

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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AN IDYL.

Side by side, within a hammock,
On a lovely summer's night,
Sat a maiden and her lover,
And around, the moon shone bright.
"Darling," sweet and low he whispered,
"I love you above them all;
May we go through life together,
Undisturbed by snare or fall?"
While thus earnestly he pleaded,
Half believing what he said,
Back too far the young man leaped,
Thump!—he landed on his head.
"Oh, ye gods! have maids no pity?
Loud a mocking laugh did sound:
Once more turned the tricky hammock,
And she sat upon the ground.
"Tis an ill wind"—you all know that
Straightway he his suit renewed;
With hands fondly clasped together,
They sat on the grass bedwed.
Then, the fates were more propitious,
Answered she: "I love thee well;
But—she saw the swinging hammock—
"Please, don't stir, ever tell!"
—*Fred S. Miles, in Poet.*

OLD MOUSER.

His Cunning Method of Securing Dainty Tid-Bits.

A Connection Among the Birds, and What Came of It—The Charming Robin and Its Captive—How and By Whom Rescued.

Among the inmates of my house is an exceptionally fine mouse, who, with several of his brethren in kitchen, was dropped out of a bag at my door eight years ago, since when he has shared our fortunes, and become a marked favorite in the family. In appearance he is a handsome cat, of a dark mouse-color; his coat long and thick as a mat. Remarkably sagacious, he is also actively greedy, and at the same time discriminating, and nice in his tastes; in fact, quite a "gourmet." While plump, he is not ordinarily over-weighty; but I have noticed during the months of May and June, at the time the birds are engaged in their nest-building, brooding and bringing out their young ones, that Mouser, as a rule, amasses flesh; for a cat, he reaches a ponderous avoirdupois. Heretofore, at this season of the year, I have been too much occupied to pay much attention to the fact; but a sudden illness during the past spring confined me to my bed for many weeks, and it was while convalescing that I discovered Mouser's mode of putting on flesh.

When sufficiently recovered to sit by the open window, I was agreeably surprised to see an unusual number of robins hopping about; I had not seen them so numerous in twenty years. To my great satisfaction, I found they had colonized largely in the elms that surrounded the house, and, what struck me as curious, were often in a state of angry excitement, emitting short, terrified staccato notes as they flew wildly about or massed themselves upon a tree, with feathers ruffled as if an enemy were in sight; all the time keeping up a vociferous racket of bird oratory both frightened and denunciatory.

My affectionate regard for my generally peaceful, melodious pets led me to seek out the cause of this distress; but with all my interested observation, I failed to discover any thing because of my limited view. About the first week of June, however, I was strong enough to be moved out upon the rear veranda, which, from its eastern outlook, gave me the warmth of the early sunlight and a clear view of the birds-nesting domain, as well as of the domestic arrangement of the household. Very naturally I took up my old habits of observation, but with more than usual keenness, having an object in view.

The morning of my discovery of Old Mouser's fattening process was a remarkably brilliant one, and was rendered softly musical by the robins who were out in full force, singing sweetly as they flitted hither and yon, on provident paternal errands. It was a very peaceful time during the early hours of the day. Mouser came out from the kitchen door, and stretching himself lazily out on the steps, lay there sunning himself in fat complacency, his plump sides heaving with heavy and long-drawn puffs. As it drew toward ten o'clock he roused up, treated himself to several luxurious stretchings, and, with a look of shrewd purpose in his sleepy, yellow eyes, moved cautiously away, and I soon lost sight of him. Presently I saw a slow wave in the unown grass beyond the well-sweep, and suddenly Mouser's head popped up, then as quickly disappeared, as he crept stealthily along under cover of the tall grass to the well-curb, where, sinking noiselessly down, and flattening his body under the projecting spout, he lay warily motionless, with his sly eyes raised and steadily fixed upon some object, just as a tiger would wait for his prey.

While I had been observing Mouser's suspicious movements, the robins had become peculiarly active and noisy; a nest of fledglings were just essaying their first flight, and with feeble, awkward attempts, were tumbling head-over-heels to the dismay of the hurried, anxious bird-mother. It seemed to me that every robin on the place was on the wing, and all were in the greatest commotion, giving forth little shrill cries, and whirring and whirling in reckless flights, but always returning to light on a maple tree near the house, where they clustered in angry discord. A few female birds among them made bold concerted charges, with all the courage of Amazonian warriors, shrieking out their wrath like true viragoes. In tones that were any thing but melodious, I could

AN INTERESTING SUIT.

