St. Tammany Farmer.

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

W. G. KENTZEL, Editor. COVINGTON, ST. TAMMANY PARISH, LA., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1888. VOL. XIV.—NO. 45.

FOR LOVE OF THE LIVING.

For love of the living we take up our cross,
And strive to be cheerful and brave,
When hopes fondly cherished
Have faded and perished,
And buried our heart in a grave.
For still there are duties for us to perform,
A chance for more generous giving
To those who are left,
And when death has bereft
More closely we cling to the living.

We may feel that there's nothing remains to be done,
That all need for exertion is o'er,
When our hands are unclasped
From the dear ones' they grasped,
For whom they can labor no more;
But He who sustains us in trials like these,
New strength and fresh energy giving,
Provides a swift cure,
And our ills we endure
With patience, for love of the living.

Though deeply our hearts are attached to the dead
And the past, that is always so sweet;
Though the scenes of delight,
So sacred and bright,
Can never their beauty repeat,
Some pleasures in life we can find to enjoy
By comforts and kindnesses giving,
For 'tis true, as we know,
That our love we may show
To the dead by our care of the living.

—*Josephine Pollard, in N. Y. Ledger.*

REWARDED.

Happy Result of Following the Dictates of Conscience.

"Mr. Rutherford, the face of the heroine in your picture is my cousin Clarissa's."

"Yes, Miss Heywood; I took the unpardonable liberty of placing Miss Ireton on canvas in the guise of my favorite, Scottish Mary. I couldn't help it. We painters are queer mortals, you know. Once in a lifetime we come across a face, idealize it, and forever more it is the basis of all our productions," and Hugh Rutherford gazed with something more than a painter's admiration on the face of his Scottish Mary.

Two red spots burned on Lucette Heywood's cheeks, and her pale-blue eyes snapped fire as she gazed at the handsome artist.

"Birds of a feather flock together. I am positive now that this poor artist and my penniless cousin love each other. And I, the heiress of Heywood, have patronized—lionized him in vain," were the thoughts that passed rapidly through Miss Heywood's mind.

And Lucette Heywood was right. Hugh Rutherford came to spend a couple of months among the New Hampshire hills. A poor artist every body thought him, and it pleased him to let every body think so, but the aristocratic Heywoods took a notion to patronize him—they took him up, and the artist found himself the lion of the place.

Miss Lucette Heywood was the most patronizing of this very aristocratic family, and she did all in her power to show the artist how very condescending she could be. The truth of the matter was Lucette was in love with the handsome artist, and she was determined her cousin shouldn't have him.

"Dear Clarissa," said Lucette, sighing softly, "I shall miss her very much when she goes away."

"Is Miss Ireton going away?" and the artist looked up quickly.

"Oh, yes; after her marriage with Mr. Squires she goes to Europe."

The painter dropped his brush; Lucette, his picture, and every thing in the room danced around him in a ring.

For the last two months he had been living like a man in a beautiful dream, and this terrible awakening was too much for him.

He caught sight of Lucette's pale blue eyes bent on him pityingly. There was something in her glance that stung him to the quick, and he recovered his composure instantly.

"Strange, I never heard any thing of the approaching marriage," said the artist, quietly. "I say strange because I thought in a small place like this affairs of that kind were freely discussed."

"So they are, Mr. Rutherford; but you know Mr. Squires is quite an old gentleman, and when May and December marry people—well, we thought it best, for Clarissa's sake, to keep it a secret. You are the first I have mentioned it to outside our own family."

Mr. Rutherford bowed in acknowledgment of the compliment.

"You will not fail us this evening, Mr. Rutherford?" said Lucette, moving toward the door.

"Thank you, Miss Heywood, I will put in an appearance, if possible," and the artist held open the door for Lucette, who left the cottage, fully satisfied with her morning's work.

Hugh Rutherford returned to his unfinished picture, and, lifting it from the easel, he set it with its face to the wall, saying:

"May God forgive you, Clarissa Ireton, for this summer's work. I set you up for an ideal—a being as perfect as mortal could be—but I find you, in reality, a woman, full of woman's weakness. Well, it's a lesson most of us have to learn some time, and I suppose the sooner it is here and over the better," concluded the artist, bitterly.

"Clarissa, you look as if you had buried all your friends. Really it makes me nervous to watch you," said Lucette Heywood, as she noticed the cloud resting on the perfectly beautiful face of her cousin.

