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, FEBRUARY 16, 1889. VOL. XIV.—NO. 8.

REST.

Let us rest ourselves a bit,
Worry!—wave your hand to it—
Kiss your finger-tips; and smile
It farewell a little while.

Weary of the weary way
We have come from yesterday,
Let us fret us not, instead,
Of the weary way ahead.

Let us pause and catch our breath
On the hither side of death,
While we see the tender shoots
Of the grasses—not the roots.

While we yet look down—not up—
To seek out the buttercup
And the daisy, where they wave
O'er the green home of the grave.

Let us launch us smoothly on
L'atless billows of the lawn,
And drift out across the main
Of our childish dreams again.

Voyage off, beneath the trees,
O'er the field's enchanted seas
Where the lilies are our sails,
And our seagulls, nightingales.

Where no wilder storm shall beat
Than the wind that waves the wheat,
And no tempests burst above
The old laughs we used to love.

Lose all troubles—gain release,
Languor and exceeding peace,
Cruising idly o'er the vast,
Calm mid-ocean of the past.

Let us rest ourselves a bit,
Worry!—wave your hand to it—
Kiss you finger-tips and smile
It farewell a little while.

—*James Whitcomb Riley, in Home Magazine.*

THE COWBOYS' DUEL.

Novel Way in Which Two Disputants Settled Their Differences.

They Ride Two Wild, Fiery Steers for the Championship with Unsatisfactory and Damaging Results—Declared a Draw.

Among the cowboys of the Western cattle *ranchos*, riding, shooting, and casting the lariat are feats of skill on which all pride themselves, and in which it is an especial honor to excel. A cowboy's reputation, in fact, among his fellows, depends very largely on his adroitness in these essentials to his business. Hence there is often a warm rivalry, and many disputes take place among them as to their relative personal skill in these arts.

We found the little party of cowboys, near which we had camped at the Sierra La Sal, no exception to the rule. Between two of them—"Broncho Bob" and "Charley," as they were familiarly called—there had long been both rivalry and jealousy as to which was the better rider. True, Bob had for years worn with pride the nickname "Broncho," bestowed on account of a grand exploit in breaking a wild horse, but Charley was a great horse-tamer, too, and contemptuously disputed Bob's claim to the camp championship.

One day, when we were all riding together, the two fell to bantering each other, as usual, on this old question of skill. The herd boss, after listening to them awhile, broke in with:

"Why don't you fellers settle this thing some way or 'nuther, 'n' quit this everlastin' jaw? Fact is, they can't neither of you ride wuth shucks fur all you make sech a blow about it."

The tirade turned the wrath of both of them upon him, and after they had abused him for a few minutes, he said, winking aside to the others: "Well, never mind me; I know I can't ride 'ith you fellers, but I've got an idea—"

"Know an idee when you see it?"

"Hold tight to it, fur fear you'll never git another," they chaffed him.

"Well, I was always too ginerous fur my own good, an' I'm goin' to split this idee up, an' divide it among you fellers, so's to let you see fur wunst in your lives, w'at kind of a lookin' thing an idee is."

"All right; trot 'er out!"

"Better rope it, so's 'twon't git away from ye!"

"Handle it keerful! It might kick!"

"No danger; 'taint big enough!"

"Don't fotch'er out too sudden; might skeer the hosses!"

"That idee must be mighty lonely, rottlin' round' there in your skull all by itself!"

"Well," said Little, when this storm of rude wit had died away, "my idee is, fur you fellers to *ride a dooel.*"

"'Ride a dooel?' What d'ye mean?"

"Why, let each of you ketch the wildest, fieriest steer he kin git his lass' on te-morrer, 'n' then nex' day let Bob take the one Charley ketches, 'n' Charley take Bob's 'n' ride 'em, 'n' witchever sticks on longest, he's the champion, 'n' 'tother un keeps his lip buttoned for the rest of the season. What d'ye say?"

"*Bueno!* Good enough!" cried both, in a breath.

"Ye kin each choose a ref'ree, 'n' them two kin choose a jedge."

"All right!" cried Charley. "I'll take the parson for my referee."

"Little Billie," referring to me, a nickname of Little's, "'s good enough for me!" chanted Bob.

So the match was made to be ridden the next day but one, and Little and I were to arrange all details.

"But," I objected, "I don't know any thing about the duties of a referee. What am I supposed to do?"