The Rights of Bald-Headed Men to Be Decided by Kentucky Court.
A peculiar law suit has just come up before the Supreme Court of Kentucky. Some time ago Colonel E. P. Bradshaw, one of the most prominent men in Central Kentucky, was alarmed by the discovery that his hair was falling out. He consulted numerous physicians and made secret visits to a number of hair-chambers who had established themselves in the neighborhood, but none of them brought the relief which the Colonel craved. In his earlier days he had been the proud and, you might say, vain possessor of a suit of hair that would make a cowboy envious. His hair came out so fast that—well, one morning he awoke and found it all on the pillow. He was, therefore, reduced to the necessity of wearing a wig. A few days ago he swore out a warrant for the arrest of R. D. Moorhouse. In court, the Colonel made this somewhat unique statement:

"Your Honor, the defendant and I have ever been the best of friends. I took him into my confidence and let him see that I wore a wig. I did this because I did not wish to have any thing concealed from him. We occupied the same room at a hotel. The other morning I got up as usual. It has been my habit during many years, your Honor, to get up at morning. My friend had dressed himself and gone out. I found my wig on the dressing-case, and put it on. Having worn a wig for some time, your Honor, I had got into the habit of putting it on. That day my friend left the city. That night I went to my room as usual. I am in the habit, your Honor, of going to my room when other places fail to attract me. I undressed, a custom which I observe just before going to bed, but when I attempted to remove my wig I found that it would not come off. I pulled at it and experienced great pain. In much alarm I sent for a physician who roomed down-stairs. He made an examination and exploded in a great and insulting horse-laugh. It was some time before he could tell me what was the matter. Finally he told me that some one—and I at once knew who—had skillfully sewed a porous plaster in my wig. Judge, and you, too, gentlemen of the jury, I am astonished to see you chuckle over so serious a matter. Is it possible, gentlemen, that a bald-headed man has no rights in this country? Is it possible that so soon as a man loses his hair he forfeits his claim upon dignity and becomes the ludicrous victim of men who formerly respected him?"

ABORIGINAL CARPENTRY.

How the Indian Wood-Workers Built Houses With Glass Tools.
At the Smithsonian Institution at Washington are collected as many of the aboriginal tools of America as the officers have been able to gather. "Of course," said H. F. Wood, one of the attaches of the institution, "the original carpentry was the chief trade of our predecessors on this continent. The Indian and the mound-builders had a very good idea of wood-working. You will see even now some very pretentious joinings done by the Sioux Indians. Their tent-poles make a fit which many a white carpenter would not like to try to better."

"The best carpenters, of course, were the Aztecs, who had arrived at quite a high stage of art, and whose tools are really excellent. We have a few of their tools at the Smithsonian, but the best collection is, of course, in the City of Mexico. The material used was almost wholly glass, especially for the finer parts of their wood-cutting. To chop trees they used flint axes, and for the rough hewing-out of the logs the same, but when it came to the accurate fitting in of the heavy timber, they handled glass knives, chisels, and saws very dexterly and with beautiful results. There is a caba-wand post in Washington with hieroglyphics and faces cut upon it, all with glass. You can see bits of the aboriginal chisel still sticking in a corner of the work, where it broke off three centuries ago under the hand of the workman. The Aztecs knew how to make a very good and manageable glass, and their best-cutting blades, swords, daggers and spears, saws, chisels and axes were made of it. When the edge dulled, they broke it from the end instead of sharpening it, and got a new cutting line.

"You can see a great deal of aboriginal carpentry still in use among the Moqui Indians of the United States. Of course they use our tools now, but they follow their old patterns. They know how to make ladders, and they swing their doors on hinges from the top, and they know how to mortise timbers—know how long before Columbus landed in America. Of course they use our tools differently from our way. The chisel they push rather than hammer, and they work the board up and down on a fixed saw rather than the saw on the board, but without they get very creditable results. The framework in the pueblos is quite as honest as any thing you have in Chicago."—*Chicago News.*

He Failed to Mop.

