

# 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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## "IT IS A PATH."

One with a little maid on either hand,  
In summer-time, not yet a year ago,  
I wandered where cool evening breezes fanned,  
And turned into a way we did not know.  
"I don't believe this path goes anywhere,"  
Doubtful she spoke who wondered gray eyes  
bathed,  
But said her sister with the darling hair:  
"It must go somewhere if it is a path."  
So choosing then the dubious way to trace,  
My darling small associates and I,  
We came unto a clear and open space,  
A fair field underneath a snow-dusted sky.  
Dear little thinker! God hath lifted thee,  
Above the evening and the misty morn,  
To the bright moon-side of His love to see,  
Who life's long burden in thy stead hath borne.  
To-night the echo of thy child-voice sweet  
A wind from Heaven to my soul hath blown;  
Those lips can bear the words of truth repeat  
Which have not learned a language of their own.  
I hear an answer, who in darkness grope,  
To puzzling came that with our years increase,  
To noisy unbelief that shouts down hope  
And drowns our timid waitings after peace.  
O'er day, they tell us, out of night arose,  
And into night it shortly shall descend;  
No future shall be for the present woes;  
There is no goal to which our steps should tend.  
O, let us heed the child apostle's word!  
We can not see but we can walk by faith:  
This life's dim way was trodden by our Lord;  
It must lead somewhere for it is a path.  
—Catherine L. Holmes, in Current.

## WAR'S CHANCES.

### The Armless Soldier and His Faithful Nurse.

From the moment Owen Gilbert had dropped upon the field with a miserable knowledge that he had fired his last shot at the enemy, while yet there was need of his right arm in his country's service, he had known nothing until he opened his eyes upon the white walls of a crowded hospital, lying weak as any child upon his pillow, and feeling perfect indifference to the past, the present and the future.

Some one offered him a drink, and instinctively he tried to take the cup with his right hand; then he cried as we do cry in our extremity: "Oh, my God!" He could have borne the loss of one arm calmly, but both—no words could express his agony.

After that cry he said nothing, but lay perfectly quiet, thinking what should he do—how occupy the wretched time before him. How should he learn to do without what was dearer to him than his limbs or his eyesight, or his life itself at its brightest, the sweet hope of making Nellie Home the partner of his life? Now he could marry no one; now he should never have a fireside where a sweet face should welcome him, any more than he should ever go back again to work on the dear old farm. She would pity him, of course; but he should see her marry some one else, or hear of it, for he could not bear to look into her eyes if they did not wear the look of the olden time—the sweet, sweet courting time.

Some one—the woman whose face was nearly hidden in hood and kerchief, perhaps—had put a cup with violets in it on the table near his bed. He hardly knew whether they most pained or pleased him. They awakened such sweet memories and such bitter regrets. He had marched away to the war with the first that had bloomed that year, in his button-hole, the day he left Nellie.

"God send you back to me!" she had said; and he knew she loved him. But no man could fancy a girl bound to a helpless fellow like him because she had promised herself to a man able and willing to protect and cherish her. "But I love her all the same," he moaned; "I love her all the same—my pretty Nellie." Then he began to wonder why he should have this sent to him; and to feel hard and cold, and to wish himself dead, and to hate the very kindness of those who ministered to him.

But he could not, after all, as the day wore on, feel thus to the woman with her face so oddly tied up and hidden, who waited upon him with such tenderness; who seemed to anticipate his every wish, and whose touch upon his hair was so pleasant. At last he tried to thank her. It was so childish to let her think he did not know how good she was to him; and she seemed, he thought, to be sorry for him. And the effort did him good; and tears came into his eyes, and he wept softly for the old time, and Nellie. After that he was very patient, and not quite so wretched. And still the nurse in the cap and hood watched over him, soothing him inexpressibly by the touch of her little hand upon his brow and making him think of another hand just as soft and smooth which he had held so often.

With days he gained strength, and was as sure of life as any there. In the twilight of an autumn day he called the hooded nurse to him, "Madam," he said, "you have been so very kind to me that I, who must always ask favors now, dare to ask you another. I want a letter written! Will you write it?" The nurse whispered a tremulous "Yes," and without another word brought pen and paper, and sat down at a little stand where he could not see her face. Then there was a pause.

