

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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IFI IFI

If every boy and every girl,
Arising with the sun,
Should plan this day to do alone
The good deeds to be done—
Should scatter smiles and kindly words,
Sung, helpful hands should lend,
And to each other's wants and cries
Attentive ears should lend.
If every man and woman, too,
Should join these workers small—
Oh, what a flood of happiness
Upon our earth would fall!
How many homes would sunny be,
Which now are filled with care!
And joyous, smiling faces, too,
Would greet us everywhere.
I do believe the very sun
Would shine more clear and bright
And every little twinkling star
Would shed a softer light.
But we, instead, oft watch to see
If our folks are true,
And thus neglect so much that God
Intends for us to do.
—Sister E. Estima, in Golden Day.

A FAMILY FEUD.

Thirty Years of Hate and Blood
Wiped Away in an Hour.

I had been told that I could save three miles by making a short cut on the road to Bibb's place, and I had come within a mile of his house, and the hour was about four in the afternoon, when I got a sudden surprise. I was emerging from a ravine to the main trail when four men suddenly sprang out at me from behind a mass of rock. One was old and white-haired, though still vigorous, while the others were men of middle-age. All had guns and knives, and a tough-looking lot they were as they surrounded me. There was a moment of silence as we surveyed each other, and then one of the men asked:
"Who be you?"
I told him.
"Oh, yes," he replied, as he held out his hand. "So you're he, 'un, be it? Glad to see you. 'We uns hev all heard of you 'un."
All shook hands with me and passed the time of day, and presently I asked:
"Out for a hunt?"
"Yes."
"After bear?"
"Bigger nor that, stranger!"
All chuckled as if highly pleased, and after enjoying my embarrassment for a minute the spokesman said:
"We might as ye to mix in, stranger, but it's none o' your consider."
"What is it?"
"We're huntin' Hank Bibb's an' his pap."
"Going to kill them?"
"If we kin. That's what we're yere fur. That's why we've come from t'other side of the big hill."
"Why, I was on my way to Bibb's."
"Reckon ye were stranger. That's why we stopped ye. Didn't want ye to suffer in the scrimmage."
It was a foul—a vendetta. I realized it now. They had set out to kill me just as you would kill pigeons.
"Tell me about this," I said, as we sat down on a rock and passed out some tobacco.
"Wall," replied the spokesman, "me'n the old man ar Carters. The others jined in to help. We've bin down on the Bibbs fur—let's see—how long is it, pap?"
"A year af' the wah," answered the old man.
"Call it thirty years," resumed the son. "That's a right smart. I reckon. And we've killed four on 'em—four of the Bibbs. And they're killed three of us—three of the Carters! That hasn't bin any scrimmage of late, 'cause Hank Bibb's been gone and I have bin gone, and the old folks here got moos' too old. But Hank has come back, and I hev cum back, and so we reckoned on gwine over thar' and wipin' the last of 'em out."
"How did this affair start? What was the beginning?"
"The start! Let's see! It goes back too far fur me. Say, pap, what begun this yere fuss?"
"Jim Bibb's pizen my mowl, 'cause I beat him choppin'!"
"Are you sure of it?" I asked.
"Shore! Of course I'm shore! The mowl was found dead, and if Jim Bibb's didn't pizen him who did?"
"But was he poisoned?"
"If not what made him die?"
"Perhaps he was sick, or got a fall, or died of old age."
"Say, pap," said the son, "p'raps that was the way of it."
"Mought be, Cyrus. I never thort of it."
"Look here, men," I said after we had talked a little further, "this thing is all wrong and I want to see it righted. I want to see Bibb's before you do any shooting."
"What fur?"
"To see what he has against you, and to see if you can't be friends. You have all been wrong from the start."
"But didn't my mowl die?" asked the old man.
"Yes, but you didn't know that one of the Bibb's was within a dozen miles of him. Did you try to find out if they were guilty?"
"I hadn't no show. I jist took down the gun and peppered Bill Bibb's. Then one of his brothers peppered my son Enos, and so we've been pepperin' ever since."
"And all about an old mowl!"
"Well, mowls was scarce then, and it was the principle of the thing, y' see. Mowl be we've been too frisky (qasty), but the Bibb's hasn't never cum to talk it over."

FULL OF FUN.