"Then don't watch me, Lucette," answered Clarissa.

"But I can't help watching you. What ails you, Clarissa?

"Oh, Lucette, I feel miserable."

"Why, you silly girl, how can you say so? And Mr. Squires about to offer you his hand and fortune!"

"I can not accept Mr. Squires; I do not love him."

"The love part of the business can be dispensed with, Clarissa. Papa says you must marry him."

"My uncle dare not force me into such a marriage!" Clarissa was standing now, her graceful figure drawn to its full height. "But I will be a burden to him no longer. You remember when George Harvey was here last winter he said my voice would command a good position any time. He is acquainted with all the musical leaders in town, and I know he will be only too glad to do some thing for my father's daughter."

"What nonsense! Papa would lock you in your room if he thought you contemplated such a step. Now, Clarissa, the whole trouble is, you have taken a fancy to that poor artist, Rutherford, and, take my word for it, he cares nothing for you. And if he did, what would it amount to? He will be too poor to marry for the next ten years unless he gets a rich wife."

"Lucette, I have never done any thing my conscience didn't approve of, I can not do it now."

"And, verily, you shall receive your reward." And Lucette laughed derisively.

"You may laugh, Lucette, but I believe those who persist in following the dictates of their conscience are always rewarded."

That night Lucette moved among her guests with a bitter disappointment gnawing at her heart. She had received a note from Mr. Rutherford regretting his inability to attend, as business called him away without delay.

"I wonder if what I told him about Clarissa had any thing to do with his going. I am glad she has the sulks to-night. If she were here she would surely notice my disappointment. She keeps her room to escape Squires. But it won't do; papa will break her obstinate will yet." And with this thought Lucette consoled herself.

"Halloo, Rutherford, old boy! Where have you kept yourself for the last century?"

"Ah, George, my friend! I'm glad to see you." And Hugh Rutherford and George Harvey stood on the common and had a hearty shake hands.

"You are not looking well, Hugh. Working hard, I suppose? Well, for the life of me, I can not tell why a man of your means does it."

"Oh, I like work. I hope Mrs. Harvey is well?"

"Quite well. Come up and dine with us this evening. We have a charming addition to our family circle—a young lady whose face would make one of your pictures famous, and whose voice equals the best you have heard at the opera-house."

"I know just such a lady, and I never wish to know another one."

"Rutherford, that sounds like a man disappointed in love," laughed George Harvey. "This young lady was obliged to leave her relations because they wished to force her into a marriage very distasteful to her. She came here thinking to earn her living by singing, but my wife and I wouldn't hear of such a thing. No, indeed! When her father was living he was a very good friend to me."

That evening Mr. Rutherford presented himself at the Harvey mansion and was shown into the parlor, where a young lady sat by the window reading.

She looked up as he entered, and with a glad cry came forward to meet him.

Hugh Rutherford stood still, overwhelmed with surprise.

It was Clarissa Ireton's history he had heard to-day, and he thought her married to old Squires.

"Are you not glad to see an old friend, Mr. Rutherford?"

"I can not tell you how glad, Clarissa," and Hugh stepped forward and clasped both her hands in his.

A few months after there was a wedding at the Harvey mansion.

The Heywood family were invited, but did not attend.

Lucette Heywood could tell falsehoods, but she couldn't stand by and see Clarrissa receive her reward.—*N. Y. News.*

How the Arabs Retreat.

When an Arab tribe is pursued by an enemy they sleep and take their food without halting. That they may not fall from their camels when sleeping they stretch themselves out at length, placing their feet in a bag on each side of the animal's neck. Their food is prepared by the women. One mounted on a camel loaded with wheat continues grinding with a hand-mill, and passes the meal to another, who is provided with leather bottles containing water, suspended on each side of her camel; she, having prepared the paste, passes it to a third, who completes the operation by baking the bread in thin slices on a chafing-dish, or a portable oven, which is heated with wood or straw. This bread, with a portion of cheese and dates, is then distributed by her to those whom it is her province to feed, and the frugal meal is finished with a draught of camel's milk. The camels are also milked as they walk, the men using for this purpose large wooden bowls, which are passed from one to another.—*N. Y. Ledger.*

—A citizen of New Holland, Lancaster County, P., is said to have subsisted solely on a liquid diet since 1872. At that time a melon seed lodged in his œsophagus, and there it remains, despite frequent attempts by physicians to dislodge it.

