

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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THE SHIP THAT COMES.

The treasure ship for which you wait
Has passed, you say, the deep-sea's gate,
And proudly cleaves the curling foam
With all her white sails trimmed for home.
You look—how long—how eagerly
You watch the meet of sea and sky!
Ha, ha! a something mounts the line!
Is that yours?—It may be mine!

Here I ship you the sea?
I wish to hold my arrows,
With treasure from the far away
Amid the waters of Cashy—
Dung in the land of silk and pearl,
To find the merchant's fatal spear!
But the sails that you'd desire,
Instead of yours, may all be mine!

The flag that flutters at the peak
Shall be the banner from your cheek;
You turn away and with a sigh
Shout out the sight of sea and sky.
There! wait with me, the hoisted bliss
Of hope returns with stolen kiss.
Hail me the ship that's crossed the line,
It may be yours; it may be mine!

If yours, I will rejoice to know
That homeward breeze—greatly blow!
It mine, my hands will haste to share
Its treasure, always rich and rare;
Love, let us watch upon the strand,
The happy breeze blow to land!
There will be love and bliss divine,
Whether the ship be yours or mine.
—Thomas C. Harbath, in St. Louis Magazine.

FIFTY YEARS AGO.

How Rapid News Transmission Was Then Accomplished.

Apparent Impossibilities in Those Days Ordinary Achievements in This Age of Electricity and Steam.

The following somewhat suggestive passage recently attracted our attention while we were reading an article on the "Pre-eminent Power and Greatness of Britain" in the Monthly Review for 1827: "A newspaper published in the morning in London is by the same night read a hundred and twenty miles off. The twopenny post revenue of London alone is said to equal the whole post-office revenue of France! The traveler going at night from London, sleeps on the second night four hundred miles off!"

We smile nowadays at the facts which appeared so startling to our fathers, and can well afford to let them enjoy their satisfaction without any feeling of envy, when we remember our own advantages. It was with no intention, however, of instituting any comparison between the past and the present that we have introduced the foregoing extract, but because it recalled to our mind a curious incident in the old days of reporting, which occurred some four or five years after the date of that passage. The circumstance we are about to relate was considered, in the era before railways were in existence and telegraphy was as yet undreamed of, a very remarkable instance of rapid reporting; indeed, it completely mystified even those connected with the then existing means for the transmission of news, and continued a problem for some time to those initiated in the ordinary work of journalists. It is from the unpublished notes of the gentleman who had the chief arrangement of the details of the matter that we take the following circumstances.

The undertaking in question was in connection with a famous banquet given at Glasgow more than fifty years ago, and which was convened for re-suscitating the old Tory party, supposed to have been annihilated by the passing of the Reform act. A memorable speech by Sir Robert Peel was anticipated as the great event of the occasion, every word of which would be eagerly read, and the first report of which it was necessary to strain every available resource to secure. The banquet at Glasgow took place on a Friday, and was not over until two o'clock on the Saturday morning; yet—and this is the startling feature which so astonished newspaper readers of that day—in a second edition of the Saturday issue of the Morning Herald—which edition was circulated over Great Britain and Ireland early the following Monday—there was a report of the proceedings at Glasgow, with Peel's speech in full!

One incident alone is sufficient to show how taken by surprise every body was at this astonishing instance of newspaper enterprise. Sir Robert Peel, after leaving Glasgow, proceeded to Netherby, and remained with Sir James Graham until Sunday morning. On that day, having important business to attend to, he left for the south. The open carriage in which he traveled stopped at the King's Arms at Kendal to change horses. The landlord of the inn had been told previously that Sir Robert's paper containing the proceedings at the banquet; and there were anxious eyes on the watch from the first-floor windows of the hostelry to note what effect the circumstance of so unprecedentedly early a report would produce upon his mind. He at first refused the paper; but on being told that there was a full report of the Glasgow demonstration in it, eagerly seized it, with at the same time an incredulous look. When, however, he saw in a Saturday's paper, published in London, his own speech verbatim, he was fairly astonished. There was no mistake about it, and leaning back in the carriage, he commenced reading it as, the horses being now changed, the journey was resumed southward.

