

# 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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## WHAT'S THE USE?

If you want to catch a robin,  
And instead you get a crow,  
In there say use in washing,  
In washing and wringing,  
Now I really want to know?  
If you thought you had an orange,  
And it proved a lemon sour,  
Would it change the acid flavor  
To a sweet and pleasant savor  
If you scooped for an hour?  
If a friend should prove unfaithful  
That you thought was true and true,  
Can you win him back by fretting  
At your comrades, quite forgetting  
They have not played false to you?  
Will it ever lighten trouble,  
Ever help you in disgrace,  
Will it make you stronger and able,  
If you, like the man in fable,  
Spill your nose to spite your face?  
Sighting this or pore with dollars;  
Weeping neither makes nor mends;  
If to-day we court Dame Sorrow,  
She will sleep as fast to-morrow,  
While we search in vain for friends.  
So we'll keep our faces cherry;  
We will crush our sorrows dumb;  
And with strong hearts for life's battles,  
We will win sweet Heaven's gardens,  
Tasting each hour for their come.  
—Anna M. Lobb, in Good Housekeeping.

## CHAPEL OF THE PYX.

History of This Relic of By-Gone Years.

Built During the Reign of Edward the Confessor It Served as Government Treasury for Many Years—How It Was Robbed.

In the eastern cloister of the abbey of Westminster there is an antique door, admitting to a remarkable vaulted chamber, built during the time of Edward the Confessor, and known as the Chapel of the Pyx. It is called a chapel probably from the fact of there being at the eastern end the remains of a stone altar, and also a piscina close by. If tradition may be accepted, here lie the bones of Hugolin, treasurer to Edward the Confessor, the progenitor of our Chancellors of the Exchequer. The chamber is built in two bays, with a column in the center, from which springs the vaulting. The aspect is gloomy and prison-like, the heavily-barred window not tending to diminish that effect. Although part of the abbey buildings, this is government property, for when we stand within its walls we are in the first treasury of the English nation, and where, in medieval days, the hoarded wealth of royalty was kept under the eye and ecclesiastical guardianship of the abbot and monks of Westminster. Here, up to the time of the Reformation, the regalia of the Saxons monarchy, the Black Rod of St. Margaret from Scotland (the Holy Cross of Holywood), the Cross of St. Neot from Wales, and all the later acquisitions of subsequent monarchs, were deposited. Large sums of money, chiefly for purposes of conquest, accumulated here, the money wrested from Jew or citizen helping to swell the amount.

The close connection with the famous house of Westminster and the sacred character of the chamber, presumably consecrated its contents in the eyes of the people, for no very strict watch or guard seems to have been exercised. The cloisters of the monastery were the playground and place of relaxation of the monks, and here probably the lay friends would be admitted. Many would therefore know of the place and its contents. To break open and rob such a treasure-house would be treason and sacrilege; the latter in those days was punishable with death without benefit of clergy—a terrible sentence even when human life was held cheaply; but added to this, no sanctuary could be claimed by the sacrilegious. The chapel being hedged round with such pains and penalties, was not troubled by the medieval burglar until early in the fourteenth century.

In the year 1303, Edward I was commencing or rather renewing war with the Scots, a war of revenge for defeats suffered at their hands recently, and for incursions made to the south of the Border. In this new campaign, a great land-force was raised and dispatched north, and a numerous fleet sailed for the same destination. The Scots were to be crushed and their country ravaged. Fortune favored the English, and the hardy Northerners retired on every side before the three divisions of Edward's army. At the height of the victory, and while the King was at Lindlithgow, news reached him that the treasury in the abbey at Westminster had been forced and rifled of the vast sum laid up there for carrying on the war. The lords of Her Majesty's suite must have had a bad quarter of an hour with the King after he learned this; for to lose a sum of £100,000, intended for the purpose of a sweet revenge, must have been gall to the ambitious monarch, stopping, as it must, some of his schemes of conquest. Such an outrage on the royal property had never before been committed, and accordingly strong measures were taken. The abbot and monks of the abbey were hurried off to the tower; and a trial, which continued for nearly two years, was commenced. The chronicler and good friend of the monastery repudiates the assertion that any of the monks were engaged in the work of spoliation; but the chapter of Westminster, being intrusted with the safety of the treasure, naturally was accused of connivance with the robbery.