"God made you beautiful," said little Ella to her five-year-old friend, "but Mamma is going to make me stylish!"
"The youngest soldier of the late war" is becoming so very young that it is pretty safe to say that he was a member of the infant-ry.
—A Refined Taster—Young Noble Jones—"Good morning, Miss De Stael. Selecting diamonds? Oh do let me assist you. I assure you I am a perfect epicure in diamonds."—Harper's Bazar.
—Kentucky School-Teacher—"William, which do you consider the most miserable of animals?" "The camel."
"Why?" "Sometimes it has to go for weeks without a drink."—Lincoln Journal.
—There is always some body who fails to enjoy even the most delightful of festivities. The gladsome clamor, for instance, is usually any thing but pleasant to the clams.—Journal of Education.
—A well-to-do citizen of Macon, Ga., uses for a bathtub a zinc-lined coffin box. It was intended to contain the coffin of his neighbor, but proved to be too large to enter the grave, and was bought by its present owner for a song.
—You want to be careful of that umbrella," said an art dealer to a countryman who was indicating the fine points of a picture to his wife. "All right, mister," responded the agriculturist, "I won't let go of that umbrella till I get back home."—Times Observer.
—Magistrate (to prisoner)—"Is this the first time that you have been before me, Uncle Rastus?" "Uncle Rastus—'Yes, sah; but y' po' ole father, who was jega fo' forty years, I was offen up befo'." He and me was old fren's y' honor; 'need we say."
—Mr. Isaacstein—"I sells you dot coat, my fren, for sayventeen tollar; you take him along!" Customer—"I thought, Isaacstein, that you didn't do business Saturday. Isn't this your Sunday?" "Mr. Isaacstein (in a low, reverent tone of voice)—"My fren, to sell a coat like dot for sayventeen tollar vas no posses, dot vas charity."—Time.
—Old Man—"Do you think, young man, that you can give my daughter the luxuries she has been accustomed to?" Young Man—"I am hopeful in that direction, sir. The only sealskin sacque and diamond ring she ever had were presents from me, and were it not for yours truly Delmonico's to-day would be to her but a monumental brownstone pile."—N. Y. Sun.
—"This won't go for two cents," said a postal clerk in a country office, returning to an old negro a letter which he had passed through the delivery window. "What's do matter wid it?" "Too heavy." "Jes' 'bout like I 'pected. Dat letter was writ by my son, an' I tote him he wuz er writin' too heavy a han', but he kep' on er bearin' down an' er bearin' down on his pen. I'll take it back, sah, an' git him to write it wid er pencil."—Texas Siftings.
—"Sharply, what do you think of the young lady who sits opposite you at the table?" "Miss Bright?" "Oh she seems to be a very pleasant sort of a girl." "But hasn't she rather a tart tongue?" "Isn't she given to casting reflections?" "Nothing more natural, my boy, than that she should cast reflections; she is such a polished girl, and such a good looking-lass."—Grip.

STATISTICAL FACTS.

Proportion of Children and Adults in the Various Civilized Countries.
According to Dr. Alice Vickery, the happiest place on earth is France, chiefly because French families do not exceed manageable dimensions. She says: "In the first place, while the surplus of women in the United Kingdom and in Germany amounts to nearly three-quarters of a million and one million respectively, France 1881 had a surplus of only 92,000 women, and as a consequence marriages are more prevalent in proportion to population in France than elsewhere; and, curiously enough—contrary to the general opinion in this country—France has the smallest proportion of illegitimate births. Thus from 1825 to 1867 the percentage of illegitimate births was 7.2 in France, 8.2 in Prussia, 10 in Sweden, 11 in Austria and 22 in Bavaria. France has the lowest birth-rate of all European countries, viz., 23.8 per 1,000 against 31 for the United Kingdom and 38 for Germany. The average number of children to a family is now 3.2, against 4.6 in England and Wales, 5.25 in Scotland and 5.4 in Ireland. Germany has an average of nearly five to a family. France contains a far better proportion of grown-up persons than any other nation in Europe.
There are in each 10,000 persons in the several states of Europe the following numbers in the most productive age between 15 and 60: In France, 4,973; in Holland, 4,964; in Sweden, 4,954; in Great Britain, 4,732; in the United States, 4,900. France, of all nations in Europe, has the highest average age of the living—namely, 31.08 years; against Holland, 27.66; Sweden, 27.66; Great Britain, 26.5; the United States, 23.1. France, too, has a greater number of persons attaining old age than any other country; for out of every 100 deaths those over the age of 60 are:—in France, 36; Switzerland, 34; England, 30; Belgium, 28; Wurtemberg, 21; Prussia, 19; Austria only 17."—Fall Mail Gazette.
—The search is fruitless," sighed the man as he looked in vain for pine apples on a pine tree.—Pet's Sun.