How had it been possible under the then existing means of transit to secure a report of a Saturday's speech made in Glasgow late on Friday night, in a London newspaper issued on the following Saturday, and circulated in Westminster on the Sunday morning after?

RELIGIOUS AND EDUCATIONAL.

The new course in journalism at Cornell University is pronounced a great success.

—We want characters that will stand temptation, and not snap under the sudden pressure of life.

—Mind is the great lever of all things, human thought is the process by which human ends are ultimately answered.

—Daniel Webster.

—A colored woman of Atlanta, Ga., is trying to establish an institution in which negro children shall be taught "to work and be fitted for the service of white people."

—A society has been formed in France, under the patronage of many men of high scientific and political standing, for the purpose of developing a proper system of physical education.

—There are 637 Indian boys and girls in the school at Carlisle, Pa., and the Apache Indians constitute the largest element of any one tribe. The school is in a flourishing condition.

—A man may usually be known by the books he reads, as well as the company he keeps; for there is a companionship of books as well as of men; and one should always live in the best company, whether it be of books or of men.

—Smiles.

—"Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." How much wholesome and wise counsel is condensed in this brief admonition, and what a blessing to the world were it universally adopted.—Baltimorean.

—If we know of a kind act which we might, but do not intend to perform; if we are aware that our moral health requires the abandonment of some pleasure which yet we do not intend to abandon, here is cause enough for the loss of all spiritual power.—F. P. Cobbe.

It was, first of all, arranged to print a large number of Saturday's first edition of the Morning Herald with one page blank. There was at the time a coach, called the "Manchester Telegraph," which left the Belle Sauvage, Ludgate Hill, every morning at half-past five o'clock. This coach ran at the rate of twelve to thirteen miles an hour, and reached Manchester the same night. By this coach the papers were so far transmitted. An agent was awaiting the arrival of the coach at Manchester, and then carried the papers by post-chaise on to Kendal, which was reached early on Sunday morning. Here every thing was in readiness for printing off the page left blank. The gentlemen who had been sent to represent the Morning Herald at the banquet had arrived from Glasgow in Kendal on Saturday evening. Arrangements had previously been made with the printers of the Kendal Mercury for the use of their office; and the report of the meeting at Glasgow was set up and ready for press before the arrival of the partially-printed papers from London early on the Sunday morning. Consequently, a report of the Friday evening's proceedings at Glasgow was in circulation in Kendal when Sir Robert Peel arrived there at mid-day on Sunday.

It might well seem marvelous to the residents to the north of England, in those days, before the era of electricity or steam, to have a London Saturday paper circulating in their midst before one o'clock on Sunday, containing a lengthy report of a dinner which had taken place at Glasgow on the previous Friday night! Not a single detail of the arrangements had failed; and the result was a complete success. The distribution of the copies over the whole kingdom was carried out with the same happy result; and early on Monday morning, when its contemporaries were being published in London only, the Morning Herald was circulating in all parts of Great Britain and Ireland. An apparent impossibility had been accomplished; and the "Herald Express" continued for some time to puzzle and excite the wonder of newspaper readers.—Chambers' Journal.

CHINA'S FIRST RAILROAD.

Opening of the China, Tientsin & Kiang Poo Railway by Li Hung Chang.

This railway, the first built by the Chinese Government, and as yet the only one, was opened recently by Li Hung Chang; this was the official opening, but the line has been worked for a considerable time on its Tangshan branch, and within the last month or two regular trains have been running upon both the Tientsin and Tangshan branches.

The whole mileage is 86½ miles, with 10 miles of siding, or 28 miles from Tientsin to Tong-ku, which lies on the bank of the Peiho, opposite Taku, and 58½ miles from Tong-ku to Tangshan, near the city of Kaiping. The rails are built-headed flange fastened with claw spikes to sleepers; these last are not crooked, as is the case at home; it is found that the wood stands as well in its natural state as crooked timber would, the life of a sleeper here being quite equal to that of those used on home lines.

