

# St. Tammany Farmer.

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

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## TO THE END.

O friend of mine!  
Stanch friend of mine!  
Hold fast my hands in yours, and say,  
The love that leaps from your eyes:  
"You have been friend to me always,  
God bless you, friend of mine!"

O friend of mine!  
Firm friend of mine!  
We each life's bitter-sweet have known,  
And hand in hand we both have stood,  
And now I leave you here alone—  
God bless you, friend of mine!"

O friend of mine!  
Strong friend of mine!  
Your love has made my life seem fair,  
Life goes too swift for love like yours  
Your arm upholds me in despair,  
God bless you, friend of mine!"

O friend of mine!  
True friend of mine!  
My feeble breath is falling fast—  
Hold close my hands, bend down your face,  
Good-bye—yes, good-bye to the last—  
God bless you, friend of mine!"

—*Atreosa Sævia, in Tait's Companion.*

## A YARN FROM THE SEA.

### The Wonderful Adventure of a Remarkable Woman.

We were well into the Gulf of Bengal, bound for Malra, when one morning, just as night was falling into dawn, I thought I heard a voice hailing us from the surface of the sea. There were sea birds which cry out almost like human beings, and although I was startled by the hail, I dismissed it as a few seconds as the cry of a bird. Scarcely had I done so when it came again, and this time I knew it was the voice of a woman. There was no need to hail the mate on watch, for he had heard the cry as well. We were juggling along under easy sail, and he seized the glass and ran up the fore-rigging. There was a sort of steam rising from the water, but the mate had not climbed thirty feet when he came down again, and in one breath ordered the ship into the wind, the captain aroused and a boat lowered. We of the watch had no doubt that the ship had been hailed by castaways, but the boat was down before any of us made out a lone woman in a sort of canoe craft about two cables' length away on our port bow. She had neither paddle nor oar, and her craft was driven by the wind and sea, while she sat cowering in the stern. Our boat was soon alongside of her craft, and woman and canoe were soon aboard of the *Almiral Nelson*. The watch below had turned up, and every body was on deck to see what was going on. The woman was white, and as we soon ascertained, American. I say white, but bronzed would be the better term, for it was evident that she had long been exposed to tropical weather. She was of medium size, regular features and about forty years of age, and at one time had been good-looking.

"Who is the captain?" she snapped, as she reached the deck.

"Here, my'am," replied our old man, as he stepped forward.

"I want to talk to you in your cabin," she continued, her fingers working nervously and her eyes snapping fire.

They had not been gone a quarter of an hour when both reappeared on deck. I was at the wheel, and therefore heard all that was said. It appeared that the woman, whose name was Mrs. Thomas, owned and sailed a trading schooner, which had been left in a strange location for a woman, but it seemed she liked it, and also had a good business head on her. She had a crew of six, her mate being an Englishman and the others Lascars, and she had been sailing between nearly all the towns on the gulf.

Three days before we picked her up her schooner had left Sumatra bound for the Indian coast. The crew seemed to be perfectly quiet and content, but at ten o'clock of the previous night, headed by the mate, they had suddenly laid violent hands on her and sent her adrift without water, food or a paddle. The intention was to run away with the schooner and cargo and sell them, and this plan might have been carried out but for her rescue.

She was the spunkiest little woman I ever saw. She was so mad she couldn't stand still for three seconds at a time. What she wanted was for our ship to go in pursuit. Her schooner was armed with two brass six pounders, while we had four twelve, and she expressed her entire willingness to see her craft sent to the bottom before the mutinous crew should benefit by their acts. Captain Wheeler was pretty well along in years, very careful on the question of insurance, and his mind was not made up until after breakfast. Then he decided to huff up towards the Andaman Islands in search of the schooner, and he almost promised to give her a taste of our metal if she should be sighted and would not surrender.

The little woman managed to eat a dozen mouthfuls of breakfast and then returned to the deck to almost assume control. She ordered a man aloft, tossed the job of casting loose the guns and setting up powder and shot, and every ten minutes she was hailing the lookout to know if any thing was in sight. Luck was in her favor. While we had been joggling along all night the schooner, being farther to the east, had been almost becalmed. We raised her almost dead ahead about noon, and as luck would have it again we had plenty of wind, while she had none until the vessels were not over two miles apart. The schooner could have no suspicion that the woman was aboard of us, and we flew a signal that we wanted to speak her. She at once lay to, and as we ran down to her I saw Mrs. Thomas grit

her teeth, clench her hands, and show other evidences of her feelings. She had borrowed the mate's six-shooter, donned a hat and coat to disguise herself, and as we lay to about a cable's length away no eye could have made out her sex. "Schooner ahoy!" called the captain.

