away from the old home.  
Each daughter receives from the  
mother a new tear-kerchief. Her own  
still remains where it was placed in the  
linen closet on the day of the mar-  
riage. Generations come and go. The  
young rosy bride has become a wrin-  
kled old woman. She may have sur-  
vived her husband and all her children.  
All her friends may have died off, and  
still that last present which she received  
from her mother has not fulfilled its  
object. But it comes at last. At last  
the weary eyelids close for the long,  
long sleep, and the tired, wrinkled  
hands are folded over a pulseless heart.  
Then the tear-kerchief is taken from  
its place and spread over the placid  
features of the dead, never to be re-  
moved until we are summoned to come  
forth on the resurrection morn.—*Texas  
Siftings.*

## SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—The Christian (Campelite) Church  
in Kentucky is to establish a theological  
seminary for the education of colored  
students.

—Porter Sherman, who entered Yale  
College in 1861 and remained three  
years, recently returned, after an ab-  
sence of twenty years, to complete his  
course.

—Was John B. Gough right or wrong  
when he said recently that "a church  
has no right to discipline a man for  
getting drunk, when it does not disci-  
pline him for drinking?"—*N. Y. Ob-  
server.*

—Many women school teachers in  
Massachusetts receive only four or five  
dollars a week. The explanation may  
be that Massachusetts has obtained all  
the knowledge that is to be had, and  
that, therefore, the occupation of the  
school teacher is departing.—*Current.*

—Lorenzo Dow preached once from  
the text of St. Paul: "I can do all  
things." "No, Paul," he said, "you're  
wrong for once." "I'll bet you five  
dollars you can't," and he took a five  
dollar bill from his pocket and laid it  
on his desk. He continued to read,  
"through our Lord Jesus Christ."  
"O, Paul," said he, "that's an en-  
tirely different thing; the bet is off."

—During 1886 the Methodists of  
South Australia will celebrate the  
jubilee of the introduction of Methodism  
into that part of the continent. They  
have in South Australia 336 churches  
and preaching places, seventy-five min-  
isters and 398 local preachers, 7,829  
members and 48,000 attendants. A  
jubilee fund of \$300,000 is to be raised  
to pay off church debts and start a  
woman's college.

—Our own recollections of school  
days recall none of more profit than  
those spent under the guidance of sen-  
sible, motherly, Christian women, who  
set their pupils tasks in good text-  
books, and then took pains to see that  
the meaning, not the mere language,  
was well mastered without too much  
aid from more developed minds. This  
any teacher fit to teach at all will see  
to, and we doubt whether the experi-  
ence of Normal School graduates so  
far will not go far to show that arti-  
ficial and technical equipments and  
methods are quite as often a hindrance  
as a help to successful teaching.—*Boston  
Traveller.*

## PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—There is a place in Scotland where  
a certain class of people who bother  
office holders and the public should be  
sent. It is called Killfercrankie.—*Pitts-  
burgh Chronicle.*

—Jones (at the circus)—"Hello,  
Smith, you here?" Smith—"Yes, I  
had to take care of my little boy."  
Jones—"Where's the boy?" Smith—  
"He was taken sick at the last moment  
and couldn't come."—*N. Y. Herald.*

—Never judge men by appearances.  
A man may look as bold as a lion and  
be a Major General of militia, and yet  
make his wife go down stairs first when  
he imagines he hears burglars in the  
house.—*Philadelphia Herald.*

—"A Reader" asks the editor of the  
*New York Journal*: "How many peo-  
ple have lived on this earth since the  
creation of Adam?" It is such coun-  
drums as these that make the editorial  
head turn