

St. Tammany Farmer.

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

W. G. KENTZEL, Editor.

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ENGLISH AS SHE IS WROTE.

Miss Mary, aroused by the knells
Of Sabbath's sweet, silvery bells,
Proceeded in search
Of her favorite church
And found it—as history tells,
And then, as she entered the aisle,
An usher advanced with a smile,
And showed her a pew
That gave her the view
She wanted—of fashion and state.
The preacher he gave a hymn,
And Mary, who sang it with hymn,
Stood up like the choir
So she could admire
The dresses around her so trim.
The preacher he prayed in his guise,
And Mary she peeped with her eyes
Through the crevices of
Her dainty kid glove
At bonnets as high—as the skies.
The preacher a sermon he said,
And Mary kept turning her head
To see what she could—
But those who were good
Just listened as if they were dead.
The services closed with a psalm,
And Mary she thought, "Well, I palm
Quite pleased on the whole—
I feel in my soul
Much better. I know I'm a plam!"
—H. C. Drake, in Detroit Free Press.

TREED BY A WILD HOG.

A Hunter's Adventure in a Canadian Forest.

Scared Almost to Death—The Foreigner's Animal Efforts to Bring the Hunter Down—Rescued by a Bear.

In 1879 I was one of a party of members of the Toilers' Club of the city of New York, who entered the Canadian wilderness for a three weeks' deer hunt. We were all ignorant of the fact that there were wild hogs in the woods. One day I was on a tramp, five miles from our cabin, when suddenly something jumped up out of a boggy place three or four rods ahead of me, snorting in a way that brought me to a stop in a jiffy. I saw that it was one of the biggest and certainly one of the ugliest-looking hogs I had ever seen. I thought it belonged to an old half-breed who lives on a patch he had cleared a mile or two from our camp, but I was so annoyed at the way the ugly brute had frightened me, that I whanged a bullet after him. I must have hit him, for he turned quickly and came for me as if he meant business. I wasn't prepared for this, and dropped my gun and slipped up a small beech tree alongside of which I was standing. I thought of course the animal would go away as soon as he found I was out of his reach, but he didn't seem to be that kind of a hog.

The weather was colder than a blast of the Greenland coast, and it was getting late in the afternoon. The hog began walking around the tree like a trained horse in a circus, and at every step he spit out froth as if he were chewing shaving soap. The tusks he threw out for me to gaze upon would have done credit to a young rhinoceros. After circling around the tree for a few minutes, he was apparently seized with the idea that he would gnaw the tree down, and at it he went with those five-inch tusks. The chips flew out of that tree as if he was a planing-machine, and I saw that it was only a question of time when that bear would bring me down as unceremoniously as the coon-hunter topples over the tree with the coon in the crotch; but for some reason the hog gave up the idea when the tree was about half way cut through, and if he had only known it, there was never made a big mistake. He didn't have more than five inches more to gnaw, before down I would have come.

After he had quit gnawing the bear started and frothed around the tree again for ten minutes. Then he went away a few feet and sat down on his haunches. There he sat for half an hour looking straight up at me and gnawing and snorting and shaking his head and scattering froth. I felt that I was gradually freezing. Besides that, it was coming on dark. I shouted and yelled in hopes that the others would hear me, but they were too far away.

I was just on the point of letting myself down out of the tree and trying a foot-race with the bear, when suddenly a new idea seemed to strike him. He made one jump for the tree and began to dig the dirt from around it like a steam-shovel. The way he threw the earth from the roots of the tree any one would have thought he had taken a contract to dig a cellar. By and by it dawned upon me what the hog was up to.

"Blas't the brute!" said I. He's going to dig the tree up by the roots."

Then the way we used to frighten hogs out of the yard when I was a boy came back to me.

"S'boy, there!" I yelled. "S'boy, there!"

But that hog had been too long in the woods to "S'boy" worth a cent. Then I remembered that when I was a lad and the hogs got in the garden they always made for the hole in the fence when you whistled for the dogs, so I whistled for an imaginary dog, and called:

"H-yer, Tiger! H-yer, h-yer! Take him, Tiger!"

