

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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SUN SHADOWS.

Clearly fall the shadows,
Duskly the clouds come down;
Overhanging all, like a summer veil,
The valley, bridge and town.
Only a moment it lingers,
Edged with a living light,
Then floating away to the mountain gray,
It loses itself from sight.
So to us are our sorrows,
So to us is our pain;
Moments of care laden the air
And tear-drops fall as rain.
Low hangs the cloud of trouble,
Low sighs the weary heart;
Yet soon glad gleams of sun-bright beams
Show where the storm-clouds part!
It seems so hard to remember,
When rain-clouds drearily lower,
That there's always shining a golden lining
As brightly as ever before!
And when our grief is saddest,
And anguish darkens the air,
If we only would know that no shadow of woe
Could be save the light were there!
—Eva Best, in Detroit Free Press.

DO HEARTS EVER BREAK?

Acute Miseries Often Memorized into Chronic Grief.

Ambition or Even Duty May Assuage and Indeed Quite Heal the Wounds of the Slighted Lover.—The Workshop of Realities.

Since Washington Irving wrote his story of "The Broken Heart," no one else has ventured to write one bearing a similar title. We have grown more cynical and literal. It has been shown that anatomically speaking, hearts do not break—at least, they very seldom do—and we refuse to accept the phrase in its metaphorical implication. Probably no burlesque was ever more enjoyed than "Camille; or the Cracked Heart." Its enormous absurdity was indorsed as a just satire upon the facility with which that organ was assumed to be shattered. At very long intervals we read in the newspapers of a heart that has literally burst from excess of anguish in the person whose life blood it prepared. Such a physiological phenomenon is sure to awaken interest at a period which worships reality so much that when Joshua Whitcomb in the "Old Homestead," washes his face with actual water from a bona fide pump, the audience breaks into a rapturous applause. But in hearts that metaphorically break there is little belief. The world is apt to turn up its nose at them and say it is a pity they had nothing better to do. The world believes in being amused when it is not at work; and there is no amusement in discovering that here and there a human being is so worried and stricken with life's bewilderment as no longer to be capable of holding up against it bravely.

There are a good many strong and coarsely healthy natures, incapable of feeling pleasure or pain with extreme intensity, who take the ground that nothing is worth that abandonment of sorrow which leaves mind or body too weak for battle. Take, for instance, one of the deepest of all griefs, the treachery, perfidy and ingratitude of one whom we have long and profoundly loved, in whom we believed more completely than in ourselves; for whom we would have laid down, if necessary, almost all that the world esteems good. Whence is the compensation to come that shall be balm to the wounded spirit, cause it to feel any thing like the happiness which once is felt, and present to the imagination aught where-with memory will not interfere by calling back the presence that has so wondrously departed? What is the secret which explains the fact that we still cling, perhaps through years, perhaps through a lifetime, to tenderest recollections of those who have repaid love with insolence, devotion with indifference, generosity with selfishness, magnanimity with meanness? Is such tenacity weakness? Then it is a weakness in which some of the best women excel and some of the best men are proficient. Is it explicable on the assumption that those who are as faithful as they are fascinating have an indefeasible charm of temperament and manner which is the rarest possession of the most invincible virtue? Do the false and the treacherous bind us by a spell which honor might be glad to own? Does Lotario remain potent, even to those he has abandoned, because his magnetism is sweeter, finer, subtler than Chevalier Bayard's?

Then again, do hearts really break? always in the metaphysical meaning. Is the shock ever so violent and permanent that life loses forever after a considerable portion of the comfort and happiness it formerly had? Does not the deceived friend, when the frenzy of the first twenty-four hours is over, soon recover from his disillusion and not only conduct his business as though nothing important had happened, but eat with undiminished appetite and sleep dreamlessly and well? Does Werther, even if he abstains from suicide, always live on with a heart which simply performs its muscular duty in a manner more or less impaired, to be sure, but which never more beats to passion, because passion can never more be felt? Are there not Camilles who forget their Armands as they conquer their consumption and settle down into unremorseful and demi-respectable middle age? Do immeasurable disappointments always make existence a desert? Is there not such a thing as forgetfulness of acute miseries instead of memorializing them into chronic griefs? Does not the expectant treatment often cure the most bruised and bleeding soul—expectancy that still looks for happiness, both in this world and the world to come? Is there no true

philosophy in that vulgar maxim which reminds us there are as good fish in the sea as ever were taken out? Can it be possible that any two souls, in spite of vast divergences, are so made for each that when sundered by imperative fate neither again can ever find a twin? We are not again content to answer all these questions which we so blithely profound. As year after year multiplies one's experience in human lives he meets at distant intervals a temperament so lovely in the warmth of its sunshine, the brightness of its beauty, the sweetness of its inhalations, the purity of its labyrinth, and the tantalization of its mysteries, that to yield is as natural as for the plummet to seek the bottom of the sea. Who shall define the magic of a touch, the secret of a tone, the enchantment of a look, the mesmerism of a caress? Nay, who shall explain the sorcery of a presence, the witchery of an influence? Shakespeare says