"Why, ef we git inter a row, you're to decide in favor of your man, 'n' I'm to decide in favor o' mine, an' then the jedge, he's to settle it," Little explained.

"Why not let the judge settle it at once, then?"

"Wall, it don't look ez ef there was much use fur ref'rees, but that's the way they do at the races at Santy Fee, so I reckon it's all right. Who'll we have fer jedge?"

"Don't care; name him yourself."

"How'll the Cap'n"—meaning my brother John—"do?"

"He'll suit me well enough. Is the match to be ridden under saddle and or bareback?"

"Saddle, I reckon; aint no man livin' cud git a steer two minutes bareback; skin's too loose."

"Bridles?"

"We-e-ll-ll, no; more fun 'ithout, I reckon. Might tie a piece o' rope to the horns to hold on by."

"Spurs?"

"*Of* course; want the thing lively, you know."

So the arrangements were made, and on the appointed morning we all gathered to see the "dooel."

Charley had caught a "line-back"—dark red with a streak of white down the back-bone—and Bob, a "magpie," or black and white spotted.

Both were as wild as deer, and fierce as hawks. By the use of lariats the steers were "stretched," and the saddles, each provided with an extra cinche, or broad horse-hair girth, were put on; one cinche passing around the chest and the other around the body just behind the fore-legs. Both cinches were drawn as tight as possible, and both animals were blindfolded, and led out on the plain where a fair start might be had.

The riders took their places by the sides of their respective steeds, waiting for the word to mount and ride.

"Are you ready?"

"Yes."

"Then *go!*"

In the same breath, the lariats were freed from the horns, the blindfolds were snatched off, and the riders vaulted into their saddles, Bob on the line-back, and Charley on the magpie.

For a minute, both the animals seemed dazed at the sudden change from darkness to light, till the riders touched them with the spurs, and shrieked "Hoop-la-a! va-ca-a!" Then they both started, the line-back horizontally, striking down the valley at the top of its speed, and the magpie vertically, doing some straight up-and-down jumping and plunging, that would have done credit to the most vicious bucking broncho.

As I was Charley's referee, I stayed to watch the antics of the magpie, while Little set off at full speed to turn the line-back, that we might not lose that part of the sport. It was a hot chase, but Little finally overtook and headed him back in our direction. Meanwhile, each rider was yelling at the top of his voice, and touching up his vicious and already maddened animal.

As the line-back came racing down on us, the magpie caught sight of him, and, ceasing his bucking, dropped head, and, with a bellow of rage, rushed straight for the incomer, who, nothing loath, accepted the challenge; and, with an answering bellow of defiance lowered his horns, and put on an additional burst of speed. In vain the riders tugged and hauled at the rope-bridles—they might as well have tried to hold a "rogue-elephant" with a strand of sewing silk! In vain the rest of us—judge, referees and spectators dashed forward to prevent the collision—we were too late. The shock was terrific. The two riders were hurled into each other's arms, as if launched from a catapult, with a "thud!" that followed the crash of their colliding steeds as the "spat!" of a ball against the target follows the report of the gun.

As Charley was the heavier weight, his momentum overcame that of Bob, and clasped affectionately in each other's arms, they shot backward over line-back's tail, and rolled over and over in the dust, an involved tangle of waving legs and arms! We rushed to pick them up, while the two chargers, their pugnacity completely knocked out of them by the resounding impact, drew apart, gazed stupidly at each for a moment, and then, with a frightened low, lumbered away across the valley. When the two "jockeys" had been picked up and dusted off, we were able to ascertain the extent of their injuries. One of Bob's front teeth was gone and his nose was bleeding. Charley had several square inches of skin rasped off his forehead, and a tremendous bump over one eye. Each had the breath pretty well knocked out of him.

Leaving them in my hands for surgical aid, the rest of the boys set off hastily after the fugitive steeds.

Brought back panting and sullen, the rivals pluckily insisted on riding out the match; but John, as judge, decided that inasmuch as the steeds were evidently unfit for further duty that day, it should be decided a drawn game; and that the two contestants should each be given a medal of sole-leather, and be hereafter known as *The Twin Champions and Binomial Rough-riders of the Sierra La Sal.*—*H. P. Ufford, in Youth's Companion.*

—"Mick," according to the New York *Sun*, is a corruption of Mike, in its turn a nickname for Michael. A "mick" is a rowdy, a tough; we presume the name was first applied by some man, who, having in mind a particular ne'er-do-well Michael, likened his new acquaintance to him, calling him "a regular Mick."

