

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 PASSING YEARS.

They are drifting away—these sweet and young—
Like a leaf on the current east
With never a break in their rapid flow,
We watch them as one by one they go
Into the beautiful past.

As silent and swift as a waver's thread,
Or an arrow's flying gleam,
We recall the sorrows and joys of the past,
And think it is well they should not last,
But waste like a fleeting dream.

One after another we see them pass,
Down the dim lighted stair;
We hear the sound of their quiet tread,
In the steps of the centuries long since dead,
As beautiful and as fair.

There are only a few years left to love;
Shall we waste them in idle strife?
Shall we trample under our rattling feet,
Those beautiful blossoms, rare and sweet,
By the dusty way of life?

There are only a few years left to live;
Shall we waste them in idle strife?
Shall we trample under our rattling feet,
Those beautiful blossoms, rare and sweet,
By the dusty way of life?

They are drifting away to that heavenly shore;
We watch them as in a dream;
But soon we'll be awakened by those gone before,
Who are watching and waiting to welcome us
To that beautiful stream.

A CHAPTER ON KICKING.

"M. Quad" Proves Himself to Be a Useful Crank.

"In kicking against what you know to be a fraud and an imposition isn't making apt to set you down for a crank?"

So queries a Congressman in referring to a former article on the subject of kicking. Mankind is not only apt to do that very thing, but dead certain to do so. Hence the hesitancy to raise a row. Hence the reason that fraud and imposition flourish and grow rich. For instance, at a railway junction station in New Jersey one hot day last summer there was not a drop of water in the cooler in the waiting-room. There were twenty-seven of us waiting for the train, and there were seats for only seventeen. Every thing was covered with dust, not a time-piece nor a time-table in sight, and after a look around I found the station agent on a truck down the platform talking base-ball. Of the twenty-seven passengers fourteen were women. I called their attention to the facts I have given, and suggested a kick. It might not benefit us, but it would help those who came after. The reply of each and every one was, in substance:

"Yes, this is an infernal shame, and ought to be exposed, but I don't want a fuss. They'll call me a crank if I kick."

Not one single person dared raise his voice against the neglect and imposition, and I was all alone when I walked down to the agent and asked:

"Do you know that the water-cooler is as dry as a bone?"

"I ain't hired to fill it," he replied.

"Do you know that the waiting-room hasn't been swept and dusted for a week?"

"It's not my business."

"Is it any body's business to look out for the convenience of passengers here?"

"I dunno."

"Well, I will make it my business to find out."

I took the names of half a dozen of my fellow-travelers, wrote directly to the superintendent of the road that night, and two weeks later, as I stopped off for another change, I hardly knew the place. There were seats for fifty; there was a clock, a lot of fresh time-tables, a water cooler full to the brim, with a new cup, and a station agent was bustling around and cheerfully answering all inquiries.

"What's become of the other man?" I asked.

"Got the bounce last week."

"What was the trouble?"

"Oh, he let things run down."

"How long had things been as they were two weeks ago?"

"All of two years."

"Did some one complain?"

"Yes. A crank came along and made an awful kick, and the superintendent started up the whole line.

While roaming around Philadelphia, I came upon a menagerie on exhibition in a store. There were signs out reading that they had a boa-constrictor twenty-two feet long, an African giant eight feet high, and various other things. I concluded to see the snake and the giant. Twenty-two feet of serpent and eight feet of giant, making thirty feet of living curiosity, is cheap at ten cents. This is three feet for a cent. When I got in I failed to find the two curiosities, and I made inquiries of the man with the deep, bass voice and the watch-chain.

"Sorry to say that the giant is sick and the snake got away last week," he replied.

"But I paid to see them," I protested.

"Well, how are you going to do it?"

"If they are not here I want my dime back."

FULL OF FUN.

"I wish it would stop raining," remarked a St. Petersburg gentleman the other day, after a week's storm, and a detective promptly arrested him for referring to the czar as "it."—Harper's Bazar.

