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. COVINGTON, ST. TAMMANY PARISH, LA., SATURDAY, MAY 25, 1889. VOL. XIV.—NO. 22.

MOTHER'S APRON-STRING.

Let sailors tell of cable strong,
Of hemp or wire-woven steel,
That grandly stood the strain, as long
As tempest made the vessel reel;
Yes, let them of such cable sing,
But I of "Mother's apron-string."

For what is strain of tempest fierce
To vessel-tossing on the sea,
To human passions when they pierce
The soul with sinful agony?
Then "Mother's apron-strong" holds fast,
And saves the soul from passion's blast.

Let landsmen tell of miles of rails
That hold the iron-horse in place;
That he against the odds prevails,
And makes as naught both time and space;
Yes, let them of such triumphs sing,
But I of "Mother's apron-string."

For miles on miles from mother's side,
With continent and seas between,
It makes the man for right abide,
Through pathway to the eye unseen;
It guides him to the home above,
And fills his heart with peace and love.

Thank God for "Mother's apron-string!"
Ashamed be none of such a tie;
But of its glory let all sing;
Its power that can never die.
Let mothers see that at their side,
Their children are by this bond tied.

—John E. Hurlbut, in Advance.

LIFE A CENTURY AGO.

Discomforts Our Ancestors Had to Endure.

Without Stoves or Coal, Gas, Matches or Carpets, Their Trials Were Heavy in Severe Winter Weather—Modern Comforts and Conveniences.

The people of to-day, with all the comforts and conveniences which surround them, with almost wonderful means to meet every emergency, do not realize the contingencies of climate and weather which their ancestors, a hundred years ago, were annually called upon to meet, and, we may say, to suffer and endure. Home-life in New England a hundred years ago, to say the least of it, as compared with the present time, was a wonderful experience. At that time, and even for some years later, the people were without stoves and knew nothing of the use of coal. The Frankiin fireplace, approximating toward the stove, for the use of wood, was invented by Dr. Franklin in the year 1745. He had given much attention to the subject of warming rooms and apartments, and this iron fire-place was thought to be a great improvement upon the ordinary brick fireplace. Count Rumford also made some improvements in the matter, and in 1771 Dr. Franklin, then in London, completed and used a design for burning bituminous coal and consuming the smoke. Some years later Count Rumford made some valuable improvements and suggestions in the matter of cooking stoves, and in a few years cooking stoves in great variety came into general use. In thousands of cases, at the present time, the numerous cooking stoves of years ago have given place to the cooking range for kitchen use, in which all kinds of cooking is done with great facility and convenience with the use of coal. For warming purposes, day and night alike, the stove, however enlarged and improved, now gives place very extensively to the furnace in the cellar, by which all the rooms in the house are kept warm and comfortable by a continuous coal fire.

These are things of invaluable use and benefit, relieving winter of its trials and discomforts, to which the people of a hundred years ago were so severely exposed. In addition to all these, in thousands of cases in the cities and larger towns of the commonwealth, the use of double windows has been adopted to keep out the cold air and make the dwelling-houses still more comfortable in very cold weather. So that, in point of fact, excepting in the interior towns, brick fireplaces and wood fuel are but little used in the cities and populous towns.

As a general thing, at the time of which we speak, only one room in the house was kept warm during the daytime, and this was in many cases the kitchen, where the cooking was done. In case of sickness a fire might occasionally be made in a sleeping-room; but otherwise the sleeping-rooms were of the temperature of the atmosphere, and in winter weather often below zero. Of this, it is said, "the men and women a hundred years ago undressed and went to their beds in a temperature colder than that of our barns and woodsheds, and they never complained." This was the case less than fifty years ago, when it was a common thing to have the water in the bedroom freeze every night, and the occupants were obliged to dress themselves each morning in a freezing temperature during the winter.

