

# 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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## MOTHER IS "GOAL."

"The weather is cross," the children say,  
"Or else forgets it a holiday."  
Down in torrents the cold rain pours,  
No chick or child may peep out of doors.  
Good little scholars, the school week through,  
On Saturday pant for some thing to do.  
And when the sun begins to flag,  
What is so fine as a game of tag?  
Over the carpets go nimble feet,  
Boysish laughter peals loud and sweet.  
"Mother is goal!" the racers cry,  
To mother in turn the racers fly.  
Dear little sons, in life's real race,  
When hardest you struggle to win your place,  
Pursued by pursuers that mean you ill,  
"Mother is goal" be your watch-word still.  
—Mary B. Bruce, in St. Nicholas.

## THE WOLF CHASE.

Exciting and Popular Sport of Hunters in the West.

"Chasing wolves with hogs and hounds where these animals abound in the West," said Benjamin Reed, of Lycoming County, who recently returned from a thirty years' residence in the Northwestern Territories, "has grown to be, next to coursing antelope with greyhounds, the favorite sport of the hunter for pleasure. The wolf chase is especially popular in Idaho. In a fair stand-up fight a gray, white, or black wolf will whip any dog, no matter how bold or game he is. These species of the wolf know their own powers, and seem to like nothing better than to have a set-to with a dog. I never knew a gray wolf to run from a single dog in all my experience. But the coyote, or prairie wolf, is an entirely different product. It is too cowardly to engage in a fight with even a mongrel cur, and I have seen him more than once scamper away with his tail between his legs at the approach of a playful month's old puppy. Dogs that have been any time in camp come to know the different characteristics of the wolves and do not hesitate to go out singly and give chase to a whole pack of coyotes, but they will never voluntarily attack singly a gray wolf, and it is rare, even with the presence and encouragement of the hunter, that a single dog can be urged to molest the dreaded gray wolf. A pack of three or more hounds, however, will not hesitate to give the wolf chase, and the wolf will not try the game of battle with more than one dog at a time unless brought at bay and forced to fight, and then one or more of the pack of dogs will bite the dust before the wolf is killed.

"I was one of a party that camped between the head waters of the McArthur and Malade rivers, near the base of the Salmon mountains, in Idaho, in the days when buffalo was still plenty, but wolves were so numerous in that region, and we found the chase of them on horseback so exciting, that many a buffalo owed his life at our hands to that wolfish presence. It seems hardly reasonable that hunters should have given the chase of such grand game as the buffalo the go-by to hunt an animal so much despised as the wolf, but there was a variety and fascination in following the bounds on the trail of a flying vulpine prowler that did not attend the ride on a buffalo trail, fierce and dangerous as was the dash over the prairie after some thundering old bull.

The Idaho method of hunting wolves is exactly a counterpart of the English sport of fox hunting, depending for its full enjoyment on excellent horses, fleet, strong-scented hounds, and the ever-present specter of danger attending a break-neck charge across a rough and ever-changing country. Then, there need be no sentimental feeling of pity, that will now and then arise on being in at the death of a fox, accompanying the running to earth and killing of a wolf, for while the wolf hunt has all of the elements of exhilarating sport that the fox hunt has, its results are beneficial and a service to the community, as the wolf is the greatest of all enemies of the ranchman and stock raiser and a persistent and successful destroyer of all kinds of wild game.

"I remember in particular one wolf hunt we had while camped in the Salmon Mountain region. We were mounted on the best buffalo-hunting horses we could buy, and when a horse is a good buffalo hunter he is as good as a horse can be. Our pack of hounds was large and every dog a thoroughbred foxhound. The season was early fall. Our route led to the rocky rises of the Salmon range, which are famous lurking places for the gray wolf, the rocks and dense undergrowth giving them the best of shelter, and the numerous streams affording them unusual opportunities to capture game animals that seek the water to drink and feed on the tender roots and plants that grow on the borders of the streams.

"We had ridden several miles through this rough country before the dogs succeeded in starting a wolf, but at last they gave tongue in a thicket off to the right, and quickly following the excited baying a very large but gaunt wolf with a litter of whelps tumbling after her broke into the opening. She dashed past us like a flash, and her litter of young ones huddled close to her, evidently finding no difficulty in keeping pace with her, although she went like the wind. As the wolf passed us she was so close that a pistol shot could have dropped her, but not a man raised his hand against her. There was a stretch of prairie, probably one-eighth of a mile in width, between the thicket where the wolf had been started and a dome-like, but not steep, mound or hillock.