—Prof. Deadpill—"In a case of aggravated progressive paralysis, Mr. Sawyer, what course of treatment would you adopt?" Mr. Sawyer (promptly)—"I would make the patient taper off, I would make."—Lowell Citizen.

—On the witness-stand.—Western Magistrate—"The offhanger accuses you of (hic) shootin' at random." Prisoner—"Yes, sir." "Well, we'll excuse you from the witness-box (hic) moment." (Arousing himself). "Clerk, call Random."—Epoch.

—"Yes, sir," said Mrs. De Porque, just after her return from a trip abroad. "France is a great country. The people in Paris are amazingly clever." "In what way?" "Why, they all speak French fluently, and several of them assured me that they had never taken a single lesson."—Merchant Traveler.

—Uncle Berkshire—"How much do that watch?" Jeweler—"Forty dollars." Uncle Berkshire—"Ea that smaller one?" Jeweler—"Fifty dollars." Uncle Berkshire—"Ea the smallest one?" Jeweler—"Seventy-five dollars." Uncle Berkshire—"Gosh, mister! How much is no watch?"—Jeweler's Weekly.

—"And how are ye fallin' ter day, Mr. O'Rafferty?" "I never felt so poorly in all me life. I'm too poor to buy the necessities of life. If I had millions it's every cent as it'd give me to be a rich man." "I'm wid ye, Mr. O'Rafferty. If I owned the whole world I'd be willin' ter give it away for a little piece of land an' a cabin that I could call me own."—Texas Siftings.

—Minks—"Great Scott! Old man, why don't you have it pulled? I wouldn't go round with a face on me like that." Jenks—"Oh bother! I haven't got the tooth-ache." Minks—"Well, you've got the awfullest expression I ever saw on a live man. What's the matter?" Jenks—"Nothing. Oh! nothing. I got married this morning an' I'm trying to look unconcerned."

—"I can only be a sister to you, George—nothing more." "I'm afraid that won't do, Miss Clara. I have five grown sisters already, and, to tell you the truth, they are not very favorably disposed toward you; they think a match with you would be the mistake of my life." "In that case, George," said the girl, drawing herself up with haughty grace, "you may name the day."—N. Y. Sun.

—Customer—"That was splendid insect-powder you sold me the other day, Mr. Oilman." Mr. Oilman (with justifiable pride)—"Yes, I think it's pretty good—the best in the trade." Customer—"I'll take another couple of pounds of it, please." Mr. Oilman—"Two pounds?" Customer—"Yes, please. I gave the quarter of a pound I bought before to a black beetle, and it made him so ill that I think if I kept up the treatment for about a week I may manage to kill him."—Fun.

AFRICAN WARRIORS.

The Soudanese and Egyptians Compared by an American Observer.

Soudanese are jet black and a finely formed set of men. Many of them have been slaves, and all are volunteers. They make excellent soldiers and are utterly fearless in battle. They will follow an English officer anywhere and have won confidence by their courage and endurance.

The Egyptians make poor soldiers, are conscripts, and are cringing and cowardly at the side of the blacks. An illustration was given of their cowardice on the 4th of March last before Suakin. Colonel Tabb, an uncommonly promising officer of twenty-nine years, was leading a regiment of Egyptians. To confirm the courage of his troops he jumped from his horse and cried out: "Stand, men, stand," but they fled ignominiously and left him to find a solitary and untimely death. The Soudanese is not careful to disguise his contempt for his Egyptian fellow-soldier, and expresses his self-esteem in the stock phrase, "I am like the English." The government is anxious to get his service, and gives him three times the allowance of the Egyptian private, or five dollars a month, is careful of his prejudices and stipulates to carry his wife and children from one permanent camping-place to another.

