

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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A TEA-KETTLE SONG.

Take all the wealth and splendor and art of modern days, And give me back my childhood's home, with its calm and peaceful ways, When I sat before the old fire-place, and in its warmth and glow, I passed the happiest days in life, the days of long ago.

CHORUS.

Where I filled the old tea-kettle, as from the crane it hung, And listened, while it simmered, to the soothing song it sang, Ringing of home and comfort, it sang of the fragrant tea; O the song the kettle sings is the sweetest song to me.

It sings to me the same old song, no matter where I roam, And always takes me back again, to my childhood home— To the great old fashioned kitchen with its yellow painted floor, And fire-place filled with blazing logs which made the chimney roar.

O happy days, O joyful days, when I was little and young, Ere "Polly" put the Kettle on" had ever yet been sung, When the kitchen served for parlor, for dining-room, and hall, And the cheerful fire-place was the dearest spot of all.

—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

ABOUT SMUGGLERS.

How Women Cheat the Customs Officers.

Usual Places of Concealment—Lace and Jewelry in the Lining of a Dress—A Real Custom-House Tragedy.

In the custom-house of this city there is a veteran whom every body knows. He has searched more trunks in more parts of the world than any of Uncle Sam's officials. He has served on revenue cutters unnumbered. He can tell of boats with cigar smugglers on the coast of Jersey and Maine. He knows every trick that the ingenuity of the contrabandists can devise. He is a Jonathan Wild, the M. Leocq of the business.

"The principal smugglers of to-day," he said, "are women. The daring of other times is unnecessary now. A Saratoga trunk properly prepared is worth more than all the dirks and cut-throats that a smuggler ever wore in his belt. I remember, when I last came from Europe, a fine young woman, exceedingly plump, whom every body admired. The young fellows on board were infatuated, especially those who liked a stout, well-rounded girl. All the way over she wore the same dress—blue cloth, tailor-made. It fitted her, if possible, just a little bit too well. Said I: 'I can imagine a belligerent rigging herself like this when on parade at Newport, but for the deck of a Cunarder, it is a trifle too chic,' said I."

"What did you suspect?" "Suspect? Bless you, I didn't suspect—I knew. At quarantine, after the health officer came aboard, a boat pulled out from Fort Hamilton and wanted to take my charmer off. I touched her on the shoulder. 'You can't leave this vessel,' said I, 'until we reach the battery.' 'Who are you?' she demanded, turning pale. 'I'm a custom-house officer,' said I, 'and as soon as we land I shall have you searched.' She hadn't the heart to say much. Still pale, she sat down, biting her lips and looking round, as if that no body had heard us. 'Officer,' she said at length, 'how much will make it square?' 'Well,' said I, 'with a sly glance at her shapely figure, 'I don't know how much it took to make it round; but I guess there is about \$5,000 worth of lace and jewelry in the lining in that dress of yours.' And so it was. When the women-searchers had undressed her she looked like a scarecrow—old, haggard, a regular skeleton. The haul just doubled my estimate."

"Where are smuggled articles usually concealed?" "Everywhere. Any thing will form a hiding place. Fruit is perhaps the handiest covering. Who would look for cigars in a pumpkin or for snuff in a turnip? Yet pumpkins and turnips, carefully lined with wool, have brought any amount of tobacco into this country."

"And jewelry?" "No. Jewelry generally travels in boot heels. The boots are specially made in Paris. I remember unscrowing one of those heels in New York. A shower of brilliants fell all around me. There was a fortune in that little shoe."

"And gloves?" "There was a famous law-suit, you recollect, against a Frenchman who imported gloves in his long Hessian boots. For my own part I have generally found gloves in trusses of hay. A tin box can lie snugly in the center of a big truss of hay. Indeed, there is no article of merchandise which the smuggler can not turn to his purpose. At Liverpool they told me how, on a vessel coming from Stettin in the Baltic, they found cigars in casks of camomile flowers; and elsewhere, cigars in cases of glue; tobacco in potato sacks, tea lying on furze bushes waiting to be shipped; tobacco stowed away in loaves of German bread; to say nothing of a boat drifting in the harbor with fifty barrels of snuff in it."