The tribunal, before whom the brethren were taken, released the greater number, but condemned the superior and the sacrist; and they paid the penalty of the crime.

The history of the sacrilegious theft

seems to have been, that one Richard de Podlicote audaciously robbed the refectory of the abbey, and in the course of his search for plunder noticed the insecure state of the treasury, and discovered the nature of its contents. In concert with some lay friends and some of the clerical guardians, among them the superior and sacrist, a plot was elaborated for carrying off the money intended for furnishing the King with the means of war. Early in the year 1303 this plot was carried to a successful issue, and the money abstracted without at once causing attention. The plunder was not immediately removed from the precinct of the abbey, but buried in the green inclosed by the cloister. To prevent the removal of the earth being noticed, a crop of hemp was sown, partly perhaps, to mark the spot, and also because of its rapid growth. The gardener who usually trimmed the grass was refused admission on various pretexts, the culprits fearing his scythe might strike something richer than the earth. As soon as the matter could be arranged, the money was exhumed, and conveyed across the river to the Surrey shore, concealed in two large black panniers, and from that time was lost. Where it went, no one but those concerned knew, or who profited in the possession of so vast a sum. The monk Alexander of Pershore, who carried it over, returned to his place in the abbey, and waited with the others the bursting of the inevitable storm. In consequence of rumor, or to draw out further sums, the King's officers soon after the removal came to the treasury; and what confusion met their eyes—broken boxes, jewels lying about broadcast, papers and seals strewn the floor, the whole of the contents upset, and to crown all, the treasure gone!

The superior and sacrist were executed; and to mark the enormity of the offense, tradition avers the bodies were flayed—let us hope after death—and the skin nailed to the door of the chapel as a warning to those who might be sacrilegiously minded. There is no doubting that human skin was attached to the doors, for portions were submitted to a celebrated surgeon during the restoration of the abbey, and he pronounced them human. Whether the skin once covered the unfortunate superior and sacrist remains doubtful, as some think the owners were certain Danes who troubled English peace for a time.

After the deed was stolen, the stable door was locked; double doors were put up and five or six locks added for security. Iron bars were fixed to the windows, and the chamber enclosed in size by a thick wall built across it.

After the Reformation the regalia were removed to the tower, where they can now be seen under the guardianship of stalwart beef-eaters in their iron-cased armor. The "relics" were probably converted into mundane coin by the reforming spirit of the time.

The name pyx is derived from the box or case in which are deposited the coins, specimens of the coinage of the realm, called trial pieces. Once in every five years certain officers, appointed by the Chancellor of the Exchequer and the Lord Chancellor, and constituting a jury, visited the chapel, whose doors with the numerous locks were opened by attendants bearing mighty keys. The duties of the jury were to inquire into the purity and weight of the coinage by assay and weighing, and give a written verdict testifying their satisfaction with the work of the master of the mint. On arriving in the chapel, the coins were taken out of the pyx, placed in paper parcels, sealed and taken possession of by the jury. Coins were selected at hazard for testing by fire and scales; and after these operations, and in the afternoon of the same day, the verdict, written out at length, was handed to the Lord Chancellor. The document became a state paper, and probably the curious-minded may see them in the record office, or wherever such papers are deposited. —Chamber's Journal.

**Prevention of Disease.**

The science and practice of medicine and surgery are undergoing a revolution of such magnitude and importance that its limits can hardly be conceived. Looking into the future, in the light of recent discoveries, it may not seem impossible that a time may come when the cause of every infectious disease will be known; when all such diseases will be preventable or easily curable; when protection can be afforded against all diseases, such as scarlet fever, measles, yellow fever, whooping cough, etc., in which one attack secures immunity from subsequent contagion; when, in short, no constitutional disease will be incurable, and such scourges as epidemics will be unknown. These, indeed, may be but a part of what will follow discoveries in bacteriology. The higher the plane of actual knowledge the more extended is the horizon. What has been accomplished within the past few years, as regards knowledge of the cause, prevention and treatment of disease, far transcends what would have been regarded, a quarter of a century ago, as the wildest and most impossible speculation. —Forum.

—Fourteen doctors and a squad of medical students made a descent on the schools of Portland, Ore., and vaccinated the unsuspecting pupils. Five hundred and thirty were disposed of in a single day.