But this hog only worked the faster, the more I tried to scare him away, and frothed with increased frothiness and I sorted all the louder.

It got dark. I was nearly frozen. The sun went down and the moon came up, and still the hog dug away at the foot of the tree. By this time he had an excavation around it big enough for the cellar of a corner

grocery, and, as sure as you live, I could feel the tree begin to totter. It grew colder and colder, the bear kept right on digging.

"It's no use," I said; "I've come all the way up into this Canada wilderness to be made hog feed of. I might just as well have been born a beehive, for this bear is bound to have a meal on me, any way."

Then I fell to wondering whether the brute would leave my bones, so the boys might happen to find them and take them home and bury them. It got to be eight o'clock. I think I was then on the verge of insanity, for I made up my mind that I would just let myself down out of that tree and have a round or two with that bear any how. So I began to let myself down. I had my hands on the lower branches when the hog interfered.

He gave a snort that almost shook the tottering tree to the ground and raised upon his hind feet to meet me half way. If I was crazy, this movement on the part of the bear quickly effected a cure, for I got back to the top of that tree quicker than any chipmunk could dive into a hollow log.

"In just one-half hour more," said I, "unless some one comes along this way and rescues me, I'm a goner!" The hog roared away with unabated vigor, and his grunts were now plainly the grunts of satisfaction. The moon streamed down and made the scene as light as day, and as I looked down at the busy, unrelenting hog and his work, it seemed like looking down in a deep well. Suddenly the bear stopped digging. He came up to the surface. He stood still as if listening. After listening for a moment, he seemed to be satisfied that his hearing was not at fault, for with a string of snorts that made my blood curdle, he started off on a dead run in the direction of Laurel swamp, that lay off to the right a mile or so.

"What is the matter now?" said I, frightened more at the sudden mysterious departure of the bear than I was at his presence. In less than two seconds I saw what the matter was. Out of the brush on the left of me came tearing and growling a bear as big as a calf. He never stopped, but let himself out the best he knew how and followed the flying bear. The whole thing was plain to me in a minute. If a bear has one weakness about that time of the year, it is pork. This old fellow was out looking for a supper of hog meat, and had noted this ugly brute. The bear got wind of the bear, and not caring to get in his clutches, if he could help it, had left me to look after myself, and made track to the swamp.

Whether the bear caught up to the bear or not, I am not able to state, but I know that I dropped out of that tree in less time than it takes to tell it, and made all the headway for camp that I could. I got there at midnight, and found the boys had been out looking for me and given me up for lost.

WHAT IS DECORATION?
A Besetting Sin of Amateur Decorators Sharply Criticized.
In strictness, to decorate is to add beauty to something by adding to it ornament, or perhaps color, and implies something to be decorated. It is an inconvenience to have no better name than trinket, knock-knock, gew-gaw, for a thing that exists for its prettiness alone; and we do stretch the more reputable word to cover such things. So, also, people speak of decorating a slab of wood or stone by painting or carving something on it, when the slab, if it exists only for the sake of what is on it, is no more decorated by this than the painter's canvas is decorated by his picture. Let us use the word now in its true sense, by which decoration exists for the sake of the thing to which it is applied. The distinction concerns us, for neglect of it has led decorators into serious faults. It is easy, in the desire to do something called decorative, to think only of the charm of what we are doing, without regard to the thing to which we are doing it. This is a besetting sin of amateur decorators.

The sense for color of the army of amateur decorators has gained wonderfully within a few years. But this improvement in color of our painted decoration, of our stained glass, of the work of our Societies of Decorative Art, makes their shortcoming in other respects the more conspicuous. There is a tinge of the barbaric in it. It makes the kind of admiring dissatisfaction with which one always sees art that supplements conspicuous beauties with conspicuous defects. When we go below the best of it, and look at the things which fill the common shops and attract cheap buyers, we are disheartened, and long to barter the gaudy ugliness of our day for the quaint ugliness of our fathers. Of course the present condition of things will not last. As color becomes popular it also becomes vulgar in a way people which was not a hereditary instinct for it.—Wm. P. P. Longfellow, in Scribner's Magazine.