"Is to your mother, or your sister?" she asked.  
He sighed. "They know," he said. "No, it is to some one else—to the girl who promised to marry me a few years ago. To Miss Nellie Home." And then his voice faltered. "I love her so," he continued, in trembling

voice. "I shall miss her more than these poor arms of mine. But I must do it. Tell her, madam, what evil has befallen me, and tell her that I release her from her engagement. That will be all; you can put it in what words you please upon the paper; only let her know how dear she is and always has been to me; and beg her sometimes to think of one who had far better be dead, since life can only be a living death to him hereafter."  
The nurse trembled. She dropped the pen and hid her face in her hands. Then she arose and came softly behind the bed. "Why write to her thus, if you love her still," she whispered. "Do you think she is heartless?"

"I know her to be pure, and good, and loving," said the soldier. "But I have no right to hold her bound to one so altered. And now, though she might pity me, she would find it impossible to love hideous deformity."  
"She knew what a soldier's chances were when she bade you go," said the nurse. "Can she turn from you now because you have given more than most men for your country?"  
"She will pity and weep for me," said the soldier. "I know that she would be as kind to me as you are. But, madam, there could be no excuse for me should I presume on the tenderness of her heart and selfishly seek to claim her. I am not poor, but I could not protect her—could do nothing for her. She would do all for me. I would not be so cowardly if I could. I must give her up. Write for me."

Then the nurse came to the side of the bed and sunk upon her knees. "Let me tell you my story," she said. "I also loved a soldier, whom I gave to my country, as he gave himself. I know what war's chances, and I shrank from none of them. He lies maimed and wounded in this hospital, and that is why I came here—to nurse him as no other would. I love him better for his pain and helplessness. I will marry him as gladly as though he were the handsomest man who won my heart. Is your Nellie worse than I?"

Owen Gilbert's heart was beating wildly. He strove in vain to see the face bowed down upon his pillow. A hand crept up and rested against his cheek; the hood fell back, and Nellie's face, bathed in tears, bent over the soldier. "I love you better than I ever loved you, Owen!" she said. "Tell me that the knowledge makes you a little happier." And the soldier dropped his poor head upon her breast, and they wept together.

And soon he claimed her for his wife, and the two now dwell together (for this is very true, and no fancy sketch) in a quiet little home not many miles from New York. They are happier than many upon whom no misfortune has fallen, for true love can find a halo around life, whatever are its sorrows.—Mary Kyle Dallas, in St. Louis Magazine.

## ORIGIN OF "O. K."

The version given by Dr. Senator David H. Armstrong.

Some one has started a paragraph over the country that the familiar letters, "O. K.," used by telegraphers, railroad men and others, originated on the Whig banners of 1840. The true origin of O. K. is this: Very early in the thirties a talented newspaper man, Seba Smith by name, was connected with a weekly newspaper of large circulation published at Portland, Me. A feature of the paper was a letter purporting to come from Washington, D. C., but really written by Smith, which was signed "Jack Downing." This "Downing" was supposed to be an intimate friend of President Jackson, whom he always referred to as "the General," and made Old Hickory appear to be an uncouth and an illiterate man. In one of the letters Jack Downing tells how he noticed a bundle of papers upon Jackson's desk, tied with a string and conspicuously marked "O. K." "What do these letters mean?" says Jack to the General. "They mean," says the General, "that I have been through them all, and that they are all correct—O. K., don't you see?" It is strange how those letters gave to the world an impression that Jackson was an illiterate man. There never was a greater mistake. I have seen a hundred letters written by him, and there are several in this city now, that show him not to be a correct speller, but his penmanship shows familiarity with the pen, and his language is terse, carefully chosen, and his sentences are grammatically constructed as those of any public man of his day. It is also true that the symbolic letters were used by the Whigs in October, 1840, to express their satisfaction after Governor Ritner was elected by 30,000 in Pennsylvania, Tom Corwin in Ohio by 40,000, and W. H. Seward in New York by 50,000 majority, when they concluded this was O. K., as it satisfied them that Old Tip would be elected in November following.—St. Louis Globe Democrat.

