

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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HOW!

Must thou work to do, which waits
Thy tardy hand, and mutely chides
Thy careless, long neglect? Then do
That urgent work while strength abides.
Work now, to-day, this hour, for hours
And days are brief and fleet, and strength,
Though now it seems so proud and great,
Will wane and disappear at length.
Then work with all thy power
To-day, this hour.

Must thou an evil done, or harsh
Word said, and made a human heart
With sorrow ache or sorer strife?
Repeat this hour, and pluck the dart
So cruel from the tortured wound.
By humble, tender words reveal
Thy grief and penitence; for why
Shouldst thou thy fault or sin conceal?
Speak now, while thou hast power
To right this hour.

Hast thou a gift to give? And see
These aching hearts and tears from lack
Of what thy hand withhold? Then give
To-day—why longer wait!—nor slack
Thy giving selfishly or soon.
Why should a brother be in need
Because of thy too long delay?
Do now thy good and helpful deed.
To-day thou hast the power.
Give now, this hour.

—Rev. G. C. S. Wallace, in Watchman.

CHEERFULNESS.

"A Fair Garden, But the Man Was Blind."

Baby Wisdom—The Beauties Around Us—
The Giving and the Getting of Joy—
—A Suggestive Balance Sheet—
—Looking Up.

"Am I a little thing?" said my baby girl four to me a few nights ago.
"Yes," I answered, with the usual assurance of grown-up mothers.
"But," persisted Margaretchen, with the wise argumentativeness of babyhood, "I love you big."
The baby wisdom set me thinking as I rocked my child in my arms until the little hand loosened its hold of mine, and she lay asleep in my lap, so soft and round and pure, so still after all the ceaseless prattle of the day, so warm and alive, so blessedly my "little child"—little, but big to love.
And long after baby was abed, thoughts kept in my mind of the many things in life which we call little, or cutely ignore in the hurry and fever we call life, little things that yet hold for us the blessing of joy and peace and love.

It would be well for us if through but one common day of life some sweet angel could walk beside us and lift the veil from our eyes and make us see the beauty and joy, and to blessedly sit at life's plentiful board.
First, perhaps, the bright angel would show us the fair garden of beauty around us, would show us that all days are golden, and every rock and pebble and hill and mountain and lawn and meadow alive and fresh with God. If for one day we saw the dance of the leaves, felt the stir of life in the growing corn, heard the song of the waters, caught the sparkle of stars, felt the free pulse of the wind, listened to the bird joy, or the sweetness of rainfall, would not the memory of one such day leave all of after days? It is pleasant to think of faraway places, of big forests full of the free, wild creatures, of open glades flecked with tropical suns, of great rivers majestically flowing to the big sea. Always the sun shines somewhere. Somewhere is the eternal beauty of snow-capped summits, the grandeur of ice-fields, the expanse of blue oceans, the enduring beauty of God in all. But sweetest, dearest, best of all we call common, are the people around us, men, women and children.
We fret, we whine, we whimper because it is hot, because it is cold, because we want a dress, or a house, or a piece of candy. There is nothing too trifling to furnish us with torment. We spoil our own life, and what is worse, the lives of all around us, by this unhealthiness of mind.
We call our work drudgery, and drag out our days like a long funeral procession. But a wise man knows that a man's task is his life-preserver, and that life is divine.
What a gift, a day! How sweet to rise with the light, to breathe the morning, to feel alive, to have work to do! How sweet to again look into the faces of those we love, to eat together, to work for each other, to be gloriously alive! Our faces should shine with love and joy, a gospel that who runs might read. We should be all alive to human brotherhood.
Indeed, what do we live for if it is not to make life less difficult for each other? It is the adorableness of love to find its own joy in that of others. We should count the day lost in which we have added to the pain of life and not its joy. And how easy to give joy; a glance of the eye, the thoughtful words, the love that speaks through silence. It is out of such little things that we build the temple of life. How stern and grim and selfish and sour do some of us pass the beautiful days of life! Even in homes, how often is the loving word not spoken, the smile not given, the praise withheld!
It is a wonder some people's hearts do not quite waste away from sheer lack of use. Who can number the opportunities that come into one day to bless and cheer and help?
Oh! we may live in a narrow house, and yet inhabit the wide universe. We may lack pictures on our walls, but the poorest can fill his home with love's pictures, the beauty immortal. What wealth like the rich heart? The hospitality of the heart, how it blesses its guests!
It seems poor philosophy, poor morality, poor sense, not to make the best of every thing. It is a contemptible habit to cry and see the disagreeable to the exclusion of the good.