A Battle Creek young man inoculated himself with the dreadful disease by striking a glandered horse in the mouth with the back of the hand, an abrasion being made by the ill-tempered blow.

While the Kansas women are making laws and drawing salaries with great success, the men seem to be devoting their energies to hunting hogs in one day, and more will soon follow

CHARACTER IN FEET.

Reading Life from the Management of the Feet.

The use of feet is more characteristic than the feet themselves. Of course, there is some character even in shape; there is the common and careless flat foot, and the neat foot, and the vain foot, and the quick foot. In Herrick's old poem the whole portrait of a dainty white-slipped girl is suggested by the words:

Like mice beneath her petticoat,
Her little feet went in and out.

But the distinctions of character are not seen, really, in the feet themselves, but in what the owner does with them. Sometimes it is significant that their owner does not know what to do with them. He is vulgarly, defiantly self-sufficient and despises ceremony, so when he smokes a cigar he puts his feet on the mantle-piece, out of the way. Or he is a country bumpkin, painfully self-conscious, so he stands on one foot and then on the other and shifts them about, perplexed what to do with them, as ill-bred folks, when they sit idle and sociable, are perplexed by possessing a pair of hands. On the contrary the fop, whose feet are clad without spot or speck, and regardless of expense, knows very well what to do with them; they are part of the exhibition which is his constant care. In general, it is a sign of vanity to thrust forward habitually a neat foot when one is at rest. A conceited man nurses a leg and admires a foot, which he twitches and twirls unconsciously and in a different manner from the fop, for the vain man thinks of the effect produced upon other people, but the conceited man is satisfied with himself, without any regard to the ordinary mortals who may chance to be observing him.

Very different is the generous mind of the philanthropist, who thinks constantly of the rest of the world, and not of himself. There is nothing cramped about any of his ideas or of his possessions. He forgets such small matters as fashion and details of appearance. Except on state occasions, he considers neatness to be a hindrance; every thing about him is large, from his benevolent schemes down to his well-worn shoes.

His stand is not alert, but patient, well set on the ground; he is ready and steady; he waits to give what he can, and to do with he can, and while he thinks of weighty matters, personal details are forgotten. He may walk flat-footed in old shoes; instead and heels are infinitely beneath his consideration, so his foot is not the type that the dancing master believes to be the one thing necessary for a gentleman; but he has already flattened injustice under his feet, and the horror of the dancing master shall never reach his ears.

This philanthropic man has done a great deal to widen and smooth life's roads for crowds of feet of another type. On the roads he has improved, the hobnailed boots go more contentedly.

They (the hobnailed) are strong and rather defiant; for instance, they have a defiant way of turning up. They stand straight together, just as their owners as a class stand shoulder to shoulder. Their size and width are suggestive of possible bad kicks; but their bulk and hard-worn bend are also suggestive of work done; and the country could not thrive were the community exist without the feet that wear hobnailed shoes.

The firm foot is the ordinary type in men. A firm walk is a sign of self-control as well as of power. When the shoes thicken so obstinately that the foot can not bend it, and when the walker does not care what noise he makes, the firmness and power are developing to a degree that may inconvenience weaker or more sensitive folk.

The weak foot is more common. The stand suggests a knock-kneed body and a mind not strong enough to make the best of life—one might almost say altogether knock-kneed character that is always stepping crooked, and going its way with uncertain gait.—Cassell's Family Magazine.

Pleasures of a "Whang."
In the wisdom of the ages there has come to be something in a name. A good housewife in a suburb of Lewiston, whose reputation is of thrift, and whose writs are as keen as a razor's edge, issued cards not long ago, it is said, for an afternoon party at her home, terming it a "whang."