She dashed straight for the hillock, and so swift was her gait that she had disappeared around it before the dogs broke from the brush to take up the trail. They followed it in full cry, and we spurred our horses to the hillock, and up its side to the summit to discover the direction the wolf had taken. The killing pace she had cut out was more than her pups could maintain, as we discovered on reaching the top of the mound, as the old wolf had slackened her speed to suit that of her young, two of which had fallen behind and were making their way with difficulty.

"The dogs dashed around the hillock and were quickly clearing the space between them and the young wolves that had dropped so far in the rear that it was only a question of a few seconds when the jaws of the leading hounds of the pack would close upon them, and their future as prowling pests would be destroyed. Although the mother wolf governed her pace to suit that of those of the litter that kept by her, it was plain that it was only by great effort that they were able to move even at that speed. The old wolf could easily have escaped by abandoning her interesting family, but, wolf as she was, she was a true and brave mother. She evidently recognized the fact that the situation was critical, and she changed her tactics in a surprising manner. She suddenly turned in her tracks and charged back upon the hound that led the pack by several paces and was almost upon the wolf cub that was furthest in the rear. The winded litter kept on at the best speed they could make. The sudden change of the old wolf took the hound so by surprise that before he could make any show against her at all she had him by the throat, and with one terrible snap of her strong jaws severed windpipe and jugular vein, and threw the dog from her as dead as a stone. The two young ones kept on in a tottering way for a few paces and fell exhausted to the ground. The old wolf, seeing that it was impossible to revive them, dashed on again and placed herself in the midst of the family that was left to her and by various devices tried to urge them on and encourage them. But it was useless. They fell behind singly and in pairs until only one, with more vigor than the rest, was left struggling along with the mother.

"Only one result could be seen from the situation, but the old wolf resolved to make one more attempt to save her young ones. The dogs were almost upon her, and suddenly she struck off at right angles from the direction her weary cubs were taking, and sped away over the prairie like a race horse, passing the hounds almost under their noses. She could have but one design in thus apparently abandoning her cubs and that was a heroic measure. She hoped to divert the dogs from them by leading them in a chase after herself and she succeeded. The pack followed her, and now that the chase was in we dashed after the hounds. But it was a short one, as the wolf wavered in her course, apparently drawn by her maternal instinct back to her abandoned young, and she gradually turned and bore back toward the spot where she had left them. The dogs headed her off, and before we reached the scene of the ensuing conflict the wolf had been torn to pieces, but not before she had ripped another of the pack to death, leaving us but four with which to seek sport the rest of the day. But the four did excellent work, for before we sought a wooded, grassy spot by one of the most marvelous springs I ever saw to eat a luncheon and whiff a pipe the four dogs brought us in at the death of no less than five immense gray wolves. It was while we were lounging about the spring that an incident occurred which terminated in the most exciting event of our extraordinary day's hunt.

"We had with us our camp factotum, a veteran trapper named Latry, who saw no sport in a wolf chase or any chase, they having no interest, in his eyes, beyond the pelts they yielded. Wolf skins were worth two dollars or three dollars apiece in those days, and Latry made a business of gathering as many as he could. He had stripped the hides from the five gray wolves—the skin of the she one having been spoiled by the dogs, much to his disgust—and had spread them on the grass near where we lunched. As we lay there smoking I saw one of the skins slowly moving away, and rising up saw an immense black wolf, which had sneaked in upon us and was stealing the green pelt in lieu of something better for his dinner. Seeing that he was discovered the wolf started away, taking the pelt with him. The dogs were stretched around on the grass, apparently tired out with their hard morning's work, but in a second they were up and away on the black wolf's trail as if they had not run a rod that day. The wolf dropped the pelt when he found that it was hampering him in his run. We quickly mounted our horses and dashed after the hounds. The wolf led the dogs for six miles over a comparatively easy country, and it became apparent that in spite of the agility and freshness with which they started on their trail they were stiffened and winded. They slowly lost ground on the trail, and the wolf at last turned and made for a rough and brush-covered piece of ground, cut up by several small streams. We then gave him up at last when, to our surprise, one of the hounds, evidently awakening to the sense of the fact that their day of great triumph was threatened by a still greater defeat, bounded forward

with a magnificent sprint, and heading the wolf at the entrance of a rocky place on one side of a deep cove brought him to bay, and by a series of wonderful maneuvers followed his savage attacks until the other dogs came up.