To keep an adjunct to remember thee
Were to import forgetfulness in me—
A beautiful exaggeration which only a poet's heart could invent. Yet who that has ever loved does not keep an "adjunct," does not cherish a portrait, a handkerchief, a tress, a flower, anything in which is blended the aroma of a personality passionately loved, irrevocably vanished?

There is a good deal of unvoiced suffering in life—the suffering that is due simply to displaced ideas. It is shallow to hold that such suffering is morbid and easily remedied. Sorrow of this kind is morbid only when it is so self-enclosed as to paralyze action. Whatever remedy exists is found in the line of constant effort in healthy directions. Unfortunate are they who, unable to make effort themselves, have no one to arouse them. Sympathy acts merely as a sedative if given in too large a dose. There comes a time when change of medicine is necessary. The platitudinous author of "Proverbial Philosophy" never said anything falsifier in its meaning than "If the love of the heart be blighted it bloometh not again." The same love, of course, does not bloom again, any more than the flower reblooms that is trampled in the mud. But a fairer flower may burst its petals and a sweeter love evolve to speech through passionate silence.

It seems cold and hard to turn from precious possibilities like this and maintain that ambition, to say nothing of the ruse-gowned virtue, duty, may occupy the energies which formerly thrilled to more palpitant vibrations. Yet ambition is practically a good substitute for love, when faithlessness of lover or sweetheart has left the feelings arid but yearning. Duty is a better substitute still; but ah! one must fall in love with duty in order to do one's duty with content. Such love is passionless. Duty is kindness and carelessness. Our hands, our lips, our hearts do not thrill beneath her touch, unless, indeed, she holds a martyr's crown before us and we reach to it through flame. Still, let us take kindly to this sad-suited duty, who generally wears no garb but hodden gray. If we can take to her kindly and make of her a lifelong friend, she will reassure the heart which feels that it is breaking and give it a foretaste of happiness perhaps when it shall really break at last.—Home Journal.

AN AID TO MEMORY.

Prof. Lamoroux and the Rulers of England

Prof. Wendell Lamoroux, of Union College, son of the late Judge Lamoroux, of Albany, is constantly doing kindly things which have the merit of usefulness. Several years ago he rearranged the well-known lines that give the rulers of England, from William the Conqueror down to Victoria. The arrangement is simple, the lines being easily committed to memory by observing that each century (except the seventeenth, which has two lines), is represented by a line, and that an upright dash in the line indicates the middle of the century as nearly as may be. For the benefit of our readers, especially our younger ones, who are studying English history, we reprint Prof. Lamoroux's arrangement, with his explanatory notes. Prof. Lamoroux deserves the thanks of all students for thus making English history easy:

- 11th. First, William the Norman and William his son.
- 12th. Henry, Stephen and Henry, with Richard, come on.
- 13th. John and Henry (the 3d and 1st Edward then reign).
- 14th. 2d Ed | 1st Ed | 2d Ed and Richard again.
- 15th. Then 3 Hen | 1st Ed, Dick, Henry, I guess.
- 16th. 2d Hen, 1st Ed, Queen Mary, Queen Bess.
- Next to James, Charles, Cromwell, come on.
- 17th. James the 2d; good William and Mary as one.
- 18th. Until Anne and 2d George | 3d retired from the scene.
- 19th. With 4th George and 4th William, Victoria's Queen.

Each line presents exclusively the record of the century whose number is before it—a couplet, however, being given to the 17th.

The upright dash in the line marks the middle of the century. When dividing one name, it shows the King or Kings of that name to have reigned in both halves of the century.

In the fifth line Richard III., the usurper and murderer, is nick-named thus, not more for rhyme than reason. In the seventh line, James 1st is called thus, to indicate his Scotch descent.

In the eighth, William and Mary are mentioned "as one," because both were called to reign jointly.—Albany Journal.

