

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.

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THOU HAST FOUND PEST.

O thou, not I—
Dearly Beloved—hast fallen asleep.
With pulsing breast, and quiet folded
hands,
And peaceful brow, as one who understands
All mysteries; and in thy deep
Content dost lie—
(O thou—not I.)
With restless face,
And eyes closed on the weary world;
With no more longing for earth's fabled strife,
Knowing the futile joys of this poor life,
Are naught but haunting haunts whirled
In boundless space,
(O restless face.)
And lost to sight
Of both; and truth
And love, the only everlasting things
That all life's teaching to perfection brings
Out of a life's joy and pain and ruth,
To Heaven's pure light,
Beyond death's night.
And I—not thou,
O best beloved—must struggle still
With bitterness of parting in my soul;
And with dull senses strive to gain the dose
Of life, and be no longer
Content to bow,
Oh, I—not thou!
—Laura A. Gage, in *Woman's Journal*.

DRAMATIC ABILITY.

A Story With an Excellent Moral for Girls.

"The acting of Miss Bessie Williams, as *Lady Montague*, at the amateur theatricals in Mrs. Greene's parlors on Thursday night, was a surprise to all that young lady's friends. It gave evidence of dramatic talent of high order, and she could doubtless make a great reputation should she decide to go upon the stage."

Miss Bessie Williams had never had a thought of going upon the stage until, a day or two after having taken part in the private theatricals, she read this complimentary notice of her performance in the columns of the local newspaper. But now she was fired with a new ambition. She cut the notice from the paper, and read it again and again, and as she did so, she began to rise above the commonplace things with which she had hitherto been fully satisfied. She began to take a great interest in actors and actresses. One day, when her mother entered her room quietly and unannounced, Bessie was discovered artistically draped in a trailing scarlet blanket, her long, dark hair hanging down her back, her bare white arms folded on her breast, and her head thrown stiffly back; as she stalked back and forth before the small mirror on her bureau.

"Ye do not know with whom ye have to deal!" she was declaiming, in the tone of a queen of tragedy, as Mrs. Williams softly opened the door.

"Well, what on earth! Why, Elizabeth Williams, what do you mean?" exclaimed her mother.

"O ma," cried Bessie, turning quickly around in great confusion, her face almost as scarlet as her blanket, "I—I—was only practicing!"

"Practicing what?"

"Oh, a—piece I saw played once," replied Bessie, as she unrolled the blanket, and began binding up her hair.

"Well, I think you had better leave such things to those who can't find any thing better to do," said Mrs. Williams, in her direct, sensible way. "I supposed you were up here working on your crazy-quilt, which you'd better have been doing than wasting your time and getting foolish ideas into your head by such silly performances as this."

But the crazy-quilt and the embroidery and the other little feminine occupations that had previously given her pleasure in her spare moments, no longer had any interest for Bessie. She began to have a feeling of disgust for practical duties, and a sense of superiority over those who could be satisfied with what she called the "narrowness" and "stupidity" of life in Elderton.

Her mother's rebuke did not change her mind or her course. Bessie knew that many famous actresses had entered the "profession" in opposition to the wishes of their parents, who had, in after years, been proud of the success of their daughters, and sorry for the opposition that had delayed the beginning of their careers. That was not the last time she posed in striking costumes and strange attitudes, and when she found herself alone in the house, she recited the most thrilling parts of the few plays she had seen—performances which her self-conceit told her were proof of her dramatic powers.

Elderton was a small town, and the few dramatic companies which visited it, and gave representations in the town hall, were of the lowest order of merit; but at Youngton, a small city ten miles from Elderton, there was a "Grand Opera House," in which "stars" of indifferent brilliancy had occasionally appeared.

A few weeks after what she regarded as her awakening to the consciousness that she possessed dramatic genius, announcement was made that Madam B—, "a world-renowned" actress, with a talented company, was about to visit Youngton. Bessie resolved that she would call upon Madam B—, confide in the famous actress her hopes, recite some of her best passages as a specimen of what she could do, and, if encouraged to do so, that she would join the company, and begin her glorious career as an actress.

