

# 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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## MATERNITY.

I hold two dainty little feet,  
Clasped in my warm and loving hand;  
So soft and pink they seem must be  
Two rose leaves blown from fairy land.

I hold a wee and helpless form,  
Pressed closely to my happy heart—  
Why, baby, mine by right divine—  
The right of pain—a mother's part.

Oh! beautiful life! so fair and new,  
That yesterday was blotted with mine!  
Oh! wondrous soul! so lately sprung  
A sparklet from the Source Divine!

God's priceless gift, you come to me  
Embodying in this little form;  
My soul accepts its happy news  
As flowers the sunshine, soft and warm.

My brow seems decked by coronet  
The fa rest earth has ever seen—  
The diadem of motherhood—  
"The Nature's hand that crowns me queen."

What realms are opened to my sight!  
I tread the rose of the blest;  
And all because this little form  
Lies fair and precious on my breast.

A tiny bud, whose flower complete  
May bloom to bless my waiting years,  
Oh! motherhood, you hold a bliss  
That best man's best is expressed in tears.  
Carrie Stevens Walker, in the *Inglestide*.

## OLD PAUL.

### The Mysterious Room, and What Its Opening Revealed.

Old Paul is dead, and who cares? Nobody. For Old Paul was a slob, a glutton and a drunkard, and when he died the world said good riddance from poor rubbish. Still, Old Paul made a most respectable appearance as he passed through the village on his way to the graveyard, the most respectable he had made in it for twenty years. For, instead of his broken-down horse, in a harness tied together with strings, Old Paul was drawn by stately white horses in rich trappings, and instead of his crazy old wagon, with rickety wheels and splintered shafts, Old Paul's carriage, though for some reason few like to ride in it, was in every way respectable. Nor was the poor old man visible, with his slovenly dress and bloodshot eyes and burning face, and grizzled, shaggy beard, for Old Paul had a driver, and rode inside, and instead of the crowd of rascally boys that were wont to follow him, deeming it rare sport to see humanity sunk so low, Old Paul was followed by a long and most respectable funeral train, for he had many relations, though no friends, and they were all most respectfully dressed in mourning, though in all the sable crowd that stood around the open grave I saw not one quivering lip or falling tear as the first earth clods fell upon the coffin's lid.

Old Paul's wife hid near twenty years ago, and the world excused her for it, for how, said the world, could any woman live with such a brute? But old Aunt Prudence shook her head at this off-hand verdict of the world. For she remembered that he was once young, dashing Paul, and Polly Jones, proud and handsome as she was, met him more than half way, as the gossips said fifty years ago, for he was rich and she was poor.

"And if the truth must be known," said Aunt Prudence, knocking the ashes from her pipe and lowering her voice to a confidential tone, as if afraid of being overheard by some tenant of the graveyard, "they do say," forgetting that the tongues once busy with such gossip, all except her own, had long been silent in the grave, "they do say that Paul married for beauty and Polly for money, and you know, as old Billy Bain down at the porch says, life's wagon will go hard when there is no love to grease the wheels."

Yes, gold had dazzled and blinded the one and beauty had dazzled and blinded the other, but they soon waked up, the one to the fact that for gold she had bound her life to a coarse and brutal nature, and the other to the fact that beauty, like frostwork glittering in moonlight, may be brilliant and at the same time freezing cold.

"How shockingly they have abused their pans," said Old Paul's wife the day after he was buried, on returning to the house that had been her home for more than thirty years, where her children had all been born and most of them had died.

Old Paul was, indeed, a brute, and he was well mated with one who, under such circumstances, could think of such petty trash.

But three short weeks had passed when I heard that Old Paul's wife was sick, the next day worse and the third day dead, and she passed over the same road drawn by the same richly caparisoned horses in the same much dreaded carriage, to be laid by Old Paul's side.

One day I chanced to take a walk down by Old Paul's house. The spring was in its glory. The forests were clad in richest verdure. The apple trees were in full bloom and filled the air with fragrance, while the bees feeding upon their blossoms filled it with a dreamy murmur. The corn was just peeping from the ground and the rye fields began to wave in the passing breezes. The meadows were vocal with

In their thick, damp shade the moss had accumulated year after year until the whole front had grown quite green. There was everywhere an air of dilapidation and neglect. On all sides there were broken boards, rag-stuffed windows, rickety fences and fallen gates, proclaiming the habitation of the drunkard.