UNCLE BILL'S BARGAIN.

How He Made a Mighty Sharp Sharp-Keener Do the Fair Thing.
"Bill was old Judge Hiram Cadwell's oldest boy—yoo rooloot the Cadwell's—used to live on the road near the cemetery. Old Judge Cadwell was about as shifless a man as I ever see, but Bill had a great business head—calulate he must have inherited it from his mother, who come of the finest stock in Hampshire County. When he was a boy, Bill was always tradin' an' swagin', an' I s'pose he started out in life with more jack-knives than'd stock a store. An' Bill preserved in manhood all them talents which he exhibited in youth. Whenever you meet a man 'at looked ez if he'd been run through a sieve you'd feel mighty safe in bettin' that he'd been havin' business dealin's with Bill Cadwell."
"One day Bill came into Eastman's store an' allowed as how he'd be powerful glad to git a knittin' needle. His wife wanted one he said.
"Mr. Cadwell," sez Eastman, "a knittin' needle will cost you just one cent."
"Bill looked kind uv surprised like, and sez: 'Knittin' needles must have gone up since I come in fur one last winter.'"
"Wall, sez Eastman, 'after payin' freight 'nd one thing 'nd another, I can't afford to let knittin' needles go fur less'n a cent apiece.'"
"Bill didn't say any thing for a minute or two, but after lookin' out for the door at the scenery, he turned round and sez: 'Look here, Mr. Eastman, I'll tell you what I'll do; I'll trade you an egg for a knittin' needle.'"
"Eastman shook his head. 'Why not?' sez Bill. 'You don't suppose 'at a darned old knittin' needle is wuth ez much ez an egg, do ye?'"
"I never heard uv any body payin' freight on hens," sez Eastman; he wuz the most sarcastic cuss in the township, Eastman wuz.
"No, nor I never heard uv feedin' knittin' needles," sez Bill. "It don't cost nothin' to raise knittin' needles."
"Well, Bill an' Eastman argued an' argued fur more'n an hour about hens an' knittin' needles an' things, until at last Eastman give in an' sez: 'Wall, I s'pose I might jist ez well swop ez not, although I hate to let any body get the advantage uv me.' So Eastman give Bill the knittin' needle and Bill give Eastman the egg.
"But when Bill got to the door he turned round an' come back again an' sez: 'Mr. Eastman, ain't it the custom fur you to treat when you've settled with a customer? You an' me hev hed our dispute, but we've come to a settlement and an understanding. Seems to me it would be the handsome thing fur you to treat.'"
"Eastman didn't see it in just that light, but Bill hung on so an' wuz so conciliatin' that finally Eastman handed out a tumbler an' the bottle o' Mellor rum.
"I don't want to seem particular," sez Bill, pourin' out half a tumbler uv the liquor, "but I like to take my rum with an egg in it."
"Now, this come pretty near breakin' Eastman's heart. He hed laid the egg on a shelf behind the counter, an' he reached for it an' handed it to Bill sayin': 'Wall, I'm in for it, an' there's no use uv kickin'.'"
"Bill broke the egg into the rum, and lo! an' behold, it was a double-yolk egg! Gosh, but Bill wuz excited!
"Mr. Eastman," sez he, 'you've been a takin' an advantage over me.'"
"How so?" asked Mr. Eastman.
"Why, this egg has got two yolks."
"What uv that?" sez Eastman.
"Well, simply this," sez Bill, 'that ef you're inclined to do the fair thing you'll hand over another knittin' needle.'"
—Eugene Field, in Chicago News.