ASCENDING A MOUNTAIN.

Going Up to the Top of Mount Shasta and Then Down Again.

Now that we were within a few miles of Shasta, it did not look so wholly white. Its snows were plowed by many a rocky ridge, not perceptible at a greater distance. It did not, however, lose its supernatural appearance thereby, but rather gained an effect more startling by the sharp contrast of lava rock and sweeps of snow. Shasta was named by Russian travelers, the proper derivation of the word being Tcheste, meaning chaste, pure. It is the culminating peak of the coast and Sierra ranges, and has an altitude of 14,444 feet. Its glaciers extend for more than two miles down its slopes. We sat for an hour on the hotel porch trying to familiarize ourselves with this strange mountain, but its unearthly aspect did not change for us.

"It is terrible to be up there!" said Hal, with almost a shudder. "One is in no danger of forgetting his experience. As I was following that lava ridge this side of the Devil's Thumb, I saw far off on the snow a black object about the size of my finger, wriggling and staggering about, falling flat occasionally, and then resuming its fantastic gyrations. I observed it carefully, and discovered that the object was forked, and then it flashed through me that it was a man climbing the glacier. When our party reached the cleft peak that forms the summit, we were met by a perfect avalanche of clouds that tossed and tumbled about, giving a ghostly indistinctness to every thing. We appeared to be in a world of unrealities, peopled by shadowy creatures that lengthened and contracted, and flung about their vast, white wings above the sickening fumes that steamed up from the hissing, spurting hot springs at our feet. A momentary parting of the clouds showed the sky blue as indigo, closing down in awful nearness. Through a revolving glare the blood-red sun swung in the frightful purple of the heavens. Fronting these unaccustomed elements a solemn dignity possessed the soul and gave a conscious feeling of infinitude. The loss of all familiar landmarks lent an indescribable terror to the scene. This dead volcano's throat is choked with snow. On its icy rim one of the ladies slipped and fell headlong over the fearful chasm. The guide caught her by one of her feet. Her escape from a horrible death was almost miraculous. We were nearly frozen with the cold, and yet our mouths were parched and hot as in a desert. Our hearts throbbed painfully, and we drew our breath in gasps.

Before we commenced the descent a fierce blast tore the mists asunder, revealing the grandest picture we shall ever behold on this earth. From the majestic temple we could see hundreds of miles of kaleidoscopic landscape. Mountains, rivers and valleys, with spurs of rocky ranges cutting through tawney farm fields far away; green meadows starred with lakes, and billowy ranges running toward the sea, while fifty miles of dense pine forests spanned the McCloud and Pitt to touch the snowy heads of the Sierras. And Oregon's rich prairies, linked to ours by a chain of silver-surfaced lakes; to the south, beyond the mighty Lassen Buttes, we catch a glympse of dusky plains, with isles of clustering peaks. Three times I have seen all this, and yet I feel an irresistible desire to go again. In spite of the labor and exhaustion attending the ascent, the vision from the top is worth a greater sacrifice."

We slowly descended the mountain, gazing silently toward Mount Shasta until the intervening silver firs shut off our view.

The train was two hours late that night, and as I turned from bidding Hal good-by we saw a radiant mantle fall on Shasta's head from the departing sun.

"And the glory of the Lord was like devouring fire on the top of the mount!" he quoted solemnly, and within its reflected light we parted hands.—*Overland Monthly.*

Facts in Scientific Reasoning.

A fact is always a fact, whatever may be the consequences. The question is, whether it is true; our studies are obscure and hard to explain, but that does not prevent them being facts; or, at least, the chief question should be, to learn whether they are facts. Beside, contradictory facts are the ferment of science. I once asked a distinguished man of science how a certain discovery he had made was getting on. "It is not getting on," he replied. "What is the matter with it?" I anxiously asked. "Why," he said, "I find no facts except those which are favorable to it; and," he added, "it takes contradictory facts to teach us." This is true. The theory will either explain the contradictory facts and be fortified by them, as the Newtonian theory has been, by all the exceptions that have been opposed to it and which have entered into it, or it will be replaced by a wider and more comprehensive theory. In both cases there is a grain of science which would not have been obtained if we had hesitated, on account of vain scruples, to seek out and verify the facts in question.—*Paul Janet, in Science Monthly.*

—A pair of pet bears driven to a buggy excite great interest on the streets of Canton, Miss. They are owned by Colonel L. Fontaine, who trained them himself. They amble along in an awkward kind of a trot, and are muzzled to guard against possible familiarities.