On looking around I found everything in conformity with the first view from the road. Fields half cultivated, fruit trees unpruned, fences that had caught the habits of their master and had fallen or were staggering to their fall, gates hanging by one hinge, plows with broken handles and carts with broken wheels, manure accumulated about the barns instead of making the crops look "lush and lusty." The barns themselves, ventilated by loss of boards, in the shed Old Paul's wagon, and tied to a post his old horse, apparently looking mournfully forward to his future prospects in the hands of the jockey who had bought him for ten dollars on speculation.

"Going, going at ten cents," I heard in a harsh, husky voice, "all this lot of pans, once the pride of Aunt Polly's heart, bran new only twenty years ago, going, going and gone to Patrick McFadden for ten cents."

Ten cents, then, was the public valuation of what had occupied the thoughts of Old Paul's wife, to the exclusion of all the tender memories of fifty years, as she returned to her old home.

At length the house was all cleared except one room.

This room Old Paul had kept locked for twenty years, never permitting any one to enter it but himself. A jury of neighboring gossips had more than once had the subject under advisement, and had brought a unanimous verdict of "strange and very mysterious."

As no one knew anything about it, every one felt free to say just what her busy fancy suggested. Some said it was haunted, and one cadaverous old maid, who had died in it in single blessedness, threw out dark hints about a peddler who had mysteriously disappeared. Some said lights had been seen and strangely sweet music heard there more than once at the dead of night.

The children caught the infection, and, if possible, avoided passing Old Paul's house in the night, but, if at any time benighted, their fear would add wings to their feet and eyes to their imaginations, and a ghost story was sure to be the result, especially if Old Paul's white horse was feeding near the house. This room also seemed to possess a strange power over Old Paul himself. He seldom visited it, and always left it greatly agitated and commonly in tears, and after such visits he had been known to be sober for weeks together.

This mystery, whatever it might be, was now about to be cleared up. A group of eager gossips had already gathered about the door, which had to be forced, as the key could not be found. One of the shutters, which Old Paul always kept closed, was opened to let in the light of day, and with it all that mystery vanished. Instead of a haunt for the revels of spirits of darkness or murder spots that "would not out," we saw only a large square room, furnished with an air of gentility and taste that the dust of twenty years could not hide, and in strange contrast with the rest of the house.

The mystery had vanished, and with it all that coarse hilarity. Even the rollicking auctioneer stood mute, his coarse features covered with a shade of thoughtful sadness.

More than one lip quivered, and more than one hand brushed away an obtrusive tear, as this dusty old room called up from its oblivious slumber some touching memory of the past.

There was one old woman who, in the midst of the bustle, had seemed busy with her own thoughts, and more than once her heart had seemed full as some little article was sold. I had noticed her, and inquired who she was; and they told me that her husband had once been a drunkard worse even than Old Paul, but that he had suddenly reformed and became a respectable man; that they had been miserably poor, with a large family, but after his reformation became quite comfortable livers, and all agreed that she was as good a woman as lived this side of heaven.

As she entered the room her feelings quite overcame her. The tears coursed each other down the deep furrows on her cheeks.

"Yes," at length she said, "this is Nelly's room, just as she left it. What a sweet creature that was! She was an angel to me in my poverty and suffering. Hardly a day passed without her bringing over some nice little things for poor little Willy, who was sick so long. But he is well now, thank God, and they are both in heaven together. And then she had such a kind way to give anything that it would make a brown crust taste good. It was different times in this house when she was in it. I always hoped she would be able to save poor Paul, for she could do anything with him; but she saved my poor husband, for he never drank a drop after she talked to him—so like an angel as she was just before she died. He could never speak of her to the day of his death without crying. She wasn't quite eighteen when she went away. I always told him she didn't belong in this world, but was only here on a visit. What a time that was the day she was buried! Everybody seemed to feel just as if they had lost one of their own family. I didn't see but our children felt just as bad as when our Katy died.

"Poor Willie cried till it seemed as if his heart would break, though she told him but the day before she left us—for,

poor child, suffering as she was she seemed to be thinking of everybody but herself—to be patient and good-natured, and not to mind if he did suffer for a good deal, and he would see her again before long.