"Aye, aye, sir! This is the Nancy Lee, bound from Sumatra to the mainland."

"Are you the captain?"

"No, sir; he's very sick in his berth."

"Run out those guns!" whispered the old man to us, and down went the port shutters and out went the big barkers, and such of the crew as were not at the guns rested their muskets along the rail.

"I've got your captain here, and she'll be put aboard of you!" shouted our captain. "If you attempt any resistance I'll sink you!"

The Englishman ordered his crew to man one of the guns, but they refused to obey, every man of them skulking forward and disappearing from the hatch. The fellow left the deck long enough to arm himself with a cutlass, and as we lowered a boat he called out that he would split the head of the first man who attempted to board the schooner.

Our first mate, the boatswain, and two of us foremost hands went in the boat with Mrs. Thomas, and as we looked to the schooner's chains the boatswain pulled a revolver and climbed over the bows. The mutineer retreated aft, and then we all boarded. The woman had not spoken a word since leaving the ship. She was as pale as death, and her eyes glared like a tiger's. As she dropped from the rail to the deck she cocked the weapon in her hand, walked aft and right up to the mate, and as he flourished his cutlass and commanded her to keep off, she shot him dead in his tracks.

"It's the law of the sea," she quietly remarked, as she turned to us. "Now to rout out those Lascars."

"But you won't kill them?" said our mate.

"No, not quite," was her grim answer, as she handed him the smoking revolver.

Casting a look at the dead mutineer, to be sure that he was dead, she went forward, took a belaying pin out of the port rail, and approaching the hatch she called down:

"On deck here, every man of you, and be quick about it!"

They came up one after another, and as each man touched the deck she gave him a crack over the head which made him see stars. They went down on their knees and begged for their lives, and after knocking them about in a liberal way she finally agreed to extend pardon. Under her directions the mate's body was searched, and, as she had anticipated, all the money aboard the schooner was found. She then ordered the body flung overboard, and as it touched the water one of the biggest white sharks ever seen seized it and bit it in half. While the Lascars were cleaning the deck the little woman ran down into her cabin and brought up a dozen bottles of wine, six boxes of cigars and a lot of dried fruits for us to take back to the ship. Then she gave each of us a shake of the hand, and as we entered the yawl she sprang upon the port rail, held fast to the main shrouds with one hand and shouted to our captain:

"Good-bye and God bless you, Captain Wheeler. I've got my craft back, thanks to you, and I'll keep my eyes open after this!"

Then she jumped down and went to the wheel and gave orders to get the schooner on her course, and in a couple of hours the craft was lost sight of behind one of the islands as it made for the inside of the route. Two years later I saw the woman at Singapore, and she still owned the schooner, and was said to have a comfortable fortune in bank. A year later I heard that she had sold her schooner, purchased a brig, and putting in a cargo on her own account, had sailed for home.—*Hartford Times.*

**Use for Brick Waste.**

According to the statement of Mr. Miles, a well-known engineer, it is a fact peculiar to Spanish countries that ordinary brick-dust made from hard-burned, finely pulverized bricks, and mixed with common lime and sand, is universally and successfully employed as a substitute for hydraulic cement. Mr. Miles says that during an engineering experience of some six years in Cuba his opportunities were ample for testing its merits, and he found it in all respects superior to the best Bessemer hydraulic cements for culverts, drains, tanks, and cisterns, and even for roofs. In an experiment to test the strength of this product it was found that a block of it one-half inch in thickness, without sand, and after an immersion in water for four months, bore without crushing, crumbling or splitting a pressure of fifteen pounds per square inch. It is thought that by the addition of pulverized mills to the brick-yards to utilize the waste and broken bricks, a profitable manufacture might be carried on.—*Chicago Times.*

**A Cannibalistic Repast.**

"George," she whispered, "what was that you asked for?"

"Noodle soup, dear."

"But, George, isn't it something like cannibalism for you to eat such food as that?"—*Boston Transcript.*

## OF GENERAL INTEREST.

—Fairfield Center, Me., is a village that must be popular with book agents. There is not a dog owned in the place nor within a mile of it.