The dervishes are in control of the Soudan. They are the Arab and Soudanese followers of the Mahdi, who are inspired with his Mohammedan fanaticism and have survived him. They call the blacks in the service of the Egyptian Government "little infidels," to distinguish them from the Christians, who are the "big infidels." The leaders feed the zeal of their troops by the promise of five white women each if they reach the Lower Egypt alive, and eighty wives in case they are killed in battle. They dress, as far as there is material enough to go around, in white shirts, decorated with rough patches of colored stuffs. The defeat of Hicks Pasha and the surrender of Khartoum furnishes them with an excellent supply of arms and ammunition. Upper Egypt is safe, simply because there is English protection of the land and English skill and firmness direct the movement of the Egyptian troops.—Egyptian Letter.

CRABS AS DANCERS.

A Ludicrous Performance Enacted by a Male and Female Crab.

Without apparent cause he was seen to rise upon the third and fourth pairs of legs; his large chelae were thrown above his head with the claws open and their points touching in the middle line; his fifth pair of feet were held horizontally behind, and his body perpendicular to the floor of the aquarium, or at right angles to the normal position. The posture was ludicrous, and, when in this position he began slowly to gyrate, his movements and attitude were the cause of much merriment upon the part of the spectators. At times he balanced on two legs of one side, again on two legs of opposite sides. Now he advances slowly and majestically, and now he wheels in circles in the sand on the floor of the aquarium, and now for a few moments he stands as if transfixed in this unnatural position. An electric light hung above and to one side of the water, which suggested the possibility that it might be the exciting cause. It was turned out, and still the dance went on, and the joy was unconfined. At last, from sheer exhaustion, he sinks down to the sand in his usual attitude.

But now the female, who had all this time remained tucked away in the sand, comes forth and begins to move about the aquarium; soon she comes near to the male crab, when instantly he rises to his feet and begins to dance. Again and again the performance is repeated, and each time the approach of the female is the signal for the male to rear high upon his hind feet, and to reel about the aquarium as if intoxicated.—T. H. Morgan, in Popular Science Monthly.

SKIMMER'S EXPERIENCE.

A Funny Editor Meets the Embodiment of Humorous Conception.

Mr. Skimmer was the editor of a humorous weekly. He had a very easy time of it, for he got a comfortable salary, and had nothing to do but edit.

As he had just turned into Broadway one morning, on the way to his office, a paper was thrust into his hand, on which he read:

FOUND AND AROUND.

"It seems to me, doctor," said old Baggs, "that your bill has got surprisingly round?"

"Perhaps," said the doctor, "but you were got surprisingly around, too."

Looking up he saw an old gentleman walking beside him.

The aged unknown bowed and said: "I am the Embodiment of the Humorous Conception, sir."

Mr. Skimmer said he was happy.

"I think I could be useful to you, Mr. Skimmer," said the Embodiment of the Humorous Conception.

"In what way?" asked the editor.

"In the last number of your paper," pursued the Embodiment of Humorous Conception, "you had this," and he handed Mr. S. a cutting:

ON IT WAS:

OVERHEARD AT LURAY.

Guide—I could tell you things about this cave that would make your hair stand on end, sir.

Tourist—I don't think so.

Guide—You are very brave?

Tourist—I am totally bald.

"Well?"

"Do you consider that humorous, Mr. Skimmer?"

"Well—" said the editor.

"I hope for your own sake you do not."

"If you know any thing about humor," said Mr. Skimmer, testily, "you must be aware that nothing is more difficult than to produce a continuous series of short dialogues that are original, pointed and amusing."

"I know it full well. Still, you should not print a thing that is not original, pointed and amusing. Read this, also from your paper."

The Embodiment gave Mr. Skimmer another cutting.

The editor for the first time appreciated the position of the doctor compared to swallow his own physic. He read:

PECULIAR, VERY.

"You don't think much of Callow?"

"Wouldn't believe him under oath!"

"But he's certainly candid." He told me he never spoke the truth."