—A Scotch lassie objected to her lover's smoking, and said to him: "Choose between your cigar and me." He promptly chose the weed, and the girl sued him for breach of promise. The court held that by offering the alternative she was responsible for the broken engagement.

—Vocalists are not always oppressed with care, but the well-known tenor frequently looks upon his solo as a C-rious undertaking.

OF GENERAL INTEREST.

—English people it is said are just beginning to know the delights of sweet corn for table use.

—An Indiana woman who had a beautiful head of hair sold it and with the proceeds at once invested in a complete set of "switches" and "front pieces."

—The banana peel has at length found a rival. A Portland, Ore., man slipped on a wet leaf and broke his shin-bone. A curious feature of the accident is that he walked around for two days before he knew he was hurt.

—Smoking undoubtedly causes baldness, says a medical authority, by saturating the tissues of the body with nicotine, which disturbs the healthful function of the body and tissues and affects the nutrition of the hair bulbs.

—There are 493 mountain peaks in the United States more than 10,000 feet in height. The highest mountain east of the Mississippi is Mount Balsam Cone, in the Black Mountains of North Carolina, which is 6,671 feet high.

—If the ordinance is strictly enforced, a dog's life must be particularly hard in Waterville, Me. It provides that "no dog shall bark, bite, howl, or in any other manner disturb the quiet of any person," on pain of death or punishment.

—A cobbler at Petersburg, Va., whittles out his own shoe-pegs, make his own last, melts his own wax, pulls his bristles out of his own hogs, and makes a uniform charge of twenty-five cents for a job, no matter whether it is a new sole or only a patch.

—An Athens (Ga.) farmer, who had been troubled by the loss of eatables from his dining-table, discovered the thief the other day in the shape of an opossum, which sat contentedly munching a piece of meat when he entered the kitchen to make a fire.

—A resident of Sioux City, Ia., who for thirty years or more grudgingly paid taxes on twenty very poor Jersey acres, sold them recently for above thirty-seven thousand dollars, in consequence of the discovery thereon of a bed of fine clay for tile, brick and pottery making.

—Washington has remarkably fine street pavements, but the sidewalks are in a wretched condition—brick here and stone flagging there, with an occasional wood flagging. Indeed, they are so bad that many pedestrians take the middle of the streets. On Sundays the sidewalks are almost deserted and the church-goers in their most fashionable attire take to the middle of the street.

—The editor of the Bristol, Tenn., *Courier* lately received the following unique note, postmarked Vance's Tank, Tenn.: "Dear Sir: In Perousan your daily *Courier* I find a proposition from some Batchelor in Lynchburg offering A Diamond Ring as A present for any Lady that was fifteen years that has never wore a Bustle or Bangs I am in my eighteenth year and havent wore either I claim the ring Please inform the Enquirer as to my whereabout."

—A newspaper recently announced the death of two men—neighbors and friends—at Windham Centre, Mass., whose homes were on the same street, opposite each other. Without previous illness both died suddenly on the same day. A physician, while attending one was summoned to the other. Post-mortem examination revealed the fact that one died of rupture of the right auricle of the heart and the other of rupture of the left ventricle of the heart.

—A Rondout, N. Y., fox caused a big Eastern ice firm considerable trouble last winter. The manager of the company had had some difficulty in procuring experienced men to cut ice for his company. He therefore put on a gang of 2,000 green hands. One afternoon toward the last of the season, and at a time when every moment counted, a fox ran across the ice. Instantly his entire force ran after the fox, while the distracted manager yelled after them in vain. Twenty minutes afterward they returned and found him figuring out how much he had lost by their absence. He had figured out that the fox had cost him $90, and he promptly deducted it out of their wages.

Peculiar Dutch Customs.

Many peculiar customs still prevail in Holland which amuse the tourist, but which are quite sensible after all. In many Dutch towns bulletins are affixed to the doors of houses in which persons are sick in order that their friends may be apprised of the state of their health without knocking or ringing, and in Harlem the birth of a child is announced by means of a small placard adorned with red silk and lace. So the traveler on the lookout for the peculiar may see a notice on the door as he passes by that "Mr. Van Diepenbeck is better to-day; pulse, 95; temperature, normal;" or, "Mrs. Van Wellbuilt was delivered of a son this morning; weight, ten and one-half pounds; notice of christening hereafter." A painted Turk's head is the customary sign of druggists' shops, while a large crown decorated with gilding, suspended beneath the Dutch flag, indicate that fresh herring have arrived in the shops thus adorned. Foot-warmers are universally employed by the female members of the community, and are seen in great numbers in the churches, recalling the "scaldinos," with which the devout women of Italy try to warm themselves when in the cold churches.—*Boston Journal.*

FULL OF FUN.