—A British shipmaster at New Orleans reports that while off the coast of Patagonia butterflies were blown aboard his vessel at a distance of 150 miles from the land.

—A Mount Vernon, N. Y., man who has made the trial, asserts that any man of ordinary intelligence can master Volapuk so as to write and speak it correctly in a month's time.

—White papers are buried at Atlanta, Ga., by colored undertakers because the white undertakers will not inter the bodies for less than \$10, while the colored ones charge only \$2.50.

—A citizen of Easton, Fla., is said to have a combination tree in his garden, consisting of a lemon, peach, pear, grape fruit, persimmon, orange and guava, all grafted on one stock and all in bloom.

—A Cincinnati woman who had lost her purse and a sum of money several months ago, was surprised a few days since to receive the missing article, with its contents untouched, in a package that came by mail.

—The corner stone of the old Masonic building of Savannah, Ga., was found the other day, and showed no signs of having been disturbed since it was placed in position in 1792. It contained only an English half-penny and an American cent.

—A colored minister, recently elected justice of the peace in Jacksonville, Fla., was found to be disqualified because his house was just outside of the city limits. While the matter was being discussed, Mr. Lee hired a force of men and moved his house into the city.

—A young lady of Americus, Ga., has suggested to a *Recorder* reporter a design for a crazy quilt which is entirely new and quite unique. She says that she intended to cut squares in the shape of the different States of the Union, and putting them together make a pretty map of the United States.

—A physician in the *American Magazine*, illustrating the evil custom of talking to an invalid about his pains, says that once he requested a mother to mark a stroke upon a paper each time that she asked a sick daughter how she was. The next day to her incredulous astonishment, she made 106 strokes! A three months' visit away from home was prescribed.

—A simple remedy for hicoughs is given by the *New York Medical Journal*. The sufferer should close his external auditory canals with his fingers, exerting a certain degree of pressure; at the same time he is to drink a few sips of any liquid whatever, the glass or cup being held to his lips by another person. The effect is said to be immediate.

—A relative of George Washington went to sell to the United States Government for \$20,000 the sword worn by Washington when he resigned his commission at Annapolis. The Nation has already purchased his shoes and shoe-buckles, his old coats and waistcoats, his epaulets, his snuff boxes, his trunks, his commissions, his medals, his records, his home, and several swords.

—The amount of bronze cents coined in this country from June 30, 1882, to the same date in 1886, was \$1,003,080.52. In 1882, copper and bronze cents became very scarce, and a strong demand was created, which lasted through the following two years and gave rise to a very large coinage. Since 1884 the demand has been satisfied and the coinage has accordingly fallen off.

—The Common Council of Marion, Ohio, offered ten cents a dozen for dead English sparrows, and with this incentive the members of the Marion and Huber Gun Clubs began a systematic crusade against the little pests at day-break the other morning. By night they had killed from twenty-five to one hundred and twenty sparrows each, and they expect before long to rid the town of the birds.

—A Sioux City man who had been bald for years was surprised lately to discover a patch of fiery red hair about the size of a silver dollar growing from the crown of his head. It came forth with surprising rapidity, and in a few days was several inches in length. The queer thing about it is that what little hair he had before was jet black, and the red lock covers only a small part of the bald place. It is so funny that he scarcely dares to take his hat off.

**A Destructive Fluid.**

"Dr. Junemann, an Austrian chemist, claims to have invented a fluid of the most destructive properties," says the Vienna correspondent of the *London Times*. "This fluid when brought into contact with air, after the explosion of a shell in which it has been contained, is transformed into a gas, which being heavier than the air, descends to the ground, killing all men and animals within its reach, and moreover destroying iron, bronze, and other metals, as well as setting all inflammable things on fire. So at least the inventor declares in a letter published in one of the Vienna newspapers, and he adds that as far back as 1848 he offered his invention to the Austrian War Office, which, however, declined both then and on a subsequent occasion to make experiments. For this reason he now gives publicity to his invention, as his patriotic feelings do not allow him to reveal his secret to foreign Governments."

## NEVADA COYOTES.

The skillful way in which they round up a herd of Jack-Rabbits.