Franklin tells this story: "A certain man having determined to cultivate a cheerful mind, found it necessary to cultivate cheerful acquaintances. He had one crooked leg and one handsome and well-formed. Persons who looked only at the crooked leg, and ignored the well and sound limb, he refused to know."
Carlyle said that he who made two potatoes grow where but one had grown before was a true benefactor of the race. Surely he who makes come into life, either his own or another's, two joyful ones in place of one, two smiles instead of one, he is a benefactor of the human race, and working out the Beatitudes.
Many years ago I heard James T. Fields deliver in Tremont Temple a lecture on Cheerfulness. I was scarcely more than a girl, but his words have remained with me twenty years, helpful and sensible. He said cheerfulness could be cultivated and should be; that a man or woman, however upright, was a curse to all connected with him if he did not carry cheer of heart. I think lack of cheer argues a real lack of faith in God. All life, from the tiniest grass blade to remotest star, shows things working towards perfection. So it seems a pitiable blindness that lets a man grope through life without clasping on to the divine it is. Of greater worth than all our complex system of education would be a systematic training of the mind to appreciation of the good. I feel a great pity, together with contempt, for the man or woman who spoils a day or an hour or a moment by fault-finding, grumbling, or by sullen silence in place of glad praises. How many a divine day is spoiled before breakfast is over!
Many of life's burdens would be lifted if we would establish with ourselves a sort of balance sheet, canceling the unpleasant with the pleasant, and not omitting to credit the surplus pleasantness. Such accuracy of account would invariably show the gain in large excess of the loss, and prove that many a soul avows bankruptcy when there is no excuse for it, for which fraudulent insolvency as stringent laws are needed as might restrain the evil. We could not many days keep a true account with life, even the most common, without convincing ourselves of the fact that there is much more of good than bad. Suppose Mrs. Somebody kept her record. One day might run like this:

GOOD SIDE.	GOOD SIDE.
Baby alive and able to be crossed and creeps. Had a breakfast.	Ninety-nine times out of one hundred bread good.
Breakfast late.	Great possibilities of a new girl.
Bread sour.	Home to keep, husband and children to love; dear friends, lovely world, pleasant times, people to help.
Hired girl going.	Lovely opportunity to prove myself superior to circumstances.
Too much sewing; back-ache, cross, tired, no good living.	Lovely lesson to teach me common sense in shoes.
Fire out in dining room.	I have feet. How much better than horses.
Corn aches.	The line might stretch out infinitely, and at last there could be no balance struck, because most evils at which people complain are so trifling as not possible to compare with the beautiful blessings of life. In plain words, let us all join the "Look-up Club."
Mrs. Latty has a carriage.	Look up and not down, out and not in, forward and not back, and lend a hand.

How Rhymes Are Made.
"Poetry is a more mechanical art than most people believe. Fred Latham, who is a cousin of Lord Tennyson, has told me that when the laureate is writing a poem he constructs a rhyming dictionary of his own, thus: A, b, c, d, e, f, g, h, i, j, k, l, m, n, o, p, q, r, s, t, u, v, w, x, y, z."
"When he has written a line, say: Where Charbel low-lieth—He starts down the alphabet hunting for a rhyme, getting 'buyeth,' 'crieth,' 'dieth,' 'lieth,' 'sigheth,' 'tieth,' 'tryeth,' 'vieth,' and so on, out of which, of course, it is the easiest possible thing to get the line—The oak tree, thick-treued, ambrosial eighth, when the proper time comes to introduce that verse into the poem. Usually Lord Tennyson conceals the art by which he gets to his rhymes by putting the manufactured line first and letting the second one carry the real burden of the thought, as any one who will read 'Locksley Hall' critically will see."
—H. B. Dees, in Chicago News.