In the matter of lighting rooms, apartments, public houses, etc., tallow candles succeeded pine knots, until lamps and whale oil were introduced—these last within the remembrance of the present generation, and candles of superior make are still very largely used, together with korosene oil lamps in great variety. Gas from coal appears to have been first discovered and used by Mr. William Murdock, foreman of Bolt & Watt, engineers of Birmingham, England, about the year 1800. He may be said to have discovered the combustible, and, when his day's work was over, devoted himself to experiments on the nature and use of coal gas. Among other things he contrived a lantern with a bladder filled with gas attached to it, which he used to light himself about the streets and lanes at night, very much to the amazement of the people, to see a lamp without a wick. The first shop lighted with gas in London was that of Mr. Ackerman in the Strand in 1810, and it is said that a lady of rank was so delighted with the brilliancy of the lamp on the counter that she asked to be allowed to take it home in her carriage. The Lyceum Theater in London was lighted with gas in 1803-4, and in 1813 Westminster bridge was lighted with coal gas for the first time, and the next year some of the streets were lighted with gas. Some of the gases used at this time and earlier were made of wood. In this country tallow candles and oil continued to be used much later, in many cases until 1850 or '60. The first attempts to introduce coal gas into the United States were made in 1816 or 1821 at Baltimore, and were said to have proved unsuccessful at that time. In 1822 gas was successfully introduced into Boston, and the next year a company was incorporated in New York, with a capital of $1,000,000, but did not succeed in successful operation until 1827. But these things were wholly unknown 100 years ago; and now coal gas is being extensively used for warming apartments in offices or houses; and wood, excepting, perhaps, to some considerable extent in the country towns, has largely gone out of use; and, in point of fact, electrical lights appear to be fast taking the place of coal gas.

So also in the homes of a hundred years ago rugs and carpets were almost unknown, and the floors in many cases were sanded as a matter of cleanliness. All the water used for household purposes in the larger towns and cities was obtained from wells by means of pumps or old-fashioned sweeps, as very generally in the country towns at the present time. Pumps, it is stated, were not in use until about 1800; if this be so, there were no pumps in use one hundred years ago in this country. They are now of very rare use in cities and towns supplied with water-works, while in the country they have mostly superseded the use of the old-time well-sweeps.

Among other small conveniences needed one hundred years ago, or a much less term, was that now universal item, friction machines—made and used at the present time in such large quantities in our country, and imported in such considerable numbers from European countries. In early times, and down to a period within the remembrance of many persons of the present day, the common means of producing fire was by the use of the flint and steel, striking a single spark from the flint into prepared tinder, and then lighting a sulphur match in the tinder. "If," as said, "the tinder proved to be damp or would not catch, the only alternative was that of wading through the snow a half mile or more and borrow a brand of a neighbor." It is almost wonderful what progress has been made in the use of friction matches within the last forty or fifty years. "It is a fact worthy of notice that, insignificant as matches are, it is a matter of importance, on account of the immense number made, that the manufactories should be situated in districts where timber is cheap." Twenty years ago it was estimated that the quantity manufactured in the United States amounted to seven thousand gross of boxes, or nearly forty millions of matches daily. At the present time it is doubtless very much larger. Of course, under these circumstances, it must be admitted that they are a very great convenience, and it is almost wonderful how the people could ever have got along and kept house without them. At the present time vast numbers of friction matches are exported from the United States to the West Indies, South America and other countries, and even to Australia.

There are, as is well known, many articles and means in use at the present time to lessen the burdens and trials of severe winter weather in this part of the country, which as yet are not in use farther north or in the far West. And with this it would seem that what might be called a severe winter could be easily borne, while in other parts of the country, and among the poor classes, it is usually a distressing trial to human nature. But even among our own people a mild winter and exemption from severe storms is much to be appreciated as a great relief and blessing to a large part of every community.—Boston Herald.

Intolerable Eccentrics.