Then followed as desperate and fierce a struggle for life on the part of the wolf as any wild animal ever made. At the beginning of the fight Latry, the pelt gatherer, was determined to end it there and then by shooting the wolf through the head, but believing that these four dogs ought to be able to get away with one wolf, and as the contest promised to be worth more than the wolf's pelt we prevented the trapper's interference. At the beginning of the fight the dogs were not particularly anxious to rush matters, but circled around the snarling and snarling beast cautiously, watching for a chance to give him an occasional nip on the flank by way of keeping him in proper temper. The wolf's tactics were so masterly and his movements so quick that he seemed to keep his front to each one of the dogs constantly, although they were on all sides of him. He did not hesitate to rush upon a dog, which he did with savage fury, but instantly he would be seized from behind by another one, and like a flash would turn on him. At last the taste of the wolf's blood the dogs had got from their many nips at his flanks spurred them on to more decisive action, and as if moved by prearrangement each one of the four sprang simultaneously upon the wolf. One of them sprang with his throat between the wolf's powerful jaws, and the life was torn out of him in a second. Two of the dogs had succeeded in getting a hold of the wolf, one on one side of his neck and the second on the other side. The third dog caught the wolf in the flank. They held on, although the wolf dashed them against the rocks and swept them through the thick bushes until they were bruised and bleeding and until the wolf itself was overcome by his efforts and he fell to the ground.

"Instantly the dog that held him by the flank released his hold, and by a quick movement sank his teeth in the wolf's throat. The struggle was soon over, then, and the wolf gave two or three convulsive gasps and died. Later the trapper said it was the biggest black wolf he ever saw. We found that three of his legs were broken, and that his head was almost severed from his body by the assaults of the three dogs upon his neck and throat. One of our dogs had a broken leg and, had to be shot, and the other two were badly cut and bruised, one of them so that he was never able to hunt again. So the seven wolves that he killed that day cost us five valuable hounds."—Harrisburg (Pa.) Cor. N. Y. Times.

## JAPAN'S TOY HOUSES.

Little Structures That Are Easily Made and Quickly Destroyed.  
The Japanese get their share of adventure by flood, although their disasters in the rainiest season are small things compared to the recent flood in China, where the Yellow River burst its banks, drowned 100,000 people and rendered uninhabitable the valley where 2,000,000 people lived. The big figures in Japanese records of disaster are in connection with fires. In the season of cold winds the sky is illuminated every week with the glow of a great conflagration either here or in Tokio, and if the Japanese were not used to it such continued afflictions might be taken for a visitation of Providence.

The flimsy little wooden houses, with their straw mats, are kindlings for a fire, and when a lamp explodes, or a brazier upsets, or a spark flies the whole house is in flames in an instant. Without any thing of a breeze to favor it the flames leap from house to house, and soon a whole quarter is blazing. Each time a burned district is rebuilt the streets are widened, and this measure has prevented many worse conflagrations following. Widening the streets has been ruinous to picturesqueness, and the broad thoroughfares lined with low houses of unpainted wood make the streets of a modern Japanese city monotonous and uninteresting to the eye.

Japanese houses are toys in size and construction, resting on corner posts set on large rocks, that they may give and sway with earthquakes, and held in place and made stable by the heavy roof of mud and tiles. The only way of stemming a fire is to tear down the houses in advance of the flames, and it is done as easily as a child knocks over a house of blocks or cards. A rope is fastened to one of the upright corner posts, the crowd gives one pull, and there is a crash and a cloud of dust as the shell of mud and tiles falls upon the flimsy dwelling. A thatched roof or a shingle roof drops quite as easily. The ordinary house or shop in the towns seldom exceeds twelve feet in frontage, and if there is a second story it is quite as much in miniature, and the roof not more than fifteen feet from the ground. It sounds frightful to hear of five hundred or a thousand houses being burned in a night, but with these "Hippitan" dwellings and their microscopic landscape gardens back of them, the area need not be more than two or four small city blocks."—Yokohama Letter.