"Bah! he lied to you."

"That paragraph, dear editor, is not original, nor pointed, nor amusing."

"Upon my word—"

"The humorist, though," added the Embodiment of the Humorous Conception, "has one great difficulty to contend with. On the stage it is permitted to use old contrivances. The same properties, the same lines, the same lights, the same actors may be employed a hundred times on the stage to produce varying effects. The humorist, on the contrary, must not only bring forth entirely new creations at every manifestation, but his material must be wholly original as well as his production. He may not employ the same properties more than once."

"Then why your condemnation?" asked Mr. Skimmer.

"Because to be simply funny is not to be humorous. Clowns and jesters are intended to provoke mirth, but the humorist should appeal to our intellect as well as to our risibility."

"I'll tell you what I'll do, said Mr. Skimmer; "I'll let you edit the paper for awhile."

The offer was accepted.

At the end of the first month the humorous weekly's circulation had dropped two-thirds.

"We'll have to part," said Mr. Skimmer; "I'm being ruined."

"The public must be educated up to me," said the Embodiment of Humorous Conception.

"It would take a thousand years," said Mr. Skimmer; "you must go!"

So he went. The best paragraph in the next number of the weekly was the following:

THE BEST THING TO DO.

"Begorra, Mrs. Clancy, me old man's on a tear."

"Then let him rip, Mrs. Dennis."

The paper is now proving a gold mine for its owners.—Life.

He Had Been Victimized.

They were talking about confidence men and relating their experience, when one of the group turned to the major and asked:

"Major, were you ever confidence?"

"I was," he promptly replied.

"Where?"

"In Chicago."

"When?"

"When I married my second wife!"—Detroit Free Press.

The Reason He Was Silent.

Smart Young Man—Is it possible there's nothing new in base-ball or prize fights to talk about? You've been fifteen minutes at work on my face and haven't said a word.

Tactful Barber—I lost a good situation once by talking too much to every durnd fool I shave. Next!—Chicago Tribune.

In a lithograph establishment in New York employing six hundred men, the employers have to furnish each man with a quart of beer per day. Any attempt to cut off this perquisite would result in a strike.

OUT-DOOR EXERCISE.

The Most Rational Way of Preserving Health, Endurance and Vigor.

The English have, from time immemorial, held the lead in outdoor sports, though in gymnastics the Germans and French have excelled them, and their ascendancy among nations is attributed by themselves and others, to nothing so much as to this fact. These it is which have largely made and preserved English health, endurance and vigor; and that which they have done for the old country they may be relied upon to effect for the new. These it is which makes constitutions almost disease-proof, and well lighted render doctors superfluous. Among preventive agents—which are so much preferable to remedial ones—they rank, perhaps, first. They furnish open air, exercise, interest and pleasure, and beget bodily skill and mental activity, precision and perseverance; and whatever combines these creates tissue and mastery. Of late there has been a great increase of interest in them in this country, and they have never held so wide way as to-day. Scarcely any thing could be more desirable.