From the Rookies comes a story that three vultures attacked an eagle in his nest on a mountain peak the other day. Although attacked from three points, the king of birds gallantly held his own and slew two of the vultures. The manner in which the eagle did this was peculiar. Singling out one of the attacking birds it grasped it tightly about the neck, and then, rising almost perpendicularly for about one hundred feet, allowed his prisoner to drop in a stunted condition on the rocks below. Two falls served to kill the first victim, but three were required to knock out the second. The survivor, seeing the fate which had befallen his companions, turned tail and started rapidly down the mountain side, uttering shrill cries as it flew.

SCOTCH DR. GRAHAM, WITH HIS COULD COLLECTED BOB, WHICH COST—OR SO HE SAID—£16,000.

His house in Pall Mall he called the Temple of Health and Hymn, of which he claimed himself the high priest. This temple was decorated with glass of all colors, precious vases filled with rare perfumes, statues of the human form divine in their Groves of Harmony costume, and the rest of it. His book on the "Principles of Health" cost half a guinea, and recommended cleanliness, moderation, early rest and early rising; sleeping in the light, especially in moonlight; singing, drinking his divine balm at "only a half guinea the bottle," and sleeping, first at one hundred guineas a night, and for a fifty-mark note, in the marvelous and celestial magnetic electric bed, the first, the only one in the world, or which ever had existed. It was situated in the holy of holies, in front of his "charming hermitage." It was isolated on six massive and transparent columns and covered by a vast canopy of brass rods, which communicated with an enormous electric machine lodged in the upper chamber. In the bed-posts were inserted vessels of ether, which was first volatilized and inhaled through the electric fluid and then breathed with the atmospheric air by those who chose to pay Dr. Graham for a night's lodging. The sheets were of purple and sky blue satin and the mattresses perfumed with the most precious essences of Arabia. The electric cylinder conducted into the bed chamber and into every part of the bed the all divine, celestial, electric fire—the fluid which animates and vivifies every thing—including "She," and in this case, "He"; too; for it sounds like a vulgarized anti-climax to the African tale. To all this was added the melodious tones or "tones" of the harmonica, the soft sound of the flute; the charms of agreeable song and the melodious notes of the organ. The farce drew a host of wealthy gulls until 1784, when Graham, showing the better part of valor, sold off every thing by public auction and safely retired with his gains.
—Westminster Review.

A LOVER'S CATECHISM.

Though Very Good in His Way, Its Application Leads to Sad Results.
He was very practical, and in order to have every thing fair and square beforehand he said:
"You know, darling, I promised my mother that my wife should be a good housekeeper, and a domestic woman. Can you cook?"
"Can," she said, swallowing a great big lump in her throat.
"Can you make good bread? That is the fundamental principle of all house-keeping."
"Yes; I went into a bakery and learned how to make all kinds of bread." She added under her breath "may be."
"And you can do your own dress-making? I am comparatively a poor man, love, and dressmakers' bills would soon bankrupt me."
"Yes," she said, frankly, "I can make every thing I wear, especially pattern bonnets."
"You are a jewel," he cried, with enthusiasm, "come to my arms."
"Wait a minute—there's no hurry," she said, coolly. "It's my turn to ask a few questions. Can you saw wood and carry in coal?"
"Why, my love, I should hire that work done."
"Can you make your coats, vests, trousers and wearing apparel?"
"But that isn't to the purpose."
"Can you build a house, dig ditches, weave carpets, and—"
"I am not a professional."
"Neither am I. It has taken the most of my life to acquire the education and accomplishments that attached you to me. But as soon as I have learned all the professions you speak of I will send my card. Au revoir," and she swept away.
And the disconsolate young man went to the nearest drug store and bought a two-for-a-quarter cigar, with which he speedily solaced himself.—Detroit Free Press.