TAYLOR'S TOOTOMETER.

A Novel Invention Which Registers the Whistles of Locomotives.

Frank R. Taylor, of Bridgeport, Conn., the inventor of the "soccophone," for transmitting messages or holding conversations with engineers while under full speed on their locomotives, has just patented a device which he calls a tootometer. In reality, it is a species of phonograph. Mr. Taylor was led to believe that some mechanical device could be employed to settle the oft-disputed question in regard to whistling at grade crossings. There are a large number of grade crossings in this State upon which annually many lives are lost. The relatives of those killed almost invariably claim that the locomotive whistle was not sounded in time to warn the victims. The railroad companies, to protect themselves against damages, dispute the point so often taken. Mr. Taylor now comes to the front with a tell-tale whistling register, which takes the sound from the whistle every time it is blown and records it.

In order to explain its workings, the run of any engine on the New York & New Haven road may be used for illustration. Say engine No. 120 draws the seven o'clock morning train from New Haven to New York. The engine is backed up in front of the depot and attached to the train. The engineer, George Corbett, steps into the dispatchers's office to get the time or set his watch exactly with the standard time. The dispatcher hands the engineer a "tootometer," which is already set for Engineer Corbett's run. It is numbered to correspond with the engine's number and is dated and officially locked, so that it is impossible for any one to alter its register of the whistle soundings. The "tootometer" is placed in a pocket bracket on the front of the cab, just beneath the whistle. Inside the "tootometer" is a long roll of tin foil, upon which are stamped cross-lines representing every grade crossing on the road. The roll is unwound from one axle to another by means of a small clock attachment, so that each line representing a crossing will be brought to the "sounder opening" precisely at the same moment that the locomotive speeds over the grade-crossing. At the proper distance before reaching the grade crossing the engineer blows the standard signal, two long and two short blasts, —— —— — —, or T—o—oot, t—o—ot, too, too.

The sounds are registered by the "tootometer." Should the engineer fail to sound his whistle the "tootometer" would show an empty blank.

And so the run is made to New York, the "tootometer," rolling off its strip of tinfoil in time and unison with the movement of the engine. All trains are run on exact time on this road, so there is very little chance of the "tootometer" disagreeing with the time grade crossing are reached. If extra whistling is done to drive cows off the track or blown for other purposes than grade crossings the sounds are all registered and an exact record taken of all the whistle's blasts, and the exact location of the engine on the rails at the time of the blasts is denoted from one end of the road to the other. At the conclusion of the trip the "tootometer" is handed by the engineer to the proper official, who removes the roll of sounds and prepares and adjusts the "tootometer" for the return trip. The strips of tinfoil are carefully indexed and preserved for future reference, and the engineer credited or charged with omissions of whistle.

In the event of a person being killed on a grade crossing the tootometer will truthfully indicate the whistle blasts and denote the distance at which they were blown before the crossing was reached. The tinfoil strips can be produced at an inquest or in a court of justice in evidence, and dissipate the necessity of an enormous amount of swearing as to the fact of the whistle having sounded or not. By running the strips through a phonograph, the exact volume of sound and the key of the whistle can be reproduced. This can be done at any future convenient time. Mr. Taylor, the inventor, has assurances that his invention will go into very general use.—*N. Y. World.*

A Chinese Notion.

A Chinaman dislikes to say that his friend is dead, but will tell you that: "His name has been added to the muster roll of ghosts," or that "he has become one of the ancients," "he has returned to the shades," "he has taken farewell of the world," "he has gone on a long journey," are expressions all very frequently used when speaking of the dead. The matter is not always treated with reverence, however, for they will sometimes say: "He has swallowed his breath," or "slipped his skin." "The mountain has collapsed" refers to a dead Emperor, and "the dream is over" means that a Prince is dead.

A Monster of the Deep.

Wife (at the seashore)—Charlie, what monsters the rolling deep must contain!

Husband—Thousands of 'em, darling.

"You have smiled; did you ever see any of them?"