"Are the purchasers usually aware of the smuggling?" "They are generally proud of it. Enter a club smoking-room. Note with what pride your juvenile host offers you a cigarette of the finest Turkish tobacco. 'Tobacco, dear boys,' he says, 'that would be cheap at ten dollars a pound.' But can you afford

such a price? 'Hush,' he whispered, 'it cost me only a dollar. Smuggled, dear boy, smuggled.' The youth has been hoaxed by his tobaccoist. He is smoking native tobacco, with a flavoring of cheap Turkish or Egyptian."

"And the ladies?" "The ladies are born smugglers. They think it no harm to defraud Uncle Sam. They will hide jewelry in their hair; wrap lace around their bodies; pack their husband's cigars among their petticoats. The commonest device of the feminine smuggler is the false-bottomed trunk. In a box filled apparently with cheap gingham and calicoes may lie the finest dress that Felix can produce."

"Are dress-makers the principal culprits?" "Tailors are just as bad. Their customers compete with them. Tag goes to Rag at the club and says: 'You're going to London, old man. Bring me back six pairs of trousers from Poole.' All of Rag's club friends give him a similar commission. Rag has to bring back about one hundred pairs of trousers. He divides them among his trunks. With a small doucoun he gets them safely through the custom-house. Hence Sulp, the tailor, would be ruined if he did not smuggle, too."

"And the wine merchant?" "Wine merchants find it harder. And besides, why smuggle if you can adulterate? Pure wine is only known to those who live near the vineyards."

"And the picture-dealers?" "Their smuggling is merely erasing the name of the painter or otherwise disguising the work until it has passed muster. No; the leading smugglers, as I said, are people of fashion. They smuggle instinctively. No matter how rich the man, he loves to bring over a few diamonds surreptitiously. No matter how honest the woman, she loves to fill her trunks with new dresses for her friends."

"Has smuggling as a trade died out?" "Not at all. Will Watch, the bold smuggler, is not as daring as he used to be. But he still piles his trade in sailing vessels on the coast. I have seen ladies of the highest social rank in summer resorts of Jersey receive visits from women bringing silks and laces which the purchasers knew to be smuggled. Their husbands would say: 'Take care, my dear. It means a thumping fine if you are caught.' 'We'll risk it,' they would reply. 'We make profit enough by the transaction to cover far more than the fine.'"

"Where do the Jersey smugglers live?" "They have cottages on the shore; bleak huts which a seagull would disdain to alight upon. I remember how we raided Jim Alden's place. 'Cassoway Jim,' they used to call him. We saw him enter the hut with three companions, all carrying bundles of smuggled cigars. We broke into the hut, but Jim and his friends were gone. Where? There was an outhouse connected with the hut. It was as empty as the hut itself. It had no article of furniture but a seaman's chest. There was no trace of a hiding-place."

"How did the smugglers escape?" "I sent my men away, bidding them make as much noise as they could. Then I waited in the dark; waited for hours; waited as silent as death. At last I heard a scratching. The sound came from a chest in the outhouse. The bottom of the chest was lifted. Cassoway Jim's head appeared. 'The coast is clear, boys,' said he. I waited for no more. I escaped in the darkness."

"What happened?" "We raided the hut next morning. The bottom of the chest concealed a trap. The trap led to a subterranean vault. There we found stores of cigars and gallons of the best French brandy. 'Are these hiding places common?' 'Quite common. One of them we opened by a ring in a stable. The horses had been tethered to that ring for years, and nobody had suspected what was hidden behind it.'"