"It is enough to make one want to die just to see the dear child again. But never mind, children, I shall be with you soon." As she said this she looked steadily upward and spoke in a confidential tone, as if she saw those dear ones on the very border of the spiritual world, waiting impatiently for her to join them.

During this simple talk of the loving old woman, if there was a dry eye in that a-minute-before careless, jovial crowd, mine were so blinded that I could not see it, and I felt convinced, more than I should have been by volumes of panegyrics, that from that dusty room more than twenty years ago an angel had taken her homeward flight, and that she had since been permitted occasionally to fit across Old Paul's degraded soul, if perchance, she might yet win him from the error of his ways.

But how, thought I, could such an one grow up under such circumstances and with such surroundings? How? Why, in the same way the most beautiful flower can grow and shed its fragrance under the cold droppings of the glacier.

The Divine goodness is so prodigal—no, not prodigal, but profuse—the bestowal of its gifts that, as there is no place in nature without its beauty, so there is none so morally waste, and desolate that it does not produce some flower of Paradise; there is no thick mantling pool of depravity so stagnating that its waters are not sometimes stirred by the rustling of an angel's wings.—Henry T. Niles, in *Toledo Blade*.

## AN ODD VIEW.

### What Dumas Would Have Done With the Ducats of the Dead Vanderbilt.

Hard it is, indeed, to see how Mr. Vanderbilt was the better for his money. Perhaps he had 40,000,000 pounds, there or thereabouts. What can a man do with forty millions? He can do nothing, unless he has the imagination of a Dumas or the tastes of a Beckford. Mr. Beckford collected a truly delightful and marvellous library of books. Mr. Vanderbilt did nothing of the sort. He had no particular craving for rare editions, and the masterpieces of Duseuil and Le Gascon. Dumas, again, would have run through the money like a man. He would have presented Italy to the Italians and Rome to Victor Emmanuel. Perhaps he would have annexed India; very probably, at least, he would have made the attempt. He would have carried Duchesses captive, and his dramas would have been magnificently performed in Timbuctoo. He would have cut a canal through the Isthmus of Corinth; he would have carved Mount Athos into a statue of Athos, Comte de la Fere. He would have seen to it that France's navies would have pounced from the central blue on Birmingham and carried off the Liberal Seven to chains and slavery. Dumas would have released convicts and imprisoned Princes. He would have fitted up in palatial style as many caves as Shelley ever dreamed of, and would have filled them with the most magnificent and most magnificent brigands, many of them cardinals in disguise. O, great and glorious Alexander, exclaim the dazzled fancy, why hast not thou the forty millions, while the tame Vanderbilt starved on a pittance of a few yearly thousands?—*Saturday Review*.

## HOW TO AVOID SCARS.

### A Physician Shows How a Little Care Will Effect Their Removal.

Scars are always unsightly, and are often painful or inconvenient on account of their propensity to contract as they become older. Dr. Ward, of New York, asserts that they may be removed by manipulation, which he directs to be employed as follows: Place the ends of two or three fingers on a scar if it be a small one, and on the margin if it be large, and vibrate the surface on the tissues beneath. The surface itself is not to be subjected to any friction; all the motion must be between the integument and the deeper parts. The location of the vibratile motion should be changed every ten or fifteen seconds until the whole scar has been treated, if it be of moderate size. If the scar be the result of a large scald or burn, the margin only should be treated at first; the advances toward the center should be deferred until the nutrition of the margins has been decidedly improved. Only a little treatment should be applied to any one spot at the same time, but the vibrations should be repeated as many as twenty times a day, but never with sufficient frequency or severity to cause pain. If the scar becomes irritable suspend treatment until it subsides. In the course of two or three weeks of faithful treatment the surface of the scars of moderate size becomes more movable and will begin to form wrinkles like new skin when pressed from side to side. All these changes are due to improved nutrition, consequent on better blood circulation—the development of entirely new sets of blood in the cicatricial tissue.—*Springfield (Mass.) Republican*.

—A weary world—At the club: Dr Jones yawns and stretches himself. Van Brown—"Tired, dear boy?" De Jones—"Aw—beastly." Van B.—"Up late, eh?" De J.—"Naw. Been thinking."—*N. Y. To-day*.