"Yes. I see one now."

"Goodness! Where?"

"Right in front of you."

"Why, I see nothing there but my mother bathing."—*Lincoln Journal.*

DOWN THE MISSISSIPPI.

Reminiscences of the Steam-Boating Days that Are Gone Forever.

The destruction of the splendid river steamer Edward J. Gay by fire could furnish to the historian of steamboating on the Western waters a mournful episode to close the annals of a most brilliant and remarkable period in navigation. The era of steam-boating on the Mississippi river was embraced in three-quarters of a century. In that time the slow-going, ill-constructed craft, modeled upon the plan of the ancient Ohio river arks, developed into the magnificent and majestic floating palaces of which the Gay was one of the last representatives.

Life on board these splendid and elaborately-furnished steamers was, in the days before railways gridironed the continent, the realization of Oriental luxury. Nobody was in a hurry, and the lordly planters and wealthy merchants who traveled with their families on these great ships which navigated the mighty Father of Waters contrasted with the rude and uncouth wilderness upon its banks, and with the negro slaves who also made up a large proportion of the cargoes of these floating palaces assisted to form a strange and remarkable panorama of life in the heart of the new world.

There were hundreds of these great vessels, all vying with one another to present the most attractive features of comfort and luxury. On one of these boats might be found assembled, but not always associated, the most distinguished and celebrated men, the most beautiful and accomplished women, the most daring pioneers, the most desparate adventurers, with a due sprinkling of commonplace persons. Sometimes scenes of delightful festivity, desperate gambling, wild orgies of debauch and bloody crime might have taken place on one of these boats. They furnish material for the most startling dramas and the most gorgeous romance.

But the era of the rail and the wire dawned and the whole world became plunged into a vortex of hurry. The great river steamers began to decline in favor. They became fewer year by year, while the river craft developed into the most advantageous forms of freight carriers, swift and powerful tugs and low-lying barges. To-day at the wharves of New Orleans, where forty years ago there might have been seen at any moment a hundred of these great boats, gleaming white as colossal swans on the turbid river, balconied, latticed, and pinnacled like an Eastern palace, with a score of gay flags fluttering in the breeze and tall black towers belching inky smoke and vexing the blue sky with their murky vapors, there are now seldom more than two or three. In a short time there will be none, for they no longer seem to have a mission in the commerce of the West.—*N. O. Picayune.*

BIG COBBLING SHOP.

Where Forty Thousand Bostonians Have Their Foot-Gear Repaired.

Such a thing as a cobbler is scarcely to be found in Boston. Outside of the shoe shops the business of mending worn foot coverings is almost monopolized by a single establishment, which occupies a dingy little basement up an alley off Washington street. To this place more than 40,000 people bring their boots, etc., regularly for repairs. The work is done comparatively cheaply and with a thoroughness unknown to the odd-jobber, who, as a rule, is a more or less dissipated person, incapable of earning his living at the legitimate business. A six horse-power engine supplies motive force to a dozen complicated machines, at which as many men are incessantly engaged. Every thing is done on the division of labor principle. Two men do nothing but sew on half-soles, or "taps," as they are called. One man does the heeling, another prepares the shoes for half-soles and heels, and so on through the various rehabilitory processes. The patches, though less profitable, require the most science, and for this reason are applied by the proprietor of the concern himself. The number of patches put on every year is enormous, and for this purpose scraps left out in cutting uppers are bought in great quantities from the manufacturers.

It is frequently asked: "What becomes of all the old shoes?" They fall eventually into the hands of the rag-pickers and scavengers. Most of them are good for nothing but fuel. Some few, however, are available in one way or another. The old uppers may be cut up for patches. The best go to the second-hand dealers, who pay as high as twenty-five cents a pair occasionally. These are put through a process which is technically termed "translation"—that is to say they are made over so as to look as nearly new as possible—and are then sold for a dollar or two. The trouble is that a pair of boots is usually worn out by several persons in succession before it reaches the dust-heap in a condition of such advanced decrepitude as to make what archæologists call "restoration" altogether out of the question.—*Boston Letter.*

—Some of the papers in the far West have shown their independence of the English language in writing up accounts of the elopement of a St. Louis editor, which took place a few weeks since. Already the words "eloper," "elopee," "elopersdized," "elopediary" and "elopedermist" have been coined to describe the action.