IF A GIRL IS BORN

In January, she will be a prudent housewife, given to melancholy, but good temper.
In February, humane and affectionate wife and tender mother.
In April, inconstant, not very intelligent, but likely to be good-looking.
In May, handsome, amiable, and likely to be happy.
In June, impetuous, will marry early, and be frivolous.
In July, passively handsome, but with a sulky temper.
In August, amiable and practical and likely to marry rich.
In September, discreet, affable and much liked.
In October, pretty and coquetish and likely to be unhappy.
In November, liberal, kind and of a mild disposition.
In December, well-proportioned, fond of novelty and extravagant.—St. Louis Republic.

In New Mexico, says the Louisville Courier-Journal, the Spanish language is the language of the courts, the council, and the Assembly. Legislative debates are carried on in Spanish, and laws are framed in that language. English is an ordinary tongue, and a person is at a decided disadvantage even in transacting business unless he is familiar with Spanish.

SYMBOLISM OF RINGS.

The Modern Wedding Ring and Its Ancient History and Significance.
"And as the ring is sacred to love, so let our love be as endless as the ring."
The poet Herrick, when he wrote the above lines had no consideration for the jewelers of his day. The wedding ring of the nineteenth century, or at least the latter portion of the nineteenth century, is of a more ornate character, both in style and cost, than the ring Herrick sang of. According to a prominent Chicago jeweler both the betrothal and the wedding ring of the day is a criterion, not of the amount of affection both were designed to typify, but rather represent the financial standing of the male fiance. The number and value of the diamonds is now the gauge, not the plain circlet band of virgin gold that the boys of old at the bid of the minister with trembling fingers and crimson-lipped face managed to encircle, after several fruitless efforts, the finger of her who, as a rule, was vastly sturdier in nerve than he.
This ring lore is a curious historical research, and as the embryo lover should be posted the Journal here gives some of the lore on the mystic symbolism of rings.
In former times it was esteemed highly improper for single persons to wear rings, unless they were judges, doctors elected to a deliberative assembly. For all but the big wig named, such an ornament was considered as prima facie evidence of vanity, lasciviousness and pride, and was looked upon as a great piece of presumption on the part of the wearer. The rule was finally relaxed sufficiently to allow affianced people to wear the decoration, but this was simply an innovation to illustrate the sacredness in which the marriage ceremony was held.
Tradition has it that the first of these magic circles was invented by Prometheus and forged by Tubal Cain. By the way, that same old blacksmith, Tubal Cain, must have been, in modern parlance, a dandy. He kept hanging away at his anvil with a great big hammer. According to the same sort of tradition the hammer must have weighed about several tons, and when he got tired of forging plowshares from swords and swords from plowshares he rested himself by filling Prometheus' order and around the horn of his big anvil turned the first wedding ring. The Arabians have a legend that King Solomon possessed a magic ring that on a time he inadvertently dropped into the sea, whereupon, with the loss of his ring, his wisdom took flight and Solomon went and got himself married to several hundred wives.
The "jinnal ring" was originally a love token merely. Poet Herrick writes of it:
"The saddest to me a true loving-knot, but I returned a ring of jinnals to imply Thy love had but one knot, mine a triple tie."
One of these primeval rings, supposed to belong to the time of the "Virgin Queen," was recently found in Surrey, England. It is now in the British Museum.
Charles Lamb one night at a supper party noticed the oddity of a handsome widow, sitting near him, wearing a gold circlet on her thumb. She peeped on her menu:
"For pleasures past and joys to come I wear this ring upon my thumb."
Under this the stuttering poet responded:
"You've another thumb, my lady dear, And another lover sitting near, Who'd give his chance of the world to come To place a ring on that other thumb."
The young folks may be assured that the ring is now the proper thing. They come a trifle high, but you will sooner or later find that you must invest, young man. Better do it before a ring trust is formed.—Chicago Journal.

FOND OF HIPPOPOTAMUS.