In a case of assault and battery in the police court the other day the plaintiff was asked:
"How came the defendant to strike you?"
"Why, he just stopped as we were passing and hit me."
"There was no provocation?"
"Not the slightest."
"You hadn't said any thing?"
"Why, yes."
"Oh, you had? What had you said?"
"I told him that I could mop the earth with him, but had been careful not to use provoking language."—*Detroit Free Press.*

A Burslem (England) photographer received back a proof from a customer with the instructions that he was to do half a dozen with the coat buttoned and half a dozen with the garment unbuttoned, the same as the proof.

A California Chinaman has found a use for the bugs and beetles which are attracted and killed by the electric lights. He gathers them and pickles them in brandy "Heap good for cold," he says.

DECAY OF THE TEETH.

An Interesting Paper on the Germ Theory of Dental Caries.
From the beginning the etiology of dental caries has been a vexed question, and has attracted much attention and study, but till late years with few valuable results. To Dr. W. D. Miller, of Berlin, Germany, an American, belongs the credit of solving the problem and of giving to the profession a theory of dental caries, so well founded on carefully-devised experiments and study that it is hardly questioned at the present day. In brief, it is that it is the work of bacteria and their ferment powers.

To understand the germ theory a few general remarks on bacteria (fungi) seems necessary, and we commence with them. Bacteria are the smallest of known organized beings, and throughout the borderland dividing animals from plants, they are now generally recognized as vegetables. They vary in size from 1-100,000 to 1-125 of an inch. The smallest can not be measured. They are spherical plants—that is to say, plants composed of one cell. They multiply in both ways—by division and by the formation of germs. In the former case the cell first elongates, then, when it has doubled its length, separates into two parts, each being in all respects like the parent cell, and this method of growth goes on continually. In the formation of spores, the contents of a cell, instead of dividing, contracts on itself, forming a spor or seed. Generally but one spor is thus formed, but at times from four to six may be thus developed. The spores are analogous to seeds in the higher plants. Their most pronounced characteristic being their great vitality, they resist greater extremes of temperature and stronger acids and alkalis than the bacteria themselves, and in all ways are more difficult to destroy. As animals have waste products so have plants and they are no more a peculiarity of the one than of the other. Among the waste products of plant life may be named the woody fiber, the leaves that drop in the fall, the alkaloids, like strychnin, gummy exudations, resins, etc. It is a mooted question if the waste products of pathogenic bacteria are not the prime causes of the diseases they create.

Koch, the distinguished pathologist and bacteriologist of Berlin, lays down four postulates to be observed in determining whether a given micro-organism is the cause of a given disease:
1. The fungi must be found in the blood, lymph, or in the dead body of the animal affected.
2. The fungi so found must be isolated and cultivated outside the animal body and through successive generations.
3. A pure cultivation thus obtained must, when introduced into the body of a healthy animal, produce the disease in question.
4. In the inoculated animal, the same micro-organism must again be found.

MALE ELOQUENCE.

It was commencing day at Madame Breckinridge's seminary. Rev. P. F. Olliot Pease had come several hundred miles to speak words of wisdom to the graduating class of fourteen young ladies, and direct their eager feet into the right paths of duty and happiness. This speech was two hours long; the hall was crowded, and the heated audience listened in breathless admiration while he poured volley after volley of red-hot advice upon the heads of those helpless young women. Madame Breckinridge sat on the platform with a calm smile, through it all, and when it was over she thanked the reverend gentleman in her most gracious manner.

But, after the crowd and the speaker were gone, she called the young ladies around her, and privately address them as follows:
"Young ladies, you have to-day been permitted to listen to a learned man, while he told you what he knew about young women. Young ladies, I wish to give you a proverb, which I trust you will always remember. It is this: 'A man never shows what he does not know so much as when he attempts to tell what he knows about women.'"

"I should be thoroughly ashamed of any one of you if I ever heard you express such idiotic sentiments as those with which the reverend gentleman has favored us to-day. He knows not half so much about young women as you know about Gating guns and Winchester rifles. Should any one of you follow the advice he has given you to-day, you would only prove a lamentable failure in every department of life which awaits you."
"Young ladies, it has cost me just ninety-five dollars to secure this gentleman's services here to-day. Young ladies, next year the commencement address will be delivered by some intelligent, cultured woman, who knows where she speaks."

Perhaps you have listened to Rev. Mr. Pease in the past commencement season.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Napoleon as a Describer.