REFERRING LAW-SUITS.

New This Useful and Advantageous Legal Custom Originated.
"How did the practice of sending legal cases to referees begin?" repeated Mr. Morris Cooper, the author of leading works on the subject of referees and referees, to the inquiry made by a reporter. "It is a very old custom. I know it is extensively employed now and that many cases are sent to referees without consent of the parties at issue. But the object is to save the time of the court and the jury. We have the authority of that learned jurist Chief Justice Daly for the statement that the practice came into use when New York was a colony under the Dutch. The Dutch, as was the usage in Amsterdam, referred the settlement of matters of account to three persons called arbitrators. The English found the customary method of procedure for the investigation of matters of account thus a trial by jury."
"The Charter of Liberties and Privileges enacted in 1683, sanctioned only trials by jury. As a consequence there was no method of trying actions involving the examination of long accounts except by the tedious and expensive common law action of account. That was so dilatory an affair that it felt into disuse, and jury trials in assumpsit were resorted to. The juries complained of the burdens to which they were subjected in being obliged to unravel long and intricate accounts. In 1768 the first statute we had in this country on the subject was enacted. It was entitled 'An act for the better determination of personal actions depending upon accounts.' This statute authorized the Supreme Court, with or without the consent of the parties, to refer actions requiring the examination of long accounts either side. Actions brought by or against executors or administrators were excluded from the effect of the provisions."
"Are the courts acting under that old law now?"
"Virtually, yes; but actually, no. In 1788 an act was passed for the amendment of the law and the better advancement of justice, which provided that, if it should appear in any cause that the trial would require the examination of a long account, the court, after issue had been joined, could, with or without consent, refer the cause to referees. In 1813 the act was amended by providing for a compulsory reference of the issues to three persons in actions involving long accounts. Again in 1829, 1836 and 1846 the Revised Statutes provided the same thing. At the last date, however, a further provision was made, so that by consent of the parties the matter could be sent to a single referee instead of three, as required, where the reference was compulsory. The Code of Procedure of 1848 gave the court power, but did not make it obligatory, to refer such cases in involving long accounts, and direct the referees to hear and decide the whole issue or to report on any specific question of fact involved therein, the taking of an account or questions of fact arising in any stage of the action. This was slightly amended by the Code of Procedure of 1849, which remained in force until September, 1877, when the present Code of Procedure went into effect. Section 1,013 of the last-named code promises that the court may, of its own motion, or upon the application of either party, without the consent of the other, direct a trial of the issues of fact by a referee where the trial will require the examination of a long account on either side, and will not require the decision of difficult questions of law. In an action triable by the court without a jury reference may be made to decide the whole issue, or any of the issues, or to report the referee's findings upon one or more specific questions of fact involved in the issue. This is the law now, and it shows no substantial change since 1849. Were it not for the power of reference the courts of the present time would not be able to get through their business, and many cases would be interminably long of the detriment of other suitors."—N. Y. Mail and Express.
How the Balloon Was Invented.
Exercise is antagonism; at each step force is used to lift up our bodies and push back the earth; as the eminent Joseph Montgolfier said, that when he saw a company dancing, he mentally inverted his view and imagined the earth dancing on the dancers' feet, which it most unquestionably did. Indeed, his great invention of balloons was guessed at by his witnessing a mild form of antagonism between heat and gravitation. He, being a dutiful husband, was airing his wife's dresses, who was going to a ball. He observed the hot air from the fire inflated the light materials, which rose up in a sort of spheroidal form (you may have some of you noticed this form in dress). This gave him the idea of the fire-balloon, which, being a large paper-maker at Annonay, he forthwith experimented on, and hence we got aerial navigation. This anecdote was told by his nephew M. Seguin, also an eminent man.—Sir William R. Grove, in Popular Science Monthly.
—Grandmother Hoston, of Virginia, Ill., is doubtless the only person living in the United States born in the famous Tower of London. She is eighty-one years old, and her parents were employed in the grim old prison when she was born.

SHOPPING IN JAPAN.