## RELIGIOUS AND EDUCATIONAL.

—When the forenoons of life are wasted, there is not much hope of a peaceful and fruitful evening.

—The course which some people try to take respecting the Scriptures—"Accepting the Bible, and rejecting what is in it."

—Serve with active zeal and humble confidence, and wait with patient expectation for the time when the soul shall be satisfied. —Samuel Johnson.

—In New York 70,000 Italians and 30,000 Spaniards are almost destitute of the Protestant Gospel and of means of fitting themselves for American citizenship.

—The half-Christian and the halting Christian, whose lives are not happy, may well consider the saying of Rothe, that "impure or imperfect virtue has a bitter taste; only when it is perfectly sincere can its taste be sweet." —Standard.

—By desiring what is perfectly good, even when we do not quite know what it is, and can not do what we would, we are part of the divine power against evil, widening the skirts of light and making the struggle with darkness narrower.

—The number of primary schools reported in Hungary is 16,417; attendance upon the same, 1,836,459 pupils, and the cost of maintenance, \$5,110,523. The attendance was equivalent to 79 per cent of the children subject to the compulsory law.

—Knowledge is power over nature, but it is not power over ourselves. It arms our desires with new resources, but these desires themselves it leaves to their own play. It intensifies their speed and momentum of the will, but it secures it no better direction.

—One of the best recommendations a young person can have is that of being careful. You can tell the careful boy or girl at sight. They bear the mark of royalty with them. The royal freedom from slack and slovenly ways. They are careful in their language, in their dress and in their person.

—He that can give little assistance himself may yet perform the duty of charity by influencing the ardor of others and recommending the petitions which he can not grant to those who have more to bestow. The widow that shall give her mite to the treasury, the poor man who shall bring to the thirsty a cup of cold water, shall not lose their reward. —Dr. S. Johnson.

—A recent careful study of methods at Cornell University shows that there is a diminution of effort because of the presence of women in the lecture and class rooms. On the contrary, the women are an incentive to the young men, and the influence of the two sexes in their work is found to be wholesome and helpful. —Boston Herald.

**WIT AND WISDOM.**

—These things are generally best remembered which ought most to be forgotten. Not seldom the surest remedy of the evil consists in forgetting it.

—The exercise of power or influence over others for our own glorification is never selfishness; the employment of it for their good is true benevolence. —Brewin Grant.

—It is of unspeakable advantage to possess our minds with an habitual good intention, and to aim all our thoughts, words and actions at some laudable end. —Addison.

—Don Quixote thought he could have made beautiful bird cages and toothpicks if his brain had not been so full of ideas of chivalry. Most people would succeed in small things if they were not troubled with great ambitions. —Longfellow.

—When you see the honored name of some eminent minister of the gospel paraded as sponsor for some nostrum, you may pardon his blunder on the ground of his credulity and good nature, but it will not be safe for you to swallow the nostrum. —Christian Advocate.

—We have known instances in which wives with gooseberry eyes and yellow hair have secured the undying love of their lords by tickling their palates with delicious viands and practicing due economy in personal and household expenses. Depend upon it, love, like jealousy, "grows by what it feeds on." —N. Y. Ledger.

—One who professes to be writing English would naturally be supposed to exhibit, first and foremost, a knowledge of English; and yet the English of many writers would seem to be much farther from their thoughts than the French or Latin phrases with which they un-English, and therefore adulterate and weaken, their speech. —S. S. Times.

—Debt, however courteously it be offered, is the cup of a siren, and the wine, spiced and delicious though it be, an eating poison. The man out of debt, though with a crack in his shoe-sole, and a hole in his hat, is still the son of liberty, free as the singing lark above him; but the debtor, though clothed in the utmost bravery, what is he but a serf upon a holiday—a slave, to be reclaimed at an instant by his owner, the creditor?

—A coquette is one that is never to be persuaded out of the passion she has to please, nor out of a good opinion of her own beauty; time and years she regards as things that only wrinkle and decay other women; she forgets that age is written in the face, and that the same dress which became her when she was young, now only makes her look like the older. Affection cleaves to her even in sickness and pain; she dies in a high lead and colored ribbons. —La Bruyere.