DIME MUSEUM LOVE.

How the Living Skeleton Wood and Won Flossie, the Fat Lady.

"Flossie, I yield to the magic of your charms. I lay my heart and my fortune at your feet."
The eager, passionate voice was that of the living skeleton. He was addressing the fat woman.

"I would cherish you, O so tenderly, Flossie," he went on, pleadingly. "Give me the right to shield and protect you from the perils of life's tempestuous journey—to stand between you and the barbed shaft of malice, the venomous tooth of slander and the stuffed club of Injustice."

"Lycurgus," replied the fat woman, with downcast eyes and a tremor in her voice that shook the room, while a blush suffused her fair cheek and cast a pinkish glow on the cage of performing snakes, "this comes upon me so unexpectedly, so embarrassingly, that I scarcely—"

"Flossie," said the living skeleton, gently, "forgive me if I have shocked you by the suddenness of my avowal. Yet you must have seen that I have appeared more ill at ease in your presence and less self-possessed, less haughty and dignified, if I may so express myself, for some months past than you formerly knew me to be."

"I have observed it, Lycurgus," she replied, "but I attributed it to—to liver complaint—or—or corns. I am so inexperienced, you know, Lycurgus," she continued, softly; "so unused to the ways of men that I—"

"My darling," he exclaimed, with startling energy, "your maidenly hesitation, your artless and innocent timidity, only deepen the passion that possesses me so entirely and confirm me in the resolve to win you. Permit me!"

With an effort that swelled the veins on his forehead and nearly broke his back, Lycurgus picked up one of her gloves that had fallen to the floor and replaced it on her lap.

The fat woman thanked him with a quivering sigh that appeared to lift him from his feet, but he went on undaunted:

"Flossie, in my professional career I have accumulated a competence that is ample for us both. My financial resources—beg pardon, did I stop on your feet?"

"I think not, Lycurgus," she murmured. "I did not feel it."

"—Are ample to my demand that is likely ever to be made upon them. My personal expenses for clothing and—blister that hairless dog! Get out, you many brutes! He shall not harm you, Flossie—be careful, my darling! You are about to step on a beaver out of the animal—my personal expenses, I was about to say, are naturally heavy, but my income is far heavier. It may require a whole bolt of silk to make you a dress or an entire calfskin—his voice faltered slightly—"to make a shoe for you, but I can face all this cheerfully, bravely—"

"Say no more, Lycurgus!" she said, with shy, bewitching tenderness. "Your manly devotion has won my heart! I am yours. But O, Lycurgus! Be kind to me. Be tender—"

"Ladies and gentlemen!" yelled the excited manager, appearing at the outside door and waving his arms wildly at the crowd of passers-by on the street. "The livin' skeleton, the most remarkable specimen of skin and bones that ever drew the breath of life, is at this dicitational moment a-sparkin' of Big Flossie, the mountain of flesh, the most colossal hunk of humanity that ever lived! Together with forty thousand other curiosities, T'n cents admits to all. Pass right in!"—Chicago Times.

TWO KINDS OF RESINS.

Those That Were in Use Among the Ancient Egyptians.

Among the minor incidents of recent explorations in Egypt is the unearthing of two resins which were not previously known to have been included in the materia medica of the ancient Egyptians. The first of these was found in a small jar that was distinguished in a perfect state from a heap of rubbish among the ruins of Naukratia, the site of a Greek colony, and attributed to the Sixth Century B. C. This resin, of which there was about eight ounces, was opaque and of a brown color on the surface, but underneath was partly of a clear golden yellow color and partly of a darker tint, though still transparent. When chewed it softened in the mouth and tasted like mastic, but it had also the peculiar flavor of Chian turpentine and gave off the elemi or fennel-like odor of that drug when rubbed between the fingers. It also resembled Chian turpentine, but was not mastic, in solubility in alcohol. For these and other considerations this ancient resin has been pronounced by Mr. Holmes, the curator to the museum of the Pharmaceutical Society, to be identical with Chian turpentine, although there does not appear to have been any previous evidence that the drug was known to the ancient Egyptians. The earliest extant mention of Chian turpentine is by Theophrastus, who lived from 370 to 285 B. C. The discovery of this resin, therefore, if the identification be correct, carries the history of the drug back another two centuries. The second resin, which has also been reported on by Mr. Holmes, occurs on a mummy cloth found in a cemetery, in the Fayum province of Lower Egypt, and supposed to date from the Second Century. When burnt it gave off vapors of benzoic acid, with the vanilla

PERSONAL AND IMPERSONAL.