A "whang" is an unknown term in that vicinity, although they had heard it employed in a metaphorical or symbolic or hyperbolic sense many times to the country jubilees of various kinds. The good ladies who were summoned didn't know what to do or how to dress, but they went just the same, full of curiosity, and in their most stunning toilet. The hour was early—viz., 1 p. m.—when the larger part of them started. But were even against the field that it was a quilting bee, and even against the field that it was just an ordinary party. When they got there they found the house in disorder and every body scrubbing for dear life. A "whang" is a house-cleaning party, and some of the ladies are sorry that they didn't dress accordingly.—Lewiston (Me.) Journal.

A man in Connecticut has eaten fifty-three raw eggs in an hour on a wager. He offers to challenge any one on a five-lozen-egg eating match within the same time.

CAPILLARY ADHESION.

The True Theory of the Walking of Flies on Smooth Surfaces.

It is curious how the understanding of many common and apparently simple things become modified by fuller investigation. The explanation of how flies walk on the ceiling, as given in some of the old readers, was based on the theory that each little fly-foot was a miniature air-pump—a theory now regarded as fallacious. This supposed that the bottom of the foot adhered by suction to the glass, thus pressing out all air beneath it, and was held in place by the pressure of the air to uphold them. Moreover, a microscopic examination of a fly's foot clearly disproves the "sucker" theory, for the foot cushion is covered with hairs that prevent all close contact with the glass. A later theory, propounded by Hooke, was that flies stick to the glass by means of a viscous substance exuded from the hairs in their feet. This theory was thoroughly investigated some eight years or so ago by Dr. Rombout, who demonstrated that it was only partly sound, for though these hairs do certainly exude an oily liquid, the liquid is not sticky and does not harden when dried. It is to Dr. Rombout's experiments that science owes what is now regarded as the true theory of the walking of flies on smooth substances, that they hang on by the help of capillary adhesion—the molecular attraction between solid and liquid bodies.

By a series of nice calculations, such as weighing hairs and measuring their diameters, and sticking the cut end of hair in oil or water to make it adhere when touched to glass, this scientist proved that capillary attraction would uphold a fly were it four-ninths as heavy again as it is at present. It is true that the foot-hairs are very minute, but as each fly is said to be furnished with 10,000 to 12,000 of these we need not be surprised at what they can do. Reasoning from this theory we would conclude that flies find it difficult to mount a glass slightly dampened, because of the repulsion between the watery surface and the oily liquid from the feet, and they are likewise impeded by a slight coating of dust, because the interspaces between the hairs are filled with dust, and observations seem to show this to be the case. When we see a fly making his toilet, he is not, as we might suppose, cleaning his body, but his feet, so that they may the more readily adhere. Every one has noticed how quickly a fly takes flight, even when he has been dozing in the same position for half an hour. This new theory makes it easier to understand how he can so readily detach himself, for the air-pressure theory and the "gum" theory both implied more or less effort in releasing his feet from their involuntary hold.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

WOMEN WHISTLERS.
A Fad That Is Becoming Contagious Among the Fair Sex.

"She whistles like a bird," is the young man of the present cries of his best girl. No one looks shocked or even surprised at the exclamation. Two years ago such a remark would have had a sensation, but now it is so common for young ladies to whistle, and whistle well, and so many of them are ambitious to do the same that it can be commented upon admirably, even by the most conservative.

One of the first young ladies to introduce this practice into Chicago drawing-rooms was Miss Grace Runyon. She is a very slight, pale-faced girl, with most graceful and modest manners. She seldom consents to exhibit her accomplishment, unless her mother sits at the piano—an instrument which that lady knows how to use with wonderful effect. She always makes a gentle "attack," as a musician would say. Sometimes it is a waltz, oftener a fantastic scrap of melody from one of the masters, now a little bird song, and not infrequently one of the popular serenades. She can always be relied on to give all of the gems from the latest opera. When she pursues up her lips for whistling it does not content her features in the least, but seems, indeed, rather to increase the piquancy of her face. She has a clear, peevish-like quality that is wonderful to hear, and is more like the warbling of a bird than any thing else that could be imagined.

Her shading is delicious, and the expression she gives to a melody is as intelligent as that which a fine singer would show.