"A sharp Maine constable opened a cement barrel the other day on suspicion. He found it packed solidly with sand, wet down, and in the middle of the barrel was a twenty-gallon keg of whisky.

## LOTTERY PROSPERITY.

An Instance Which Shows That It Is Very Hard to Be Rich.

A very absurd story was recently told to me respecting the drawing of the Nice lottery. The first prize (\$100,000) was drawn by a workman of the great India rubber factory at Langlade, near Montargis, which belongs to and is under the direction of Mr. Alexander Huchisson, formerly of Connecticut, but for many years a resident of Paris. The lucky prizewinner, on coming into possession of his fortune, immediately bought himself a high hat and a handsome overcoat, and hired a carriage, in which he and his family went riding around the country. Up to the present time the chief acquisition he owes to his wealth is a severe attack of dyspepsia, for the form of self-indulgence to which he is inclined is that of good eating, and he has tried most of the celebrated dishes at the leading restaurants of Paris, with the result aforesaid.

But the amusing history connected with the Nice lottery is told not of him, but of a less fortunate ticket-holder, who was one of his comrades. This latter individual was a very ignorant and stupid fellow, a thorough type of the uncultivated class of the French peasantry. He could not read, but on hearing that his fellow-workman had won \$100,000, he contrived to decipher the numbers on his own ticket, which bore, as did all those that were issued, an announcement of the grand prize. He became wildly excited, and rushed about the village proclaiming to every body that he, too, had won 500,000 francs—it was his on his ticket. "But that is an every one of the tickets," remonstrated his friends. He would not budge—every body was trying to cheat him, he declared, and he must find out how to get his prize paid over to him. "Take your ticket to the Mayor of Montargis," was the advice he received, "and he will tell you what to do."

That was all very well, but how was he to convey his ticket to Montargis? For, when he first bought it, fearing that it would get lost, he had pasted it on the door of his cow-house, and could not contrive to detach it. So, finally, he took the door off its hinges, hoisted it upon his back, and marched with it into Montargis, a distance of some two miles, followed by a jeering crowd, composed of all the rabble and all the small boys of Langlade. The mayor could only give the poor fellow the same information as had already been imparted to him by his comrades, namely, that his ticket was worthless; and so he was forced to carry his door all the way back home again."—Paris Letter.

## THE AMERICAN MOOSE.

Nature and Habits of the Largest Member of the Deer Family.

The moose (Alce Americanus) is really an elk, being nearly identical with the elk of Europe. Is the largest animal of the deer kind, standing from fourteen to sixteen feet high at the shoulders and weighing eight hundred to one thousand two hundred pounds. With a head and ears like an overgrown jackass, wide-spreading palmated horns, clumsy, unsymmetrical body, and long legs, the animal is yet one of the fleetest and most untiring denizens of the forest. It will go all day at a trot which would distance a good horse; dash through dense thickets on a run as fleet as the wind, and leap over barriers which would appal the steepest stoop-chaser. When driven to bay it turns on its pursuer and is a formidable antagonist. These animals are found sparingly in Maine, where they may legally be hunted, without dogs, from the 1st of September to the 1st of January, and a few still linger in the great forest region of Northern New York, where hunting them at any time is absolutely prohibited.

They are much more numerous in the forests of Canada and as far north as Labrador. Like all other members of the deer family, they shed their antlers every winter, and new ones grow the next summer. Additional prongs appear with each year's growth until the animal has passed the period of its greatest vigor, when the antlers gradually diminish, year by year. Efforts have been made to domesticate the fleet and powerful animals; but, however mild they may be at other times, a full-grown "bull" moose, when its antlers are in perfect condition, is intractable and dangerous, scorning the domination of man. The Wapiti (Cervus Canadensis), which is commonly called an elk in this country, is in reality a stag, closely resembling its European congener of that name."—American Agriculturist.

## What Charley Needed.

"Pa, did you hear Charley serenading me last night?" said Mabel at breakfast.  
"Humph, I should say so," was the shortly-spoken response.  
"Doesn't he sing perfectly lovely?" The old gentleman didn't say any thing but jabbed his fork ferociously into a piece of steak.  
"I never heard any thing like Charley's singing," she went on, "it is as sweet as a bird's."  
"Yes," said her father, "I've thought when I heard Charley sing that the one thing he needed was feathers. And with a bucket of tar and a pillow I think I could give him a pretty good outfit." —Merchant Traveler.