The points are worked with the simple old-fashioned hand switch, a complicated system of interlocking being quite unnecessary, and, indeed, quite unsuited for use by Chinese employees; the signaling is equally primitive, a red and a white hand flag completing the equipment of the signal man. All the carriages and trucks are connected by American spring buffers and claw couplers, and the whole makes a long and more or less imposing train.

The whole journey of about 100 miles is completed in five and a half hours. The fares are very reasonable, \$1.50 covering the expense of first-class accommodation; the line is evidently very popular, and large numbers of Chinese travel by it daily.—North China News.

—First Citizen—"I'm proud of my wife. She can speak five different languages. How many languages does your wife speak?" Second Citizen—"United States and baby talk. That's enough for me."—Burlington (Vt.) Free Press.

—When the Olympian left Victoria, British Columbia, the other day three and a half tons of barnacles were scraped off from her bottom. It is estimated that it cost her \$50 a trip to carry them.

BEECHER'S TOMB.

The Last Resting Place of the Great American Pulpit Orator.

Many strangers from a distance, representing all nationalities, visit Mr. Beecher's grave at Greenwood Cemetery even in the cold wintry days. A Sunday or two ago a large number of the great preacher's admirers were present and examined the plain but solidly-built New Hampshire granite tombstone which marks the last resting place of the great American pulpit orator. A keeper is present every afternoon and several of them on Sundays to prevent people from coming down the embankment which leads to the grave, in order that the grass may not be trodden. Visitors come in carriages and on foot and many beautiful, fragrant flowers are deposited on the still green mound under which Brooklyn's loved citizen so peacefully sleeps. Some of the women shed tears as they leave the plot and many endearing words are uttered, such as a gentleman remarked the other day to his wife while placing some red roses and violets on the grave: "My dear, here rests one of the intellectual giants of the nineteenth century." Another admirer—a woman—exclaims: "God be praised for Mr. Beecher's teachings." Remarks regarding his goodness to all races may frequently be heard by those who linger at this now sacred shrine. On the tombstone is inscribed:

HENRY WARD BEECHER,
Born June 24, 1813,
Died March 4, 1887.
"He thinketh no evil."

The last line was suggested to Mrs. Beecher by Miss Francis E. Willard, the famous reformer and temperance orator, while in the White Mountains a few summers ago, as an inscription to be placed on his tombstone, and Mrs. Beecher complied with Miss Willard's request. The grave of Mr. Beecher is to the left of the monument, leaving room for Mrs. Beecher to be placed along side her devoted companion. The plot is neatly kept, but no trees are on it, and a substantial fence, with granite side posts, surrounds it, and a zinc bench stands directly in front of the gate on the path for visitors. The grave is never without flowers, and the keeper states that no grave is more sought for than Mr. Beecher's, and that people at the entrance of the cemetery never complain that they are compelled to walk through the entire cemetery to reach it. The Beecher plot is on an elevation, and overlooks the quaint Dutch village of Flatbush, and the plot wherein repose the remains of the first wife and eldest son and namesake of Dr. T. DeWitt Talmage is close by it, only a few rods away. Thus the two famous preachers of Brooklyn will rest near each other in resurrection morning. People naturally drift from Mr. Beecher's grave over to the Talmage plot. The ground surrounding Mr. Beecher's grave has become exceedingly valuable now, and commands an enormous price, and leading members of Plymouth Church have secured every inch of it for their last resting place. Dr. David Abel, the eminent missionary to China, lies close by to Mr. Beecher, and so do Dr. Stephen H. Tyng, ex-President John McClintock of Drew Seminary; Rev. Dr. George Washington Bethune, the American pulpit wit, who died in Florence, Italy; Dr. Noah Hunt Schenck, Dr. E. H. Chapin, the celebrated Universalist divine and Mr. Beecher's warm friend, Rev. Dr. Richard S. Storrs also has a fine plot near the Beecher grounds. Thus many of the Plymouth preacher's old ministerial friends are reposing very near him. Next spring Mr. Beecher's grave will be beautifully decorated, and the entire summer it will resemble a handsome flower garden. Many prominent men and women of the Nation have visited the great commoner's resting place since he was interred there from the general receiving vault, among them Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll, Senator William M. Everts, Dr. Talmage, Miss F. E. Willard, Mrs. Mary A. Livermore, Dr. Joseph Parker, of London; Miss Emma C. Thursty, Hon. S. V. White, Dr. Edward Beecher, and a number of others.—Brooklyn Eagle.