—A ton of diamonds is worth $30,000,000. Don't let the dealers come the 1,800-pound dodge on you.—*Puck.*

—"Well, old fellow, it's all settled. I am going to be married in two months. You will be one of the witnesses, I hope." "Count upon me. I never desert a friend in misfortune."

—"Wal, 'Ziekel, wuz ye wal received in New York?" "Ye kin jes' bet yer brindle cow I wuz. But it come high, M'linda. Ye'd better not put any brandy in the mince pies this year."—*World.*

—Always Busy.—Hall Clock—"I'm getting tired of this ceaseless round, and I'm going to stop." Gas Meter—"Huh! Come down here if you want to know what work is."—*Philadelphia Record.*

—Irate Counter-Jumper—"Say, garsong, there's a hair in the entry!" Swiss Waiter—"Mossieu. Thees is the fifty-cent table d'hote. At the seventy-five cent you are entitled to a comb."—*Texas Siftings.*

—"Can't you tell me what the 'golden rule' is?" asked the Sunday-school teacher. "Yes'm," promptly replied the jeweler's offspring. "It's twenty-four grains make one pennyweight, twenty pennyweights one ounce, twelve ounces one pound."—*Jeweler's Weekly.*

—Mamma (to Bobby, who wants more pie)—"You ought not to get any more pie, Bobby, and I ought not to give it to you, but I will this time." Bobby—"Well, if a boy's ma is willing to do things she ought not to, why shouldn't the boy himself?" and Bobby ate the pie with a clear conscience.—*Epoch.*

—Tramp (to partner)—"Did the old man give up any thing, Bill?" Partner—"Naw." Tramp—"What did you say to him?" Partner—"I asked him if he could help a poor man who was out of work, and he said he could give me some work. Times seem to be gittin' wuz every day."—*London Tid-Bits.*

—Mistress (to up-stairs girl)—"Jane, the down-stairs girl is sick. You know how to cook, don't you?" Jane—"No, mum; I don't know any thing about cooking." "But you told me you'd been a cook for ten years." "Yes, mum; but it was in a railroad restaurant out West."—*Exchange.*

—The little boy had come in with his clothes torn, his hair full of dust, and his face bearing unmistakable marks of a severe conflict. "O, Willie? Willie!" exclaimed his mother, deeply shocked and grieved, "you have disobeyed me again. How often I have told you not to play with that wicked Stapleford boy!" "Mamma," said Willie, washing the blood from his nose, "do I look as if I had been playing with any body?"—*Chicago Tribune.*

—Brown—"Jones is the greatest talker I ever heard." Robinson—"Got the gift o' the gab, hasn't he?" Brown—"He's worse than any woman I ever heard. Does he ever give his mouth a rest?" Robinson—"Yes, when he has a cold in his head." Brown—"Oh, he gives his mouth a rest when he has a cold in his head." Brown—"Yes, he talks through his nose then."—*Boston Courier.*

SHE MEANT BUSINESS.

A Strong-Minded Woman Creates Consternation in a Broker's Office.

"Sir," said a strong-featured woman wearing a black dress as she came into a down-town broker's office, "this is Wall street, ain't it?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"This is the place where men buy and sell stock and cheat each other and rob their best friends and make criminals of themselves, ain't it?"

"Er—well, there is speculating here, of course, but——"

"Don't talk to me. I know all about it, I tell you. A man buys stock that he knows he hasn't the money to pay for; and he'll sell stock that he knows ain't worth a cent to his best friend."

"Such things, of course, do happen, but——"

"Stop 'butting' me—I know they happen all the time. Then you get poor clerks to come here and speculate and lose their money, and then rob their employers and lose that, too. And bank cashiers are robbed here and have to rob the bank and then go to Canada or the penitentiary. It's all gambling and robbery, and you know it."

"I'm sorry, madam, that you are so strongly opposed to speculation."

"Who's opposed to it?"

"I gather that you are from your remarks."