"And are the tragedies of smuggling as frequent as of old?" "No. I only witnessed one real tragedy. That was at Bar Harbor, Me. Among our revenue officers was a young fellow named Harry, handsome and bright, who had run away from home, somewhere down South. We had heard that a family of smugglers had just settled down in Bar Harbor, and we were on the watch for the head of the family, whose name we never knew. It was an awful night. Through the storm I could see the forms of women standing on the rocks of Mount Desert."

"What were they doing?" "Watching for the smuggler's vessel. I reached their hut alone, just as they got home; found they were the smuggler's wife and daughter; said I was a stranger, and asked shelter for the night. A few minutes later the smuggler burst into the room; a fine, hearty old man. His wife rushed into his arms. He threw her away from him. 'Let me alone,' said he; 'there's blood upon my hands.' A clamor was heard at the door. The revenue officers rushed in and arrested the smuggler. 'What has he done?' I cried. 'He has killed one of our boys.' 'Not Harry?' 'Yes Harry.' The wife and daughter shuddered at the name. Harry's body was brought in, his long hair tossed over his white forehead, as handsome in death as in life. The smuggler's wife looked at him, then uttered a shriek. 'Harry,' she screamed, 'my son.' Then, turning to the smuggler, she cried: 'Murderer, you have killed your own son.' The smug-

gler said not a word. He put a pistol to his forehead and blew out his brains. —Chicago Tribune.

WHITE ELEPHANTS.

Bare Beasts That Are Kept as Sacred by Oriental Monarchs

As is well known, what is termed a white elephant is a rarity, and I have only seen one of them during the whole term of my residence in Burmah. It was not really white either, but of a dirty yellowish color not at all handsome, and probably the light color is caused by a species of leprosy. This kind is an albino among elephants. The Burmese have gone to war with the Siamese on several occasions for the possession of white elephants, so highly valued were they. Large rewards were formally given to any one who discovered the whereabouts of a white elephant. He could not attempt to capture it for himself, it being a treasonable offense to do so, but had to inform the King where the animal was. The capture was usually effected with the aid of a handsome tame female, who acted the part of decoy to perfection. She was sent to and meet the white elephant and attract his attention. She would proceed she did not desire his proffered caresses, and walk away in the direction of the inclosure made for his reception, looking back, however, as if to say: 'Follow me.' He, of course, does follow her and is lost. She leads him into the inclosure, where he is soon secured by the hunters sent by the King. He is then led in state to the palace of the King, where a handsome and highly-decorated stable has been built for his reception. He is fed with sugar cane and fruit, and adorned with golden ornaments.

The cause of all this respect being paid to the so-called white elephant was the universal belief in metempsychosis, or the transmigration of souls, prevalent in all the Oriental nations to the east of Hindostan. The souls or spirits of those who had achieved the greatest good on earth are believed to fill the bodies of white creatures. The essence of the Buddha, the performers of the greatest good of all, therefore only inhabit the bodies of white animals, such as the occasional white monkey, swans and doves; the latter-migrations when nearing the supreme heaven, Nebhan, being into the forms of the higher white animals, and a white elephant, from the rarity of the occurrence, is the highest. Thus, the King, by obtaining such an animal, might possibly be the happy and honored possessor of Buddha himself. I was informed that the money value of a white elephant was fully \$50,000. The King of Siam has several of these rare animals, who are taken great care of, have a retinue of servants to attend upon them, and are accorded royal honors.

The story of how these Kings formerly used them for the purpose of ruining any of their subjects who were becoming too wealthy is well known. One of these white elephants was sent to the individual desired to be humbled, as a valuable gift from the King. The luckless nobleman dared not refuse the present as he valued his life, but was obliged to receive the animal, build a special residence for him, and spend large sums in keeping him in stately comfort. The result was generally the financial ruin of the person who had received the fatal gift. This accomplished, the King took possession again of the elephant. —Cor. San Francisco Chronicle.

The Story of Annie Laurie.