Among the rich, horseback riding has taken a great leap ahead. English running-races and steeple-chases have been introduced, and the American "fox-hunt," if in one of its essential points a parody upon the English, still produces skillful and vigorous horsemanship, and that, after all, is the main thing. Cricket flourishes within narrow limits, and its American cousin, base-ball—probably the most original of all our outdoor pastimes—"rages," as it were, over the land, an epidemic of health. The professional players, who are most benefited physically by it, are, to be sure, few in number in comparison with our sixty millions of population—though they constitute a small army in themselves. Still they furnish the occasion of the inhabitants of our larger cities turning out en masse as spectators and spending hours in the open air; besides which, every sort and description of amateur club is induced to take the field, and even the boot-blacks and newsboys carry a ball in their pockets, and fill the intervals between business with its use. Not less universal and beneficial is lawn-tennis (in spite of possible "tennis-elbows")—an admirable game, possessing, with horsemanship, the advantage of being equally well adapted to either sex. Lacrosse is transmitted to us from the Indians, and should be more generally played than it is. Another Canadian sport, tobogganing, is rapidly growing in popularity; and so, we trust, is snow-shoeing. Our colleges are the seat of boating, foot-ball, base-ball and general athletic contests to an extent that has given rise to a standing joke on the subject. Picnics and out-door association meetings are seldom complete without their athletic sports—running, leaping, wrestling, casting the stone, etc.—the girls and women, too, sometimes taking part. The English "paper hunt" has been naturalized in some localities. Cycling and tricycling are fast becoming as common here as anywhere. Yachting, canoeing, swimming, and the various modes of navigation, prevail in summer, while in winter skating takes their place. Pedestrian tours are growing popular amongst men, and even our women are learning to realize the pleasure and profit in them. We have borrowed the gymnasium from the Germans; why not adopt their outdoor gymnasium, too?

The whole is a movement in the right direction. The more widely the sports in the above enumeration, and others like them, flourish amongst us, the better will it be for our country at her most vital point.—Boston Journal of Health.

AMERICAN FABLES.

THE TRAVELER AND THE MOSQUITO.

A Commercial Traveler awoke from a sound slumber to find a Mosquito buzzing about his head in the darkness. He at once arose, lighted the gas, and, setting the Bolster from the Bed, he struck vigorously at the little insect, exclaiming:

"Ah! you Pest, but I'll have your life!"

"You are a very inconsistent man, upon my word!" replied the Mosquito, from his perch on the Ceiling.

"How?"

"Why, you have been Bitten in twenty places by the Bugs, and you pay them no heed."

"Yes, but every Man has a Right to choose what Nuisance he will put up With. Take that, you Rascal!"

MORAL: If a Citizen chooses to Excuse the Piano Founding on the right, and Poison the Barking Dog on the Left, no one can gainsay him.

THE FROG AND THE LAMB.

A Lamb Who lay down beside a Pond for Rest and Sleep, found it impossible to close his Eyes on account of the Croaking of a Frog. Out of Patience at last with the Interruption, he sprang up and demanded:

"In Heaven's name, why do you keep that Noise going?"

"It's the only Noise I can make," was the Humble Reply.

"Yes. But why do you make it at all?"

"If I kept Quiet, Who Would know that I was on earth?"

MORAL: Men of Blab are excused on the same grounds.

THE THIEF AND THE DEFAULTER.

A Thief who had been Arrested for Stealing an Overcoat had hardly been Locked up when a Defaulter in the Amount of \$5,000 was brought in.

"Ah! but we are in Sad Luck!" said the Thief. "Allow me to say that I feel for you."

"Sir! I want none of your Sympathy," replied the Defaulter. "I don't even want your Acquaintance."

"But we are both Thieves."

"Are we? I beg to Differ. You ran off with another man's property and was Punged by a Patrolman. I borrowed money from the Bank's funds to Speculate in Wheat and was Unfortunate enough to lose every dollar. A Detective kindly asked me to ride over in his carriage."

"But we both Appropriated what belonged to another without Consent," persisted the thief.

"While that is True, it makes a Difference whether we wanted it, to buy Wheat or Whisky. Please keep your Distance."

MORAL: The Thief went up and the Defaulter's friends settled the case by Refunding forty cents on the dollar.—Detroit Free Press.

AN AFRICAN NERO.

The Young Dignitary of Uganda and His Missionary Victims.

If the report which comes from Zan-zibar is true, Mwanga, the young despot of Uganda, who in two years has earned a reputation for cruelty and bloodshed not excelled even by that of the deposed King Thebaw of Burmah, has been violently removed from the seat of power his ancestors have held for seventeen generations, and his brother now reigns in his place. Whether this news bodes good or ill to the four or five white missionaries of England and France now in Uganda can not yet be told.