"The only time an Anarchist has his heart in his work is when it rises to his mouth."—New Haven Register.

## WOMEN IN MORMONISM.

Poor Dejected Creatures Who are Thoroughly Sincere in Their Beliefs.

Whatever the men may be, I believe the women are sincere, especially the foreigners, who are ignorant in the extreme and show it in their faces and speech and manners. Among the better classes, however, the women are intelligent and refined and well educated, sending their sons to college and their daughters to Europe, and living in every respect like their wealthy Gentile neighbors. Some of them profess to be very happy with their sisters, as they call their husbands' wives, while others openly denounce a system which has brought so much evil to them.

In a pretty cottage near our hotel was a Scotch woman who talked freely upon the subject. She married her husband, who was much older than herself, because asked to do so by his wife, with whom she lived happily for a time. Then fierce jealousies and quarrels ensued, and they lived a cat-and-dog life until the old man threw a bomb into the camp by telling them he was about to marry Rose, a fair-haired Swede of twenty. Then the first and second became a unit and waged war against the third, whose charms, however, prevailed, and she came to rule over them until the first wife died and the second packed up her goods and left the field to Rose, whose blue-eyed babies I saw, together with her husband, a man of seventy or more.

I was taken to the Lion House to call upon Eliza Snow, a widow of the great apostle, who had, when he died, eighteen wives, not including Ann Eliza, and forty-seven or fifty children. The room in which I was received was a pleasant, home-like apartment, with many portraits of the Youngs upon the walls, and among them one of Brigham. Sister Eliza, as she was called, had been the wife of Joseph Smith, the first expounder of Mormonism, and was about eighty years of age, with the sweet, placid face of one who, having outlived the joys and sorrows of life, was patiently waiting for the end. She was very intelligent and well informed, and talked freely upon various subjects, especially that of polygamy, in which she fully believed as something sacred and holy, alleging many arguments in its defense, one of which was that as women as a class, are much purer than men, it is better for a young girl to be sixth in the love of a good man than first in the heart of a bad one. She was a Mormon, and had been the wife of a man of many wives, and on that point I had no sympathy with her, but she impressed me as a sincere Christian woman, with nothing in her religion except polygamy which the most rigid Evangelist could not indorse; and when not long ago I heard that she had found the rest she was waiting for when, on the steps of the Lion House, with the moonlight falling on her silvery hair, she gave me her blessing and said good-bye forever."—Mary J. Holmes, in Philadelphia Press.

## PECULIAR ERRORS.

Slips of the Tongue Made by Eloquent Preachers and Laymen.

The numerous funny errors made by eminent men would, if put together, make amusing reading. A well-known country clergyman in England, while reading a certain Psalm in church on Sunday, took his eyes off his book for an instant and could not regain his stopping place so that the sexton had to come to the rescue. On reaching home the clergyman's wife pointed out to him that he had halted just at the words: "his place could nowhere be found," having reference to the ephemeral flourishing of the ungodly.

I once heard a young man preach at a Methodist church in England and he alluded to the marriage of a young nobleman with a "pheasant's daughter," and added: "imagine this young Lord at the wedding in costly attire and his poor bride in peasant dress!" A press of feathers must have given her a "flighty" appearance.

I know a minister's son, too, who—as is customary with laymen in England—read the Sunday lessons for his father and on one occasion said at the beginning of a lesson: "Here—begin the chapter of the Gospel according to St. Acts." He did not know it until informed of it afterward.

About a year ago I heard Bishop Potter, of New York, say in addressing a number of young people he had just confirmed: "These persons on whose hands I have just had the privilege of laying my hand."

Another New York preacher I heard recently warn his hearers against "going down the narrow road leading to destruction." Speaking of this, it may not be out of place to quote the words said to have been uttered some years ago by a certain Southern orator: "Dar are two roads from dar woi!—de one am de broad an' dar narrer road leadin' to destruction an' de sadder am de narrer an' broad road dat leads to sure perdition." "It dat am de case," said a hearer, "dis called individual takes to de woad!"—Detroit Free Press.

The new strawberry bed should be prepared as soon as the weather will permit. The young plants should be set out in the rows early, so as to get the benefit of the spring rains. Dry winds and lack of moisture causes some of the plants to perish, and the more growth made by the time the warm days shall come on, the better both for runners and plants in rows.