I was raised on the next farm to Mr. Laurie, Annie Laurie's father. I was personally acquainted with both her and her father, and also the author of the song. Knowing the facts, I have been requested by my friends to give the benefit of my knowledge, which I have consented to do. Annie Laurie was born in 1837, and was about seventeen years old when the incident occurred which gives rise to the song bearing her name. James Laurie, Annie's father, was a farmer who lived and owned a large farm called "Thragles-town," in Dumfriesshire, Scotland. He hired a great deal of help, and among those employed was a man by the name of Wallace to act as foreman, and while in his employ Mr. Wallace fell in love with Annie Laurie, which fact her father soon learned and forthwith discharged him. He went to his home, which was in Maxwellton, and was taken sick the night he reached there, and the next morning when Annie Laurie heard of it she came to his bedside and waited on him till he died, and on his death-bed he composed the song.—Geneva (N. Y.) Republican.

Both in Bad Shape.

Brown (despairingly)—Dumley, I'm ruined. My wife has left me, my fortune is melting away and the sheriff is up at the house selling off every thing but some unpaid gas bills. Dumley (with his hand on his face)—Have you got the toothache? Brown—No. Dumley—Well, you're a lucky man. I have. Wow!—N. Y. Sun.

—John Toole, of New Haven, who for thirteen years has been mourned as one of the unidentified victims of the Ashtabula railroad horror, walked in upon his friends the other day, alive, hearty and prosperous—out in California.

—'Hoodlum' comes from the German huddle, meaning a loafer, or idler.

FULL OF FUN.

—A witness who was testifying in an old well case was urged to tell the "holl" truth.—Merchant Traveler.

—'Do you believe in the mental cure, doctor?' 'Oh, yes; but one must have a mind to start with.' —Teacher (to class)—'Why is procrastination called the thief of time?' Boy (at foot of class)—'Because it takes a person so long to say it.'—Life.

—A Southern poet has written some lines and dedicated them to a "lottery ticket." We take it that they are written in blank verse.—Yonkers Statesman.

—When lovely woman buys a polly, Which she designs shall talk and pray, How shocked is she, and miserably, To find the parrot swears all day.

—Customer—'Give me a dose of whiskey.' Druggist—'What's the matter with you?' Customer—'Ague.' Druggist—'Oh, you shake for the drinks, do you?'—Washington Critic.

—Texas Judge Z.—'What's the charge?' Plaintiff—'Prisoner stole a horse.' Texas Judge—'Then he mustang.' The judge falls pierced by sixteen bullets.—Toop Topics.

—'What's your order, sir?' said a restaurant waiter to a base-ball pitcher. 'I'll take a "hot grounder" and a "foul tip,"' he replied. And the waiter brought him a baked potato and quail on toast.—N. Y. Journal.

—He (10 p. m., and the lamp turned low—humorously)—'It isn't at all queer, is it, Edith, that one should find electric kisses when he goes "sparkling"?' She—'Yes, queer, indeed. Mr. Standoff, when the lady's negative is positive.'—Judge.

—We are told that the Siberian railroad will connect Naprak, Chita, Irkutsk, Tomsk, Tobolsk, and Ekaterinburg. We think if these names were connected and had a handle adjusted to the rear end they would make a first-class meat-saw.—Puck.

—Young Mr. Wabash—'May I have the pleasure of acting as your escort to supper, Miss Brosey?' Miss Brosey (scanning her card)—'Oh, thanks, awfully; I see Mr. Forcine's name is down for the first place in that direction. But you may have the second, Mr. Wabash.'—Time.

—'Only think, Agnes,' remarked Mrs. Elderly, 'it is just thirty years ago to-day since pa and I married.' 'Yes, and what a pity you married so young! Had you waited a few years, I might not be as old as I am, and I should be still a chance for me.'—Boston Transcript.