Congo Natives Fighting Over a River Horse Killed by White Men.
Lieutenant von Francois describes a half savage, half comic occurrence on the Upper Congo while ago that illustrates the remarkable fondness of the natives of that region for animal food. While he was steaming up the river one day Mr. Grenfell and he shot a hippopotamus, and the crew drew the huge animal on shore to cut it up. They had not been engaged in this work more than five minutes before they were surrounded by a great crowd of natives, who watched the operation with the keenest interest. The tongue and the best parts of the flesh were reserved for the steambot hands, who then left the animal and gave the natives a chance.
With uplifted knives the crowd rushed upon the remains, and began to slash away on all sides. Scores of the natives could not get near the body, and they began to push and pull their more fortunate comrades with frantic eagerness. Those whose knives were within reach of the coveted flesh knew a good thing when they had it, and they did not propose to yield an inch of ground. They would slash away for a minute, then stop to fight the rear guard off, and then renew the cutting-up process. The pushing, struggling, howling mob made an exciting scene. Then the unfortunate in the rear, unable by dint of muscle to gain access to the creature, gathered handfuls of sand, which they showered over the hippopotamus butchers, endeavoring to blind them.
So the battle went on until finally those who were nearest the carcass rolled it over and over into the water until it was entirely submerged. From this vantage ground they continued the work of cutting up the animal until every scrap that was edible was secured. This means that there was very little left but the skeleton, for the average Congo native is not at all particular. He even cuts up the thick hide of the river horse into small bits, and after boiling it a long time, manages to swallow it with great apparent delight.—N. Y. Sun.

IN A CHICAGO RESTAURANT.

Guest (indignantly)—Walter, there're feathers in this soup.
Walter (inspecting it)—Why, so there are. I thought I was giving you bean soup. It's chicken broth, sir; costs ten cents more. [Changes figures on the check].—Chicago Tribune.

The old belief that more light-haired persons than dark become insane has gone the way of other ancient delusions. Out of the 165 patients who are being treated in the Kirkbride Insane Asylum in Philadelphia, all except four are of decidedly dark complexion.

—A farmer near Chebanse, Ill., noticing that one of his oxen did not obey orders as readily as of yore, concluded that it had become deaf. An ear-trumpet was tried with great success, and it is now fastened in place by wires around one of the horns. The animal shows signs of gratitude, and eats heartily, whereas it had before lost its appetite.—Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

THE WORKING WORLD.

Items of Interest to Wage-Earners and Employers.
The Saturday half-holiday is growing rapidly in favor. In the East not only the stores and shops are closing Saturday afternoon but the factories and foundries also. It looks as though the half-holiday is destined to be as much an occasion of regular observance as is Sunday.
An experienced machinist in a recent article advises all mechanics to make their own hammer handles, selecting good, strong wood, and fitting them with care. Handles may be bought for ten cents, but they are frequently unsafe, and it takes about as much time to fit them as it would to make a new one.
The statistical reports show some remarkable features of trade-life in foreign countries. In England there are 347 female blacksmiths, not blacksmiths in the sense of owning and running smithies merely, but actual swingers of the hammer and bellows. There are also 3,138 women who are employed in nail-making.
A suggestion which fruit-pickers and commission merchants may find profitable comes from a Tampa (Fla.) orange grower. He experimented in a small way with different schemes for packing his fruit until he finally settled upon sand as the best possible material. He claims that oranges packed in dry sand have kept fresh since the list of last December.
A new measuring tool for carpenters has been invented. It is an inside caliper, in the form of two wedges, one with graduated steps, the small ends of both being in the same direction. The wedges are fitted with tongue and groove, and a screw at the back moves the sides with the graduated steps on the other wedge. It affords a new method of making inside measurements and is mathematically exact.
Few people appreciate the experience and education which it is necessary to have in order to become a good, "ordinary" drug clerk. The fact is that the pharmacist needs to know quite as much about medicine as the physician. He must understand thoroughly the character of the different drugs which he handles, what effect they will have singly or in combination, and the hundred and one details of a business requiring great care and watchfulness and no little accurate information. This being the case it is somewhat strange that some druggists will employ untutored office boys to put up prescriptions in their absence. The secretary of the Wisconsin State Board of Pharmacy recently discovered this state of affairs in the store of a Chippewa Falls druggist and very properly had him fined fifty dollars.—Chicago News.