She kept this resolve to herself, for she knew well that her parents would forbid her carrying it into effect. She was really a dutiful and obedient daughter, but her head had been so turned during the past few weeks by her belief in her own power, that she had deluded herself into the belief that it was not only her duty, but the greatest kindness she could do her parents, to go upon the stage.

The time would come, she felt sure, when they would be glad that she had neglected to consult them, but

had committed herself to the guidance of her own genius.

It was easy enough to get consent to go to Youngton. Bessie frequently visited an aunt who lived there, and, as it happened, an invitation had come to her, asking her to spend several days with this aunt. On the first night of her visit, Bessie saw Madam B— play the heroine in a drama of a class that young girls should neither see nor read; but the infatuated girl lost sight of its vulgarities and impurities in the dazzling splendor of the stage settings, in the beautiful costumes of the handsome actresses, and in the thrilling situations in which the heroine was left at the end of each act. The rounds of applause had a great charm for the excited girl, and she tried to imagine how she should feel if they were for her. Her heart swelled and her cheeks flushed with pride at the thought.

Without telling any one of the object of her errand, Bessie went down town the next morning. It was a little before noon when she entered the hotel at which she knew Madam B— was staying. Her little room was sent up to Madam B—'s room, and Bessie waited in the hotel parlor, her heart fluttering in spite of her efforts to appear self-possessed. Madam B— returned word that she would see the lady, and Bessie followed the porter of the hotel to her room. Madam B— was lying on a lounge, and Bessie's timidity gave way to amazement as she looked at the woman before her. The Madam B— she had seen the night before was a young and beautiful woman with long, golden curls, sparkling eyes and a happy, joyous manner. She had worn such beautiful jewels and such lovely dresses.

The woman Bessie saw on the lounge was not young nor beautiful nor gold-crowned. She had a weary, care-worn look; her thin, dark hair streaked with gray, was combed back plainly and she wore a plain, dark wrapper and not a single jewel. The roses were gone from her cheeks and the smiles from her face as she put her elbow on a pillow, supported her head on her hand and asked: "Did you wish to see me?"

That did not seem to Bessie to be the voice she had heard the night before, and this surely was not the same woman.

"I—I—wanted to see Madam B—," replied Bessie, and her voice faltered in spite of her efforts to appear calm.

"I am Madam B—," replied the woman, looking curiously at Bessie. "I suppose," she added, "that you have seen me only on the stage and that you hardly recognize me off of it. There is a difference."

The last words were spoken sadly, and her manner was not unkind. She sat up on the sofa, drew a shawl around her shoulders, and asked, with a smile: "Can I do any thing for you?"

A maid had brought a chair for Bessie. She sat down and said: "I called to see you about—about myself. My friends tell that I—I—have"—she paused with a blush on her cheeks and Madam B— finished the sentence for her.

"That you have dramatic ability, is that it?"

"Yes, replied Bessie.

"I guessed it," replied Madam B—. "And you want to go upon the stage?"

"Oh, ever so much!" cried Bessie, reassured by Madam B—'s kindly manner.

"I thought that, too, when you came in," said Madam B—, a little more seriously. "Well, how can I be of service to you?"

"I thought," said Bessie, "that if you would be kind enough to hear me recite a few pieces, or some thing from plays I have seen, you could judge of my ability and would be willing to tell me just what you think."

She had rehearsed this little speech again and again in her room, and that was probably the reason she spoke it now in such an unnatural way.

"I am quite willing to hear you recite any thing you wish," said Madam B—. "Of course you want me to be frank and tell you just what I think?"

"Oh certainly," replied Bessie, quite confident that she would surprise Madam B—.

She recited the most exciting parts of "The Polish Boy" and a part of the balcony scene from "Romeo and Juliet," and sat down, flushed with her efforts, intending to rest a moment before beginning the sleep-walking scene from "Macbeth."

A half-suppressed giggle behind her caused her to turn around, and she saw madam's maid evidently trying hard not to laugh. She knew that she was the object of the girl's merriment, and her cheeks flushed with indignation and mortified pride.

Madam B— turned to her maid and sternly sent her from the room. Then she said, quietly and kindly, to Bessie: "You need not recite any more. I can give you my opinion at once. You are about eighteen years old, are you not?"