—Tramp—'I know it, ma'am; I'm always out of work, but it's all my cussed luck.' Woman—'How is that, poor man?' Tramp—'It's this way, ma'am. In the winter I feel like mowing lawns and in the summer I just actually crave to shovel snow, and Nature continually balks me. Have you such a thing as a pie in the house?'—Harper's Bazar.

—Father (whom Bobby has induced to take him)—'Now, Bobby, I don't quite understand this. If the man who throws the ball falls to hit the club after three trials, does that put the umpire out?' Bobby—'Pa, do you remember why you sent me to bed last night at seven o'clock?' Father—'Why, no.' Bobby—'It was for asking foolish questions.'—N. Y. Sun.

THE MODERN GREEKS.

A People with a High Reputation for Frugality and Temperance.

The Greeks are the most frugal and temperate people of Europe. Gluttony and drunkenness are rare vices among them. Their diet is such as it was two thousand years ago. They eat little meat; barley bread, goat's cheese, or black dried olives and wine make up a bountiful repast. Bread and wine, or bread and leeks, form many a man's dinner. Our agnostics munched raw beans with evident relish as his lunch. Maize is cultivated in some parts of the country, and is imported from Italy, but I never saw it properly treated—it is generally eaten half-cooked. A large number of herbs are boiled as "greens" and used as salads. Salt fish are prepared in some districts. Salt is a government monopoly and is very cheap. Olive oil serves as butter, cream, lard and suet. The food is generally too oily for an American. Honey is often used (as in ancient times) instead of sugar. Sweet milk is little used, but many preparations of curds are common: curds and sugar (yazurt) are made into a toothsome dish. There are many varieties of Greek wine, but almost all are strong and fiery, and are tempered with water when they are drunk. Wine costs only a trifle (about nine cents per quart of excellent quality), but is seldom taken in excess.

But the Greeks are not without theirainties. Rice is much used with meat gravy, making an excellent pilaff. Chopped meat is rolled into croquettes, wrapped in young vine leaves, and fried. The best olives are much richer and higher-flavored than those sold in America. Rich sweetmeats are prepared from quinces and other fruit. The offer of some sweetmeats is often among the first attentions paid to a guest. A delightful drink is made from the milk of the green almond. The rose-flavored lukumi is hardly equaled by any of our confectionery. In this connection, perhaps I should mention the Greek tobacco, which is cheap and mild and has a fine flavor.—T. D. Seymour, in Scribner's Magazine.

THE ROAD TO RUIN.

Richard A. Proctor Thinks There Is No Safe Gambling Theory.

The doctrine of the "maturity of the chances," combined with the doctrine of the "vein of luck," advanced by the departed gambler (and rogue) Steinmetz as the two fundamental principles for successful gambling, curiously illustrate the utter inability of the gambling mind to reason soundly. One doctrine really means that the luck must change, not telling the gambler whether it will change sooner or later; the other really means that luck may be trusted not to change for a while, not telling the gambler how long that "while" may be trusted to last. And the poor simpleton, for even gambling rogues like Steinmetz are but simpletons at bottom, can not see that the two doctrines necessarily fill the record for all possible events, and must, therefore, be utterly useless in considering the chances for any particular event or series of events. Whatever happens, one or other law must be justified, but gamblers rejoice at this as evidence in favor of the two laws instead of seeing that it proves both to be worthless. Does a gambler who has been lucky win afresh, then the gamblers around see in the case an illustration of the "vein of luck." Does the luck change, then they proclaim, with equal wisdom, their faith in the doctrine of the "maturity of the chances." They may not use these precise words; on the contrary, their words may be any thing but precise; in one case they may say: 'He has the devil's own luck,' and in the other they may swear lustily, because, having backed his luck, they have lost money. And since every single experience of every gambler is bound to confirm his belief that luck will either change or continue unchanged, his faith in the fundamental idiocies of gambling, the "vein of luck," and the "maturity of the chances," grows constantly in strength and fervor. The belief that in the long run luck must run even is not quite so obviously misleading as either of the two, the combination of which it really represents. It is true, indeed, in a sense; but it is misleading all the same. It means so much less than believers in it imagine. Consider how little it really promises. If the gambler when he loses assures himself on the strength of this law that he must one day recover all he has lost, what an argument he should find in that against gambling. For what earthly use can there be in continuing a process which, if continued long enough, is bound to land you where you began? But the fatal trouble about this article of the gambler's faith is that it says nothing about a beginning. It applies to every stage of his progress, whether he is in pocket or out of pocket.—Prof. Proctor, in National Review.