French and German Artillery.

In a long article on the reorganization of the German artillery the Deutsche Heeres Zeitung makes an interesting comparison. "The French artillery," it says, "has ten thousand more horses than the German artillery in time of peace. Its officers are numerically superior. A longer time of active service enables the French artillerymen to acquire a more complete instruction. The French possess a shrapnel similar to that of the Germans, and they have a powder that explodes almost without noise and without smoke. The secret of this powder is difficult to get at, because it rests in the method of its manufacture and not in the composition of its substance. Finally, the ballistic qualities of the French cannon render it superior to the German cannon. The French material is heavier than the German, and, although the horses are more numerous, the German horses are more vigorous."

—Photographer—"Every thing is ready. 'Please smile.' Kentuckian—"Thank you, I don't care if I do."—Arcola Record.

HER ONLY GRAVE.

A Poor, Dejected Widow's Plea and What Came of It.

She came into my office in a South-Kansas town one day in the middle of summer. She was a thin-faced, faded woman of fifty, with sunken eyes and a look of frightened despair. She had seen sorrow and suffering. Her dress was a tasteless affair of dirty brown and green, with red ribbons dragging at the side.

"Are you the city clerk?" she asked in a pitiful tone that showed her unfamiliarity with city ways. She was timid, hesitating and frightened.

"No, madam, I am not," I replied.

"Where is he?"

"Really I do not know. In his office, I presume."

"Where is his office? I'm so puzzled with things here that I can't find nothing," she pleaded.

Something about her made me leave my desk and go to the door of the city clerk whose office was on the same floor. He was not in; the office was closed. I returned to my visitor.

"I am sorry, madam, but he has gone out and the office is closed."

"Oh, dear, I wish I could find him."

"Couldn't you leave word with me?"

"I don't know—you might help me some. You see, I walked in from my house six miles out in the country, and I didn't want to come in for nothing."

"Of course not. I shall be only too glad to help you."

"You see it's about my lot in the buryin' ground. Betts is buried there. My name is Betts. I'm his widow."

There was a little choking sob in her voice that made me turn my head and look out of the window, though without seeing any thing. In a moment she went on:

"Betts died last spring and left me alone. We put him up there, though I wanted to take him back East where the children is, an' where we grew up, but I couldn't. It cost too much."

"Are none of the children here?" I asked, to divert her thoughts.

"Not one. I can go back to them, and I suppose I will have to, but I want to stay near Betts as long as I can. So I live alone out on the prairie and so. But, as I was a sayin', I ain't got much money, and I was told that if I didn't pay for Betts' lot the men would take him up and put him in the poor-house corner. An' they sha'n't do that. They mustn't stir him."

"But haven't you paid for the lot yet?" I asked.

"Not quite, but pretty near. You see John (that's our oldest boy) is goin' to send it to me, but times is hard an' he don't earn much, so it comes slow. But we'll pay it, and Betts won't be moved to the potter's field, will he?"

"No, madam, of course not; but who told you he would be, anyhow?"

"The undertaker."

The villain, he was trying to ruin his rival's reputation.

"You see," she continued in the same piping voice, "it was awful hard for me to lose Betts, and I've struggled to pay the doctor's bills. The lot I couldn't pay for just now, but when my son sends the money I will. Betts was the first one to go, and all we feel so bad yet. I won't have him put in the potter's field, not if it kills me."