—Prince Bismarck, though a capital French scholar himself, detests every other German who parades the same accomplishment.

—One of the best lawyers in Virginia says he would on no account leave his children any considerable amount of money, and he gives away not less than \$1,000 a year.

—The will of Edison, the late millionaire who was one of the founders of Oakland, Cal., is one of the briefest on record. It disposes of \$3,000,000 in less than one hundred words.

—A retired merchant, aged eighty-three, of Providence, and a Boston widow just one year his junior, were married the other day. It was a case of love at first sight, the couple having met for the first time only three weeks before.

—A certain English comic opera librettist went to see Mr. Gilbert's "Brantingham Hall." He came back quite enthusiastic. "It's a fine play," he said. "I like it very much. In fact, I think I like it better than any man in London—except Mr. Gilbert."

—Mr. Barney Bamato is the "diamond king" of South Africa. Sixteen years ago he was a penniless boy of nineteen years. Three years later he had \$15,000. Then he bought four claims at Kimberley which paid him net \$9,000 a week for four years, and then he sold them for \$600,000.

—The late Lord Eversley was a most successful Speaker of the House of Commons, and never failed to recognize the right man when a score or more sprang to their feet apparently at the same instant. "I have been shooting rabbits all my life," he once explained, "and have learned to mark the right one."

—The story is told of Mortimer Menpes, the portrait painter, that at the beginning of his career he went to Miss Ellen Terry, who is one of the hardest persons for an artist to get hold of, and said: "Look here, Miss Terry, I'm a young Australian, with few or no friends here, and I want to make my way in the world. Won't you let me paint your portrait?" She consented, and it gave him a long lift toward success.

—Miss M. E. Orr, of New York, a pale, delicate-looking young girl, recently gave a remarkable exhibition of rapid work on the typewriter in the assembly room of Peckard's Business College. She printed sixty-six characters in five seconds, or an average of over thirteen characters a second. Then she printed from memory 137 words in one minute correctly. Upon a second trial she printed 133 words in a minute. Miss Orr holds the gold medal for the championship, which she won last August by writing ninety-eight words a minute for ten consecutive minutes.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

—A little girl, being asked to define a volcano, answered: "It's a mountain that throws up fire, smoke and liver."

—"De darkey's hour am jes' befo' day," said Uncle Aaron, as he invaded his neighbor's chicken-roost at three a. m.—Puck.

—"The churn must go," says an agricultural exchange. Of course it must, in order that the butter may come.—Burlington Free Press.

—Somebody recently tried to blow up a Chicago distillery with dynamite, but the whisky blew its breath upon the dynamite and it went out and roosted on the prairie.—Drake's Magazine.

—Mr. Popjay—"They say that Judge Pomposus has lost his voice, my dear." Mrs. Popjay—"It was so heavy I should think he would have heard it drop."—Burlington Free Press.

—Auntie—"So you're studying Roman history, Bobby? Why did Caesar hesitate when he came to the Rubicon?" Bobby—"Oh, 'cause he wanted to see if he had the Gaul to cross it."—Harvard Lampoon.

—Tommy—"You ought to see how much butter my stepmother puts on my bread." Johnny—"I guess it's some of this bogus butter, and she is just trying it on you before she eats any of it herself."—Texas Sittings.

—"Senator Gordon possesses the lineaments of George Washington," read Mr. Fangle in the evening paper. "I wonder why Congress doesn't buy them for the Washington museum," commented his wife.—Drake's Magazine.

—Wormley—"I've at last discovered the answer to the question: 'Is marriage a failure?'" Wife—"Have you, my dear? Why, that's very interesting." Wormley—"When it takes place it's a failure, and when it doesn't, it's a success."—Epoch.

—Dr. Ebbolite—"Dat chile o' yours am lookin' pooly Mrs. Yallerby. What's he done gone an' swallowed this time?" Mrs. Yallerby—"A bit ob lead-pencil, docto'." Dr. Ebbolite—"H'm! What he wants now, ma'am, am an erasive remedy. I recommend him ter chew a piece ob Injy-rubber half an hour afore each meal."—Judge.

—George—"That is a beautiful piece, Laura, and you have played it most soulfully. But what is that rumbling noise I have been hearing nearly all the time since I came in?" Laura—"It must be the wind. Ex-amine a moment. (Goes into the kitchen.) Mother, can't you take that wash tub into the back basement? It doesn't chord with the piano."—Chicago Tribune.