PRECIOUS STONES.

Brilliant Worth Millions Owned by American Consulate.

A regrettable dispersion of jewels and precious stones took place on May 12 and 14, 1896, when the famous collection formed by the late Henry Philip Hope, and exhibited at the South Kensington Museum for many years, was sold at auction. The Hope collection included the sapphire merveilleux of Mme. de Genlis; 'Tales of the Castle,' the king of candy's cat's eye, the largest known, having a diameter of an inch and a half; the Mexican sun opal, carved with the head of a Mexican sun god, and historically known since the sixteenth century; an enormous pearl, the largest known, weighing three ounces and two inches in length; the aquamarine sword hilt made by Murat, King of Naples, and also many curious diamonds sapphires, emeralds and several hundred unique and magnificent gems. Such a collection should be preserved intact as a National possession. In 1886 it was decided by the French Assembly that the crown jewels, with the exception of the famous 'Regent' diamond, two of the mazarines, and a few historic pieces reserved for the national museums, should be sold at public auction. These exceptions were made because it was feared that they would fall into the hands of the Americans. The sale of this great historic collection took place in May, 1887. The 48 parcels were subdivided into 146 lots, and there were 68 buyers, 15 of whom bought over 1,000,000 francs' worth each. The largest lot, the great coruscant, which sold for 811,000 francs, was purchased by a single American firm, the largest buyer in the sale. The purchase of the firm amounted to \$2,500,000 francs, or about 34 per cent. of the entire sum realized, while as to quality, the same firm obtained more than two-thirds of the finest gems. Among them were the three mazarines; a pear-shaped rose brilliant, weighing 24 27-32 carats, for 128,000 francs; a pear-shaped white brilliant, weighing 22 1/2 carats, for 81,000 francs; a white brilliant, weighing 28 7-16 carats, for 155,000 francs, and an oval brilliant, weighing 18 1-32 carats, for 71,000 francs, or 455,000 francs for the four. All but one of their purchases were secured by private American customers. The great interest attached to this sale was due not only to the fact that many of the gems were of very fine quality, but also to their historic associations. The history of many of them could be traced back several hundred years. In its way this sale did more than any thing that had before occurred to establish a reputation abroad for American taste, wealth and enterprise. The collection of antique gems, numbering 331 pieces, formed by Rev. C. W. King, of Trinity College, England, the greatest of all writers on engraved gems, was sent to the United States for sale in 1881. This collection represents the keystone and the summing up of Mr. King's vast knowledge, and none has ever been more thoroughly studied. His numerous writings mark an epoch in the study of this branch of archaeology, and only the loss of his sight led him to part with his treasures. The growing interest and taste in archaeological matters in the United States induced him to send it here to be sold intact. In October, 1881, through the friendly mediation of Mr. Feuardent, it was purchased and presented to the Metropolitan Museum of Art by Mr. John Taylor Johnson, then president of the museum, where it has since resided. Near it will be placed the Somerville collection. Mr. Somerville, a Virginian by birth, and a gentleman of fortune and artistic tastes, while spending the past thirty-two years of his life in Europe, Asia and Africa, has collected cameos, intaglios, seals and other historical gems; and, as a result of his liberal expenditures of time and money, he is to-day the owner of one of the most unique and valuable collections of engraved gems in the world, numbering over fifteen hundred specimens, including Egyptian, Persian, Babylonian, Etruscan, Greek, Roman, Aztec and Mexican glyptic or jewel-carrying art. All of these are represented by specimens of singular excellence, affording us a panoramic view of the achievements of civilized men in this direction. Of greater antiquity and archeologic value, because representing a period before gems were cut in the form of intaglios, is the collection of Rev. W. Hayes Ward, consisting of three hundred Babylonian, Persian and other cylinders. Two hundred of these he himself collected in Babylon and its vicinity, and sold to the museum at a normal figure. Since that time he has collected one hundred more cylinders. Many of them date from 2500 B. C. to 300 B. C., and are cut in lapis lazuli, agate, carnelian, hematite, chalcidony, jasper, sard, etc.—N. Y. Press.