"No, sir; I just understand it, that's all. Now, what I want is a straight tip on this Union Consolidated stock. If she's going up I want to know it, but if the bottom is going to drop out of the whole thing inside of four hours, I want to know that, too. I've sold my husband's dress-suit and the haircloth sofa, and I'm willing to give the suit money to any body that'll tell me of a dead sure thing to put the sofa money into. If you know of any thing speak quick while the offer lasts."—*New York Tribune.*

Without Redeeming Traits.

"Baldwin, they say Slankins is gone at last. Poor fellow! He was a shiftless sort of vagabond, but he had some redeeming traits, don't you think?"

"None. He drank up a good farm, and every thing else he could put in soak went for whisky. He had no redeeming traits, Rambo—that's what the pawnbrokers all say."—*Chicago Tribune.*

HABITS OF GORILLAS.

Contrary to Common Belief, It Is Now Stated That They Can Not Walk.

There are marked points of difference between the chimpanzee and gorilla. The ears of a chimpanzee are large, pink and stand out widely from the head, but those of the gorilla are very small, black, and are pressed against the sides of the head, like those of man.

The hands of the gorlila are unlike those of any other known monkey. The fingers, instead of being free as far as the palm of the hand, are united up to the first knuckle-joint, so that they can not be spread. The nails, instead of being long, convex and, claw-like, as are those of the chimpanzee, are comparatively short and flat, not reaching to the ends of the fingers, and much resembling those of man.

Contrary to former belief, it is now claimed that the gorilla can not walk or even stand on its hind feet, as the weight of the body is borne entirely by the outside edges of the little toes. When adult, the gorilla occasionally runs for a few yards upon its hind feet, but is obliged to balance itself by holding the hands over the head.

That it should fight in the erect position, as stated by Du Chaillu, is physically impossible; so with the drumming on the breast, of which Du Chaillu makes so much.

That the gorilla does make a drumming noise is true enough, but it produces the sound by beating a hollow tree, and not by striking its breast. The natives are not afraid of it, saying: "Soko"—another of its names—"is a man, and nothing bad in him." When attacked it mostly bites off the man's fingers and lets him go.

Like the orang-outang, it twists together branches of trees, and rests upon them. The natives laugh at it, because when rain falls heavily the gorilla never thinks of creeping under the platform which it has made, but sits in the rain with its hands on its head, allowing the water to stream from the hair of its elbows; for, like all the anthropoid apes, it has the long hair of the upper arm pointing downward from the shoulder to the elbow, while that of the lower arm points upward from the wrist. So when the ape sits with its hands on its head, the hair of the arm acts as a thatch, and shoots the rain off the body.

According to Doctor Livingstone, the gorilla sometimes picks up a negro baby and carries it about. The natives rescue it in rather an ingenious manner. They place a large bunch of bananas in the way of the gorilla, which seizes them with both hands and lets the baby drop. Had the baby been one of its own kind, it would have clung to its nurse. But, being a human baby, it naturally falls, so that the rescuers can drive away the animal and carry off their prize.—*Golden Days.*

ELECTRICAL NOVELTY.

An Ingenious Device for Ventilation and Fire Alarm.

A New York inventor, who has devoted many years to electrical research, has just finished an invention which ere long may come into general household use. It consists of a neat box containing a peculiar thermometer and hygrometer, with electrical attachments. The purposes of the apparatus are many. If the temperature of the room goes above or below limits set by the occupants the expanding or contracting mercury in the thermometer establishes an electrical circuit which opens or closes a hot or cold-air register, and keeps it open or closed until the desired temperature is restored. Beyond the ordinary limits are what are termed "danger limits." The higher one is intended as a fire-detector, and is so arranged as to ring an alarm bell or gong, and where there is a tank provided to turn on a stream of water. The lower is intended for green-houses and conservatories, and likewise makes an alarm whenever the temperature falls to a point low enough to endanger the plants. The hygrometric attachment acts in the same manner regarding humidity as the thermometric does respecting temperature. Its only practical application, so far as the inventor makes claim, is to give notice to a florist when the air in a conservatory becomes too dry, or to a refiner or other manufacturer the atmosphere of whose drying-room becomes too moist to be of any avail.