A Visit to the Large Silk Stores of Echi-goya and Dai Mara.
An occupation that appeals to any woman, and more especially to an American one, is shopping in the large silk stores. Echi-goya and Dai Mara, which are the Louvre and Bon Marche of this great capital, as regards size and importance, are places as full of entertainment as a theater. Both occupy corners on great thoroughfares, the one on the Nihon Bashi, Muro Marochi, and the other on the Odemma Cho, and have waving curtains of black cloth with the crest and the name painted in white, hanging as a screen on the two open sides. Within there is the vast open space of the first floor revealed in the one glance. The floor proper of this great room is raised a foot and a half from the stone walk surrounding it, and is covered with the usual soft straw mats, fitting closely together in one clean, glistening floor covering. The salesmen and accountants sit here and there over the vast area, the book-keepers being also cashiers and presiding over ledgers where they keep books, the shoppers make groups on the mats, and women with beautifully-dressed hair and nose in sober silk garments gain wonderful picturesque interest with the heaps of rainbow-fibrics heaped and unrolled about them. Small boys, selected chiefly with a view to the shrillness and piercing qualities of their voices, one might think, take something of the place of the "cash" in our large stores. These boys bring out the armoindas and basketsful of silks from the godowns, for none of the stock of goods is ever in sight. The purchaser asks for what he wants, and the small boy is dispatched to the godown and brings out successive loads. It is etiquette for these small boys to halt and cheer the arriving and departing customer, as they do it by droning out some nasal chorus that is rather amusing when half drowned by other noises. We lifted the street curtain at Dai Mara's the other rainy day, and found the matted area deserted of all but solitary states in the way of attentive clerks. Immediately the battalion of small boys sprang to their feet and began a caterwauling that deafened us. When the chant was over they hurried off to one end where a steaming bronze urn, various tea caddies, and a shelved box full of tea sets are kept to provide patrons with a cheering cup of pale, amber-tinted tea. For an hour the small boys ran to and fro, baskets were carried back and forth, and gold brocades, that it takes a half hour of description, and a continued calling for better or more, to evolve from the godowns, come in lengths of four yards and a half for the broad obis, or sashes, that are the points of importance and show in the dress of a Japanese woman. The silk threads are the purest, and the brocades woven of silk alone are as soft, thick, and yet pliable as leather, and the masses of gold threads while glistening like stiffened and pieces of chased metal, give substance, but not wiry hardness, to the stuffs. The first quality pure gold thread brocades begin as low as \$20 for the 4 1/2-yard lengths, but mount to \$40, \$60, and even \$120, as the quality of gold, the fineness of the thread and the weight of the gold increase. The \$120 obis was in the art loan exhibition, and was a miracle of fineness, the individual gold threads too fine to be noted, and the design the old classic one of dragons in the clouds. There were two obis at \$72 each that made one dream of the day when his purse would be full enough to buy only an inch and a half. One was on a delicate gray-green sash ground with dozens of six-inch gold dragons writhing up conventional clouds, and wares in gold and white, to a sky full of conventional clouds of the most softly-tinted rainbow colors. The other, when unrolled, was a river of sunshine and light across the mats, a plate of gold inlaid with silken threads, that would dazzle and blind one in the sunlight. Its design was a geometrical one of interlocking lines and circles, suggesting Greek crosses in some of the shapes, that with Russian cloth of gold and the garments of priests in rich Roman Catholic churches. The modest brocades that were bought after this display of gorgeousness appeared to satisfy the establishment, but tantalizing visions of the green and gold and the solid gold obis haunted the dreams and made life all envy and longing for possession.—Yiddo Cor. St. Louis Globe-Democrat.
A Fund of Information.
Countryman (to the celebrated Hindoo Snake Charmer)—I s'pose you know a good deal 'bout snakes, Mister? Hindoo Snake Charmer—Snakes, sir, have been the study of my eventful life. I know all about them.
Countryman—The hull business, Hindoo Snake Charmer—Yes, sir.
Countryman—Well, I wish you'd tell a feller where the body leaves off an' the tail begins.—N. Y. Sun.
—At Cooperstown, the ruins of Cooper Hall, where Fenimore Cooper lived and wrote many of his tales, are still to be seen, and the place and localities around and about Otsego lake described in his books are the shrine of tourists every day.—N. Y. Mail and Express.

WHITNEY'S COTTON GIN.