—France, with a population of 35,000,000, uses as much wheat bread as the United States with 63,000,000.

ABOUT CONVERSATION.

Truth, Good Sense, Humor and Wit Should Be Its Four Chief Ingredients.

According to Sir William Temple the four ingredients of conversation should be truth, good sense, good humor and wit. To this I would add the knowledge of what not to say, and the faculty of listening. There is a story of a great talker who chatted incessantly to a man he met at an evening party. The next day a common friend asked him how he liked his new acquaintance. "The most intelligent person I have met for a long time," cried the talker. "I thought you would like him," was the dry rejoinder: "he is deaf and dumb."

Conversation, in the sense in which I use the word, is not monologic, nor is it even dialogic. It is the interchange of ideas among a number of people who are assembled together for social intercourse and amusement.

The sparks do not fly until the flint and steel have been struck together. The attrition of one mind upon another whets them both. The best conversationalist is he who, while contributing his fair quota to the general entertainment, at the same time extracts the most from other people's stores of wit and knowledge. The man whose mind is wholly dominated by his own ideas may be a ready speaker, but he will not be a good talker, or an agreeable companion, nor even a persuasive advocate. A drawing-room full of men and women is not a debating forum wherein each is forever seeking to trip up an unwary antagonist. He is but an underbred man who turns the dining-table or the fireside or the smoking-room into an arena for the display of his controversial talents. A self-conceited and irrepressible talker will be as ineffective from a conversational point of view as a shy man or even a stupid one; people will be bored by his tedious harangues, and will breathe more freely when the incubus of his overpowering egotism is removed.

All men, and especially young men, should be modest in conversation. It is very wholesome for a young fellow to associate occasionally with persons who are older than himself. It will not flatter his vanity to learn—as he will, sooner or later—that the crude notions which had seemed to him quite a glorious revelation, are by no means inspired, or even original, but have been all well sifted, and for the most part decisively rejected, by men of an experience a good deal wider than his own; but it will lead him to form a more lowly estimate of himself and his abilities—and that will do him no harm. "Let us remember, gentlemen," said Dr. Whewell once to the members of his college, "that we are not infallible—not even the youngest of us."

Be easy and unconstrained—as merry and cheerful as your nature will let you be; but never try to be either impressive or funny. Be what you are. If the mantle of Sydney Smith have descended on you, the wittier and more humorous you are the better; but do not joke on solemn or serious subjects, and do not hold up to ridicule or sarcasm any member of the company in which you find yourself. But if any one else so far forgets himself as to make personal or ill-bred remarks about you, keep a tight rein on your temper, and laugh it off as best you can. Remember Cowper's couplet:

A moral, sensible and well-bred man
Will not affront me, and so other can.

—Notes for Boys.

Men Who Followed the Plow.

Adam was a farmer while yet in Paradise, and after his fall he was commanded to earn his bread by the sweat of his brow.

Job, the honest, upright and obedient, was a farmer, and his stern endurance has passed into proverbs.

Socrates was a farmer, and yet wedded to his calling the glory of his immortal philosophy.

Cincinnatus was a farmer, and the noblest Roman of them all.

Burns was a farmer, and the Muses found him at the plow and filled him with poetry.

Washington was a farmer, and retired from the highest earthly station to enjoy the quiet of rural life at Mount Vernon, and present to the world a spectacle of human greatness.

To these names may be added a host of others who sought peace and repose in the cultivation of their mother earth; the enthusiastic Lafayette, the steadfast Pickering, the scholastic Jefferson, the fiery Randolph, all found a paradise of consolation from life's cares and troubles in the green and verdant lawns that surrounded their homesteads.—N. Y. Ledger.

Talent Promptly Recognized.

"Mr. Hosslekus," said the editor-in-chief, "I was a good deal amused at your reference this morning to our beastly contemporary as an editorial chimpanzee."

"Is that the way it appeared?" asked the subordinate, chagrined. "I wrote it 'editorial charlatan.' Some fool compositor has taken liberties with my copy."

"Mr. Wagstaff," said the editor-in-chief, a few hours later, to the managing editor, "you may tell Slug 14 of the newsroom to occupy the editorial desk of Mr. Hosslekus hereafter. Mr. Hosslekus will go back to the newsroom."

—Every dog has his day, my boy; but how much better off is the mule, who has his years. Haw, naw, haw.—Burdette.