—Matthew's mother took him on her lap to impress upon him the duty of obeying his parents and being kind to his little brother. While receiving these instructions Matthew gazed at her with so much earnestness that she felt such a deep impression was being made upon his young mind. But when she got through the pleasing illusion was dissipated by his remarking dryly: "Your chin goes up and down so funny all the time you're talking."

## FULL OF FUN.

—Married printers should tread the backyard gingerly on washing day in order to avoid "head lines."

—Mistress of the House—"Did you tell the lady I was out, Bilvins?" Bilvins—"Yis, mum." "Did she seem to doubt it?" "No, mum. She said she knew you wasn't."—Texas Siftings.

—"Did her father actually thrust you off the stoop, Mr. Noodle?" said the lawyer. "Yes, sir. It broke my heart." "Well, you have my sympathy. If he had broken your leg instead of your heart, you could have sued him. Some men never have any luck."—Harper's Bazar.

—Post-office Clerk (to financee)—"I received a very curious letter at the post-office this morning. It was addressed: To the Prettiest Girl in New York." Financee (eagerly)—"Oh, give it to me; it must be for me." Clerk—"I showed it to my grandmother, and she opened it."—Time.

—Mrs. Hayseed (perplexed)—"What's the meanin' of MDCCCLXXVIII on that new school building, John?" Mr. Hayseed—"Durned if I know. I suppose it's some of this new-fangled language called Volapuk. I hear they're teaching it in the schools."—Epoch.

—Johnny was the son of a paragraphist, and when he saw his mother's sister, of uncertain age, freshening up her appearance by rouging her cheeks, he said: "Aunt Jennie, you're decorating an antique mug, ain't you?"—Drake's Magazine.

—We are told that in Philadelphia the tonsorial artists have their ceilings decorated with scriptural subjects, the figures being properly clothed, of course, and have a first-class lecturer to expound, so that the moments formerly wasted in gazing vacantly aloft are now passed in the most agreeable manner.—Life.

—Wages No Object.—Woman (to Tramp)—"Can't you get any work to do?" Tramp—"Yes, ma'am; I was offered a steady job by the old agricultural expert who lives just beyond the forks of the road." Woman—"That's Mr. Hayseed. What did he want you to do?" Tramp—"Ma'am, he wanted me to get up at four o'clock in the morning and milk seventeen cows, feed, water and rub down four horses, clean the stables, and then saw wood until it was time to begin the day's work." Woman—"How much did he want to pay you?" Tramp—"I dunno; I didn't stop to ask."—Epoch.

## LONDON'S GROWTH.

The Remarkable Increase in the Population of the World's Metropolis.

When the population of England in 1801 was under 9,000,000 that of London was 938,863. The capital and the kingdom have grown together, but the former has always grown faster; so that while England (including London) mounted from nearly 9,000,000 in 1801 to nearly 26,000,000 in 1881, London grew from 938,863 to 3,816,483 in 1881. London more than quadrupled its people, while England (including London) did not quite triple it; England (excluding London) advanced in a still smaller proportion; and it will be seen that England, excluding all its big towns, exhibits a still feebler advance. But note this point about London. Its limits increase. If we had a series of maps shaded so as to show the population we should see the black central spot of London getting bigger and bigger—the wren which Cobbett detested and denounced growing more and more portentous in size—but though the black spot grew bigger, yet its center grew lighter and lighter; and by the center is not meant that strictly limited area called the city, but something more like what London was when the century began. Take, in fact, the area occupied by the mass of those 938,863 who constituted the population of London in 1801, and fewer persons will be found living upon it, while around it lies a widening ring, growing blacker as the center whitens. While, however, London has grown so enormously in population and in so great a proportion compared with the rest of the kingdom, its rate of increase has not been at all commensurate with that of many provincial towns, nor has it been equal to that of the towns of England as a whole. Speaking of these towns as a whole, it seems a fair estimate to say that of the 9,000,000 living in England and Wales in 1801, 3,000,000 lived in towns. This errs, if at all, in making the town population too large a proportion of the whole. Of the 26,000,000 of 1881 nearly 15,500,000 lived in towns; or, if we follow the Register-General in ranking as townpeople all who live in urban sanitary districts, more than 17,500,000 were townsmen. The inhabitants of towns have increased at least fivefold; the inhabitants of the country at the most by 75 per cent. The town population was one-third of the whole; the Register-General's calculation would make it two-thirds. Diverging for a moment from the proper order of inquiry, it may be remarked that this phenomenon of the relative increase of the town population is not confined to England. It may not have reached the same proportion of the whole in any other country, but it has grown at an even greater rate elsewhere. Two examples may suffice. In Norway the town population was 9 per cent in 1801; it had grown to 18.1 per cent in 1875, and it is now 22 per cent. In the United States the proportion was only 2.9 per cent of the whole in 1800; it was 22.5 per cent in 1880.—Nineteenth Century.