## IT WAS DISTRESSING.

The Mortal Agony of Mr. and Mrs. Mushy's First Separation.

It was by the merest accident that I happened to hear the following distressing conversation between young Mr. and Mrs. Mushy. They had just returned from their wedding tour, and were about to undergo the mortal agony of their first separation, for Mushy was going back to his office desk, there to remain for four long, weary, dreadful hours.

"How shall I ever live a whole half day without you, dearie?" whispered Mrs. Mushy.

"You won't miss me much, will you, darling?"

"Miss you? O Horace!"

"Ever and ever so much!"

"Every moment will seem an age!"

"My darling!"

"And you will come home just as soon as ever you can, dearie?"

"You know that I will."

"O Horace! I'm so glad!"

"Glad you are my own dear little wife?"

"Yes, darling."

"I'm a thousand, thousand times glad!"

"You old darling!"

"But now I really must go!"

"O Horace!"

"There, there! The little girly mustn't cry."

"I just can't help it, Horace. It's so hard to see you go! Why must we ever be separated for a single hour? It is too cruel!"

"But I'll be back so soon. Be a brave little woman!"

"O Horace! I can't!"

"But you must. I'm not worth crying for."

"Yes you are, too."

"Indeed I'm not, Birdie."

"Indeed, you are!"

"Well, well, sweetheart, I'm off now. Just one more kiss."

"Just one more."

"I've a mind to keep tight hold of you, and not let you go at all," she whispered.

"What would you do with ugly old me around all the time?"

"I'd be the happiest woman in all the wide world!"

"No!"

"I would!"

"You don't love me that much?"

"Love you? O Horace!"

"You little precious!"

"You dear old boy!"

He took another, and another, and a few more. She also seemed to be helping herself to a bountiful supply. Then he said:

"Good-bye, darling." —"Is it time for you to really go?" —"Indeed it is. Good-bye, Birdie." —"Go-o-o-d-bye-precious! Are you sure your watch isn't too fast?" —"Oh, it's just right. Good-bye, wife, dear." —"Bye-bye, darling. Come home just the minute you can." —"Yes, indeed; I'll run all the way." —"You dear fellow! Good-bye!" —"Good-bye. Throw me a kiss." —"Bye-bye, my treasure boy!"

The door banged and I hear him go down the steps, and I think the agony is ended. But the next moment the door opens, his head pops in, and he says:

"Just one more kiss; I couldn't go without it." He doesn't get without it, and a good many others beside, and gasps: "Now I am off!"

Then he goes out to the corner, walking backward half the way, and futtering his handkerchief. I catch sight of a dainty little bit of cambric waving from a window below my room, and I drop into a chair in all the querulousness and cynicism of my old bachelorhood and say:

"Well, I hope to goodness it will last, but I just don't believe it will. If I felt sure it would, I—don't know but I'd get married myself." —Zenias Dane, in Puck.

**DISAGREEABLE HABITS.**

Some of the More Flagrant Offenses Against Social Etiquette.

Persons who mix in refined society have no right to indulge in habits which are disagreeable or disgusting to those with whom they associate. One sometimes sees men who look like gentlemen chewing quill toothpicks at a table, or worse still, making little pellets of their bread by rolling pieces of it between their finger and thumb. One of these edible-ammunition manufacturers may be found at almost every table of note, and it is any thing but pleasant for a guest with a susceptible stomach to sit opposite one of them.

There are other bipeds in broadcloth whose vocation it seems to be to expectorate. An acquaintance of ours who has a taste for statistics, but not for tobacco juice, says that if all the indiscriminate spitlers he has seen in the course of his travels in this country, could be collected together and properly marshaled and drilled, he is confident they could keep the dust down in the streets of all our great cities quite as thoroughly as the corporals watering carts. They ought, however, to be limited to the carriage ways, for on the sidewalks, even singly and in groups of two or three, they already do a great deal of damage to ladies' dresses. Cleaning the nails in public is by no means an interesting practice to the lookers-on, whatever it may be to the operators, and there are many other kindred habits, very unpleasant in a social point of view, which, if people had the gift to see themselves as others see them, would speedily fall into disuse. The Ledger is no advocate for senseless ceremony and etiquette, but it believes in observing the social proprieties. —N. Y. Ledger.