Circumstances Under Which the First Invention Was Produced.
There is no doubt that the first inventor of the cotton gin was Eli Whitney, and that all other claimants to the honor are pretenders. Whitney was the son of a Massachusetts farmer, and was born in December, 1765, at Westborough, in that State. From his earliest childhood he showed that remarkable power of mind that is known as inventive genius, and a peculiar aptness in handling tools. It is said that before he was ten years old he could use any tool that he had ever seen with dexterity, and before he was twelve he had made a violin, and acquired wide fame as a skillful mender of fiddles. He became a nail-maker, and at this business and other applications of his manufacturing skill he made money enough to take a college course. He entered Yale College in 1789, graduated three years later, and went South to teach. His ambition was to become a lawyer, and he began the study in Savannah, while boarding in the family of the widow of General Nathaniel Greene, and eking out his scanty means by coaching boys for college. One day he chanced to hear Mrs. Greene complaining of the clumsiness of her tambour, and readily made a much better one for her, to her great delight. At that time a few pounds of cotton was all that could be cleaned by a single laborer in a day. A planter in Mrs. Greene's presence expressed a wish that a machine could be invented for the work, and she advised him to consult young Whitney, saying: "If any one can make the machine, he can." At that time Whitney had never examined a cotton boll, though he must have seen the plant growing in the fields. He was ready enough to undertake the task but for two obstacles, he had neither money nor tools. An old college friend supplied the money, and the 4000 Whitney made himself, Mrs. Greene and Miller, who afterward became Whitney's partner, were the only persons allowed to see the machine in the process of construction, but the news of the wonderful invention and its value got abroad, and before it was complete some wretches broke open the building one night and carried off the unfinished machine. Half mad with rage and despair, the young man left the State for which he was to create such great prosperity, went back to Connecticut and there completed his work. But he had scarcely been away from Savannah a week, when two other claimants to the invention had appeared, and a few months later the stolen invention came out. However, Whitney received his patent in March, 1794, and he and Mr. Miller began the manufacture of the machines in Connecticut. The patent, however, was continually infringed upon, and Whitney had to struggle hard to secure any reward for his labor. In 1801 the South Carolina Legislature granted him \$50,000 for his invention, but he had to endure immense and vexatious lawsuits and delays before he got the money. North Carolina allowed a percentage on the machines, and paid it honorably for a number of years, and Tennessee pledged herself to do the same thing, but basely repudiated her contract. For years Whitney struggled against an accumulation of misfortunes, lawsuits, the burning of his factory, false reports that his machine injured the fiber of the cotton, the refusal of Congress to allow the renewal of his patent; until, at last, convinced that he would never receive a just compensation for his invention, he turned his attention to the manufacture of fire-arms for the Government, from which he reaped a comfortable fortune. He was the first to adapt machinery to the manufacture of the parts of a gun, so that any one piece should be equal to any one of thousands of others adapted to any one of thousands of others to other manufactures of iron and steel, which added considerably to his reputation, but not to his wealth.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

KISSING THE FAIR.