MISQUOTED LINES.

Familiar Expressions That Are Generally Quoted Wrong.
It is a peculiar faculty of human memory to misquote proverbs and poetry, and almost invariably to place the credit where it does not belong.
Who men out of ten think that "The Lord tempest is from the Bible," whereas Lawrence Sterne is the author. "Pouring oil upon troubled waters" is also ascribed to the sacred volume, whereas it is not there; in fact, no one knows its origin.
Again, we hear people say: "The proof of the pudding is in chewing the string." This is arrant nonsense, and the proverb says: "The proof of the pudding is in the eating thereof and not in chewing the string."
Nothing is more common than to hear:
A man convinced against his will Is of the same opinion still.
This is an impossible condition of mind, for no one can be convinced of one opinion and at the same time hold to an opposite one. What Butler wrote was eminently sensible:
He that compels against his will Is of his own opinion still.
A famous passage of Scripture is often misquoted thus: "He that is without sin among you, let him cast the first stone." It should be: "Let him first cast a stone."
Sometimes we are told: "Behold how great a fire a little matter kindleth," whereas St. James said: "Behold how great matter a little fire kindleth," which is quite a different thing.
We also hear that "a mile is no good, as a mile," which is not as sensible or forcible as the true proverb: "A mile of an inch is as good as a mile."
"Look before you leap" should be "And look before you are leaped."
Pope is generally credited with having written:
Immediate words admit of no defence, For want of decency is want of sense, though it would puzzle any one to find the verses in his writings. They were written by the Earl of Roscommon, who died before Pope was born.
Franklin said: "Honesty is the best policy," but the maxim is of Spanish origin and may be found in "Don Quixote."—Philadelphia Times.

FULL OF FUR.

When a cat glistens with excitement from the top of a wall it isn't the cat who's object is, it's the wall.
—A man with six marriageable daughters says that his house is a regular court-house every Sunday night.—Boston Post.
—Brown—"I hear Smith has to chloroform his clothes every night." White—"What for?" Brown—"Because they are so loud they keep him awake."—Exchange.
—Passenger—"Do we stop long enough at the next station to eat a sandwich?" Conductor—"No, sir; we only stop twenty minutes."—Life.
—"I'll show you up." Grinningly said a Thomas Pitt de Groot.
"I'd like to see how doing it," quoth Thomas with a purr.
—Yankee's Gazette.
—Stranger (addressing an old colored bricklayer)—"Uncle, who's building this house?" Colored Bricklayer—"Mr. Hirambug he build do house, but Queen Ann she draw do plan."—Harper's Bazar.
—Wife (carelessly)—"What's that fire alarm ringing for?" Husband (freshly)—"For a fire, of course." Wife (calmly)—"Well, what do you suppose it wants with a fire such a day as this?"—Washington Oracle.
—"How is your employer, Sambo? I heard he had a bad fall." "Yes, sah, but he's sufferin' most from the reaction before he fell, sah." "O, the reaction came first did it?" "Yes, sah, do mule kicked him over."—Springfield Union.
—Lieutenant (waking up)—"Donner weter! Already ten o'clock! John, why did you not wake me when I ordered?" John—"I have already wakened you several times, but perhaps you have not heard me."—Fitzgerald's Blather.
—Student (not very clear as to his lesson)—"That's what the author says, say way." Professor—"I don't want the author; I want you." Student (despairingly)—"Well, you've got me."—Philadelphia Quiz.
—He had just declined her proffered heart; but, wishing to soften the blow, was about to add: "But I will always be a—" when the fair girl raised her hand. "Hush, George," she said, "when your budding mustache is as long as the whiskers on that chestnut you can use it for a muffer."—Tezsa's Siftings.
—"That's thim!" said Mulcahey, pointing to the life-preservers on deck. "These are life-preservers," said the officer. "Oh, life-preservers, are they? This why don't you send them to their husbands, where there's plenty of dyes and dying all the while, bedad?"—Ocean.
—Steve—"Yes, poor Blivins does look melancholy, as you say. He still suffers from the consequences of an early love affair." Maud (instantly interested)—"Oh, tell me. Did the young lady die or marry false?" Steve—"Neither. She married him."—Hearst.
—He was doing very nicely in the parlor, when a solemn voice came through the open window from the porch: "That young man makes me very tired." "Don't be alarmed, Mr. Sampson," said the girl, as he hastily started up. "It is only Polly, our parrot." "I understand it's the parrot," he replied, "but I would like to know who taught her to talk."—N. Y. Sun of '87.