"I shall be eighteen in May," replied Bessie.

"Do you live here?"

"No; in Elderton, ten miles from here."

"You have kind parents and a pleasant home there?"

Somehow there came into Bessie's heart at that moment a great and tender sense of how very good and kind her father and mother had always been, and of the many sacrifices they had made for her comfort and happiness. She wondered what they would think and say if they knew where she was at that moment, and there was the suggestion of tears in her voice as she said, bravely:

"Oh yes, indeed; I have a very good and kind father and mother, but it is as much on their account as my own that I want to be doing something more than ordinary. I should like them to be proud of me."

"Do they know that they have come to see me?"

"No," replied Bessie, with some confusion.

"And they would be sorry if they did know."

"I am afraid they wouldn't like it," replied Bessie, hanging her head. "But, of course, after I'd got to be famous and rich and—"

Madam B— suddenly leaned forward, took both of Bessie's hands in her own, and said, in a changed, earnest voice:

"My dear girl, listen quietly to me for a moment, and be very sure that I mean all that I say for your own good, and that if I had a daughter of your age, I should be forever grateful to any one who would say to her what I shall say to you."

"In the first place, you are mistaken in thinking that you have any special dramatic ability. I don't think you could make much of what ability you have, and I am glad of it. If you will go back to the peace and security of your home and faithfully discharge the duties that come to you, no matter how humble they may be, the time will surely come when you will be glad that you were kept from going on the stage. No laurel crowns could be half so beautiful as the crown of a pure, good and noble womanhood. Go home now and never give another thought to the stage as a place where you might be happy."

Bessie felt that these words were true, notwithstanding her recent determination to go upon the stage. Humiliated and crestfallen, she stammered her thanks to the actress, and returned home to take up the duties of life again.

Her dream of greatness was over, but she was not unhappy; and if she did not win the applause she coveted, she did afterward find in the sphere of her own home the highest happiness that a woman can know.—*J. L. Harbour, in Youth's Companion*.

SCHOOL FOR KISSING.

Oratorical Taught as a Fine Art by an Enterprising Philadelphian.

"Oh, yes," said the professor, in answer to the reporter's question, "this is what we call a kissing school. You see I am an American who has spent a number of years abroad, principally in Paris. I was very much surprised on arriving there to find such schools as this one, which I have just established, very plentiful. To be able to kiss well and put into the action that gentle animation which must be combined with a willful resignation to the act is a science over which very few people in America have control. All your American kissers do their kissing impulsively and without considering the great advantage and ethereal pleasure to be found in calm, cool deliberation and premeditation. My wife, who is a native of France, and who was reputed to be the most graceful kisser in Paris, gave a young man his first lesson in kissing the other day, and when the ordeal was over she nearly fainted. The poor fellow grabbed her in his arms and squeezed her almost to death, kissing her everywhere but on the mouth."

"Say, professor, don't you get jealous?"

"Me? Oh, no! You see it is a purely business transaction between my wife and the young man who wants to learn how to kiss, and if I find that she is putting any superfluous sentiment into his oscillations he gets the bounce. Very handsome young men in Paris who came to our school used to make an impression on my wife, and she got mashed on some of them. As a result, I bear scars upon my person that were received in duels. Of course, I give the kissing lessons to the girls, but I never allow my fascination for some of them to overcome my better judgment."

"What is there in kissing? Just as much, if not more, than there is in eating. The next time you go to see your girl, young man, kiss her lightly and with deliberation. If she happens to be standing just put your left arm around her waist and draw her to you. Of course, she'll be bashful. She will turn her head away. Then you must put your right hand to her left cheek, so she can't turn away, and draw her face around to you. Then look her straight in the eyes for half a minute, bend your head down slowly and prepare for action. Don't pucker up your lips. Allow them to remain in natural repose. Don't put your mouth against hers as if you were going to knock her teeth out. When the lips are forced together the teeth come in contact with the lips and form a resistance which is decidedly unpleasant. The lips should just meet, and there should just be the slightest pressure. Then a little playful motion of the lips by the kisser and the kissed sends through you a thrill that is unobtainable to the soul itself. When you can do this you will be an accomplished kisser. Of course, there are other and more advanced stages in the art of kissing. There is that delicious, lovable, abandoned kiss that Mary Anderson gives to Ingomar when she plays Parthenia. Kissing can be made more effective and much more delicious by assuming certain attitudes, such as the actresses assume.—*Philadelphia Record*.