This young man, only twenty-three years old, has had much to do with shaping some events in which the whole world has been deeply interested. If he had not, for the first time since Speke discovered the greatest of African lakes, closed the route north from Victoria Nyanza to Lake Albert against all white men, Emin Pasha would never have lacked ammunition, and there would have been no Stanley relief expedition. It was the harrowing stories of Mwanga's great slave raids, in which he has employed thousands of his soldiers for the purpose of supplying his Arab friends with all the poor bondmen they desired, that gave an impetus to the anti-slavery agitation which has produced the blockade of the East African coast, and is the talk of every capital in Europe.

Mwanga has been described by the white men at his court as a frivolous, weak, cowardly boy, easily led by his favorites, extremely passionate, and capable, under the influence of fear or anger, of almost unheard-of cruelty. He signaled his accession to power by the atrocious murder of Bishop Hannington, and it was his hope to destroy in a week all the converts the missionaries had made in six successful years of labor. The heroism and fortitude with which scores of native Christians, many of them mere children, met death at the stakes is hardly surpassed in the annals of martyrdom. Not one of them recoiled, even when told that their lives would be spared if they abjured the Christian faith. "Can you read?" was the question the King usually asked the converts when they were brought before him. "Yes," replied all who had been taught in the native schools. "I'll have no readers in Uganda," the King would shout, as he hurried them off to be chained to trees and burned. In a single day seventy men thus met their fate, and the head executioner told the King he had never seen men die so bravely. The blood-thirsty King merely laughed and remarked that God did not seem able to rescue the Christians from his power.

PENINSULA'S QUANDARY.

A Synopsis of the Coming Great American Work of Fiction.

[NOTE.—This remarkable story—published, it is hardly necessary to say, from advance sheets of Mr. Wm. D.—a H—ll's next novel. As printed below, it appears in somewhat condensed form, but contains all that is noteworthy in plot, incident and dialogue in the entire story.]

CHAP. I.

A picturesquely commonplace, ordinary, unemotional New England day. The sun, having risen some three hours previously, was now about three hours high. Its rays, shining in through the second-story back parlor window of a plain frame dwelling-house on a quiet street in Dismalton, lit up a split-bottomed chair occupied by a thin-haired young woman, evidently suffering from heat-stroke. The window, it should be mentioned, was of ordinary construction, being made of pine sash, and 9x14, or possibly 10x14, glass. The putty had dropped off in places, and the fastening at the top of the lower sash was partially broken off, as if it had been hastily raised by inserting an axe or some like instrument at the bottom and prying ward. This might have been done in a moment of forgetfulness by the suburban-haired and contemplative domestic who was employed at a stipend of \$3.50 per week to do the cooking and look after the house.

The young woman who sat in the chair was near-sighted and wore steel-rimmed glasses. She was not handsome, but there was an expression about her pallid face with its square jaw and aquiline nose, slightly red-dened at the tip, that sometimes caused persons who met her to look at her a second time.

"Mother," she said to an angular matron who entered the apartment, "I am impressed with the conviction—or perhaps say I am at times dimly conscious of an impression—that this life of excitement is making me slightly nervous."

And she put away the yarn stocking she was darning and picked up a late New England novel by Jerry Hamae.

"Peninsula," said her mother, after a pause, during which she had been vaguely watching the uneasy albers of a dejected cat that lay limply on the rug before the fire, "I think you had better spend a few months in Italy. What shall we have for dinner?"

CHAP. II.

Three weeks later. Rome. Vatican. Catacombs. Pigeons. Gloomy sunshine. Oppressive feeling of ennui.

"Mother," said Peninsula, as the two stood in front of the Pamphili's Doric palace, "Isn't that aged horse terribly lame? Ah, me! What is life good for, I wonder, anyhow?"

"My daughter," replied the mother, with a dreary yawn, as she simultaneously looked at her watch and remembered she had not wound it since she left Dismalton, "we will go to Venice."