## GLASS-BOTTLE MACHINE.

The Ingenious Apparatus for Mechanically Molding and Blowing Bottles.

An important innovation in the glass-bottle-making trade has been perfected. It is an ingenious apparatus for mechanically molding and blowing glass bottles.

The molding is done mechanically and the blowing by means of compressed air, thus relieving the glass blower and his unhealthy and life-shortening occupation. Each pair of machines is fed with molten glass by one youth known as a "gatherer," and each machine is worked by a boy who molds and blows the bottle, and places it on a stand, whence it is removed by another boy called the "taker-in," to the annealing furnace. Each pair of machines is thus served by four hands, three of whom are boys. Upon the occasion of our visit one pair of machines were running upon soda water bottles, and the other pair upon pint beer bottles, which were turned out at the rate of one hundred and twenty per hour per machine, very perfect bottles being produced.

The repeating machine consists of a circular turn-table revolved by machinery around a central pillar. The whole apparatus is seven feet in diameter by five feet over all, and at four points around its circumference are placed at equal distances four molding machines. Each of these is similar in principle to the single machine, although, of course, slightly different in detail and construction. As the apparatus revolves each machine in turn passes before the gatherer, who charges it with molten glass. The charged mold then opens on a quarter of a circle to the next point, where the mold is automatically turned upside down and the interior of the neck of the bottle is formed, the process of blowing being at the same time automatically commenced. Passing round another quarter of a circle, the mold reaches a point where it is closed, the air pressure put fully on, and the bottle completed. The third quarter of a circle brings the perfectly-finished bottle to a point at which it is automatically discharged on a carrier, by which it is conveyed to the annealing oven, into which it is placed by a boy.

The cycle of operations will thus be seen as follows: While the first bottle is being automatically discharged, a second bottle is being finished, a third one being reversed and having its neck punched, while the fourth is being cast—that is, the molten metal is being filled into the mold. With regard to the saving, the actual output to one factory before the introduction of the machinery was 280 gross of bottles per day of ten hours, the actual capacity of the works being 480 gross per day. There is a very large saving in the cost of labor.—London Times.

## A HOTEL IMPROVEMENT.

Story of a Southerner Who Was Willing to Oblige His Guests.

At one of the country hotels, after the fourth or fifth execrable meal, I determined to speak to the landlord. He was a mild-mannered man, and I beckoned him out behind the house and began with:

"Say, do you realize that you are keeping one of the poorest, meanest hotels in all Tennessee?"

"Why, no!" he exclaimed in great surprise.

"You have the poorest beds I ever slept in, and I've slept in a hog-pen once or twice."

"You don't say!"

"Your cook ought to be killed with a club, and your cross-eyed waiter should have been in the grave long ago."

"Well! Well!"

"How you have managed to get along and keep the place beats me. I don't want to be mean, but I want to ask you if you can't improve things a little?"

"I can, and I'll cheerfully do it, sir. It's for your benefit to please your guests, of course?"

"Of course it is, and I'm bound to do it. I'll make an improvement in less than half an hour."

In about twenty minutes he came around to me on the veranda, smiling and rubbing his hands, and said:

"Well, I've made it. I've cut the cook's wages one dollar a month and swapped that cross-eyed nigger waiter off for a lame wench! Set your life things have got to go different here, if it costs every cent I take in. Can you suggest any thing else?"—Detroit Free Press.