A citizen of Brooklyn caught a burglar in his home, and on taking the intruder to the light identified him as an old school mate. He handed him over to the police.

FEMALE SHOE-CLERKS.

Why They Are Not Very Popular with Their Own Sex.

The introduction of women as clerks in shoe-stores was begun as an experiment a few years ago, and considerable interest in the success of the scheme has been manifested by the shoe trade. The experiment may now be regarded as a success within certain limits, but it appears to be equally sure that the female clerks will never entirely drive out the men, even from the departments for women's and children's shoes.

An experienced clerk in a well-known uptown establishment said recently to a reporter that the tendency among large dealers now is to employ both men and women, and then let the customer choose for herself between the two. "It is purely a matter of taste," said the clerk, "and I should say even that it depended on the customer's mere whim. Some women profess to be shocked at the immaturity of having a man put on their shoes for them; but on the other hand many of the most refined ladies in the city always insist on having a man serve them, and there will always be this same demand."

"And what is the cause of this preference?" asked the reporter.

"Simply that a man can fit a shoe to the foot better than a woman can. The majority of women wear tight shoes, even those who have no claim to a place in the world of fashion, and it takes a strong hand and arm to get a tight shoe on a customer's foot easily. Most women are too weak in the wrist for this sort of work, and they will not struggle so over the task that many customers become completely disgusted, and learn to avoid a store where there are no male clerks to wait on them. A man by superior strength and dexterity will force a shoe two sizes too small on a woman's foot with comparative ease, and she will leave the store conscious of having secured a small shoe that is a perfect fit."

"And how about the question of modesty?"

"Well, a shoe-store is a good place to study the vagaries of prudish. Unduly sensitive women do find it a little to have men wait on them, and for such cases the female clerk is a business necessity. Most women, however, are not so sensitive, and as for the male clerks themselves, they would always rather wait on a man than on a woman any time. A very young clerk sometimes feels that he has got pretty near Heaven when he is directed to assist a handsome young woman in getting satisfactory foot-gear, but the novelty soon wears off. Women are so much more particular than men, especially in the matter of shoes, that it is by no means a coveted privilege to wait on them. One annoyance to which ladies are not now subjected in the larger establishments is the impudent staring of dudes and the other callow youth who used always to spend half an hour trying on shoes themselves, whenever they went to a shoe-store, just to get a glimpse of a pretty ankle now and then. Now separate rooms are provided for the ladies, but the male clerks will never be entirely banished from these sacred precincts."—*N. Y. Tribune*.

DRESS IN PERSIA.

The Frightful Costumes Worn by the Pretty Women of Teheran.

The out-door costume of the Persian women who dwell in towns consists of a sheet of cotton or silk 2½ yards long by 2 yards wide; it is dyed a deep blue with indigo. The *chador*, or veil, among the wealthy, may cost as much as £5 or £6, and among the fashionable is often trimmed with a delicate filmy fringe of gold-thread upon three sides of it. Lady Haberton's invention of the divided skirt has been the fashion among the Persian women from time immemorial. It generally, among the middle class, reaches just below the knee. The wealthy wear it considerably shorter, while the village women and the dwellers in tents allow it to descend to their ankles. When she is about to go abroad the Persian woman puts on a couple of long, pillow-case like bags of long-cloth, dyed of some very bright color, which are provided with shaped extremities like stocking feet, of the same material. They are fastened at the waist by a girdle, and when put on resemble a pair of pillow-cases, with a foot at the extremity of each.