OLD-TIME ADVENTURERS.

Queer Enterprises That Astonished London in the Last Century.
Cox's extraordinary enterprise, which he set going in 1771, came rather under the head of lunacy than swindling. His fixed idea was to combine the wealth and luxury of Asia with the mechanical inventions of Europe in a series of extraordinary artificial productions. To realize his monster whims he devoted a considerable private fortune and an imaginative bent which was far above the common, and loaded with his fantastic command the most skillful engineers, inventors, clockmakers, goldsmiths and jewelers in France and England. He thus, ere long, saw himself in possession of a vast collection of marvels and masterpieces, finished to the highest perfection of the art workers' powers. Cox's scheme was to transport all these to Asia for sale to Eastern potentates. He, however, kept the collection—not an unfit precursor of those modern shows which we call exhibitions—some nine years in London, where he charged half a guinea for inspecting it. Gold, silver, diamonds and other stones were worked into all sorts of animal forms—camels, elephants, and so on—which moved and seemed to breathe; birds that sang, ducks that swam, game that ran about in a thicket. A castle six feet high, which cost over £100,000, was destined for the Great Mogul, and a copy of it was actually sent to Pekin for the Emperor of China. But debt, with its lengthening chain, fatally encompassed the visionary; he never could realize more than a fraction of his large scale Asiatic programme; only part of his collection, got to India and the rest was sold up in London. Then there appeared in 1780 that king of native quacks, the

SCOTCH DR. GRAHAM, WITH HIS COULD COLLECTED BOB, WHICH COST—OR SO HE SAID—£16,000.

His house in Pall Mall he called the Temple of Health and Hymn, of which he claimed himself the high priest. This temple was decorated with glass of all colors, precious vases filled with rare perfumes, statues of the human form divine in their Groves of Harmony costume, and the rest of it. His book on the "Principles of Health" cost half a guinea, and recommended cleanliness, moderation, early rest and early rising; sleeping in the light, especially in moonlight; singing, drinking his divine balm at "only a half guinea the bottle," and sleeping, first at one hundred guineas a night, and for a fifty-mark note, in the marvelous and celestial magnetic electric bed, the first, the only one in the world, or which ever had existed. It was situated in the holy of holies, in front of his "charming hermitage." It was isolated on six massive and transparent columns and covered by a vast canopy of brass rods, which communicated with an enormous electric machine lodged in the upper chamber. In the bed-posts were inserted vessels of ether, which was first volatilized and inhaled through the electric fluid and then breathed with the atmospheric air by those who chose to pay Dr. Graham for a night's lodging. The sheets were of purple and sky blue satin and the mattresses perfumed with the most precious essences of Arabia. The electric cylinder conducted into the bed chamber and into every part of the bed the all divine, celestial, electric fire—the fluid which animates and vivifies every thing—including "She," and in this case, "He"; too; for it sounds like a vulgarized anti-climax to the African tale. To all this was added the melodious tones or "tones" of the harmonica, the soft sound of the flute; the charms of agreeable song and the melodious notes of the organ. The farce drew a host of wealthy gulls until 1784, when Graham, showing the better part of valor, sold off every thing by public auction and safely retired with his gains.
—Westminster Review.