## The Antiquity of Paper.

Dr. Julius Wiesner has been making a microscopic examination of some old manuscripts, in order to discover of what ingredients the paper on which they are written was composed. He has conclusively proved that linen rags were used in the manufacture of paper as early as the eighth and ninth centuries. The fiber is chiefly of linen, but there are also traces of cotton, hemp and animal fiber present. The manufacture of paper, he says, is an Eastern and not a German or Italian invention, as has hitherto been supposed. Out of five hundred Oriental and Eastern specimens, not a single one was raw cotton paper. All those that were examined had likewise been "clayed" like modern papers. The material used for this purpose was starch-paste manufactured from wheat, and in some cases buckwheat. Animal substances do not appear to have been employed for claying before the fourteenth or fifteenth century.—St. James' Gazette.

## THE INSATIABLE WAVES.

Steadily Gaining Their Way Into Long Island's Southern Coast.

The shores of the southern Long Island coast are constantly changing. Nowhere is this more manifest than at Coney Island. Henry Freyenhagen, one of the oldest residents on the island, says that within his memory fully a mile of the south and west shores of the island have been eaten up by the inroads of the sea.

The visitor to the low sandy beach of Coney Island at the present day can form but little idea of the appearance of Coney Island of 1750 or 1800.

Said Mr. Freyenhagen: "In no place along the south shore have such extraordinary changes been made by the ocean as here. When I was a boy, my uncle, Court Lake, told me that in his younger days he cut a lot of red cedar posts, six inches in diameter, at the butt, on a part of Coney Island which is now two miles at sea under the Atlantic ocean. He said that the island had been cut away more than a half in his time. Any of the old settlers here will tell you, and the State surveys will bear them out, that the Coney Island beach in the last century was composed of high and extensive sand hills where now all is flat beach or else under water. I have cut grass on a part of the island just west of the point from which the Brighton Beach Hotel was recently moved. That meadow is a half mile from the shore under water now, and is also the site of a little wood of West Brighton, where my father used to cut fuel. Between that wood and the shore used to stand a dwelling house known as the 'Old Suidam Place,' which was washed away shortly before I was born. My father could recollect when there was a long reef of rocks in plain sight off shore toward Rockaway. The reef disappeared years ago."

"The island is being blown away as well. You may laugh at this notion, but it is true, nevertheless. There is more sand on Coney Island now than there used to be. The sea has not been pounding and grinding the pebbles all these years for nothing. It makes sand as fine and light as dust. The easterly gales blow this sand inland, moving it along in little hillocks, one particle rolling over another as it does so. Hills are cut down and built up by the operation. The blizzard last winter did much work of this kind. Ponds inland are filled up and converted into meadows. Look at the little creek which barely separates Coney Island from the Long Island shore. It used to be a big arm of the sea. Now it is nearly filled up by these driving sand storms which block the channels, causing the sluggish currents to make additional deposits and so create land."

"The sea tides, too, are cutting the coast away terribly. Take, for instance, Hog Island Inlet. Many go down there just to see the tide rush. The inlet is working westward all the time, and will ultimately carve Rockaway to pieces. The surf is responsible for this. It piles sand and debris into the channel of the inlet on the eastern border of it. This deposit tends to obstruct the tide, which cuts away and washes into the east end of Rockaway Beach to make room for itself. This cutting goes on just as rapidly as the formation from the surf is heaved upon the other side of the inlet. The inlet is thus kept open. It has traveled to the westward more than two miles since I was born, in 1825."

"Consequently, Rockaway Beach is being eaten up and Coney Island is crawling toward New York, you see. The outer shore of the latter is disappearing under the water, and its inner one is on the move before the wind. In fifty years hence I predict that the island will have been swallowed up in the maw of the ocean. With both that and Rockaway gone, where will the people go then for sport, I wonder?"—N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.

## ESOP REVISED.

A Modern Version of the Fable of the Boy and the Wolf.

Once there was a Boy left to tend a flock of Sheep, and being impelled by the spirit of mischief in the absence of spirits of another variety, he amused himself by crying "Wolf!" when no Wolf was nigh.

The people of the neighborhood were greatly terrified, and hastily arming themselves with whatever weapons they could command, rushed to the spot to defend the Sheep from the ruthless invader.