## COLOR-BLIND SEAMEN.

An Affliction That is More General Than is Generally Supposed.

The assistant secretary of the trade department of the board of merchants has just issued a report embodying many curious facts revealed by official examinations for color-blindness during the year ending with last May. The importance of such examination of those whose avocation on sea or land requires them to distinguish between signals of different colors is strikingly shown by the fact that out of 520 men examined at Tibury docks between January and May, 16 of them, or no less than five per cent, were found to be incapable of discriminating between green and red in the degree requisite for safe navigation. Yet it would appear from this report that one of the great steamship companies has deemed it worth while to test applicants for service on board their ships in this respect.

The reasonable probability is that out of every hundred men employed on the ships of all the other companies to keep a look-out by night, five of them are physically disqualified for the efficient discharge of this momentous duty. Details of a large number of examinations are given, and among the cases mentioned are a great many such as that of a man who had been eighteen years at sea, and yet, when put to the test, described a pink cord as blue, and drab as green. Various shades of green and of yellow he pronounced to be red, and different shades of neutral tint and of blue he classed altogether as green. A man thirty-three years of age who had been over fourteen years at sea, and aspired to become second mate of a vessel, pointed out standard green as a red and standard red as green. Bottle-green he took to be red, and pale blue as red and green. It may be presumed that none of the men examined were fully aware of their visual deficiency, and probably few if any of them had any suspicion of their shortcomings. It is a thing not easily tested. A man who is blind to red may, nevertheless, manage to distinguish between a green and a red light, shown simultaneously and with equal illumination, by the apparent superior brilliancy of the green. But his power to do this, though it may ordinarily disguise his infirmity even from himself, would not in the least help him to pronounce upon the color of a single light. The report expresses the hope that other important companies may soon follow the praiseworthy example of the Orient in requiring all deck-hands to pass the color test. —London Daily News.

**AT THE CAR WINDOW.**

How Seated and Solly Did Each Other Good-bye.

It has been observed before, but it is always interesting to recall, that this is the way of women at the car window, when they go to see one of their sex set forth on a railway journey:

"You're sure you've got every thing?"

"Yes, I write so."

"You'll tell me as soon as you get there?"

"Yes, indeed."

"And to me?"

"And me."

"Yes, yes!"

"Mind that you do!"

"Oh, I will!"

"Got your gossamer?"

"And the lunch-box?"

"Oh—your bag of fruit! didn't you leave it in the station?"

"I do believe I did."

"Got your ticket all right?"

"Mind, now, that you write at once we'll want to hear."

"Wish I was going."

"I wish so too."

"Ah, I wish you were."

"Give Mabel my love."

"Tell Ned he owes me a letter."

"Kiss the baby for me."

"And me."

"You're sure you've got every thing?"

"You're going to have a lovely day for the trip."

"Oh, the train's going to start—the bell's ringing! Good-bye!"

"Good-bye!"

"Good-bye!"

"Be sure and—good-bye!"

"Tell Mabel to—good-bye!"

"Yes, I—good-bye!"

"Write if—good—"

"Bye!"

"She's gone!"

Grand fluttering of handkerchiefs and frantic waving of hands as long as the train is in sight. —Times.

**Machine-Made Gun Barrels.**

In the old days—that is, when your son-in-law was a "kid"—it took a gunsmith days to rifle out the inside of a gun barrel, so that one could shoot a squirrel through the head without killing any body in the next town. But now the slow gun-making process of "afore de wah" has given way to the genius of machinery. It is said that by the methods of recent improvements made in the manufacture of rifles as many as 120 barrels can now be rolled in an hour by one machine. They are straightened cold and bored with corresponding speed, and even the rifling is done automatically, so that one man tending six machines can turn out 60 or 70 barrels per day. With the old rifling machine 20 barrels was about the limit of a day's work, but the improved machines attend to every thing after being once started, and when the rifling is completed ring a bell to call the attention of the workman. —N. Y. Telegram.

## FULL OF FUN.

—The printers would like copy right, too. It would save them a good deal of trouble. —Boston Post.

—Inquisitive party—"How is it that at your age you haven't a tooth in your head?" "I guess it's hereditary. I was born without teeth." —Lincoln Journal.

—Maude—"Ethel, dear, I have lots to tell you." Ethel—"I am all ears, darling." Maude—"Ah, you admit it at last." —Town Topics.