When the first Napoleon having abandoned Moscow arrived at the ferry on the river Nieman, he asked the ferryman, who did not know him, if many French deserters had crossed over.
"No," was the reply, "you are the first."—*Texas Siftings.*
"Don't worry about something that may happen to-morrow, because you may die to-night."

FULL OF FUN.

"When I grow up," said a little six-year-old philosopher, "shan't I feel strange for a day or two?"—*Judy.*
—Customer (to Barber)—"See here, my friend, you are shaving slices off my face." Barber—"Yes, sir; but the slices are very thin."
—"How did you manage to capture such a handsome wife, Mr. Tucker, when you are such a homely man?" "Oh, my good clothes did it; I just put on my best bib and tuck her."
—Minister (dining with the family)—"This is a very nice dinner, isn't it, Bobby?" "Bobby (enjoying it)—"It ought to be. Pa figured out that it was going to cost him over eight dollars."

—Bridget, who has Johnnie come home from school yet? "Yis, sorr." "Have you seen him?" "No, sorr." "Then how do you know he's home?" "Cause the cat's hidin' under the stove, sorr."
—Time.
—"Pa, what's an anomaly?" asked Bobby, looking up from his book. "That the American eagle is bald-headed, yet there are no flies on him," replied Pa, viciously slapping his shining pate.—*Binghamton Republican.*

—Gentleman—"How is your wife, Uncle Rastus?" Uncle Rastus—"She am or gottin' better, sah." "I'm glad to hear it. Then she is on the road to recovery?" "No, sah; de old 'ooman kaint walk yet."—*Texas Siftings.*
—Madam (to French Cook applying for a place)—"Your accent, Marie, is not strictly Parisian." French Cook—"No, mum; me husband, hiven rist his soul, was Dublin born, ond it is his accent that I have absorbed a trolife."
—N. Y. Sun.

—He (with a bunch of flowers in his hand)—"Ah, my dear Miss Scroand-yellow, what kind of posies will you choose?" She (in a perfect twitter)—"Oh, Mr. Smith! Oh, to, he, to, he; I will choose pro-posies." Mr. Smith sinks into the earth.—*Washington Critic.*
—Dr. Calomel—"I'm afraid our Corn-Juice Nerve Food is about done for. Fifty thousand bottles on hand, and we can't bribe people to take it." Dr. Sugarpill—"Change the labels on all of 'em to read Brickbat Nerve Tonic, and send a strong card to the press denouncing the Corn-Juice Nerve Food as a villainous compound of whisky, opium, arsenic and Rouben on Rats. That'll fetch 'em."—*Puck.*

—Judge—"Solomon Moses, why did you kill Israel Solomon, your bosom friend, in the menagerie at Central Park?" Solomon Moses—"He insulted me krosstly, Chudge." Judge—"In what way?" Solomon Moses—"Yo vas before de hedhog's cage ond I said I vox hungry. Israel said: 'Solomon, is it for pork you pine?' Den I killt him." Judge—"Acquitted."
—Town Topics.

KATYDID COURTSHIP.

Observations Made by a Lady on a Bright August Evening.
In the twilight of an evening in last August my attention was drawn to quite an unusual syllabic sound—ka, ka, ka, ka. The repetition was sharp and incisive, indicating that the musicians were young and full of life, and why they did not complete the sentence—Katy did, Katy did—it aroused my curiosity sufficiently to incite an investigation of the matter. Stepping out on the veranda I soon found Miss Katy on a vine which ran over the piazza, surrounded by a group of gallants. Whether she was a sad flirt and had brought the infliction upon herself so many callers, or whether it was her own inherent loveliness and beauty that attracted so many at the same time, was not for me to know; I could see only the result of some law or katydid etiquette which was inexplicable to me.

There were five of these young suitors looking precisely alike, and so far as I could see no preference was shown to one more than to another by the fair Katy, who was seated on a spray of honeysuckle and embowered by an overhanging cluster of belated flowers. Her visitors walked around her in a slow, courtly manner, with their long antennae lying straight back over their wings. But every little while one and then another of the number would politely salute her by bringing forward his antennae and gently waving it over her; then would come the sharp chorus of voices—ha, kat, kat—all talking at once, when the suitor would subside and replace his antennae over his back and fall into rank with the others.