"You never saw the artistic way the Nevada wolves would round up the Jack-Rabbits, I suppose," remarked Joseph Grandelmyer, the old-time Nevada. "It is the cleverest bit of strategy I ever heard of. There are several kinds of wolves all through the State, but the coyotes are by far the plentiful. In the Humboldt, Snooky and other valleys the coyotes form in a military line, oftimes along some old road, as I have most frequently seen them, and thus systematically go on a regular drive.

"They stretch out over a great area of country, the coyotes being stationed somewhere near a mile apart. Once they get sight of a jack-rabbit his name is Dennis. He may take to the sagebrush and elude the coyotes for a time. Fifty or a hundred coyotes can thus in a short time rake in a terrible lot of rabbits. If the coyotes are hungry it is about the rarest sport one can witness. They go at the hunt with so much arrior and with such perfect system.

"A coyote on his own account can usually frage successfully for food. He is sly, like a fox, and always with an eye cut for No. 1. He generally has his belly full and lots of fat sticking to his ribs; but if the weather has been bad and he gets separated from his fellows on a reconnoitering tour he may have a hard time of it.

"In the sage brush a jack rabbit can generally manage to elude a coyote. He can get in and out quicker, while the coyote, being bigger, is delayed by the brush and don't get in and out like a rabbit.

"But after a lot of hungry wolves have held a council of war and decided to go on a hunt, it is time for the rabbits to hunt their holes. There is always music in the air about that time, and the weird howls of the wolves sound like a distant rattle.

"The rabbit's seem to understand the situation, too, and scamper hither and thither over the plains and rolling hills. It is not long, however, till the wolves marshal their forces. They begin by making a wide detour over the hills, lessening the size of the circle as they advance, and holding all the rabbits they get in as skillfully as a fisherman handles his seine.

"The Jack-rabbits are all of a tremble when they see how their enemies have them hedged about and jump helplessly into the air and utter plaintive cries. The wolves merely watch and sides warily and look on vindictively, with tongues lolling out through their white teeth, and eyes sparkling, expressive of the knowledge that they will soon have some fine eating.

"As the wolves draw nearer together the quick snap of their jaws is heard as they snip the throats of their victims, and they fall dead from loss of blood. When every rabbit is killed the coyotes sit down on their haunches to a very comfortable banquet, and never let up until they have taken aboard so much rabbit meat that they can hardly stir. Then they slowly meander off to their homes, wherever they may be, and if there is a lot of rabbit meat left, as there may be, they put in an appearance again at stated intervals, until the whole is consumed.

"After a lot of coyotes have had a talk, so to speak, and decided to go on a hunt, they will sometimes go to a rough region, where they know the rabbits abound, and lay siege for them in another way. Certain brigades will clamber upon the high rocks and hill-tops surrounding a canyon and drive the game down into the depths below, other relays of wolves having previously been placed at the entrance and at the weak places. They oftentimes get a great many into a canyon in this way and thus speedily finish them. It is generally in the very early morning that the coyotes sound their reveille and go after the rabbits."—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

**Artificial Species.**

Though it is not certainly known that new species of animals or plants have been produced artificially, every body is aware that, by means of intelligent selection, remarkable changes have been sought and accomplished for man's profit and pleasure. Fruits have been improved in size and quality, flowers in beauty, and animals in flesh and other products and in physical endowments. Mr. Charles Morris now urges that such experiments in variation be made for the benefit of science, believing that results not yet dreamed of might be obtained, and the problems of the origin of species and the limits of animal intellect be brought nearer solution. When such extraordinary results have been produced by the chance methods of selection of superficial traits so far practiced, the adoption of scientific methods and the selection of more significant characteristics would very likely yield varieties of the utmost interest and value to science.—*Science.*

—Professor E. G. Green has in his school, three miles from Vienna, three sets of twins, two of twin boys and one of twin girls. Not often do three sets of twins receive instruction from the same source.—*Savannah News.*

—John Burroughs, whose great familiarity with plant and animal life is apparent in his popular magazine writings, says that the best remedy for ivy or sunburn poisoning is the frequent application of hot water, as hot as it can be borne.

## FULL OF FUN.

—Customer—"This stuff is not fit for a hog to eat." Waiter—"All right, sir. Don't eat it."

—Force of Habit—Barber (shaving deceased customer)—"Does the razor hurt you, sir?"—*Exchange.*

—The ordinary man does not sin half so much going fishing on Sundays as he does telling stories about it the next day.—*Somerville Journal.*

—When I was young and went a courtin' I carried all the married men.