The instrument is now in use in the vaults of some of our great breweries, where lager beer must be kept between 40 and 50 degrees Fahrenheit, and in the "cold storages" of the leading sea-ports, where fish, poultry, game, eggs, fruits, fine vegetables and tobacco are "refrigerated" and preserved for weeks and even months. It has also been utilized by metropolitan architects, who connect it with the furnaces and cold air flues of the latest styles of palatial houses. When it is necessary, as in large breweries and cold storages, the circuit is so arranged as to produce an alarm at the place where the trouble occurs, and also in a central office or superintendent's room. The fire alarm can also be connected with the nearest fire and police station.—*N. Y. Letter.*

—Young Mr. Bummer—"My dear, didn't you enjoy my letters while I was away? I flatter myself that I write spicy letters." Mrs. Bummer—"Yes, I should say you carried your letters in the same pocket with your cloves for about three days before mailing them."—*Burlington Free Press.*

BARON MUNCHAUSEN.

The Life History of the Most Accomplished Liar of the Last Century.

Does any one nowadays read Baron Munchausen, or has he been quite superseded by Jules Verne and other modern wonder-workers? In 1785 appeared a narrative of "Marvelous Travels and Campaigns in Russia," published under the name of Baron Munchausen, though its author was E. R. Raspe, a native of Cassel. As the Munchausens were actually an old and powerful family, it is rather surprising that Raspe should have adopted their name, though an ingenious reason for his doing so has been recently elaborated.

Before his time there appeared in Halberstadt a handsome, well-dressed stranger, who called himself Baron Carl Friedrich Munchausen. He was well received there, and soon married an elderly heiress, who considered his title an ample exchange for her money. The Baron told her dazzling stories of his wealth, although he confessed that it was at the time so involved by a lawsuit and sundry other legal complications, that he could not obtain the use of it. In order to hasten these proceedings, he proposed going to the north of Germany, and they accordingly went to Jever, near which there was an estate actually belonging to the Munchausens, and on this property the Baron attempted to raise money by means of mortgages. Neither the tenants nor notaries doubted his title to the estates, but the more cautious money-lenders insisted on delay and further inspection of his claims.

Meantime, the Baron and his wife were cordially entertained by the neighboring dignitaries, who were never tired of hearing about his extraordinary adventures. He had visited the Holy Land, Greece, Egypt, Nubia, and had most remarkable tales to tell of the events which befell me in those countries. One day, however, he went too far, and referred to his previous marriage with a daughter of Major-General von Werder. One of the ladies present seemed much perplexed, and finally told Munchausen that she could not in the least understand this statement, as she knew that General von Werder's only daughter had married a gentleman in Saxony. The Baron blushed, stammered, and admitted that he had manufactured the entire story.

Strange to say, his acquaintances merely laughed at the occurrence, and contented themselves with calling him a boaster. As yet they did not doubt his pretensions. Suddenly the town was electrified by the news that the Baron's wife had been shot while lying in her bed. It was the Baron who found her, but she was quite dead when he gave the alarm, and though he appeared to be frantic with grief, he could make no suggestions in regard to the possible murderer. All the evidence obtained by the police pointed to his own guilt, and he was accordingly arrested. Then there were found among his papers letters addressed to Baron Scharrenschild, and he confessed under pressure that this was his true name, and that he had assumed that of Munchausen. Although it was known that he had an interest in his wife's death, being greatly in need of her money, he would not acknowledge that as the reason, but declared that he had done the deed in attempting to shoot a pet dog which had annoyed him. This explanation only proved that he was willing to lie to the last, as neither he nor the Baroness had such a dog.

Application was made to the real Munchausens for any information they might have concerning the Baron Scharrenschild, and it came out that the impostor bearing that name had, with no recommendation except his manner and assurances, married and deserted a daughter of the house. In 1704 the man was executed under the name of Scharrenschild, but who he was and whence he really came could never be discovered. These occurrences were not soon forgotten in Germany, and any man who talked boastfully of travels, duels or adventures was said to be another Baron Munchausen. The encyclopædias attribute the origin of the name to the existence of a real Baron Munchausen, who was famous for his large stories; but as he died in 1797, and must, therefore, have been living when the book was first published, the account here given seems more probable.—*Gentleman's Magazine.*

Queer Economical Streaks.