## OLD JUNK.

### New Uses to Which Discarded Iron and Tin Are Put.

Small boys with their arms heaped full of scraps of old tin, bits of iron and similar pieces of riff raff, gathered in the streets amid men and women, lugging big baskets piled full of the same kind of freight, kept traversing Goerck Street all day yesterday, bearing their strange burdens to the door of the up-courthouse two-story brick building at No. 57 Goerck Street. At the doorway stood a shaggy-haired man in working clothes, who took in all the miscellaneous stuff that came, and paid cash for it on the spot.

"What are you buying all this old stuff for?" a reporter asked of the old man, who was steadily depleting his old-fashioned pocket-book.

"Dunno, can't say. Couldn't give it to you straight," the old man said, pulling his old felt hat over his left eye. "You'll have ter go down ter the Wanderbilt building if yer want ter find out exactly what I'm doin' it."

An affable young man on the third story of the big building on Nassau Street, said that he knew the secret of the old man's purchase.

"Great idea," he cried, "and lots of cash in it. It is a new scheme to utilize all the waste metal of Gotham that formerly used to go to the dogs because nobody was smart enough to find out that they could save the United States \$2,000,000 a year outlay. That's what it has cost to import Tazgard iron and tin from England and Germany. We have discovered that we can make this sort of iron and tin out of old cans and other things just as well and very much cheaper than it can be made out of the original ore."

"And how do you do it?" was asked.

"Nothing easier," the affable young man said. "We put the waste material in an oven or grate heated by a furnace, and heat it with rollers until all the extraneous material is removed. It is allowed to cool after that, and the scraps are sorted out according to the uses to which they are to be put. The metal sheet remnants are passed under a rubber-coated roller and flattened out. Then they are piled in packs and slid between chilled iron rollers to reduce their thickness. After that they are annealed, shot through the rollers again, and then trimmed and finished off and packed ready for shipment anywhere. The sheets can be jappaned, or tinned or galvanized or treated in any way that the material made from the original ore is treated."

"What is it used for after it is finished?"

"Lots of things. Out of the iron we make buttons, eye cans, umbrella tips, shoe lace ends, show cards, telephones, electric lights, and letter boxes. You can't get the English or German iron for this use for less than \$7.50 for a box of 112 pounds. We can make it for \$2 a box, and sell it for \$5. Of the tin we make butter dishes, tops of paint and milk cans, and similar small ware. It costs \$10 a box to import the tin, which is just double what we can make it for. The tin can also be made up for ferro-typal at a selling price of \$15 a box of 112 pounds. The kind that comes from England costs from \$35 to \$50 a box, and before this photographers had to go to England for it because there was not any body here that would make it. We weren't able to compete with England and Germany and the original grade, because it cost us more than double to manufacture than it did on the other side of the water. There is a bonanza in it, and the profit is the profit, after paying the expense of manufacture, is \$27,000 on 30,000 boxes of the iron when made from the waste material, and sold at an average of \$5 a box."—*N. Y. Sun*.

## JAPANESE TEMPLES.

### Colossal Structures with Immense Belfries and Bells.

There were no temples in Japan until thirty years before Christ. Sacred ceremonies and religious rites were celebrated in the open air. The sacred symbols were kept in the Mikado's palace, and their presence was believed to invest that dignitary with godlike powers. At this date, a rebellion having appeared among his subjects, the Mikado feared that he had displeased the gods by keeping the emblems too near his person, so he resolved to build and dedicate a temple inviolate to their use. He then appointed his daughter priestess of the shrine and keeper of the symbols. This custom has ever since prevailed; that is, the shrines which contain the relics of the "divine age" are always in charge of a virgin priestess of imperial blood. Before the advent of Buddhism, which came with the conquest of Korea, the temples were of great simplicity. Now they are colossal in style, with immense belfries and bells, surrounded with court-yard adorned with stone carvings, bronze portals, lofty palms and floral magnificence. In the days of pure Shinto worship no idol-decked altars, no gaudy testimonials ministered its ritual. Now huge portals of stone open the path to sacred inclosures, and peeping out from camphor groves or tall ranks of firs are crimson pagodas, wayside images, and costly shrines. These temples and shrines dot the valleys and hillsides alike and crown the mountain-tops. On Mount Hiyezan alone, overlooking Lake Biwa and the most beautiful valley in the world, are five hundred temples in different stages of disuse and decay.—*Chicago Times*