CHAP. III.

Gondolas. St. Mark's. Fervid dampness, odors of garlic, and positive memories of Venetian Days. Continuation of ennui.

"Mother, I yearn for my New England home. Life here is so intense, so aquatic, so—"

"I know it, my daughter. And the eggs are too Oriental. I want you should not become too much excited. Remember how the story of Annie Quillburn worked upon your sensitive nature."

"Mother!" exclaimed Peninsula, in a voice of hopeless melancholy, "we will return home."

CHAP. IV.

Dismalton. Another ordinary New England day. The mother and daughter alighted from the two-seated carryall, had their trunks carried into the house, paid the man and went in. They had returned home. A few more chunks of putty had fallen from the second-story back window, and the cat was rather thinner than formerly. Otherwise the place was unchanged.

"What time is it, mother?"

"I think," said the mother, looking at the sun, "at must be about eleven o'clock. Or half-past," she added, reflectively.

CHAP. V.

The evening shadow had fallen, but a faint odor of boiled cabbage still pervaded the quiet New England home. There was a knock at the front door. The bell, it should be explained, was out of repair.

The caller was shown into the parlor.

"I have called, Peninsula, to—"

The young village doctor paused a moment to suppress an involuntary spasmodic action that looked like a yawn, but may have been a hicough.

"I have called, Peninsula, to ask if you will marry me."

"Fotheringray," she answered, looking at the hickory wood fire in the grate with painful incoherence, "I can not say whether I will or not."

THE END.

—Chicago Tribune.

—When Benjamin Franklin was twenty-one he formed the famous Leather Apron Club, to which no one was admitted until he laid his hand on his heart and solemnly repeated: "I love mankind; I think no man should be harmed because of his opinions; I love truth—will seek it diligently, and, when found, make it known to others."

—My dear wife," murmured Peter-Sanilla, as he looked at the dress-maker's bill.—Boston Bulletin.

THE PASSING YEARS.

They are drifting away—these sweet and young—
Like a leaf on the current east
With never a break in their rapid flow,
We watch them as one by one they go
Into the beautiful past.

As silent and swift as a waver's thread,
Or an arrow's flying gleam,
We recall the sorrows and joys of the past,
And think it is well they should not last,
But waste like a fleeting dream.

One after another we see them pass,
Down the dim lighted stair;
We hear the sound of their quiet tread,
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"M. Quad" Proves Himself to Be a Useful Crank.

"In kicking against what you know to be a fraud and an imposition isn't making apt to set you down for a crank?"

So queries a Congressman in referring to a former article on the subject of kicking. Mankind is not only apt to do that very thing, but dead certain to do so. Hence the hesitancy to raise a row. Hence the reason that fraud and imposition flourish and grow rich. For instance, at a railway junction station in New Jersey one hot day last summer there was not a drop of water in the cooler in the waiting-room. There were twenty-seven of us waiting for the train, and there were seats for only seventeen. Every thing was covered with dust, not a time-piece nor a time-table in sight, and after a look around I found the station agent on a truck down the platform talking base-ball. Of the twenty-seven passengers fourteen were women. I called their attention to the facts I have given, and suggested a kick. It might not benefit us, but it would help those who came after. The reply of each and every one was, in substance:

"Yes, this is an infernal shame, and ought to be exposed, but I don't want a fuss. They'll call me a crank if I kick."

Not one single person dared raise his voice against the neglect and imposition, and I was all alone when I walked down to the agent and asked:

"Do you know that the water-cooler is as dry as a bone?"

"I ain't hired to fill it," he replied.

"Do you know that the waiting-room hasn't been swept and dusted for a week?"

"It's not my business."

"Is it any body's business to look out for the convenience of passengers here?"

"I dunno."

"Well, I will make it my business to find out."

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"What's become of the other man?" I asked.

"Got the bounce last week."