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Her sole companion seemed that lonely grave in an unpaid-for lot in the bleak prairie cemetery. For that she lived and for that she would sacrifice anything. It gave me pleasure a few weeks later to know that "John" had forwarded the money for the lot, and "Betts" would be allowed to sleep unmolested in his original last resting place.—Detroit Free Press.

HEADACHE CURE.

What a St. Louis Druggist and Chemist Has to Say About Them.

Every body some time or other has a headache, and as a druggist I receive an ever constant stream of applicants seeking relief from this disagreeable trouble. It is hard to decide at once what to do, but as the attention of physicians and chemists have been directed to the relief of neuralgia and sick headaches, many simple remedies have come into vogue. The old way of tying a bandage tightly about the crown of the head and trying to grin and bear the pain has passed out of us. Nearly every man and woman knows that he or she can go to a drug store and get something that will at least give temporary relief. Most headaches come from a disordered stomach, for which such drugs as the combinations with bromides are now manufactured. In case of headache from weakness, or a low state of the system, antipyrine and several stimulants found at all drug stores are given. There is this about these remedies, however, that a particular drug after frequent use loses its effect, so that the dose must be constantly increased or some other drug taken. Thus people who are often afflicted with headache may begin with and find relief from bromo-soda. After a little while they find it ceases to give relief. Then they go to something else. Finally they will see the necessity of placing themselves under a physician's charge. These headaches of which I have spoken are of the ordinary kind which all of us more or less experience, but there is a more serious kind which these little simple remedies do not reach, and which continue even under a physician's treatment. Some people suffer from deep-seated neuralgia. Their torments are horrible. Such victims find partial relief by keeping their heads warm. I know of one lady, a constant sufferer, who sleeps with her head under her pillow. The pain is frequently caused by congestion in the head, and free circulation of the blood is the only remedy. Where the seat of the trouble can be reached through the nose, a lancet is used and a flow of blood gives instant relief. Where this can not be done, leeching and cupping are resorted to. I know of one instance where a dozen leeches were placed in one corner of a woman's eye, and cases where three and four cups on the head and neck are applied are common. I may say in general that where a headache is slight leave the disorder to pass off of itself. Do not get into the habit of using drugs every time your head throbs. A paralytic is about the best simple remedy of which I know. Again, if, when you feel a headache coming on, you drink a glass of water as hot as you can stand, it will very frequently avoid the trouble.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

FULL OF FUN.

—The consumer may consider himself lucky if he gets milk of the first water.—Merchant Traveler.

—When a lady neglects to thank you for the seat which you surrender to her on the cars, do not be offended. Astonishment is the only feeling which can deprive a woman of words.—Puck.

"Miss Brooks," said he, "are you fond of chestnuts?" "Yes, she answered. And then he fell on his knees and told her the "old, old story."—Terre Haute Express.

—A curious local name for a plant is "John-go-to-bed-at-noon," applied in England to the yellow goat's beard, which opens at four and closes just before twelve o'clock.

—Brown thinks his wife is the most ingenious woman in the world. He has been married ten years, and she has succeeded in putting his cuff buttons in a new place every morning during that time.—Jeweler's Weekly.

—"What's the matter with your sister, Mrs. Tortugas?" "There ain't no tellin'; on'y she's been travelin' an' ketches cold." "I heard some one say it was pulmonary difficulty." "Shouldn't be sprised. I know she was ridin' in one o' them Pullmans, and they're powerful airy."—Yonkers Gazette.

—Hotel Guest (to porter on bringing him his boots in the morning)—"Michal, how comes it that one of these boots is much larger than the other?" Michal—"I raly don't know, sir; but what bothers me most is that another pair down stairs is in the same fix."—N. Y. Ledger.

—"Mistress—Mary Ann, I told you to have the eggs soft boiled. These are as hard as bullets." Allied Servitor—"Sure mum, they're as soft as I could get them. Oh keps on till'n' thin an' bilin' 'tilm for nigh the whole mornin' an' didn't a bit softer would they git."—America.

—"Yes, madam, it is rather costly. You see, it was made for the Duchess of Tweedledum by special order, and it was so small she could never get it around her wrist. We have had it three years, and have never found any one except you who could wear it." "Did you say it is \$2,000? Well, I guess I will take it."—Jeweler's Weekly.