What is called eccentricity is, in nine cases out of ten, either affectation or the result of mental disease. It is said of many a man who deserves to be ostracised from society for violating its proprieties, "What an oddity he is—how very eccentric!" Intolerence, bearishness, brutal disregard of the requirements of good breeding, personal slovenliness, in fact any marked departure from the conventional rules which govern the conduct of decent people, is tolerated and even admired in persons who, by persistently and methodically ignoring the obligations of courtesy and delicacy, have obtained a reputation for eccentricity. We have no good word for nuisances of this class, and no feeling except pity and contempt for those who defer to and believe in them. If a man brings the manners and habits of a savage into civilized society, he ought to be drummed out of it if sane, or put under wholesome restraint if a lunatic.—N. Y. Ledger.

—"Ain't you in, Maria?" he queried, as he fumbled around with his latch key. "No. I ain't. I'm out. Out o sugar, out of tea, out of flour, and out of patience," snapped a female voice from an upper window.

DRAINS AND CISTERNS.

Two Improvements Needed in the Vicinity of Every Farm House.

The opening to our waste-water drain is in the kitchen floor; it is funnel-shaped, eighteen inches wide at the top, so that a tub of suds or rinse water can be poured into it at once without splashing the floor. Our cistern is under the kitchen floor and the overflow pipe from the cistern empties into this drain. The cistern pump is in the kitchen and not more than three steps from the stove. If it should be necessary we could put a barrel of water on the stove in two minutes, and empty the same in two seconds. Water runs down hill in this part of the country, and I am too old to think it sport to trundle a slop-barrel. I greatly prefer to empty the waste water at once into this drain and be done with it. I am afraid of sewer gas. I know its deadly effects and that it is sending its victims to the grave all over the country. But modern civilization has learned how to manage dangerous things. The gas trap as effectually shuts off gas as the steam guage does steam. I think there is very little gas forms in my drain; little material that would make food for pigs goes into it, and it is washed out so frequently that no decaying matter has time to generate gas. If the rain-fall here is thirty-six inches, more than five hundred and fifty barrels of water fall on our roof during the year, all of which passes through this drain.

This drain does not run more than six rods until it connects with my field drainage, and from thence down it is completely flushed with every rain that fills the soil. But let no one ever think of putting in a drain without a gas-trap. Mine is an S-shaped piece of glazed tile made at Akron. I think it cost one dollar. It stands full of water all the time, effectually blocking the way against gas, yet presenting no impediment to the flow of water. Another thing necessary is a coarse strainer in the funnel to catch any thing that would obstruct the drain. This is also made at the tile factory. This drain has been in use seven years, and we should hardly know how to keep house without it. When water is abundant, and right at your hand, and it costs no labor to dispose of the waste, a family soon learns to use double the amount it would if it cost more labor to obtain it. I do not like to perform my oblutions in a few pints of water. I want a good quantity, and to go at it with the gusto of a muddy gander.

Every farmer's kitchen should be supplied with soft water without stint. This thing of a rain barrel and a board under the eaves, or a long trough at the back part of the house, where the women can chop ice in the winter, and breed mosquitoes in the summer, is seen too often. I said to one of the natives who was using this kind of water for drinking, that it contained too many "wiggle-tails" (young mosquitos) for me. He said "I strain it through my teeth?" I have seen the mother of a family with an old shawl over her head running around in the rain placing vessels under the eaves—the tub and pails, and all the spare crocks, and sometimes the churn—while the man quietly chewed his quid, and he would have been very indignant if anybody had suggested that he was not a model husband and did not do his whole duty to his wife and family. These things are written with the hope that it may stir up a few more of our farmers to build cisterns. This is not an arid country; there is enough rain falling on every home in the land to keep its inmates clean. If a receptacle is provided for its storage. D. N. Auld, in Ohio Farmer.

TALK ABOUT TREES.

Some That Are Supposed to Be Over Five Thousand Years Old.

The size and age of trees is, perhaps, the most astonishing of the wonders of nature. With regard to size, we have, of course, positive evidence, and even in the latter respect we have perfectly reliable data.