—"Rule of the office, sir," said the dentist, "patients will please pay before taking gas." "Why not after?" "It's awkward collecting in case of failure to restore respiration." —The Laws Against Gambling are now so strictly enforced in Philadelphia that lambs are no longer permitted to gambol on the green in that city. —Drake's Magazine.

—"A gentleman should never take a lady's hand unless she offers it," says a book of etiquette. This knocks our old-fashioned ideas about proposing completely askew. —Burlington Free Press.

—Teacher—"When does suicide become a crime?" Smart Boy—"When it becomes a confirmed habit." "Nonsense, sir; why is suicide a crime?" "Because it injures the health." —Texas Siftings.

—John—"Do you think you will always be as spoony on me after we are married, dearest?" Maude—"Don't know, John. Depends upon how liberally you fork over." Then followed a silence so thick that it could be cut with a butter knife. —Jeweler's Weekly.

—It is an ancient and pleasing sign of devotion for the lover to kiss his lady's eyes. This custom, it is perhaps needless to say, did not originate in Boston; for who can imagine Hiram saying to Priscilla: "My love, will you kindly remove your spectacles." —Puck.

—Eager Suitor—"Then, you consent to my union with your angelic daughter?" Parent—"Wall, I don't know nothin' against you now; if I hear of suthin', I'll let you know later." Eager Suitor—"Alighty confused, with effusion!" —Thanks, awfully; and I'll do as much for you, sir. —Time.

—When Jones was at the theater the other evening he sat down by mistake on his neighbor's hat, and reduced it to a hopeless mass of silk and pasteboard. The owner was madder than half a dozen March hares. "Well," calmly observed the culprit, "I was awkward and no mistake! But," he added with self-complacent pty, "when I think it might have been mine it makes me fairly shudder."

—"That reminds me of a story," said Jenkins as he straightened himself up to carve the turkey. "A story of an occurrence that happened when I was a little boy." "John," interrupted his wife, rather sharply. "What is it, my dear?" "The turkey is stuffed with chestnuts." —Merchant Traveler.

**A NOVEL OCCUPATION.**

Detectives Guarding Millionaires' Graves by Day and Night.

"It's an ill wind that blows nobody good," said a well-dressed, active-looking young business man the other day; "now, it may sound strange to you, but the theft of Stewart's body has been of great benefit to me and a great many other people whom I could name."

"In what way?" inquired the friend to whom the remark was addressed.

"Well, it opened up an entirely new line of business, and created a demand for my goods in a quarter that I had never thought of before. You know I manufacture electrical watch clocks, designed for use in factories and other large buildings where watchmen are employed. Well, ever since the Stewart grave robbery there has been a demand for those watch clocks in every part of the country for use in cemeteries. The grave of nearly every rich or public man is protected in some such way, and I could tell you of graves that are watched night and day by private watchmen."

"There's Vanderbilt's grave, for instance, down in the big mausoleum on Staten Island. I sold them two of my electrical clocks, one of which is placed inside the tomb and the other outside of it. Every fifteen minutes each clock is visited by a Pinkerton detective, two of whom are constantly on guard. One of these detectives patrols outside the tomb, while the other is locked in, and sits behind the iron bars with a loaded repeating-rifle on his knees, ready for instant use. It would be next to impossible for any robber to get away with the remains of William H. Vanderbilt, so long as the tomb is protected as it is now. The Pinkertons men are hired by the year, and there is quite a little colony of them established down there on Staten Island, very near the mausoleum. I think they keep eight or ten there all the time, so that those on duty at the grave are relieved at frequent intervals, and are, therefore, not liable to fall asleep at their posts. It costs more to look after the old man now that he's dead than is spent by most men when they're alive." —N. Y. Letter.

**The Easiest to Walk.**

Admiring Young Lady (to Actor)—What line of acting do you most prefer to follow, Mr. Poser?

Actor—A straight line, as much as possible, miss.

Admiring Young Lady—A straight line! I don't quite understand, Mr. Poser.

Actor (who had often counted ties)—It's the shortest distance between two points, you know. —Detroit Free Press.

## GERMAN ELECTIONS.

They Are Conducted in a Quiet Way, and Nobody Gets Excited.