## OF GENERAL INTEREST.

At least 500,000 orange trees have been set out in California the past year and their cultivation is constantly extending.

The largest vaccine virus farm in the country is at Marietta, Pa., which turns out between 35,000 and 40,000 "points" daily.

At Augusta, Ga., a tramp in the police station astonished the officers by repenting from memory several chapters from the Bible.

Norfolk, Va., claims the distinction of being the world's great peanut market. It disposes every year of 2,000,000 bushels of peanuts, most of which are grown in Virginia.

The word Birmingham, so common in naming towns and cities, is composed of three words, which together mean "the hill which is the home of the broom," a small English tree.

A Kansas man in revenge stole a child of a woman who refused to marry him, and has grown so attached to it, that he refused to give it up to the mother, even under threat of legal proceedings.

Two large firms of Japanese nurserymen are introducing into California the Unshin or dwarf orange tree, and find many customers for the tree because it can be grown in a very small space.

A woman's invention is a baby wagon for the house, thoroughly padded, in which the baby can not be hurt, even if it tips over. The wagon can be turned into a cradle and made into a swing.

A farmer near Flint, Mich., is mourning the death of two geese that he had kept for fifty years. They quit raising geese twenty-five years ago, and after that he kept them to help take care of the broods of other geese.

The young folks of Taena, Ariz., do not intend being behind the Northerners in tobogganing. They go down a steep hill, and they manage to have as much sport without the discomforts of a snowy country.

A Charlotte Harbor, Fla., lady has a small green frog with its home in the calyx of a lily in her room. The fellow is quite a pet, and perches high on the pistil of the flower to receive his dinner, consisting of flies fed to him from the point of a pin.

An Indian elephant, lately acquired at Central Park, New York, is nine feet high though quite young, and bids fair to outgrow Jumbo. It daily consumes about two and one-half trusses of hay and two hundred pounds of vegetables, washed down with eighty gallons of water.

A shoe dealer of Canton, O., recently paid a gypsy three hundred and fourteen dollars for a charm that was warranted to remove a large wart from his face. After the woman had left he was curious enough to open the bag that contained the charm and found therein only a few bits of brown paper.

Major Sinclair, who is in charge of the Mount Vernon Barracks, Ala., has in his care two hundred and fifty Apache prisoners who belong to Geronimo's band. Under Sinclair's management they are becoming partially civilized. They have learned the use of brooms and wash tubs, and a few of the more progressive squaws even iron their own clothing.

Two tombstones in Greenwood Cemetery, New York, located on different lots, bear the name of John F. Mason with the record: "Died January 30, 1883, aged sixty-seven years." A family quarrel explains the double memorial. Mr. Mason being really buried in only one grave. His widow erected one of the gravestones and his children by his first wife the other.

A New York book agent had a mild attack of small-pox, and went about his business disseminating books and probably small-pox germs at the same time in place of chromos, during ten days. It was not until he applied at one of the clinics for treatment of a supposed skin disease, that the real nature of his trouble was discovered. This shows how little, nowadays, people are familiar with the appearance of small-pox.

The Left-Handed Club of Houston, Tex., has hanging over one of the doors of its house a horseshoe, or rather a muleshoe, with a history. One day last summer at Pass Cavallo a mule waded out into deep water. First he knew one of his hind legs disappeared in the big mouth of a passing shark. A few days afterward the shark was caught by the crew of the State Quarantine schooner, and the leg of the mule was found in the interior of the big fish. The shoe was taken from the hoof, and now keeps off the witches in the home of the before-mentioned Left-Handed Club.

## Saved by a Little Dog.

I hear the following from a friend in Buda-Pesth. A few days ago the new Bishop of Waitzen, in Hungary, was sitting at dinner in his own house with seven friends, when, all at once, a small dog belonging to him ran up and, seizing the tail of his coat, tried to pull him towards his bed-room door, which opened into the dining-room. At first he drove the animal away, but it whined piteously and his guests advised him to see what it wanted. The bed-room door was thrown open, and by the light from the dining-room the Bishop and his friends discovered a man hidden under the bed armed with a large knife. He was dragged out and made to confess that he had escaped from the town jail and was bent on robbery."—Vienna Letter.

## FULL OF FUN.

"Have you something fine in the way of imported cigars?" inquired a Yorkville dandy of the dealer. "Yes, sir," the dealer replied. "Them two-for-five Jersey seedlings is having a big run."