Scientists have made calculations of the age of many trees, and, although, of course, somewhat speculative, still they are very likely to be nearly correct.

The baobab tree of Senegal is estimated to be 5,150 years old, and Humboldt considers the dragon tree of Orotava, in Teneriffe, to be quite as old. Then we have the cypress of Chapultepec, in Mexico, the chestnut trees on Mt. Etna and the plane trees in the valley of Bujukdere, near Constantinople, which can not be far off the same age.

Coming down to more authentic records, we have the Winfarthing oak, Norfolk, and the Bentley oak, which were 700 years old at the Norman conquest. The bull oak and the Plester oak were also in existence at that time. The great oak of Saintes, in France, is about 2,000 years old. William the Conqueror's oak, in Windsor Park, England, is at least 1,200 years old.

The yew tree has a still more remarkable record. At Braburn, in Kent, there is one at least 3,000 years old, and another in Fortingal, in Perthshire, must have attained the age of 2,500 years. The three yew trees in Fountains' Abbey, Yorshire, under which the founders of the abbey held their council in 1132, have been in existence 1,200 years. The eight olive trees on the Mount of Olives were flourishing 800 years ago, when the Turks took Jerusalem.

Taking the girth of some of these old trees, among the oaks we have the Salcey forest oak, 24 feet; Gog, in Yardley forest, 28 feet, and containing 1,658 cubic feet of timber; the Shelton oak, near Shrewsbury, 35 feet, and the Broomfield oak, near Ludlow, 68 feet. The yew tree at Fortingal, referred to above, has a girth of 52 feet 4 feet from the ground.

Among chestnut trees we have one in Cobham Park, Kent, 40 feet in girth; at Fortworth, in Gloucestershire, another, 52 feet. At Crawley, in Sussex, is an elm 35 feet. There is a yew tree in East Lavant churchyard, in England, 31 feet in girth just below the spring of the branches. There are five huge branches, each as big as a tree, with a girth varying from 6 to 14 feet. The tree covers an area of 51 feet in every direction, and above 150 feet in circuit. It is over 1,000 years old.

As America, according to scientists, is really the oldest continent, it is quite probable that it contains the oldest trees in the world; but unfortunately there is no historical proof to support the claim, and doubt is beginning to be thrown on the evidence of annular rings. But it is pretty certain that the giant trees of California are of great antiquity, perhaps thousands of years; and of their great size there is no doubt at all.

The grove of giant sequoias in Calaveras County numbers about 100 trees, none less than 200 feet in height, and the highest, "The Keystone State," is 335 feet high, and more than 90 feet in circumference. The largest tree of the grove is lying on the ground, and it is appropriately called the "Father of the Forest," being 435 feet in length and 110 feet in circumference.—Golden Days.

THE POULTRY YARD.

Notes and Suggestions by a Breeder of Considerable Experience.

Green food, charcoal and gravel are good preventatives of indigestion and diarrhœa.

Run the clover through a cutting-box, scald it well and feed liberally to the poultry.

It is only in exceptional cases that it will be best to allow the turkey hen to hatch out her first setting of eggs.

Potatoes, turnips or beets boiled and mashed, with a small quantity of bran and meal added, makes an admirable food for poultry.

One of the most important items of poultry management is to keep the drinking vessels clean. In order to do this it will be necessary to wash out clean every day or two.

Buckwheat is fattening and sunflowers make the plumage glossy. Both can be used to good advantage in making up a good variety and in keeping them in good health.

To obtain the best prices care should be taken to have the young chicks ready for market about the middle of May or from then to the first of June.

If the proper care is taken in the management very early chickens can be raised in the brooders fully as readily as with the hens. It is necessary, however, to keep warm and dry and to feed regularly every day.

By taking a brush coal oil can be applied to small chickens without trouble. The advantage in using a brush is that there is much less danger of applying too much than by any other plan. A small quantity will be effective, while too much will often prove injurious.