CURE-ALL VENDERS.

Competition of Patent Corn Salve and Turkish Toothache Drops.

'I want a box of the cheapest axle-grease in stock, one-half pint of alcohol, one ounce of oil of mustard, three dozen small tin salve boxes and the same number of one-half ounce vials.' Now that was certainly a queer-looking purchase for such an 'ornery' looking fellow to be making. So the druggist asked him kindly to come in and look at his samples when the wine in them was red, and he soon had the fakir, for such he was, making a confession to him. And this was the drift of it:

'These things cost me less than 70 cents. I shall sell the boxes and vials when they are filled at 25 cents each—six dozen in all, equal to \$18. But I have material sufficient for twice that number of boxes and vials, so that for about 30 cents more, or about \$1 in all, I shall realize \$36. Any trouble to sell? Not a bit of it. I rarely stop at a farm-house that I fall to sell one of each—sometimes two, three or a half dozen; while at every village I enter a dozen or so go off like hot cakes. What is it, you say, and how do I work it? Nothing simpler. The axle grease goes into the tin boxes. I did not ask for the cheapest to save money, but for the smell. I've done considerable patent medicine vending, and have found that the vilest the smell the reader it sells. This axle grease, once it is in the tin box, I call it a Sioux medicine man. Nine people in ten in the country have corns on their feet, and a single smell of the stuff is enough to effect a sale. In the vials I pour two tablespoonfuls of alcohol, five or six drops of the oil of mustard and fill it up with water. The vial then becomes toothache drops, which I learned how to make (I mean to tell the people this) from a Turk, whose life I saved in the Sea of Marmora, and he gave me the recipe out of gratitude. There's lots of toothache among farmers, their wives and daughters. As to their virtues, what of that? There are probably hundreds of men in the United States engaged, like me, in selling nostrums to village and country people, not one of whom knows or cares whether there be virtue in them. Do I ever hear from those I have victimized? Bless you, this country is big and wide, and I never return the way I go, and am discharged to sell at the houses at which I put up for the night until the following morning. I give it to you straight, young man, I do not miss a sale one time in ten, and were I not so averse to gabbling about I should follow this business as a livelihood. There's ten times as much in it as in farming.'—Chicago Herald.

ON TOP OF SINAI.

The Awful, Stately Grandeur of the Mounts of Moses.

It does not seem high, because it was yet half hidden from our view by the intervening hills. As soon as this hill was mastered the plain of Er-Raha, or 'Plain of Assemblage,' came into full view, with the Sinai range at its southern extreme. The combination was satisfying—convincing. Here was the one great feature the want of which prevented Mount Serbal from contesting for the honors of Sinai. There is no plain in the vicinity of Serbal extensive enough to accommodate an assemblage as large as Moses led. But here is a vast plateau of sufficient extent, and, as we shall presently see when we view it from Mount Sinai summit, so located that Moses could overlook it all when he roared the Law. This must upon the 'true Sinai'—the very mountain upon which the glory of the Lord rested in the sight of the people. When facing his awful, stately grandeur, I felt as if I had come to the end of the world. How many pilgrims had come from all parts of the earth to this very spot to reverence, to sacrifice, and to worship!