It is very strange how differently the economical streak is developed in different persons. We once knew a well-to-do father of a family, who thought that to hire a carriage for any purpose, was to bespeak an instantaneous removal to the poor-house; therefore, if his wife and daughters chanced, when nicely dressed, to get caught in a shower of rain, more dry goods would be ruined in the operation of walking, umbrella in hand, through it, than would pay for a carriage several times over. Another gentleman was so economical of wafers as invariably to break one in halves when sealing a letter. Another hoarded up the blank page of old letters to save stationery. And yet, in other respects, these good people were not niggardly. If the reader will take pains to question himself, very likely the result will be the discovery in himself of just such a queer vein of stinginess, about some little every-day matter, not before self-acknowledged.—*N. Y. Ledger.*

SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

Recent Discoveries and Experiments of General Interest.

Eastern wood-workers are using asphthaline as a wood preservative. It is said to be very effective, leaving the wood dry and with only a faint aromatic smell.

A Swedish scientist claims to have discovered the secret of petrifying wood by artificial processes. He thinks it will be possible ere long to construct edifices of wood and convert them into stone. As it takes three months and costs about five hundred dollars to petrify a block of wood of the dimensions of one cubic inch it will probably be some time before his process will be generally adopted.

A novel method of locating a leak in a water main has been employed at Rochester, N. Y., with entire success. The break in the main was known to be between the banks of the river. A solution of bi-permanganate of potash was introduced at a hydrant on the side of the river nearest the reservoir, and observers were stationed on the river along the line of the main. A deep redish-purple discoloration of river water at one point soon made the exact location of the leak apparent.

A mechanical engineer, writing about belting materials, advises machinists to select belts of a light color in preference to others. "The best belting," he writes, "has an unmistakable light-buff color, which indicates that it is not only all oak-tanned, but that the leather has been thoroughly washed by the currier to remove all matter except the fiber. The light-buff color also indicates that only the best quality of greases have been used; if the latter are of inferior quality they darken and impair the leather."

One of the troublesome questions which architects have never been able to settle is the placing of permanent foundations under large buildings. The latest experiment tried in this city, according to the *American Architect*, is to cover—before commencing the footings—the entire area of the excavation of the building with a thick stratum of concrete, laid directly upon the top of the clay hard-pan. The depth of this course is nearly two feet, and its object is to strengthen the clay that the sentlement may be reduced to a minimum.—*Chicago News.*

COUGHING IN CHURCH.

An Evil Bred of Habit and Apparently Thoughtless Imitation.

Whoever has attended a place of worship must have noticed that the storm of coughing which prevails therein, and the throat-clearing, which moves like a rabble of wrong notes before the church music, are not wholly natural phenomena. They are to a large extent avoidable evils, bred of habit and thoughtless imitation, and their very desirable reduction is therefore by no means hopeless. Even where a basis of disease underlies the explosion, a little self-control could usually do something to lessen its force or its frequency. The same is of course doubly true in the case of the merely habitual cougher. A variety of medicinal aids might, moreover, be used in support of such voluntary efforts. There is, lastly, the option of refraining from the use of the voice in worship should every other means fail to assure that reasonable degree of quiet which is natural and decent in public worship. Remonstrance on the part of the officiating clergymen affords another possible remedy, and a preacher must indeed be often tempted to reprove this form of disturbance as much in the interest of his hearers as himself. Occasionally his judicious interference might be useful. We can not doubt that it has from time to time been resorted to. It must be remembered, however, that nowhere are tact and temper so needful as in the pulpit, and that, however easy of use this corrective may appear, it would be unwise to establish any set method of restraint in a case where so much depends on personal discretion. A notice affixed at each entrance-door would probably better answer the same purpose. In one respect, indeed, both clergymen and their lay assistance are open to some degree of blame in the matter. The arrangements for heating and ventilation are defective in almost every church. By seeking out and amending any evident errors in these respects the official members of a congregation would at least be doing what they could to abate the coughing nuisance.—*London Lancet.*

Progressive College Life.

The process of civilizing American colleges has gone on gloriously for the last three or four years. No one case of fatal hazing has been reported this fall. The practice is abolished from nearly all colleges of high rank, and for the most part without the interference of the trustees or faculties. The Yale Sophomores recently voted against it, and this will probably abolish it forever from that institution. Cane-rushes are sometimes rough, but they are not brutal, tyrannical and contemptible. There could be no worse element of culture for our young men than to suppose it manly, by numbers and force, to browbeat and make sport of a harmless stranger. The contemptible habit, when resistance was offered, led to brutality that would shame savages. Probably not one of the leading colleges but has on its record at least one hazing that ended fatally—in plainer English a case of murder.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*