FULL OF FUN.

—Well, Patrick, what struck you most during your Southern trip?"

"The mule, sor!" replied Patrick with a grin that disclosed the absence of nine molars.—Burlington Free Press.

—If the human race was evolved from the apes, it at least has the satisfaction of knowing that its ancestors were intelligent—they were educated in the higher branches.

"Eat, drink and be merry," is all right enough, but the man who has to eat salt fish-balls and drink river-water finds it sorry work to be merry.—Binghamton Republican.

Governess (to little Miss Ethel, who is making famous progress in mythology)—"Now, Ethel, what do you know of Minerva?" Ethel—"Minerva was the Goddess of Wisdom; she never married."—Town Topics.

The ancients believed that the whole earth was square, but up to the hour of going to press we have not heard that they expressed a similar belief in regard to the inhabitants thereof.—Norristown Herald.

It is hard enough, anyway, for a bachelor to hold a baby, but it is simple torture when it is the baby of the girl who jilts him heartlessly only three years before.

Miss Widawa (to young agriculturist from Vermont)—"I fancy, Mr. Sidehill, that you are fond of husbandry?" Mr. Sidehill (with an unutterable expression)—"I suppose I would be, Miss Widawa, if I could find the right kind of a gal."—Texas Sittings.

First Thespian—"How did you do in Gawkville?" Second Ditto—"We played to public buildings." First Thespian—"How's that?" Second Thespian—"The first night we played to a light-house and the next to a poorhouse."—America.

"I might have known better than to steal a white horse," said the thief in New York, for the Auburn locks were sure to follow.—And then the jailer at the Auburn penitentiary turned the key on him neatly.

Mr. Nonroddin Noddy—"Ah, Madam! Do I have the pleasure of taking in mine the hand that has penned so much charming verse?" Madam—"Poetry, sir—poetry, and I never write with a pen, but always use a typograph."—Time.

"You would be sorry to lose your sister, wouldn't you, Johnnie?" asked the visitor, suggestively to the little boy who was entertaining him in the drawing-room. "Nope," replied Johnnie. "I guess I could stand it. Mr. Hankinson. Maw says I've got to wear short pants till after I've married."—Exchange.

"How do you feel now?" asked the general manager of a tar-and-leather social, as he poked a handful of feathers between his victim's teeth.

"I feel down in the mouth," the latter replied. Whereupon six revolvers were instantly emptied into the same cavity.—Puck.

Teaching Her a Lesson.—Uncle Rastus (who has caused the arrest of his wife for assault)—"I want yo' ter gib it to her, judge; gib her de limick ob de law. Dis ain't de fust time she 'saulted me." Judge—"I'm afraid, aunty, I'll have to fine you ten dollars." Aunty—"Well, yo' honah, I ain't got ten cents." Judge (to Uncle Rastus)—"It'll be ten dollars, Uncle Rastus." Uncle Rastus (handing over the money with a bewildered look as who should say, this may be right or this may be wrong)—"All right; judge; dere's de money." (To wife as they leave court together)—"Dar, ole woman, I trus 'dis yere 'sperience 'll larn yo' a lesson what yo' won't forget."—Harper's Bazar.

An Interesting Industry.

Making buttons of blood is one of the many ways known of utilizing waste. There is a large factory in Bridgeport, near Chicago, employing about one hundred boys and girls, in which waste animal blood is converted into buttons. The same firm has another large factory elsewhere. A man named Hirsch was the first to introduce the business into this country, some years ago. He lost \$16,000 the first six months, but he stuck to it and is now immensely wealthy. There are a number of similar factories in England. From eight thousand to ten thousand gallons of blood are used in the Bridgeport factory every day. Nothing but fresh beef blood is used. It is said that pig's blood is just as good, but it is too much trouble to collect and save it. Considerable of the blood evaporates during the process of drying, but what remains is pure albumen. Some of it is light in color, and some dark, according to the chemical treatment given it. These thin sheets of dried blood are then broken up, and are ready to be worked into various shapes and sizes. Not only are buttons made from blood in this way, but tons of ear-rings, breastpins, belt-clasps, combs and trinkets are made annually there from blood.—Phrenological Journal.

In Fashionable Society.

"Is there anything so hard to find as a needle in a haystack?" he said, with a sudden flash of meteoric brilliance.

"Yes," she responded, softly, "it is quite as hard to find a haystack in a needle. Did you ever try to find a haystack in a needle, Mr. Brady?"—Washington Critic.