When they discovered the April fool that was played upon them they were mad, but the Boy mocked them and laughed and called them "Rubes," a term that he picked up at the circus.

He fooled them several times that way, but at length the Wolf did come, and when he cried out no one believed him and no one hurried to his assistance. No one may expect to read that the Boy was torn in pieces and devoured, and you are doubtless prepared to say it served him right, but nothing of the kind happened. He wasn't that kind of a Boy.

He had made arrangements with one of Barnum's agents whose business it was to secure animals for the Greatest Show on Earth, and when the Wolf put in an appearance with an appetite a week old, expecting to make a meal of the Boy, as had been usual in all previous versions of this fable, he was ensnared by the agent's men and shipped to Bridgeport for identification, classification and moral instruction, preparatory to being put on the road. The boy was rewarded with a position as candy butcher with the Show, where he amassed a handsome fortune in a single season by dexterously counting both ends of dollar bills in making change to customers. The Boy became a Wolf himself.—Texas Siftings.

## Refreshing Innocence.

Innocent Old Lady—Here is an advertisement I wish you would insert for me in to-morrow morning's paper. Editor (reading advertisement)—"Lost—A black silk umbrella with gold knob on handle, engraved with letters A. B. C. Finder will please leave at 299½ Prairie avenue." All right, ma'am.

Innocent Old Lady—How much? Editor (with emotion)—Nothing, ma'am. You have given me a glimpse of a faith that I thought had died out in this world hundreds of years ago. John, insert this among the church notices.—Chicago Tribune.

## COLLECTING BUTTERFLIES.

How to Catch, Fix and Mount the Specimens Worth Keeping.

It does not require a very extensive outfit for collecting butterflies, the necessary articles being a net and a cyanide bottle. The frame of the former may be obtained of a tinner, the hoop portion being about twelve inches in diameter. The net is made of cheese-cloth, or Swiss muslin. For the cyanide bottle, get five or ten cents' worth of potassium cyanide, and drop in a few lumps on the bottom of a wide-mouthed bottle or jar. Pour on this enough plaster of Paris, mixed with water, to cover the cyanide and let the plaster dry, when it will form a smooth floor, the deadly fumes from which will soon kill any insect placed upon it.

It is unnecessary to say that the butterflies are caught in the net and transferred to the bottle, where they soon expire.

Never let your bottle be crowded, as the specimens will be injured by rubbing against each other. When they are dead, take them out and fold them in little paper triangles, which is done by taking a square piece of paper and folding two of the opposite corners together, the butterfly reposing between the folds. The edges are then turned down to prevent the paper coming unfolded, and on the outside is marked a number, which refers to a little book, in which, opposite the same number, you should set down the locality and date of capture, with any additional remarks.

Now, the question which arises is "How can they be pruned and mounted?"

You can obtain insect pins at any natural-history store, Nos. 3 and 5 being the best adapted to ordinary use. The pin is thrust through the center of the thorax. A gauge should be made to keep all specimens at the same distance from the top of the pin. Now, in order to spread the wings a setting-board is necessary, which is made by nailing two strips of board to end pieces, leaving a narrow slit between the boards from a third to half an inch wide. On one side nail a strip of cork over the slit; then, on the other side, the pin bearing the butterfly can be stuck and the wings spread over the flat board on each side. The front pair of wings should be pushed forward until their back margins are in a straight line and the rear wings brought up to meet them. Lay over them a strip of paper and pin them there. Let them stay a week or ten days, when they will have dried, and when the papers are removed the wings will still retain the position they have been adjusted to. They are now ready for the cabinet.

If the specimens are not placed on the setting board for some days or weeks after their capture it will be necessary to soften the joints, or the wings will break when you attempt to move them. Steaming them, with a paper between the steam and the insect, is a simple method of doing away with the stiffness of joints. On the pin below each specimen should be, in addition to the label, a little piece of card with the number referring to your record book, so that you can tell just where each butterfly came from, and the time it was captured.—N. M. Eberhart, Ph. D., in Chicago Inter-Ocean.

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The pitcher had a little ball, and it was white as snow, and where the striker thought it was, that ball it wouldn't go. It had a sudden in-shoot curve, it had a fearful drop, and when the striker wildly struck, that ball it didn't stop. "Why does the ball fool strikers so?" the children all did cry. "The pitcher twirls the ball, you know," the teacher did reply.