"What was the trouble?"

"Oh, he let things run down."

"How long had things been as they were two weeks ago?"

"All of two years."

"Did some one complain?"

"Yes. A crank came along and made an awful kick, and the superintendent started up the whole line.

While roaming around Philadelphia, I came upon a menagerie on exhibition in a store. There were signs out reading that they had a boa-constrictor twenty-two feet long, an African giant eight feet high, and various other things. I concluded to see the snake and the giant. Twenty-two feet of serpent and eight feet of giant, making thirty feet of living curiosity, is cheap at ten cents. This is three feet for a cent. When I got in I failed to find the two curiosities, and I made inquiries of the man with the deep, bass voice and the watch-chain.

"Sorry to say that the giant is sick and the snake got away last week," he replied.

"But I paid to see them," I protested.

"Well, how are you going to do it?"

"If they are not here I want my dime back."

THE PASSING YEARS.

They are drifting away—these sweet and young—
Like a leaf on the current east
With never a break in their rapid flow,
We watch them as one by one they go
Into the beautiful past.

As silent and swift as a waver's thread,
Or an arrow's flying gleam,
We recall the sorrows and joys of the past,
And think it is well they should not last,
But waste like a fleeting dream.

One after another we see them pass,
Down the dim lighted stair;
We hear the sound of their quiet tread,
In the steps of the centuries long since dead,
As beautiful and as fair.

There are only a few years left to love;
Shall we waste them in idle strife?
Shall we trample under our rattling feet,
Those beautiful blossoms, rare and sweet,
By the dusty way of life?

There are only a few years left to live;
Shall we waste them in idle strife?
Shall we trample under our rattling feet,
Those beautiful blossoms, rare and sweet,
By the dusty way of life?

They are drifting away to that heavenly shore;
We watch them as in a dream;
But soon we'll be awakened by those gone before,
Who are watching and waiting to welcome us
To that beautiful stream.

A CHAPTER ON KICKING.

"M. Quad" Proves Himself to Be a Useful Crank.

"In kicking against what you know to be a fraud and an imposition isn't making apt to set you down for a crank?"

So queries a Congressman in referring to a former article on the subject of kicking. Mankind is not only apt to do that very thing, but dead certain to do so. Hence the hesitancy to raise a row. Hence the reason that fraud and imposition flourish and grow rich. For instance, at a railway junction station in New Jersey one hot day last summer there was not a drop of water in the cooler in the waiting-room. There were twenty-seven of us waiting for the train, and there were seats for only seventeen. Every thing was covered with dust, not a time-piece nor a time-table in sight, and after a look around I found the station agent on a truck down the platform talking base-ball. Of the twenty-seven passengers fourteen were women. I called their attention to the facts I have given, and suggested a kick. It might not benefit us, but it would help those who came after. The reply of each and every one was, in substance:

"Yes, this is an infernal shame, and ought to be exposed, but I don't want a fuss. They'll call me a crank if I kick."

Not one single person dared raise his voice against the neglect and imposition, and I was all alone when I walked down to the agent and asked:

"Do you know that the water-cooler is as dry as a bone?"

"I ain't hired to fill it," he replied.

"Do you know that the waiting-room hasn't been swept and dusted for a week?"

"It's not my business."

"Is it any body's business to look out for the convenience of passengers here?"

"I dunno."

"Well, I will make it my business to find out."

I took the names of half a dozen of my fellow-travelers, wrote directly to the superintendent of the road that night, and two weeks later, as I stopped off for another change, I hardly knew the place. There were seats for fifty; there was a clock, a lot of fresh time-tables, a water cooler full to the brim, with a new cup, and a station agent was bustling around and cheerfully answering all inquiries.

"What's become of the other man?" I asked.

"Got the bounce last week."

"What was the trouble?"

"Oh, he let things run down."

"How long had things been as they were two weeks ago?"

"All of two years."