But now I'm buying shoes for fourteen I wish I was a bach again!

—*Detroit Free Press.*

—Instructor—"Why don't you turn out your toes?" Colic Culet—"Me family niver evicted anythin' yet, sir, an' O'll not begin now at O'reignin'!"—*Tid-Bits.*

—The hen, fool though she may be considered, possesses in a marked degree the faculty of making much out of little. Feed her corn by the pint and she eats it by the peck.—*Binghamton Republican.*

—"Yes," said the amateur actor, mournfully, "I had the leading role, but the audience evidently thought I was intended for a sup." "Why?" "Because when I appeared they threw vegetables upon the stage."—*Boston Courier.*

—At a Church Festival—Lady Patron—"Ah, Mr. Bliffstick, how do you find the oysters?" Mr. Bliffstick (with his spoon in the plate)—"Un-er-er I haven't been able to find them in all yet, Ma'am."—*Critic.*

—Politie Clerk—"Would you like to see some nice ladies' wear?" Old Lady (from the country)—"Like to see some nice ladies' wear? No, nor hear 'em, either. Nice ladies never wear 'em. It's very unnice."—*Texas Siftings.*

—Grocer—"Tom, get out the new maple sugar." Tom (after hunting some time)—"Here it is, Mr. Smith, but it needs trimming." Grocer—"What needs trimming?" Tom—"Why, it's got a beard on it two foot long."—*Judge.*

—Elderly Bride—"And you are quite sure, darling, that it was not my money, but love alone that brought you to my feet?" Young and Mercenary Spouse—"Ah, precious, the word love but feebly expresses what I feel for you. My regard amounts to absolute veneration."—*Texas Siftings.*

—Wife—"You shouldn't take such a morbid view of life, my dear. Look at poor Mr. Smith with his small income, and his wife slowly dying, and yet he has a cheerful smile and a pleasant word for every body."

—Husband—"Is his wife dying?" Wife—"Yes." Husband—"And I he is cheerful and pleasant?" Wife—"Yes." Husband—"Well, if he doesn't look out he'll give himself away."

—Little Girl—"Mrs. Brown, you wants to know if she could borrow a dozen eggs. She wants to put 'em under a hen setting, have you? I didn't know you kept hens." Little Girl—"No 'n, we don't, but Mrs. Smith's goin' to lend us a hen that wants to set, an' I ma thought if you'd lend us some eggs we've got the nest ourselves."—*N. Y. Sun.*

—Revenge is Sweet—"Mother," said Miss Clara, "do you think Bobby ought to lounge in that handsome chair?" "Certainly not, Bobby," said his mother, reprovingly, "you might break it." "If it is strong enough to hold Clara and Mr. Featherly," argued Bobby, as he slowly slid down, "it ought to be strong enough to hold a little boy."—*N. Y. Sun.*

**WHAT IS SLANG?**

An Authority Defines It as a "Ludicrously Inconspicuous Illustration."

What is slang? Some one once hazarded the assertion that all language is slang. It would be nearer the mark to define slang as essentially the application of an illustration ludicrously inconspicuous with the thing to which it is applied, and, accidentally, the familiar use of a technical expression in the sense for which it was not intended originally. Slang is, in short, giving nicknames to things. "Mr. B.," says the report of the boat race, "tubbed the crews well and stroked them to life."

Most persons acknowledge the absurdity of "awful jolly" and other similar freaks of boyish exuberance. Young ladies, too, have a slang of their own. A small thing is "wee" or "tiny," a pretty thing is "bonny," the children at a school feast are "a goodly number," and they are "regaled" on tea and cake. Slang is every where. Why should "big" be reiterated when we mean "large," or "mighty" for "great"?

What is gained by calling a panic "a scare," a folly "a craze," a hoax "a sell," a ship (or a soldier) "a liner," or by saying of a horse or a watch "it is a good goer." Instead of saying "it goes well." Even writers in the foremost ranks are sometimes guilty of extraordinary solecisms. The addition of our day, in one of his charming novels, relates how his heroine had "laid awake all night."