## A FUTURE CATAclysm.

### The Sinking of the Atlantic Coast and the Recession of Niagara Falls.

The scientists have again unfolded to the public their views to the effect that the Atlantic coast line of the United States is settling away, and will be at length submerged by the ocean. The rate at which it is sinking is not such as to create immediate alarm. The most that is claimed is that the crust of the earth is falling in at the rate of a quarter of an inch a year, or about a foot in fifty years. At this rate the Atlantic Ocean will submerge New York City about the time when by the recession of Niagara Falls to the outlet of Lake Erie at Buffalo, the chain of great lakes will be drained of a large portion of their contents. This generation will hardly take an interest in either event, which will occur at a period in the future so very remote as to lose much of its interest as a study.

The sinking of the Atlantic coast has long been a theme of scientific conjecture and calculation. By what system of measurement the fact has been ascertained we are not informed. Instruments of a very delicate character which measure with considerable accuracy almost infinitesimal distances have been invented for scientific calculation, and the results which they produce are sometimes very striking. It is not impossible that, as the earth's internal fires are still cooling, the process of shrinkage also continues and that the shell falls in as a vacuum is created by the decrease in the size of the central fiery core. But there are grave reasons why it may be doubted whether any uniform rate of sinking is perceptible by any means of measurement either along the Atlantic seacoast or elsewhere.

But that the Falls are receding there can be no doubt. That they were formerly located near the outlet of Niagara River is an established fact, and that they have receded within a recent era seven miles from Lewiston to their present locality is equally certain. When they shall back up so far that the dam across the outlet of Lake Erie shall give way, the outpour from the basin of the lakes will sweep down through the valley of the Ontario and out through the channel of the St. Lawrence in a flood that will devastate the entire East. Lake Michigan, owing to its great depth, will not, however, be drained dry, but will recede to some distance from its present shore. This, while apparently leaving Chicago an inland city, will merely provide it more ground over which to spread to the eastward, and will supply a long-felt want. As it is not possible, however, that this event can occur within the next two hundred and fifty thousand years, there will be ample time for future generations to make such preparations to meet it as may appear advisable under the circumstances.—*Chicago Journal*.

## A SURE GUIDE.

### Better Than a Trail upon the Prairies in a Blinding Snowstorm.

Two travelers were lost on a far western prairie during a driving snowstorm. Night was coming on, the trail was obscured by the swift-falling flakes and it seemed as if they were destined to perish far away from home and friends. But suddenly one of them turned his face to the north, whence the ice-laden wind came in cutting blasts, and bidding his comrade follow, walked with swiftness and confidence against the storm. Miles onward they pressed, the one who had first faced the storm leading always, with a step that was strong, and steady and an expression that told of hope in his heart.

Darkness came down upon the treeless plain and the storm increased in fury. Directly a light twinkled in the distance, and, quickening their pace, the travelers were soon receiving the hearty welcome of an old settler and his kindly wife. When his guests were enjoying their pipes before the roaring blaze in the big fireplace the old settler said:

"The trail you were following runs full five miles to the south of us. What good piece of fortune brought you through this terrible storm to our cabin door?"

"It must have been the hand of Providence," said the old settler's good wife, who was removing the remains of the supper.

"Well, very likely it was," answered the traveler who had led the way through the snow and darkness to the rude but cheerful prairie home. "Very likely it was the hand of Providence, but you, good madam, were the instrument which that hand used to bring us unnumbered and weary wanderers to your hospitable door. You were boiling cabbage, you know, and we were leeward, and once I got your bearings with my nose, which I think a very reliable one, I had no difficulty in reaching the human habitation I knew to be somewhere in the dark and mysterious beyond."—*Toledo Blade*.

—Two village worthies met on the street one day. "Jamie," says the richer of the two, "are ye never gaud to pay me that account? I'm ill off for the siller the noo." "O," says Jamie, "I havena seen you, this long time. Could ye cheenge a twenty-pound note?" "Ay, could I," says the laird, drawing out his pocket-book. "Ah weel," says Jamie, "you're no needin' siller then," and walked on.—*Norris-ton Herald*.

—An exchange remarks: "Persia is very partial to maidens with marital proclivities. According to a law of that country a woman can marry anywhere between one and ninety years."

## SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—An Indian high school is to be established in San Bernardino County, California.