Following Miss Runyon's example, the whistling fad has spread like a contagion. The young ladies of the household set the example, and whistle every thing from lullaby songs to extracts from Chopin, and the servant girls follow their example with heartier lungs, but duller notes.

In New York, Mrs. Alice J. Shaw and Mrs. Jennie R. Campbell have made themselves famous by their genius for whistling, and hundreds of maids and matrons followed their example. This melodious craze has done away with the banjo, zither, mandolin and all the rest of these old instruments that have been thrummed in the parlors of late. A really good woman whistler has generally a greater compass and brilliancy than the best male whistlers.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

MARRIAGE OF CHILDREN.

An Evil That Will Continue Until Parents Assert Their Authority.

Recently a boy and a girl from Ohio wandered around for four days and visited three States endeavoring to find someone who would marry them regardless of the fact that neither was of actual marriageable age. Their parents had, of course, objected, but the boy found full-grown men willing to aid him in a scheme to run away with the girl, and the girl had the most active assistance in avoiding the parental vigilance of some full-grown women who sympathized with her probably because they had no little girls of their own to misguide in a most important affair of life. This boy and girl, after being thus aided to escape, tried West Virginia and Pennsylvania, but failed to get a license to marry. Then they returned to Ohio and could not get any relation the boy telegraphed for his father's consent, which he didn't get, and the girl's brother turned up and did her good service to take her home.

The failure of these children to get married is very discouraging to them and to those who abetted them, but it is most encouraging to society. It is creditable that in three States they did not succeed in finding any one willing to aid in making them miserable for life, but they had the good fortune not to strike New Jersey. If a boy was to be sent to school the matter would be important enough to employ the family judgment; if he wanted to buy a shotgun or a dog or a suit of clothes, he would get the advice of his friends; but when he starts out to get married he generally displays very small disposition to consult either his own judgment or that of any body else who has any sense to spare. If the girl wanted to buy a new spring hat all her friends would be called to consult about the color of the ribbon, and they would warn her against this or that; but when she wants to dispose of herself for life against her parents' wishes her friends warn her against nothing. They turn in and help her to escape from home and plunge into every possible misery.

These things have been done time and time again, and they will continue to be done, although there are enough horrible examples known to every body to be a sufficient warning. It is useless to moralize on such things. The responsibility is upon those who are older, while a girl playing with their dolls, are made to believe that getting married is the whole of life. There are grown women who devote themselves to teaching such things, who assume the responsibility of making matches regardless of the character and fitness of the parties, and they do it with less concern for the result than they would have in matching a yard of ribbon, where they would exact perfect harmony. The match-makers make the mistakes and children have to suffer the consequences. This will continue to be so until all children learn that their best friends are their parents.—Philadelphia Press.

A SURPRISED ARTIST.
How a Matter-of-Fact Man Insulted His Really Talented Wife.

"Now, George, dear," said a fond little Newark wife to her husband of a year the other day, "this is your birthday, isn't it? You see I didn't forget if you did, and I've been working dreadfully hard for four months to get up a surprise for you, and I'm going to give you something that's all my own work."

She threw back a silken scarf as she spoke and George saw before him a large oil painting in a frame that he knew he would have to pay at least twenty-five dollars for when the bill came in.

"Now, my dear," she said, gleefully, "aren't you surprised? Didn't I know I could paint, did you? I couldn't four months ago, but I painted every bit of that picture myself."

"You did?" said George, "well, I am surprised. How perfectly natural those eyes are."

"Cows? Why, George? Those are horses."

"Oh, so they are, I wasn't looking closely. I was so taken up with the natural look of this old stump box."

"That stump? Why, my dear husband, that's a man."

"Oh, of course it is; I see it plain enough now, and I suppose that is his little dog running by his side. Look wonderfully like our little Fido."

"George, it isn't a dog; it's a little boy!"

"Why, I—I—the picture isn't in a good light, is it? Let's move it around a little. There; that's better. You have succeeded wonderfully with that mountain in the distance."

"George, where are you eyes? That isn't a mountain—it's a haystack."