The eloquent and accomplished painter in words describes how "the Dead Sea laid waveless beneath him." Dickens has lent his sanction to "Our Mutual Friend." Phrases like these are plentiful: "The reverend prebend," "the learned antiquarian," "equally as good as," "more preferable than," etc. When those who lead the way offend thus it is no wonder that an invalid, recommending a coach, writes: "It is most luxuriant," or that a servant says: "The sup must be stood on a slab."—*National Review.*

## THE GERMAN BAND.

Partisipative Necessities Who Can Be Found All Over the Globe.

A more lugubrious spectacle than a present-day band in a German band droning forth "Herz, mein Herz" in front of your window in a snow-storm it would be difficult to imagine. We suffer much from German bands, but we have only ourselves to thank. I love music, and I am possessed by the delusion that it is my duty to encourage the practice of instrumental execution. Five or six years ago there was a band of eight or nine performers who perambulated Norfolk, and they came to me at least once a month. When they appeared I went out to them and gave them a shilling, and my small modicum of German music, and receiving flattering compliments upon my pronunciation, which gratified me exceedingly. They were succeeded by another band, and a very inferior one, and I took but little notice of them. There were seven of these performers, a cornet and two clarionets being prominent. Very however, they got their shilling and vanished. Three days after their departure came another band; this time there were only four. I thought that rather shabby, but I was busy; did not take much notice of them, and again gave them a shilling. The cornet-player was really quite respectable. Next day came four more, and there was no cornet, only the abominable clarionet. It was insufferable. I said I really must restrict myself to sixpence, and that was fourpence more than they were worth. Two days after their departure came a single solitary performer; he had a pipe fastened under his chin, a pair of bells on his head, which he caused to peal by his nods, a pair of cymbals attached to one of his elbows, a big drum which he beat by the hold of a crank, that he worked with one of his feet, and a powerful concertina which he played with his hands. He led off with a dolorous chorale in a minor key. It was really more than flesh and blood could bear. "Send him away, Jimina. Send him away!"—*Instantly! Tell him I am sick krank. Send him away!*

The fellow smiled with unctuous placency. But when he got only two pence, his face fell. "Ach, nein! You please, a professor, he geve me shilling to go to band—I am so band. He geve me band only twopence. He do not understand I am so band. He please tell him I am so band!" "No, you're to go away. Master's very kranky!" Z. band loitered for half a minute, then it took itself to pieces and went its way. But the fellow's hint about the shilling was significant and led to an investigation. Then it turned out that the band of seven of eight which was going its rounds that year, split itself up when it came into my neighborhood, and in view of my shilling, presented itself in two detachments, each of which reckoned on my shilling, and several times carried it off. Now I give one penny for each performer, and only when there is a cornet do I send out coffee to the instrumentalists.

It was, however, not in flesh and blood to withhold the shilling from the players of that quartet on that bitter morning. It was heartrending to think of their having at the peril of their lives staggered through three miles of snow-drifts. It was inhuman to send them away without coffee. And they had it accordingly. Poor things! They were going back to the "Red Lion," a stone's throw off, where they had slept the night before, and where they meant to spend this night in delighting the hearts of the rustics by waltzes and polkas, and gathering not such a bad harvest for the nonce. "Lor' sir!" said Mr. Style, "to hear that there trombone soloing 'Rule Britannia!' That made you feel he was a real musician—that he did!"—*Dr. Jessopp, in Nineteenth Century.*

**ART OF CONVERSATION.**

Rules Suggested as Guides When Conversing in Company.

It has been said, and general experience, unfortunately, proves its truth, that the art of conversation is a thing of the past. Of "talk," that hap-hazard, hit-or-miss interchange of ideas on trivial subjects, with too often an utter ignoring of the common rules of politeness, there is more than a plenty; but of the refined, sustained conversation of the salons of an earlier generation, there is a lamentable scarcity. At a recent discussion of the subject, several rules were suggested as guides to be observed in conversation, which are so simple and sensible that those who aim to excel in this line of entertainment would do well to remember them. Talk as little as possible about yourself; be careful not to monopolize the talk; aim at leading others to talk; and not at talking yourself; never flatly contradict; do not allow a lengthy pause to occur; do not talk a subject to death, but leave something to be said; and do not jerk from subject to subject, but lead easily from one topic to another. To these might well be added, never descend to gossip, don't ride your hobbies in company, and remember that to listen gracefully is quite as desirable an accomplishment as to converse well.—*Demorest's Monthly.*

—An angle flew through an open window into an Omaha business establishment the other day and was captured by the employes after a vigorous battle. It was seven feet from tip to tip of the wings.