To a German the hurly-burly of an American election is quite incomprehensible. As the subject of a constitutional government, under which the right of suffrage is general, he thinks he knows a thing or two about the tactics of a political campaign before coming to America. He has, however, every thing to learn about brass bands, torches and oil-cloth uniforms as instruments of political warfare. When the German Prime Minister appeals to the people for a verdict on his measure a slight ripple of excitement passes over political circles. The newspapers discuss, in an abstract manner, the issues at stake. Correspondents write vague generalities concerning Mr. Schmidt's or Mr. Meyer's ability to carry his district. Careful calculations and thorough canvasses are unknown, or, if known, are not communicated to the newspapers. Campaign committees are not constantly appealing for money. Mutual criminations and recriminations concerning colonization and bribery are never heard. The German citizen in politics is the German still. He remains the phlegmatic, deliberate, conservative student. He wears no badges or buttons before election. Were he to wear a broom or rooster on his hat after election the police would promptly lug him off to jail.

As election day approaches a few quiet meetings are held. The officers linger longer over their coffee in the cafes to tell each other "Bismarck's all right." But they don't say it that way. They say it in sonorous top-turkey sentences of classical German words, eight syllables long. In the beer restaurants a Radical tells a Conservative Bismarck is all wrong. The Conservative demurs. The difference of opinions is drowned in a clatter of mugs and long draughts of beer, and the conversation turns to the latest opera or a prospective bowling party.

When German gentlemen do discuss politics with American ardor they not infrequently conclude to settle the matter with pistols. Early in January, 1887, Wilhelm Hillenberg, an East Prussian, heard a man speak of Bismarck as a rascal, in the Loewenbrau restaurant, Berlin. Mr. Hillenberg was an admirer of Bismarck. He challenged the stranger who thought the Chancellor a rascal to fight with pistols. The duel was fought in the Grunewald, near Berlin. Bismarck's defender got a bullet in the leg. Bismarck's defender got off scot free. Such affairs, though exceptional, are of too common occurrence to excite much comment.

The general and intense suspense which prevails in the United States on election evening has no parallel in Germany. For instance, early in 1887 tremendous interests were at stake on the continent. Declaration of war between France and Germany was expected daily. In view of France's threatening attitude, Bismarck had appealed to the country to return men to the Reichstag who would vote to increase the standing army. Yet on election evening Berliners were little excited. A few more men walked under den Linden. A few more Lieutenants than usual ogled women from the windows of Cafe Bauer. Occasionally a man ran down the street shouting "Extra!" but as the extras were very meagre and cost four cents apiece, hardly any one bought them. Otherwise Berlin was as quiet as usual. By midnight the slight ripple of excitement was entirely past, and the Liberal as well as the Conservative citizen had gone home happy in the confidence that the good Emperor and the great Bismarck would allow no harm to come to the beloved fatherland. —N. Y. Sun.

**ENGLISH GAS-HAMMER.**

An Invention That Must Prove Very Handy in Most Trades.

John Bull uses a lot of iron in making tools, but he makes some mighty good ones—sometimes. A Scotch branch of an English machinery house has recently brought out a gas-hammer which must prove very handy in the shop. Instead of steam furnishing the motive power, a mildly explosive mixture of common coal gas and atmospheric air is employed. It is used to propel the hammer piston very much as in the cylinder of a gas engine. Softer blows are given by reducing the range of movement of the hand-lever, and the force of the blow can be regulated as easily and accurately as with the steam-hammer. The hammer is that known as the three-fourths hundred-weight size, but the ordinary blow struck by it is equal to a weight of three hundred weight, falling through a height of one foot; 3,000 blows only use thirty-three cubic feet of Birmingham gas, which at 2s. 6d. per 1,000 cubic feet costs one penny, or 4,500 light and heavy blows can be struck for the same sum. The hammer is always ready for work at any moment, day or night, for long or short periods, and it works at the same economical rate for one blow as for 1,000. It is only necessary to light the Dunsen flame, open the gas-cock, and it is ready for action. The hammer is arranged to work with hand-gear, but if preferred it can be arranged to work with foot-gear also. Yankee ingenuity has no business to let cousin John get ahead. We can find excellent use for gas-hammers where there is no steam supply available. —Boston Manufacturing Gazette.