"So it is. What am I thinking of? I've been looking all the time at that pretty rustic bridge."

"There's no bridge in the picture. You must mean that rail fence."

FULL OF FUN.

—Wife (club night)—"Will you be home early, John?" Husband—"Yes, I think so; but don't keep breakfast waiting for me."—N. Y. Sun.

—The Man with an Only Son—"What kind of scholars do you turn out at this institution?" Principal—"Those who won't study."—New Haven News.

—We shall sing on that beautiful shore, the melodious songs of the best, and the neighbors will no longer roar, "O, let up, and give us a rest!"—Western Plowman.

—A London druggist has hit the popular taste for good bargains. If his windows be displays a card that reads: "Come in and get twelve cures for one shilling."

—Housekeeper (negotiating for a pair of ducks)—"But you don't weigh the head and feet, do you?" Butcher—"Oh, yes, madam; we weigh every thing but the quack."—Tit-Bits.

—Lady—"Are these eggs fresh?" Smart Boy—(on deck while the boat is away)—"You bet they are fresh. We don't salt our eggs. We've had them on ice right here in the box for three weeks."—Critic.

—The true meaning of the woman's suffrage movement is very easy to see. Woman wants to be first in war, as well as first in peace, and first in the hearts of her countrymen.—Puck.

—Mrs. Bascom—"They say that Jim Simpkins lost all his money in a Pharaoh bank in New York. I tell you, them Egyptian air grasping lot. The Children of Israel found that out."—Burlington Free Press.

—The man who was convinced with laughter at a woman trying to sharpen a pencil, was soon after discovered trying to cut a paper pattern by the united efforts of a pair of scissors, his right hand, lower jaw and two-thirds of his tongue.

—Wife (who has been driven nearly frantic by a habit of her husband)—"John, I real to-day about a man out in Minnesota whose wife killed him because he said 'I want to know' so much." Husband (surprised)—"I want to know!"—Judge.

—Will you have the kindness to give me a dime, sir? I want to establish a trust." "With one dime? How can you do that?" "If I pay the barkeeper for one drink you see, he will trust me for another." "Here is your dime, my friend. I like to encourage trade."—Drake's Magazine.

—Lady (entering a man's apartment)—"I should like to find out, sir, something about the condition of the poor in this town." Elitor—"Well, ma'am, at present we are well supplied with potatoes and cordwood, but a new pair of trousers or a spring overcoat would be quite acceptable."

SOME WISE SAYINGS.
Gems Collected from the Classical Literature of Many Nations.

The dew of compassion is a tear.—Byron.
Doubt is hell in the human soul.—Gaspian.
Chances generally favors the prudent.—Goulet.
Do the duty which lies nearest to thee.—Goethe.
Silence is the severest criticism.—Charles Bazin.
There are remedies for all things but lead.—Carlyle.
Death is a commingling of eternity with time.—Goethe.
The world itself is too small for the covetous.—Seneca.
Faith builds a bridge across the gulf of death.—Young.

The most effective coquetry is innocence.—Lamartine.
Quick drivers need broad shoulders.—George Herbert.
Wind puffs up empty bladders; opinion, fool's.—Socrates.
Desire of having is the sin of covetousness.—Shakespeare.
Every body drags its shadow, and every mind its doubt.—Victor Hugo.
Though 'tis pleasant wearing nets, 'tis wiser to make cages.—Moore.
Character is the diamond that scratches every other stone.—Bartol.
Never cut with a knife what you can cut with a spoon.—Charles Bazin.

So grasping is dishonesty that it is no respecter of persons.—Bacon.
It is only in little matters that men are cowards.—William Henry Herbert.
No who would arrive at any land must face phantoms.—Du Rer Lytton.
Neither the naked hand, nor the understanding left to itself, can do much.—Bacon.

A fool may have his coat embroidered with gold, but it is a fool's coat still.—Rivrot.