The feet of Persian women are the smallest in the world. She thrusts them into a tiny pair of high-heeled slippers, places the center of the untrimmed edge of the *chador* over her forehead, and then draws over her head the long white outer veil of fine linen, four feet long and two feet wide. There is an aperture in this veil one inch deep and three inches across; this aperture is covered by a patch of delicate embroidery, which enables her to see without being seen. This is the outdoor costume of the Persian woman; it is an absolute disguise, and effectually conceals her identity. It is probably the most hideous outdoor costume in the world, and its effect is absolutely ghastly, resembling nothing so much as the frightful costumes worn by the brothers of the Misericordia in Italy. It is expensive, ugly, uncomfortable, hot in summer, cold in winter; its exceeding folly is probably only excelled by the chimney-pot hat of civilization, and yet Persian women cling to the veil as a privilege of their sex.—*Good Words*.

All square and above ground—the International chess tournament.

THE DEADLY POPPY.

Alarming Extent to Which the Excessive Use of Opium Prevails.

"The consumption of opium in its various forms is a practice that is growing to an alarming extent," said Dr. M. Gaylord Pingree, a day or two since. "The experience of other physicians might prompt them to say otherwise, but I am confident that this is the case. The form in which it is most used is morphine powders and hypodermic injections of morphine. I don't think the eating of crude opium obtains very much since the same effect can be had in the less objectionable ways. The people who use the drug habitually fall into two classes. They are, first, people of low, lewd habits, and, secondly, society people who are out late at theaters and parties and feel the need of something to banish the consequent physical discomfort. It is a noteworthy fact, also, that the female users of opium outnumber the male in about the proportion of five to one. This is doubtless because men get stimulus and narcotic effects from the use of drink and tobacco. And let me say right here that I would rather be a confirmed drunkard than a confirmed opium-eater. Opium deadens the moral sense and makes the user a driveling, degraded wretch. You can scarcely find an opium-eater, for instance, who is not an unconscionable liar. I've had ladies come into my office asking for a prescription for morphine, representing themselves to be from the country and wanting the drug to deaden a pain with which they are temporarily troubled. I almost always insist on seeing their arms; in nine cases out of ten finding them scarred from one end to the other from the use of the hypodermic syringe. I have actually had patients whose whole bodies were scarred in the same way. The outcome of opium-eating is that often poverty-stricken women will sell their honor to get the narcotic drug."

"All opium cures are frauds. They all contain opium, and the patient is merely deceived. Such cures may possibly tend to wean people from the habit, but the greatest thing accomplished is to make a big sale for a quick remedy. I think physicians are largely responsible for this wholesale use of opium by their injudicious prescriptions. It would be better for the public if doctors, when administering opium, would simply give it without letting the patient know what it is. The thing to do, however, is for the legislature to pass a law prohibiting druggists from selling opium and similar drugs except on a prescription from an accredited physician. Indiana now has such a law, and only a short time ago amended it by limiting the number of times a prescription containing such drugs could be renewed without further instructions from a physician. That to my mind is an enactment that every State should pass.—*Chicago News*.

ABOUT MIND-CURES.

The Power of the Imagination in Restoring Health to the Sick.

There is no doubt of the frequent success of "mind-cures," "prayer-cures" and "faith-cures." A wise physician always backs up his medicine by ministering, in words and tone and manner, to the hopefulness of his patient, a lack of which is often the most unfavorable symptoms. For the physical system, almost at every point, is either under the absolute control or under the dominant influence of the mind. Even the child knows that the mind determines every voluntary movement of the body. How it does so is a mystery to the wisest men—as great a mystery as is the influence of emotions upon the involuntary muscles, and upon the bodily health.

A thought of shame brings a flush to the face; that is, through the proper nerves, it distends the superficial capillaries with blood. A thought of fear blanches the cheek by suddenly contracting the capillaries, and crowding the blood back on the heart. Sudden bad news takes away the appetite by arresting the action of the gastric nerves; sometimes, acting on the heart, it may cause a dead faint, or even result in instant death.

In all these cases we have only carried the process back one step. We know that the face flushes with shame, and we know the physical cause of the flush. We do not know how the mind first acts upon the body, and gives the impulse which results in a blush. But the action itself is a fact, and science may properly take advantage of it to effect cures in cases where medicine would be of no avail. Experience gives many hints how the fact may be employed.

The writer was once cured of a hard toothache on pulling a dentist's door-bell.

Hop's stimulates the nervous and the arterial system; despair depresses their action, often to a fatal degree. Hence, among rude nations, in all ages, the power of charms and incantations, and the methods adopted by artful priests and conjurers to work on the fears or hopes of their dupes.