—Father—"My son, stop! You must not dispute your mother that way." Boy—"But she's in the wrong." Father—"That makes no difference; and you might as well learn, my child, once for all, that when a lady says a thing is so, it is so," and then he added, earnestly, "even if it isn't so."—Chicago Globe.

—Carpenter—"You say you want a bureau made on a new plan?" Citizen—"Yes, sir; I want it made with brass so that I can get my head and shoulders under it." Carpenter—"Of course I will fill your curiosity as to why you want a bureau made in that way." Citizen—"Well, I want to be able to fit my collar-button when I want it without moving the bureau."—Boston Courier.

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THE BLUE-GRASS GIRL.

A New Theory Proposed to the World by Charles Dudley Warner.

The limestone and the blue-grass together determine the agricultural prominence of the region, and account for the fine breeding of the horses, the excellence of the cattle, the stature of the men, and the beauty of the women; but they have social and moral influences also. It could not well be otherwise, considering the relation of the physical condition to disposition and character. We should be surprised at a rich agricultural region, beautiful as the same time, where there is abundance of food, and wholesome cooking is the rule, did not affect the tone of social life. And I am almost prepared to go further, and think that blue-grass is a specific for physical beauty and a certain gracefulness of life. I have been told that there is a natural relation between Presbyterism and blue-grass, and am pointed to the Shenandoah and to Kentucky as evidence of it. Perhaps Presbyterians naturally seek a limestone country. But the relation, if it exists, is too subtle and the facts are too few to build a theory on. Still, I have no doubt there is a distinct variety of woman known as the blue-grass girl. A geologist told me that once when he was footing it over the State with a geologist from another State, as they approached the blue-grass region from the southward they were carefully examining the rock formation and studying the surface indications, which are usually marked on the border line, to determine exactly where the peculiar limestone formation began. Indications, however, were wanting. Suddenly my geologist looked up the road and exclaimed:

"We are in the blue-grass region now."

"How do you know?" asked the other.

"Why, there is a blue-grass girl." There was no mistaking the neat dress, the style, the rounded contours, the gracious personage. A few steps further on the geologists found the outcropping of the blue limestone.—Charles Dudley Warner, in Harper's Magazine.

MAZARIN'S DEATH.

Regret at Leaving His Art Treasure: Felt by the Great Cardinal.

I was walking in the new apartment of his palace, when I heard, owing to the noise which his slippers made, that Cardinal Mazarin was coming. I hid myself behind the tapestry and I heard him speaking aloud. "Ah! I must leave all this. I had so much trouble in getting these things, and I leave them with regret. I shall not see them any more where I am going to." I sighed heavily, so that he heard me. "Who is there?" he said. "It is I," I replied; "I was waiting here to speak to your Eminence of an important letter." "Come," he said, in a piteous tone—he was only attired in a fur dressing gown with a nightcap on his head. "Give me your hand; I am very weak." He would not let me speak to him on business. "I am no longer in a fit state," said he; "speak to the King, and do what he says. Look at this beautiful Correggio, this Venus by Titian and this incomparable picture of the food by Carracci. I must leave all these. Adieu, my dear pictures, which I have liked so much, and which have cost me so much money!" Four or five days before his death the Cardinal had himself shaved and his mustache curled. He was so thoroughly smothered with paint that he never looked so white and so pink. He then took a turn in the garden in his sedan chair, which drew from the courtiers the heartless remark that "hypocrite he lived, and a hypocrite he died."—Memoirs of Comte de Brienne.

IN HAMELIN TOWN.

The Village Where Orpheus the Story of the Pied Piper.

In the bake-shop were boxes of buns for sale, each box holding five sugar mice and a diminutive tin flask; and when, later, I wandered through the streets of Hamelin, I noticed that every shop-window contained rats and mice and merry-looking pipers, made in porcelain, paper, brass or electroplate.