Saved from a Sad Fate.
"I am truly sorry to give you pain, Mr. Hankinson," said the young lady, "but please do not allude to the subject again. I can never be your wife." "That is your final answer, Miss Irene?" "It is." "Nothing could induce you to change your decision?" "My mind is firmly and unalterably made up." "Miss Irene," said the young man, rising and looking about for his hat, "before coming here this evening I made a bet of fifty dollars with Van Perkins that you would say no to my proposal. I have won. It was taking a risk, but I was dead broke. Miss Irene," he continued, his voice quivering with emotion, "you have saved a despairing man from the fate of a suicide, and won the life-long respect and esteem of a grateful heart. Go and say 'I do.'"—The Q. Tribune.

PERSONAL AND IMPERSONAL.

—General Crook stands six feet in his stockings, and is as straight as an arrow. He has been thirty-six years in the service.

—While Banker Corcoran was on his death bed he drew a check for \$500 for the widow of a young man who had committed suicide.

—Cornelius Vanderbilt's income from his capital is said to be in the neighborhood of \$1,000,000 a month, while that of William K. is not far behind it.

—An English lord recently kept his birthday in a novel manner by inviting his friends to receive the Holy Communion with him. About sixty responded.

—Mrs. Eliza Chappell Porter, who died the other day at the age of eighty, is sincerely mourned in Chicago. She taught the first school in that city, and her husband, Dr. Jeremiah Porter, preached the first sermon.

—Senator Ingalls has had eleven children, seven of whom survive. The names given to his offspring have been somewhat peculiar: Ellsworth, Ruth, Ethel, Ralph, Addison, Constance, Sheffield, Faith, Marion, Muriel, Louise.

—A New York lady who recently gave a ball is said to have hired a perambulatory coffee and cake vender to take his stand in the street and distribute, at her cost, cakes, coffee and chocolate to the hack drivers and to all others waiting on her invited guests.

—Mrs. Alice J. Shaw, the musical whistler, speaking of her career, said recently: "I was a whistling girl, and my friends always told me that if I would cultivate my talent I would find a fortune in it. I have not found the fortune yet, but my success has been beyond any thing I ever dreamed of."

—Boulanger visited the United States in 1881. He came over here as the chief of the French mission for the celebration of the centenary of Yorktown. He says that it is a pet idea of his to make another visit to America for the purpose of studying our form of government. He expresses the opinion that the United States is a model Republic, and says that his highest ambition is to give France such a constitution as ours.

—There is often wonder expressed how Chaucer's M. Depew can stand the strain of attendance night after night on dinner parties, public and private. The mere task of eating and drinking, let alone making speeches, would use up ordinary men in a short time. His secret is to eat sparingly and to drink only one kind of wine. If he starts in with claret, he drinks nothing else. If it is sauterne, then sauterne becomes the favorite for the night, and so with champagne. He likes champagne the better, but claret likes him and agrees with him better than any other.

"A LITTLE NONSENSE."
—Try buttermilk for the removal of tan and walnut stains and freckles. If that is not efficacious, try sand-paper.—Puck.

—A Burlington girl is learning to play the cornet, and her admirers speak of her as "the fairest flower that blows."—Burlington Free Press.

—Fair friend—"And do you ever soak your brushes, Mr. Palette?" Artist—"No. I'm happy to say I never was reduced so low as that."—Harvard Lampoon.

—"What made the Tower of Pisa lean?" "Because of the famine in the land," said a small boy who got the tower confused with Joseph's brethren.—The Teacher.

—A Chicago man who had grown rich selling hams built a country seat, but had some difficulty in finding a name to suit. A friend suggested that he call it the All-hambers.

—"How soft the moonlight sleeps upon the bank!" exclaimed the poetic burglar, toying with his drill. "I wish the same might be said of the watchman," replied his companion.

—"The penny's mighty," quoted the tramp, as he pleaded for the price of a night's lodging. "Guess the sward will do you to-night," growled the unpoetic Bobby, as he vanished in the gathering dusk.—Life.

—Swell—"I'm going to resign from my club." Friend—"I thought you liked it so much." Swell—"Used to be all right, but society is getting too mixed. Why, I met my pawnbroker there the other night!"—Harper's Magazine.