NATURE'S WONDERS.

How an Army of Ants Disposed of an Extraordinary Large Centipede.

We were traveling in that land of teeming prodigious life, Central America, and were camped in a glade bordering a grand old virgin forest, so marvelously rich in strange forms and colors of vegetable life that we would have lingered long in this spot to admire, but that we were driven by a sudden shower to take shelter in a deserted shed, or house, left probably by some planter who had migrated to another spot—a not unusual case.

There we sat, for want of something better to do, commenting and surmising, when suddenly our attention was caught by some living thing, as it appeared to us, issuing from a hole in the ground close up under the wall, midway between a crack in the wall and the right-hand corner. In another minute it had beat upward, and was taking the direction up the wall. Out it came, longer and longer. We thought it would never stop unfolding. Was it a snake. Every one started at the bare thought.

We watched it at a respectful distance. No, it was a huge centipede, fully eighteen inches long. The whole party were instantly on their feet to give it chase and knock it over, when some one uttered a note of surprise, and invited us to stop and examine its mode of progress. I should explain that the natural gait of this reptile when in movement is serpentine; its multitudinous legs rising and falling in quick succession, like a series of small waves, very pretty too look at when near. This creature did not seem to use its legs at all, but slid up the wall as if pulled by some invisible string. Every one exclaimed with surprise, but on closer inspection the riddle was solved.

The centipede was dead, but was impelled up the wall, not by a string, but by the serried ranks of thousands of little black ants fringing the sides, which they shoved up by slanting their bodies as we ourselves should under the circumstances; also at the head, which they were pulling, and at the tail, which they were pushing. And all this with a unanimity of aim and action, and an intelligence of the work they had undertaken, and all in such perfect and beautiful order, that it won the admiration of our whole party. No set of human beings could do it better. They had already gained half way up the hut. On went the procession, swift and smooth, without a break or pause, till they came to the crack in the wall. The break here measured a full inch in width; they could not bridge it over. They halted, and I, moved by the most intense curiosity, mounted a stool to watch. It was then I discovered that on the back of the dead reptile were stationed some half-dozen loose ants, running hither and thither, in a state of greatest agitation and excitement, looking down on the workers on this side, and then on the opposite side—then along the body to the head—back again to the tail and so on; while one little fellow, not a whit different from the rest, kept stationary on the extremest point of the head. He was evidently the captain and commander-in-chief, and though not differing from the others in form and color, as far as we could see, yet no doubt was elected to the position from his superior intelligence.

The rent here was so wide, so impossible to get over, that I fully expected they would have to give up their booty and let it fall to the ground. But not a hair's-breadth did they budge—the stout-hearted little creatures held on as immovable as a post; this for some fraction of a minute. Then at some sign of command, invisible and unintelligible to us, the whole procession moved backward (that is, downward) for about the space of an inch. Then came another halt, and then again the whole body recommenced their march upward; only this time it took a sloping line, parallel with the crack in the wall, evidently aiming at the place where the rent dwindled away to nothing. And they reached it, too. They crossed it; they came to the top, and we saw the body of the dead centipede bending over the highest point of the wall, as it gradually disappeared under the rafters which supported the roof.

The whole scene was an impressive one, for the movement showed not only a skillful combination of forces—of rare generalship on the part of the commander worthy of a human hero—but an obedience on the part of the workers that might rival the best-drilled army in the world; and we can not but recognize in those small creatures an amount of intelligence which may rank on a par with many nations and people which we call human.—*Golden Days.*

How to Catch Suckers.

Dealer—I say Jake, these $2.50 jersey shirts don't seem to sell well at all!

Jake—No, they don't; every body says $2.50 is too high for them; that they can buy 'em cheaper other places.

Dealer—Well, put some in the window and mark them $2.75.

Jake—Two seventy-five?

Dealer—Yes, $2.75—for one day only—the "one day only" will catch 'em.—*Detroit Free Press.*

—Thirty years ago, on August 5, 1858, there flashed under the waves of the Atlantic, from Newfoundland to Ireland, the first unbroken current of electricity.

FULL OF FUN.