"A gaited carver," says a book on etiquette, "always sits when he carves." Carvers who get on the table and have a wrestling match with the chicken are known by some other name.—Robbete's Express.

"Will you allow me to sleep in the ten-acre lot back of the barn, ma'am?" pleaded the tramp. "Certainly," responded the woman, kindly, "and here are a couple of matches in case it should turn cold before morning."—Life.

Miss Gushington (enjoying a ride)—"I think you have a lovely horse, Mr. De Lytle. About what does such a fine horse cost?" Mr. De Lytle—"Two dollars an hour—oh—yes, that horse is worth about eight hundred dollars, Miss Gushington."—Epoch.

Wife (to extravagant husband)—"For Heaven's sake, George, don't spend so much money needlessly. Don't you know you ought to lay something by for a rainy day?" Husband—"I have done that, dear." Wife—"What, I should like to know?" Husband—"A gum coat love."—Washington Critic.

"Oh, no, madam," pleaded the tramp, "you may think my life all sunshine, but it ain't. Wherever I go I am beset with dangers. In short, ma'am, I carry my life in my hands." "Ah, I see!" exclaimed his temporary hostess, "that accounts for your not washing your hands. You don't dare to do it for fear you'll drown yourself."—Boston Transcript.

Mistress (pumping)—"Hold the piteous under the spot, Bridget!" Biddy O'Galway (under training)—"Oh, Mother uv Mosses! Lookie! Sich a ting! All ye have to do is to be shakin' that stick, an' ye'll hold o' one ind of it. Sich a ting. Jist pull out a rope of it. Sich a ting. Sure, ma'am, the only kind of a pump we have in Ireland is a bucket."—Punch.

Petulant Wife—"That horrid old English clock you paid so much for last week, Mr. Chippendale, is always hours ahead of the correct time. I told you not to buy it, and you'd better return it at once. It and you'd better Husband—"That's because you would not let me stand it where I wanted to put it. Clocked up there at the very head of the stairs, the poor old thing is probably unable to resist the continual temptation to run down."—Judge.

Railroad Superintendent (during big strike)—"Have you had any experience in managing a locomotive?" Applicant—"Not exactly; but my wife and I successfully started the kitchen fire with kerosene for three years without getting blown up."—Eurekian John, tell the president I've found a man brave enough to run a flyer."—Omaha World.

## "DEVIL'S LAKE."

Why the Name of This Beautiful Sheet of Water Should Be Changed.

There is rather a peculiar history connected with the origin of the name, "Devil's Lake." "Minne Wakan" was the Indian name for this lake. "Minne" signifies water, and "wakan" means spirit; hence the translation into English is "spirit lake." After an electric storm, the most beautiful mirages, as wonderful as any of those on the Sahara Desert, are seen over the region of this lake. The pretty landscapes and scenery surrounding the lake are reproduced with vivid effect in the air, but the trees and other parts of the landscape are, in other parts of the landscape, inverted. With the constant changing of the relative positions of the clouds and sun over the water, there follows a shifting panorama of the aerial scenes, floating above, and it is at times really an awe-inspiring exhibition of the mysterious phenomena of nature. The Indians could not solve this problem, and to their untutored minds the strange scenes were the manifestations of spirits. Therefore they called the body of water the "Spirit Lake." Years afterward the whites began to visit this lake, and when they would attempt to drink the water the Indians would say, in their own language, "Minne Wakan secha," the translation of which is, "Spirit Lake is bad water to drink." The salt in the water prevented it from being used for drinking. The whites misinterpreted the Indian phrase and thought it signified "bad spirit, or devil in the lake," which made the water unfit for drinking. The whites are so much given to such names as Hell's Half Acre and Hell's Gate that they immediately called this water the "Devil's Lake." The Indian name is more musical and mellifluous by far, and it should be the established geographical name of the lake.

Heber M. Cress, in St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

## She Couldn't Evade Him.

A sheriff was searching a house, where it was supposed that a thief had concealed a valuable harness. As he peered into a dark closet, the wife of the thief remarked, "That close sir, contains absolutely nothing except my own wearing apparel." "Then, what's this?" said the sheriff, clutching at the thief's apron. "My wife don't wear any such precious-looking riggar as this."—Detroit Free Press.