The narrow by-way, on one corner of which stands the wonderful old house, is called the "Drumless Street," for since that day of misfortune, six hundred years ago, when the children danced down this by-way to the music of their loved piper, neither the sound of drum nor pipe, nor any other instrument, is allowed within its limits.

The old tradition of the Pied Piper has become widely famous through two well-known poems, one by an English, the other by a German poet.

How much of it is true, one can not exactly say; and of course at the present day there is no one to ask. But certain it is, that something curious must have happened in "Hamelin town," for every traveler who strays to-day through the Drumless street, and looks up to the old house on the corner can read this inscription:

On the day of St. John and St. Paul, on the 26th of June, 1280 children born in Hamelin were led away by a piper dressed in a red and blue coat and a pointed hat.

Upon an old house in the marketplace called the Wedding-house, from being used formerly for wedding festivities, are these words:

After the death of Christ, in 1280, 130 children born in Hamelin were led away by a piper dressed in a red and blue coat and a pointed hat on the Kopper.

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HER ONLY GRAVE.

A Poor, Dejected Widow's Plea and What Came of It.

She came into my office in a South-Kansas town one day in the middle of summer. She was a thin-faced, faded woman of fifty, with sunken eyes and a look of frightened despair. She had seen sorrow and suffering. Her dress was a tasteless affair of dirty brown and green, with red ribbons dragging at the side.

"Are you the city clerk?" she asked in a pitiful tone that showed her unfamiliarity with city ways. She was timid, hesitating and frightened.

"No, madam, I am not," I replied.

"Where is he?"

"Really I do not know. In his office, I presume."

"Where is his office? I'm so puzzled with things here that I can't find nothing," she pleaded.

Something about her made me leave my desk and go to the door of the city clerk whose office was on the same floor. He was not in; the office was closed. I returned to my visitor.

"I am sorry, madam, but he has gone out and the office is closed."

"Oh, dear, I wish I could find him."

"Couldn't you leave word with me?"

"I don't know—you might help me some. You see, I walked in from my house six miles out in the country, and I didn't want to come in for nothing."

"Of course not. I shall be only too glad to help you."

"You see it's about my lot in the buryin' ground. Betts is buried there. My name is Betts. I'm his widow."

There was a little choking sob in her voice that made me turn my head and look out of the window, though without seeing any thing. In a moment she went on:

"Betts died last spring and left me alone. We put him up there, though I wanted to take him back East where the children is, an' where we grew up, but I couldn't. It cost too much."

"Are none of the children here?" I asked, to divert her thoughts.

"Not one. I can go back to them, and I suppose I will have to, but I want to stay near Betts as long as I can. So I live alone out on the prairie and so. But, as I was a sayin', I ain't got much money, and I was told that if I didn't pay for Betts' lot the men would take him up and put him in the poor-house corner. An' they sha'n't do that. They mustn't stir him."

"But haven't you paid for the lot yet?" I asked.

"Not quite, but pretty near. You see John (that's our oldest boy) is goin' to send it to me, but times is hard an' he don't earn much, so it comes slow. But we'll pay it, and Betts won't be moved to the potter's field, will he?"

"No, madam, of course not; but who told you he would be, anyhow?"

"The undertaker."

The villain, he was trying to ruin his rival's reputation.

"You see," she continued in the same piping voice, "it was awful hard for me to lose Betts, and I've struggled to pay the doctor's bills. The lot I couldn't pay for just now, but when my son sends the money I will. Betts was the first one to go, and all we feel so bad yet. I won't have him put in the potter's field, not if it kills me."

I assured her that I would see he city clerk and be certain that the form of her husband was not disturbed, and she went slowly and mournfully out into the street and started on the long walk homeward.

Her sole companion seemed that lonely grave in an unpaid-for lot in the bleak prairie cemetery. For that she lived and for that she would sacrifice anything. It gave me pleasure a few weeks later to know that "John" had forwarded the money for the lot, and "Betts" would be allowed to sleep unmolested in his original last resting place.—Detroit Free Press.

THE BLUE-GRASS GIRL.