Happening to know that another female was not far away, I secured her, and placed her near this group, thinking thereby to divide their attention. I put her below them, knowing her tendency would be to walk upward rather than down. She no sooner reached the party than the first Miss Katy began to rise up until she stood on the very tips of her toes, looking like a young gladiator, and all the time waving her antennae as if to dismiss her, while the sharp click of the males resounded on every side, as if assuring her of their entire devotion, and that they would not be swayed from their loyalty by this unbidden guest. She did not tarry long, however, but walked away without a single follower, and only one of the gallants saluted her as she passed, touching her with his antennae.

The mode of communication among all insects is with these organs; and for aught we know, their language may be as perfect with them as ours with us.—*Mary Treat, in Chautauquan.*

SEASONED CHESTNUTS.

Gray-Whiskered Cossacks Collected by a Lover of the Antique.
How did Henry VIII differ from other men as a suitor? He married his wives and axed them afterward.
What was Joan of Arc made of? Maid of Orleans. What killed her? Too much hot stake.
When did Caesar first go to the Irish? When he crossed the Rhine and went back to bridge it.
The name of what celebrated Scotchman does a person mention when the hired man raps on the door? John Knox.
When the boy complains that the meat is tough and his father advises him what to do about it, the name of what great writer does he mention? Chaucer.

When were Napoleon's clothes ragged? When he was out at Elbe.
When did George Washington take a carriage? When he took a hack at the cherry tree.
The names of what three writers does a man use when he puts his hand on a hot stove? Dickens, Howitt, Burns.
If the founder of Pennsylvania's mother's sisters kept a pastry shop, what would they call the rates at which they sold their pies? Pirates of Penzance.

What is the difference between the Prince of Wales and a bomb-shell? One is heir to the throne and the other is thrown to the air.
The name of what character in history does a person mention when asking the servant to put coal on the fire? Philip the Great.
Why is Westminster Abbey like a fire-place? It contains the ashes of the great.

When is paper money first mentioned in the Bible? When the dove brought the greenback to the ark.
Why was Noah like a hungry cat? He went forty days and forty nights without finding Ararat.
Why was Pharaoh's daughter like a merchant in Wall street? She found a little prophet in the rushes on the bank.

When was a theater first mentioned in the Bible? When Joseph was thrown from the family circle into the pit.
Why is a stick of candy like a race horse? The more you lick it the faster it goes.
When should we read the book of nature? When autumn turns the leaves.
What bridge is warranted to support any strain? The bridge of a saddle.

Why is the letter e like death? It is at the end of life.
Why is the vowel o the only one sounded? Because all the others are inaudible.
Why is i the happiest of the vowels? Because it is the center of bliss, while e is in hell and the rest are in purgatory.

Why is the letter k like a pig's tail? It is at the end of pork.
Why is the letter s like thunder? It makes our cream sour cream.
Why is a tin can tied to a dog's tail like death? It is bound to occur.
What is the difference between a dog's tail and a rich man? One keeps a wagging and the other keeps a carriage.

What is the difference between an apple and a pretty girl? One you squeeze to get cider, and the other you get wide her to squeeze.
Why is a city official like a church-bell? One steals from the people and the other peals from the steeple.
What is the difference between an engineer and a school-teacher? One trains the mind and the other minds the train.

What kin is the door-mat to the door? A step father.
What is the board of education? The school-master's shingle.
What is the difference between an old woman and a pretty girl? One is hairless and cappy and the other is careless and happy.

Why does a sailor know there's a man in the moon? He has been to sea.
Why is a doctor never senack? He's used to see sickness.
What is it that will give a cold, cure a cold and pay the doctor's bill. A draught.
Why does an old maid wear mittens? To keep off the chaps.

Why is a man who makes pens very wicked? He makes people steel pens and then says they do write.
What sticketh closer than a brother? A postage stamp, by gum.
What is a waist of time? The middle of an hour-glass.

Why is the north pole like an illicit whisky manufactory? It is a secret still.
Why is it easy to get in an old man's house? Because his gait is broken and his locks are few.
What does a man take when he has a mean wife? He takes an elixir (he licks her).

Why is a door in a potential mood? It's would, or should be.
Why is a sheet of writing-paper like a lazy dog? A sheet of writing-paper is an ink-lined plain, and an inclined plain is a slope up.
Why is a cat's tail like the earth? It is fur to the end.