Numerous examples might be given to illustrate the power of the imagination in restoring sick persons to health, and even in overcoming physical infirmities. The only mistake made by the sincere believers in any system of mind-cure is in supposing that they or any one else understands the philosophy of the matter. The cures are real, and they result in some way from the action of the mind on the body; but the how and the why are as yet an unexplained mystery.—*Youth's Companion*.

The "Maiden's Prayer" usually has something to do with a him.—*Boston Gazette*.

THE ARIZONA KICKER.

Its Public-Spirited Editor Makes Some New Departures.

COME AND SEE US.—We beg to announce to the public that we have established a grocery in connection with the Kicker office. We have run a partition across our shanty and stocked the front end with groceries, and hereafter the two will be one and inseparable. While we blandly acknowledge that this is not a literary move calculated to raise the public hair on end, we call your attention to the fact that we shall sell six dozen clothespins for five cents, and seven bars of soap for a quarter. A customer who wants New Orleans molasses at wholesale or retail will find us behind the counter smiling and affable. The citizen who wants to subscribe for the Kicker will find us in the back room willing to pocket his \$2.

FOR SALE.—The editor of this paper has \$400 worth of shares in the Spotted Bull Silver Mining Company which he will sell cheap for cash or trade for an all-wool undershirt. These shares were presented us with the understanding that we should help rope in Eastern suckers. Either the rope is out of order or suckers are scarce. The stock has gone down to two cents on the dollar, and we propose to unload before another assessment is made. We said an all-wool undershirt, but we are not going to be too particular about it. If it's half cotton, minus the buttons or flaps, or is ripped up the back, we shall probably make the exchange. Don't hesitate because you may have been told that we are proud and haughty. We know when to come down off the top rail.

A CONVICTED LIE.—The web-footed, knock-kneed hyena who edits the literary cattle drive across the street charges us with trying to lord it over this community because we have occasionally appeared in a white shirt and fifty-cent suspenders. Those who know us best know how humble and lowly we feel, even when having the only paper collar in the crowd which has not been turned down and papered. We shall occasionally put on a white shirt—not to humiliate our fellow-citizens or boost ourselves above the herd, but in order to connect us temporarily with outside civilization. Now and then we shall replace the horse-hide strap around our waist with the suspenders spoken of, but it will not be in any spirit of self-aggrandizement, such as might justify call for mob violence and the destruction of our office. As for the old grave-digger opposite, we have already located him for an Ohio sheriff, who is expected along daily to take him away.

DO NOT FORGET.—We trust that none of our friends will forget the fact that we will continue to board ourselves and cook our meals on the office stove. Contributions of vegetables, game, bread, eggs and whatever is eatable, are always thankfully received and followed by a free puff for the contributors.

APPOLOGETICALLY.—In the haste of getting to press last week we did a worthy citizen injustice in the item about a shooting affray on Jackson Hill. We stated that Cinnamon Tom was the man who killed old Rutgers, and that it would be a great moral lesson to him to draw him up to a limb and fire about fifty bullets into his carcass. We now take pleasure in announcing that C. Tom was not the guilty party. He did not even "draw" on the old man. At the time the latter threw up his hands and exclaimed: "Boys! I'm downed. See that my grave is kept green!" Tom was further down the hill, chewing away at Colonel Socket's left ear, and having all he could do to hold it. The generous party is Wildercat Joe, who left town that same evening for a purer atmosphere, while Cinnamon Tom is as innocent as a young gopher. We found him behind the bar of the Red Front saloon yesterday, genial as ever to all comers, but injured in his finer feelings by our hasty conclusion. We make this apology of our own free will, and hope it will re-instate him in the esteem of our citizens.—*Detroit Free Press*.

Correctly Classified.

Freddy—Cholly, I was the angriest man this morning you ever saw. I took a little "Want" to the newspaper office last night, stating that I despised a situation—some light, profitable job, you know—and I found it this morning under the head of "Flats to Let."

Cholly—What did you do, chappie?

Freddy—I went and told the editor I thought it was a grievous insult. I said I would, too, Cholly. I told him he'd better get a new foahman.