I dismounted to contemplate the sublime panorama, and Ethelred, my camel driver, sat down beside me. He hardly seemed to understand my actions, and at last interrupted my reverie by exclaiming, as he pointed to the lofty group: 'Jobel' Mous—'Tayeb!' ('Mountain of Moses—good!') He also reverenced it, for he was a Mohammedan.

What impresses the American traveler most sensibly here is the fact that although mountains abound, and stream-beds are more plenty than in our own White hills, a cascade or a water-fall is never heard. When the rains fall, the water rolls down a cataract, rough diagonals uninterrupted, and empties into the wadies, which in turn impetuously roll the torrents into the sea with great speed, before the parched earth has time to absorb more than a mere surface supply.

What a surprise, then, when arrived at the highest ridge of the vast plateau of Er-Raha, to see a bright cascade fall of trees laden with the rich blossoms of spring, backed by the strange, contrasting, gloomy walls of the Convent of Saint Catherine. No location could be more charming—the narrow valley, nestled at the feet of the closely protecting mountains. Upon the highest ramparts are set both the cannon and the cross. It was both a castle and convent we were approaching. More than once the inmates have been obliged to defend themselves against the marauder. At one time every monk was massacred. Since then every car has been exercised. We were obliged to prove our friendship before we could gain admittance. We could not even encamp in the neighborhood until our credentials were examined and approved.

Arriving at the convent wall we sent up a shout to the top. In the course of time the voice of a monk sent down a squeaky response. To a point near the top of the wall a tiny structure shaped like a dog-kennel was attached. From this a small rope was let down, to which we attach our firmans, or letter of introduction, obtained at the branch institution at Suez. This was hoisted up slowly and soon answered by a great noise in the wial kennel! Then a thick cable was lowered to us and we were asked to 'climb in and come up.' But the low gate in the wall was swung open at that moment, and we chose to enter the convent by it rather than go up by cable.

When we arrived at the quarters of the superior we saw that the cable was not let down hand over hand, but that a clumsy windlass, worked and turned by Bodouin serfs, was the power behind the throne. The combination is believed to be the first passenger elevator in the world.

It seems as though no semblance of humanity should remain in a place made sacred by so many holy associations, about sixty monks varying in grades of sanctity. Nine of them yielded to our camera. A heedless youth afforded us considerable amusement. Repeatedly he came to me, with tears in his eyes, and begged for some recipe to make his beard grow. He said that he would not be allowed to read chapel service until he had a beard; that nearly all the monks but him had beards.—Edward L. Wilson, in Century.

A JOKE ON PROF. HERMANN.

'I once had a singular experience,' he said, 'while giving a performance at the house of the Governor of Montevideo, in which I had tables turned on me. During my performance I noticed three half-savage Patagonians standing aside from the rest of the company, and I at once determined to have some fun with them. From the nose of the first I took an orange, from the hair of the second I took a number of silver coins, and the third was overpowered with terror when I extracted a live rat from his nose. Uttering a cry of fright, the Patagonians withdrew. While receiving the congratulations of the guests on the success of the entertainment I discovered that my watch and chain, purse, eye-glasses and handkerchief were missing. In a short time the Patagonians returned, and the one from whose nose the rat had been taken handed me the missing articles. He had picked my pocket at the moment he appeared to be overcome with fright.'—New Haven Union.

'I am in terror,' sighed poor Mrs. Goodmother, 'every time I hear the bell ring; I know I'll hear something dreadful about Jack. I'm sure he's been into some awful mischief.' 'What makes you think so?' asked her husband. 'Oh, he came directly home from school this afternoon, sat down and studied his lessons for to-morrow for nearly two hours, and has been as good as an angel ever since. Now, dear, what has that boy been up to, I would like to know?'—Burlesque.