Buy Whom You Would Most Wish to Kiss.
The communion of congenial souls by osculation is one of those ancient customs which never grow old. As to its invention, it is certain that Nature was its author, and it began with the first courtship. There is an old rhyme which says:
But some reply "What foot would dance
If that when dance is done?
He may not have a lady's lips
That which is dance he won't."
It almost makes one wish he lived during a certain period described by Hone in his queer old "Table Book," when in Ireland they had "kissing bees" on Easter Monday, on which occasion it was the duty of each female to receive at least a dozen hearty kisses. This was what might be termed promiscuous osculation, and it is probable that these ceremonies were extensively patronized by "ye ancient maiden ladies" of the day.
There was a time when kissing the bride in church gave rise to some ridiculous scenes. As it was considered a high honor to kiss her first, there was a great rush after the ceremony, and the "fair damsel" was often carried out in a swoon. In the "Collier's Wedding" we are shown how—
Four rustic fellows with the white
To kiss the bride at the church side.
Time and again genius has been rewarded with kisses. The cheering pit which commissioned the voluptuous Duchesse de Villars to kiss Voltaire during a successful performance of "Merope" did not impose a severe task on the fair lady, nor was the kiss ungraciously received. The Duchess of Devonshire offered to kiss all those who voted for her favorite Fox when he was in the last contest for Westminster, and on a par with this enthusiastic action was that of Lady Gordon at one of the Scotch uprisings in behalf of Prince Charlie. She turned recruiting sergeant and offered as bounty a willing to be taken from between cherry-ripe lips by the mouth of the recruit.
One would suppose that kissing would obtain in Iceland, as the act is said to give warmth to the blood; but not so. A man who osculates an unmarried female against her will (note the line, reader) renders himself liable; and even if he has obtained the lady's sanction her cruel guardian can demand legal reparation!
Who does not remember the story of the jolly vicar, who when he had obtained the long-sought kiss, wanted another and another, and when he had taken a score, would exclaim:
Now to my twenty add a hundred more,
A thousand to that hundred, and so on,
To make that thousand up a million;
Treat that million, and when that's done,
Let his kiss streak as when we first began.
We might proceed ad infinitum with this congenial subject, but as kisses upon paper are but a hollow mockery, we decline, as "Bluff King Hal" said to Auro Boresalis:
Sweetheart,
I were unmanly to take you out
And not to kiss you.
—Niles and Queries.
ESSAY ON BULLHEADS.
Description of a Sport That Has Peculiar Charms for Lazy Men.
Bullheads are born, not made. No manufacturer would ever place on the market such a ridiculous combination of big and little pit, three horns and no middle. They deserve no favor at the hands of a credulous public. They have no respectability. They are intolerably indolent. They won't work for a living. They just shove themselves under the cell grass, gape their mouths and wait and loaf. If a small crawls in, that is his ill fortune. The bullhead doesn't care much, my how. It takes laziness to catch bullheads. Patience won't do it. The successful bullhead is slower than a doctor's bill, and as undesirable. He is either too lean to stand up, or too fat to walk. His stomach hollows so far in toward his spine that he can't tell the difference between hunger and the backache. He indulges in ping tobacco. He will sit all day on the tip of a decayed hemlock knot and fish. He waits. Happiness spreads a dreary mantle over him.
A bullhead bite is not an impressive event. It is not an emotional affair. It feels like a thump on the back. It is something like one jump out of a dual toothache. It is not so expressive, however. Sometimes they don't bite at all. They let the bait drop into their mouths, if it chooses. Mouth closed, the bullhead rubs his stomach on the mud and waits. Fisherman waits, the bullhead waits longer. Fisherman waits for fisherman to come down and get him. Fisherman waits for bullhead to come up and see what has become of him. Finally he pulls up his line to look at his worm. Line sticks at the end. Bullhead is no hurry. Neither is the fisherman. More pull. Still sticks. Eng. puff, slow, lazy, always lazy; lazy at both ends.
Six bullheads are a good day's work for a practical fisherman. More than that, spoils the rhythm. Theoretical fellows have alleged that they have taken more than that. They have described their game as "old lunkers." They are ambitious creatures, in the spring-time of life. They carried their spirit containing ten per cent of carbolic acid. This substance destroyed all the health, and proved harmless to the rotines. The conclusion arrived at was that the danger of circulating libraries spreading infection is very slight, but a recomposition is given to fast books well before reading them, and never to get the finger in the month for the purpose of turning over the leaves.—N. Y. Post.

DISCORD IN THE HOME.

The experiences of many observing persons have satisfied them that the chief source of family friction are, on the part of the husband, a domineering disposition; and of both together selfishness or want of consideration. All are the faults of undeveloped natures, and the wife who rules with a rod of iron. Strange that the ruling person never realizes the pall he or she casts over the household, but so it is. There can be no real happiness where there is no liberty. One of the two is driven to deception or perversion through fear of ill temper of the other. If it be not a cyclone it is a sour, gloomy sky or a sulky drizzle. There is no courage left "to speak the truth plainly" because the truth would cost too dearly, no matter with what a kindly spirit it may be uttered. For the want of self-discipline and culture of the feelings the peace of the family may be ruined. Not only so, the offending parties become unhappy wretches, since, to use the expressive words of Whipple, "self-will has a hard time of it when it comes into impotent conflict with the constitution of things."—St. Paul Pioneer-Press.
A Juror's Just Plea.
A story is told of Mr. Justice Hannan, who is to preside over the Federal Commission. He is said to be so correct and conscientious that he has scarcely ever made a mistake; but he did once. A domineering, somber-dressed jurymen, in melancholy tones claimed exemption from serving, and His Lordship asked in kind and sympathetic tones: "On what ground?" "My Lord," said the applicant, "I am deeply interested in a funeral which takes place to-day, and am most anxious to follow." "Certainly, sir, your plea is a just one." The man departed, and a moment after Mr. Justice Hannan learned that he was the undertaker!—St. P. Post.