—There are more "colleges" in Ohio than in France and Germany combined.—*Cleveland Leader*.

—Mrs. Talmage, wife of the Brooklyn preacher, lectures every Sunday to a class of three hundred women and men.

—Public night-schools are now a fixed fact in New York City. On the opening night recently, 25,000 pupils were enrolled, one-third or more of whom would probably have been at bars, billiard tables or theaters, but for these.—*N. Y. Mail*.

—The Japanese Government proposes making adequate provision for instruction in medical science, by dividing the country into six sections, in each of which will be established a college for the training of future physicians and surgeons.

—A Chinese merchant in New York has received a letter stating that not long ago the little villages of Ko and Ju, fifty-five miles from Hong Kong, quarreled about the site for a temple. The difficulty culminated in the burning of both villages and the killing of nearly one thousand people.

—At the fellowship meeting of native Christians held in Kyoto, Japan, the subject of one session was revivals, and during the discussion it became known that the patriarch of the meeting, the white haired pastor of one of the Tokio churches, was spending the day, in company with some students, at the training school, upon one of the mountains near the city, in fasting and prayer for God's blessing upon the meeting.

—The Samoans of Mantau have opened a chapel which is built of wood from a forest which used to be tabooed as the dwelling place of an ancient Samboan deity. Long after the people had ceased to believe in the deity they entertained a superstitious awe of the grove, and it was considered a great triumph when the missionaries were able to overcome the feeling of dread as to induce the people to attack the grove and cut down its sacred trees.

—The country schools are far inferior to the town or city schools, but this is far more than counterbalanced by the fact that the country boy is trained to work from the time he can pick up corn cobs to run the kitchen stove, till he goes out to his own home. The chaps who had plenty of money at college, and the city bred fellows, have not been as a rule heard from much since, while the country boys who wore plain clothes and kept close to their books in the old colleges are leading the thought of Iowa and other States to-day.—*Iowa Homestead*.

—Rev. Dr. Cuyler says: "The burning problem of the day is how to evangelize the great cities, which are to rule or ruin the nation. From this quarter comes the menace. There is but one way to conquer darkness—carry in the light. There is only one way to change the lump—spread the leaven. There is one effectual way to arrest the corruption, and that is to take the Lord's salt out of the silver hooped casks and scatter it where it is needed."—*N. Y. Times*.

## PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—Second thoughts are always the best. Woman was an afterthought of creation.—*Boston Transcript*.

—If it took coffee as long to settle as some men, a good many of us would drink water.—*Oil City Derrick*.

—There are some things harder to keep than a diary. A three-dollar pocket-knife, for instance.

—The most extreme age to which a chicken can live under favorable conditions is said to be nine years, but anybody who ever boarded knows better.—*Chicago Ledger*.

—English entomologists are excited over the addition of a new butterfly to the British fauna, making a total of sixty-five species. What American belle is over there now?—*Boston Post*.

—"No," said the landlady, fixing her eyes with a stony gaze upon the new boarder at the foot of the table; "no, it is not what I eat, but what somebody else eats that distresses me."—*Boston Transcript*.

—No matter if a woman hasn't but three lines to write on a page of letter paper, she can't resist the temptation to write two of them on the side margin and then sign her name upside down over the date.—*Palmer (Mass.) Journal*.

—A grand juror having applied to the Judge to be excused from serving on account of his deafness, the Judge said: "Could you not hear my charge to the jury sir?" "Yes, I heard your honor's charge," said the juror, "but I couldn't make any sense of it." He was "excused."—*Chicago Mail*.

—A Chance Shot.—Mr. Argur (to Mrs. Societe, as he calls her attention to a young couple near by)—"There is evident enjoyment. Miss Coulour appears charmed with young Ultradude—does she not?" Mrs. Societe (smiling brightly)—"O, one can not tell anything from a woman's expression. She knows how to look amiable when she's being terribly bored."—*Harper's Basar*.

—Young Physician (to patient)—"Did you follow my directions in taking the little pills—one every three hours?" Patient—"Well—er—you see, doc."—*Young Physician—Great Heavens!* You didn't take them oftener than that Patient—I didn't take any. My little boy got hold of the bottle in the night and ate them all up. Young Physician (hastily)—"Where is the boy? Patient"—"The last I heard of him he was out in the back-yard stoning cats."—*N. Y. Times*.