A New Theory Proposed to the World by Charles Dudley Warner.

The limestone and the blue-grass together determine the agricultural prominence of the region, and account for the fine breeding of the horses, the excellence of the cattle, the stature of the men, and the beauty of the women; but they have social and moral influences also. It could not well be otherwise, considering the relation of the physical condition to disposition and character. We should be surprised at a rich agricultural region, beautiful as the same time, where there is abundance of food, and wholesome cooking is the rule, did not affect the tone of social life. And I am almost prepared to go further, and think that blue-grass is a specific for physical beauty and a certain gracefulness of life. I have been told that there is a natural relation between Presbyterism and blue-grass, and am pointed to the Shenandoah and to Kentucky as evidence of it. Perhaps Presbyterians naturally seek a limestone country. But the relation, if it exists, is too subtle and the facts are too few to build a theory on. Still, I have no doubt there is a distinct variety of woman known as the blue-grass girl. A geologist told me that once when he was footing it over the State with a geologist from another State, as they approached the blue-grass region from the southward they were carefully examining the rock formation and studying the surface indications, which are usually marked on the border line, to determine exactly where the peculiar limestone formation began. Indications, however, were wanting. Suddenly my geologist looked up the road and exclaimed:

"We are in the blue-grass region now."

"How do you know?" asked the other.

"Why, there is a blue-grass girl." There was no mistaking the neat dress, the style, the rounded contours, the gracious personage. A few steps further on the geologists found the outcropping of the blue limestone.—Charles Dudley Warner, in Harper's Magazine.

MAZARIN'S DEATH.

Regret at Leaving His Art Treasure: Felt by the Great Cardinal.

I was walking in the new apartment of his palace, when I heard, owing to the noise which his slippers made, that Cardinal Mazarin was coming. I hid myself behind the tapestry and I heard him speaking aloud. "Ah! I must leave all this. I had so much trouble in getting these things, and I leave them with regret. I shall not see them any more where I am going to." I sighed heavily, so that he heard me. "Who is there?" he said. "It is I," I replied; "I was waiting here to speak to your Eminence of an important letter." "Come," he said, in a piteous tone—he was only attired in a fur dressing gown with a nightcap on his head. "Give me your hand; I am very weak." He would not let me speak to him on business. "I am no longer in a fit state," said he; "speak to the King, and do what he says. Look at this beautiful Correggio, this Venus by Titian and this incomparable picture of the food by Carracci. I must leave all these. Adieu, my dear pictures, which I have liked so much, and which have cost me so much money!" Four or five days before his death the Cardinal had himself shaved and his mustache curled. He was so thoroughly smothered with paint that he never looked so white and so pink. He then took a turn in the garden in his sedan chair, which drew from the courtiers the heartless remark that "hypocrite he lived, and a hypocrite he died."—Memoirs of Comte de Brienne.

IN HAMELIN TOWN.

The Village Where Orpheus the Story of the Pied Piper.

In the bake-shop were boxes of buns for sale, each box holding five sugar mice and a diminutive tin flask; and when, later, I wandered through the streets of Hamelin, I noticed that every shop-window contained rats and mice and merry-looking pipers, made in porcelain, paper, brass or electroplate.

The narrow by-way, on one corner of which stands the wonderful old house, is called the "Drumless Street," for since that day of misfortune, six hundred years ago, when the children danced down this by-way to the music of their loved piper, neither the sound of drum nor pipe, nor any other instrument, is allowed within its limits.

The old tradition of the Pied Piper has become widely famous through two well-known poems, one by an English, the other by a German poet.

How much of it is true, one can not exactly say; and of course at the present day there is no one to ask. But certain it is, that something curious must have happened in "Hamelin town," for every traveler who strays to-day through the Drumless street, and looks up to the old house on the corner can read this inscription:

On the day of St. John and St. Paul, on the 26th of June, 1280 children born in Hamelin were led away by a piper dressed in a red and blue coat and a pointed hat.

Upon an old house in the marketplace called the Wedding-house, from being used formerly for wedding festivities, are these words:

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