Cholly—And what did he say?

Freddy—What did he say, Cholly? Bah! Jove! He, he said he guessed he'd waive the foahman's wages!—*Chicago Tribune*.

An Outrageous Libel.

Scribbleigh—Ruined! Ruined! What's the use of a fellow trying to earn an honest living by writing?

Scribbleigh—What's the matter, old man?

Scribbleigh—You know my latest novel, "Her Blighted Love?" I was depending on the royalties to get an overcoat.

Scribbleigh—Well?

Scribbleigh—Well, here's a criticism saying "its morale is unexceptional." I won't get enough to buy a collar-button.—*America*.

—Passionate expressions and vehement assertions are no arguments.

—Daniel Hand's noble gift of \$1,000,000 for the education of the colored people in the South will educate five hundred pupils a year.

—Cultivate in children who have it not, the love of reading. This can be done, to a great extent, by providing literature in a line with their peculiar tastes, using your knowledge of their fondness for a certain occupation or pastime as your guide.

—It is six years since a petition signed by 1,400 people living in or near New York asked the trustees of Columbia College to open that institution to women. Dr. Morgan Dix was then the strongest opposer of a movement only just now crowned with success.

—Dr. Cummings once said that a devout thought, a pious desire, a holy purpose is better than a great estate or an earthly kingdom. In eternity it will amount to more to have given a cup of cold water, with right motives, to a humble servant of God than to have been flattered by a whole generation.

—If the Bible is worthy of any confidence as the Word of God, then it is worthy of the most absolute confidence. A sort of half-way faith that half denies and half affirms, does not benefit the Christian. His proper position is to stand by the Bible as true, to trust and defend it as true, and, if necessary, to die for it as true.—*N. Y. Independent*.

—Next to good morals come good manners, unfortunately they do not always accompany them, or they would be irresistible. An old minister used to say: Children of light, be wise, do not let the children of darkness outwit you! If a bad man, with persuasive manners, can accomplish what he often does, what might not a good man do, if to his rugged virtue be added grace.

—In the education of children, nothing is of more importance than a wise supervision of their reading. Better might a child take into its stomach food which will certainly derange it, than to absorb at this critical period into its developing mind the worse than useless, positively pernicious "literature," so called, with which the world is flooded, and to which, unfortunately, there is such easy access.

—Is it well with thy children? Are the labor and sacrifices demanded of them, required for their good in order that they may be vigorous, self-reliant and able to cope with the great problems of life; or for the purpose of adding a little more wealth which may disappear in the next generation for want of self-control, wisdom and training, without which wealth becomes a greater calamity than poverty.—*Prof. L. F. Roberts*.

—It has been forebly said of the Gospel of Christ that it is a stream which a child may ford; and in which an elephant can swim. It is so simple as to what is to be done in the matter of our salvation, that young children can receive it and be saved by it; and at the same time it is so grand and great, indeed, so vast in its dimensions, that men of the highest intellectual grade can find in it the most ample opportunity for the exercise of all their powers.

WIT AND WISDOM.

—There is always somebody to believe in any one who is uppermost.—*Beecher*.

—There is scarcely any one who doesn't believe in religion for other people's least.—*Merchant Traveler*.

—A great deal of our learning consists in finding out how much we know without knowing it.—*Dr. C. H. Parkhurst*.

—There is no law to prevent a man making a fool of himself; if there was, some jester wouldn't know how to white away the times.—*Electric Light*.

—While it is an inherent weakness of human nature to love and find fault without reason, in none is that weakness so fully developed than in those who are most greedy of "little sins."—*Quaker*.

—No set of circumstances that does not include a perfect enthusiasm of the soul for universal good, can ever enable men to overcome the slothfulness of their animal nature and do their human best.

—Don't give way to repining. If things don't go right, don't sit down and cry over it. Go to work. Tears never get you up a clock or worked a steam engine, is well remarked in "Pickwick Papers."

—The great error of our nature is not to know where to stop; not to be satisfied with any reasonable requirements; not to compound with our condition, but to lose all we have gained by an insatiable pursuit after more.—*Burke*.

—Certainly wife and children are a kind of discipline of humanity; and single men, though they may be many times more