## THE POET'S DIARY.

Glimpses at the Daily Life of an Unappreciated American Gentleman.

A soiled blank book, tied with a string, was lately picked up on the Battery by a policeman. It appears to be the fragment of a diary; but what it is all about, nobody seems to know. In the hope that somebody will come forward and throw light on the subject, an extract is here given:

MAY 1.—Mailed "Death, an Allegory," a check? No! "Send stamps for return of Death." How cold! Sent seven children's poems to Youth's Companion, and "Blue and Gray" to Southern Magazine.

MAY 2.—Spent nine hours revising "Mush-e-mush-tush, a Legend of Wyoming Valley." Think it my best work: Sent it to Scribner's this P. M. Received by morning mail four sonnets from Overland Monthly. Hardly expected to see them so soon. I suspect the editor did not read them.

MAY 3.—Received letters from Harper's—a check? No! "Send stamps for return of Death." How cold! Sent seven children's poems to Youth's Companion, and "Blue and Gray" to Southern Magazine.

MAY 4.—Nothing from Scribner's for five days. They must have taken "Mush-e-mush-tush."

MAY 5.—One poem returned from Peterson's, and one from Godey's. Might have known better than to try Philadelphia. Believe I will try my hand at comic reviews. Can easily veil my identity under a nom, and Harper's will never know it. A brilliant idea strikes me: "Lines on a Mother-in-law."

MAY 6.—In excellent vein to-day, and wrote three cantos of epic poem. Wonder why Scribner's has not sent check?

MAY 7.—Sent eight comic poems to Judge, and eight to Puck. More child's play to me. However, the money will be useful. "To Jennie's Eyes" returned from Cosmopolitan (collected cents).

MAY 8.—Received "Mush-e-mush-tush" from dead-letter office to-day. Seems I forgot to stamp the envelope in my excitement. Sent it to Scribner's again. Also sent two madrigals and quatrains to Century.

MAY 9.—Received "Death from Harper's" to-day, and promptly mailed it to American Magazine. By heavens! I will succeed in the past I have chosen.

MAY 10.—Finished epic poem to-day, and sent it to Atlantic with request to submit to Holmes. Eureka! This is a game! Another poem returned from Overland to-day. No remarks. Well, I am glad of it.

MAY 11.—"Mush-e-mush-tush" came back this morning. This is a conspiracy. Sent it to Prairie Farmer, sent two more poems to Grand Army Scout and Mail. They pay handsomely, I hear.

MAY 12.—"Blue and Gray" from Southern Magazine, and epic poem from Atlantic, this morning. Holmes never read it, I'm sure. He was afraid, Youth's Companion says poems are crude. Such criticism is paralytic.

MAY 13.—No letters to-day. What can it mean?

MAY 14.—Madrigals and quatrains from Century. I expected that.

MAY 15.—"Mush-e-mush-tush" returned from Prairie Farmer to-day. Grand Army Scout and Mail accepts poems. Does not pay for poetry, but no matter. At last an opening!

MAY 16.—What does this mean? Check from Drake's Magazine for "Death." Thought I sent it to the American Magazine. Editor writes: "Too long for our pages, but the absurdity of the idea and its comical treatment commend it to our favor. Pleased to hear from you again." What! Is this the end? Can I—

(Here the writing breaks off abruptly, and the worst is feared.)—J. H. Smith, in Drake's Magazine.

## Attempting the Impossible.

They were making their final preparations for a trip to the country. "John," called out the wife from the sitting-room, "I have forgotten my gloves. Please bring them down-stairs when you come. They are in the pocket of my brown dress on the fourth book in the closet."

Lapse of ten minutes.

"Have you found them, John?" (Muffled voice of John) "I have just found the dress, Maria."

"All right, John. Look in the pocket."

Another lapse of ten minutes.

Sudden appearance of John at the head of the stairway in a state of wild frenzy.

"Maria! The train leaves in one hour and we've got to start in forty-five minutes! For the love of Heaven come up and find the billy bed-ding-gloves yourself! I'll bet you fifty dollars you can't do it."—Chicago Tribune.