What is the difference between a soldier and a pretty woman? One faces the powder and the other powders the face.
Why is it dangerous to go out in spring? Because the trees shoot, the flowers have pistols, and the bulrush is out.—*Chicago Mail.*

JUMPING SAM PATCH.

The Interesting Reminiscences of an Old Paterson Farmer.
A grizzled old farmer named William P. Brown was in Middletown, N. Y., the other day, and fell to giving reminiscences of Paterson as he remembered the place sixty years ago. "I was born on Manhattan Island," he said, "when all the upper part was nothing but farm lands, and I went to work in a cotton-spinning factory in Paterson as a sweeper and errand boy when I was eleven years old. Paterson was a small place then, and the factory was a small affair, too, but one of the owners was Sam Patch, who afterward became famous as a high jumper. I saw him make his first big jump at Passaic falls.

"The story of the jump is this: Sam Patch and a man named Brannigan were partners in the factory and they failed in business. Sam was a Cape Cod man by birth, and had been a sailor from a boy up till he came to Paterson. He was a daring and reckless fellow and could swim like a duck. It is said that while he was a sailor he often exhibited his skill and daring by jumping from the high masts of ships into the sea. After the failure Sam Patch hung around Paterson with nothing to do until he got pretty hard up. Then, I suppose, the thought occurred to him that he could make a raise by jumping off the rocks at Passaic falls. So notice was given that at a certain day and hour Sam Patch would jump off the cliff at the falls into the river below, a distance of about eighty feet, for a purse of fifty dollars, made up by some of the sports of the town. Few people believed that he would make the jump, but there was a big crowd on hand to see it all the same.

"Sam came to the falls stripped to his under-shirt and drawers. He showed no fear or nervousness, but his face was flushed, as I thought, by drink. He took a couple of small stones in his hands and went to the brink of the cliff and dropped them off one after the other, and watched where they struck the water down below. Then he walked back a few yards and turned and took a little run to the brink of the cliff and jumped off, clearing the rocks about ten feet. He went down feet first, but with his body inclining considerably to one side, and in this shape he struck the water and disappeared. A few seconds later his head bobbed up at a point down stream, and he began paddling for the shore. Then the crowd gave him a big cheer.

"I was at the Passaic falls when Sam was considered a marvelous feat in those days, and made him famous the country over. So he took to jumping for money from the masts of ships and from bridges and other high places, and went about the country giving exhibitions. Unfortunately for him, too, he took up another practice that soon cut his career short. I didn't see him make his last jump at the Genesee falls at Rochester, November 13, 1829, but those who did see the tragedy tell me that when he approached the brink to make the leap of 125 feet into the scolding pool below he was dazed and unsteady from drink. He made the jump so bunglingly that he struck the water flatwise instead of feet first, the concussion crushing in his breast and sending his dead body to the bottom like a stone."—*N. Y. Times.*

A Koovite Island Chief.

I paid a visit to the village chief, who lives in a large house, a part of which is occupied by a Japanese Christian, who is trying to do missionary work among the people. The chief, a very old man, received me sitting in front of his cabinet of Japanese curios. He bowed, extended both hands with the palms up, waved them toward himself, and stroked his long gray beard. These actions were repeated twice, and were accompanied by a low, murmured greeting, which was translated to me as meaning that he deemed himself highly honored by my call, and hoped I would enjoy myself during my stay in his village. The Ainu, he said, were too poor and too ignorant of the manners of honorable foreigners to do any thing to entertain me; and a lot of compliments and pleasant things. His quiet dignity of manner, and his low, musical voice impressed me very favorably; and, although he was dirty and clad in rags, he looked the chief.—*J. K. Goodrich, in Popular Science Monthly.*

She Made Her Point.

"Where is young Mr. Smythe?" asked a party of excursionists.
"I guess he is late as usual," said one young woman.
"That is a terrible habit of procrastination that he has fallen into," said a young lady with smoken eye-glasses and a green reticule. "But I suppose he will get over it."
"I don't think he ever will get over it, not even when he dies," said the young woman.
"That is nonsense," was the rather sharp reply.
"No, it isn't. After he's dead he will be the late Mr. Smythe, won't he?"
—*Merchant Traveler.*

No more Darning by postal card.

Under recent instructions from Postmaster General Dickinson, "Any thing in the nature of an offensive or threatening card, apparent upon an envelope, outside cover or postal card, or conveying the suggestion that such card is inclosed, must be excluded as non-mailable."