—Prompter (to boy)—"Tell Mr. Ham that his cue will be given soon for the death scene; is he ready?" Boy—"Yes, sir; he's just got through eatin' a watermelon."—*N. Y. Sun.*

—"I love you, dear!" the young man said,
"Oh, will you be my wife?"
The maiden dropped her modest head
And whispered, "Not your life!"
—*Somerville Journal.*

—Office Boy (to Editor)—"There's a female book-agent outside, sir, an' a red-eyed man what wants to whip de editor." Editor—"Well, show the man what wants to whip the editor in."—*Life.*

—"What a remarkable activity in leather," said a young market reporter when the girl's father helped him down the front steps.—*Merchant Traveler.*

—Lovers traveling on the railroad never consider a tunnel a great bore, however much it may be one—unless the conductor lights the lamps just before entering it.—*Drake's Magazine.*

—Tommy—"Ma, what are the tides? Do they grow like strawberries?" Mother—"What nonsense! Of course the tides do not grow like strawberries." "Well, what does the minister mean, then, when he talks about stemming the tide?"—*Texas Siftings.*

—Little Chicago Boy—"Kin ye help a poor harmless boy?" Kind Citizen—"I reckon so. Are you an orphan, Sonny?" Boy—"I'm wuss nor an orphan. Me fadder an' mudder is both diworced an' married agin, an' I don't know whose boy I am, and am slowly forgittin' me own name."—*Epoch.*

—She—"No, Mr. De Dood, I can not be your wife, but I will be a sister to you." Mr. De Dood—"—Aw, thanks. So glad, don't you know. You are the forty-seventh sister, and the season isn't half over. And Chollie Slim has only got eighteen, don't you know. Haw, haw. Good morning."—*Washington Critic.*

—"I had my picture taken to-day," said little Christine. "I crossed my arms and leaned on a chair and the picture-man put my head in some tongs." "Why, you must have looked like a lump of sugar in sugar-tongs," laughed papa. "Why, so I must have," said Christine, delightedly, "cause the man kept saying, 'What a sweet little girl!'"—*Religious Record.*

—A hen in Canada scratched up $400 in old coins a few days ago, and about the same time an Ohio hen was dissected and found to have dug up somewhere in her wanderings and swallowed a quantity of gold dust. These facts indicate that a new career of usefulness and honorable distinction is opening up before the humble barnyard fowl. Long may she scratch.—*Chicago Tribune.*

THE SOLE SURVIVOR.

He Makes a Bold Statement and Ruins His Bright Prospects.

There might have been fifty of us in the waiting-room at the Erie railway depot at Buffalo when a young man, dressed as a sailor and having a serious cast of countenance, entered and began to solicit alms on the strength of having been wrecked and losing his all. Indeed, he came near losing his life, being the sole survivor of a crew of eight men. Quarters and halves were chipped in with bountiful hand, but before I chipped I felt it my duty to inquire:

"What wreck was this?"

"Schooner Blazing Star, sir," he replied.

"That just like some folks!" exclaimed a very pompous little man with a very high collar on. "They can't part with a nickle without wanting to know all about it."

"When did the wreck occur?" I asked of the sailor.

"Ten days ago."

"It makes a heap of difference whether it occurred ten or eleven or nine days ago!" sneered pomposity as he walked around.

"On what lake?" I continued.

"Lake—Lake Erie, sir."

"Don't you want to know the exact spot to a foot?" sneered pomposity, raising his voice so as to get a crowd around.

"Where was your schooner bound?"

"From—from Cleveland to—to Pittsburgh," answered the sailor, as he shifted about.

"Are you sure?"

"Of course I am."

"Hear him!" shouted pomposity. "In order to save a quarter he wants to make out that the poor man is a liar!"

The sailor slid out without waiting for any more contributions, and I asked pomposity to step aside with me.

"Why, of course," he replied, "though a man who won't chip in to charity is always an object of suspicion."

"Where did he say the schooner was bound?" I querried as we walked away.

"From Cleveland to Pittsburg, sir."

"Are you sure of it?"

"Of course I am."

"Well, tell me how much dry land she would have to sail over."

He stopped dead still, opened his mouth, rolled his eyes and removed his hat. The case slowly dawned upon him, and as he grasped the facts he seemed to wilt away like a cabbage-leaf. When he could wilt no further he pleadingly said:

"Kick me hard! Kick with both legs at once! Kick me all the afternoon and far into night, and if there is any thing left of me when you get through sell it for old junk, and make the price very low!"—*Detroit Free-Press.*