## RAISING SMALL FRUITS.

A Fussy Man's Remarkable Success with the Luscious Strawberry.

I have received numerous letters of inquiry in regard to my success in raising small fruits. Generally speaking, I have been rather more successful in raising small fruit than in raising large fruit. I do not take to myself undue credit for it, but I have been very lucky. Strawberries have always been my favorite vegetable, and I embarked in the business of raising them while yet a boy, the neighbors saying I could raise more of them than any other boy in the neighborhood, and always raised the biggest ones in their patches; they said I was a regular strawberry blonde, and that I could have stepped on more vines if I had tried; but I couldn't spare the time. I was a diligent student of the habits and took every occasion to cultivate the acquaintance of the strawberry rather than to cultivate it. Folks said if I was better up in the theories of the line-dance I would have had less success in the small fruit line, but my taste greatly improved, and later on I began raising strawberries from my own vines and cuttings, as it were. I know of no better recreation than to work among strawberries when they are ripe, and the early sun in the spring always finds me diligently in the bed—either the strawberry bed or my own—without caring for sun-stroke, or the stroke of the clock for that matter. I do not supply the town, but you can see my strawberries around at stores as late as any of them, and you can tell my boxes on sight; the berries bulge way up on top; not level across like the some others, and also bulge way up at the bottom; this is why they say I have got the bulge on the berry market, and I am going to hold it. In this way I am enabled to sell more berries, and I put the large ones on the top to keep them from being mashed at the bottom, and purchasers can see at a glance the big berries they are buying; the majority of them being small, I can truthfully say that there are more berries in one of my boxes than in two of the others; while by dipping them in sweetened water before selling them, consumers do not need to put sugar on them, and they save that much.

Every man has his reputation and price to keep up in strawberry time as well as election time. They say the stem parts of the berries are so venomous that they answer the purpose of excelsior, and prevent bruising—a commendable feature other strawberries lack. Boarding-houses rather favor my crop, and when they can buy them will take no others. Each box contains all the leading varieties—the "Dead Kopers," the "Blood Reds," the "Pale Pinks," the "Perfect Whites" and the "Early Greens." From repeated crossing I am enabled to raise all these varieties on one plant, which makes it very handy.

By attending more strictly to the sale of them than to their cultivation, I know of nothing which I have been as successful in as in strawberries, and I intend to extend my patch this year.

I hire boys to pick, as it makes my back ache and puts my legs to sleep, but I get them before they enter the patch; there is economy in that; and my quart boxes are made right out of green wood, which is cheaper; then they are kiln-dried, which prevents them from expanding, as you can well see. Of course there are tricks in the business whereby it is made more profitable, but it is always better to deal fair and square with every body, if they do squeal.—*A. W. Bellows, in Detroit Free Press.*

**DIVORCES IN ALGIERS.**

A Paradise for Men Who Want a Change in Their Domestic Realm.

Djama-el-Kebir ("the great mosque"), near the Mosque de la Ficherie, dates back to the eleventh century, but there is little to indicate the antiquity of the building. At the entrance is the court where the cadis reigns supreme, settling family grievances and disputes, divorce cases, etc. I met there an old acquaintance, Mohammed, who was now a staid father of a family; years ago he posed for me, and would spin out long legends, and stories of personal troubles, and real love affairs. His explanation of the planetary system was ingenious, but a little behind the times. Our earth rests, according to him, on his forefathers, on a bull's horn; the ball stands on another bull's horn, and so on; but when it comes to the question of where the seventh bull stands, we are not at liberty to inquire further into God's work, and must be content with what He has pleased to reveal. My old friend Mohammed pretended to be waiting round the divorce court to get a settlement about some land in Kabylie; but as I met him three months after this time, and learned that he had lost his wife, I conjectured that he was simply waiting his turn to obtain a hearing with the cadis, and to say, "I divorce this woman," which makes matters easy in this country for a man who feels that he wants a change in his domestic realm. It is quite as easy for him to renounce the same woman; he can even repeat this farce three times (if the law is the same as in Egypt); but if he is thoroughly dissatisfied with his helpmeet, and has made up his mind that she is a nuisance, he can say, "I divorce this woman three," and that's the end of it.—*F. A. Bridgman, in Harper's Magazine.*