Eggs used for setting should always be clear. If covered with filth or dirt of any kind the probabilities of their hatching are largely decreased. While it is not desirable to handle any more than is strictly necessary, at the same time it will be better to wash off clean than to set them dirty.

Sulphur and salt, equal parts, can nearly always be given with good results, provided care is taken to keep the fowls dry. Dosing with sulphur and allowing them to get wet while it is in the system will often cause serious results.

Avoid extremes. Some keep all old stock and sell off all the young; others sell all the old poultry and rely upon the younger hens for laying and hatching. A careful selection should be made. The better plan is to keep some carefully-selected old hens as well as some of the better new ones.

In selecting turkeys for breeding have either the hens or the gobblers two years old. It is not best with this variety of fowls to breed from all young stock. If the hens are young have a two-year-old gobbler. A little pains taken on these points will result in a better class of fowls.—St. Louis Republic.

Horse-Flesh as Food.

There is undoubtedly a widespread prejudice, especially among English-speaking people, against the use of horse-flesh for food; but this prejudice has no reasonable foundation, and is by no means universal. Nations of such widely-different degrees of civilizations as the French and the Tartars have long attested its merits, and set the example of eating it. A Tartar or Turcoman of Central Asia will not look at any other food if he can get horse, and the heartiness with which he consumes his favorite meat is borne witness to by travelers in descriptions which challenge credulity. The methods of cookery in vogue among the Central Asian nomads would not, of course, commend themselves to western appetites, nor is it claimed that Tartar taste is a standard for all nations to adopt. But the French have established the laws of cookery by which all civilized people are governed, and their practical indorsement of horse-flesh as food carries weight. If the Philadelphian experiment establishes that a twenty-year-old horse is better than a beef, it is a pity that old horses that are past their work should not be eaten.—N. O. Times-Democrat.

CAMPING OUTFITS.

Complete and Convenient Kits for Sportsmen and Canoeists.

A well-known dealer in sporting-goods in lower Broadway, in conversation with a reporter, remarked: "It is surprising how every year the number of people who pass their vacations in camping-out increases. Naturally, winter is not the season when people go to the country, but at the same time we sell a very large quantity of goods to Florida tourists. As the number of sportsmen and campers-out has grown larger, more and more peremptory has been the demand upon us for complete and compact camping outfits. Now, astonishing as it may seem, there has never been any thing of the kind made in this country which begins to approach the right mark. The three requisite qualities of a good camping outfit are compactness, lightness and durability. I have scoured this and other cities to secure the kind of goods I wanted, but in vain. No American manufacturer makes a specialty of that class of work, nor could I get it done to order at any reasonable price. Finally I determined to go to London and see what I could do there. After hunting all over that city I discovered a manufacturer who could make exactly what I wanted. In consequence I have now a stock of goods for campers-out and canoeists such as has never before been offered for sale in New York."

The dealer then showed to the reporter a varied assortment of outfits. First, there was a row of wicker baskets, of different sizes, the largest, which contained an outfit for six persons, being about three feet long and two feet wide. "You will notice," explained the dealer, "that nothing has been left unthought of. There are six knives and forks of the best plated ware, with bone handles, and the same number respectively of large and small spoons. See how nicely they are fitted into their places on the inside of the cover, which is lined with soft leather. The basket proper, you will observe, has five compartments. The one at the right contains six plates, made of enameled iron ware, and a platter of the same material. Next to it is a compartment in which are snugly packed two quart bottles, covered with fine wicker-work, and closed with corks which have metal tops. No metal, however, is allowed to touch the contents, which thus can be kept fresh and sweet. In the two middle compartments are three deep dishes of enameled iron, with metal covers, in which cold meats, sandwiches and other provisions can be kept in good condition. One of the middle compartments also contains six glasses, each of which is protected by a wicker case, and boxes and bottles, similarly protected, for spices, etc. The last compartment is an ice-box, made of Britannia ware, in which fresh provisions can be kept. There is also a separate tin box for fish. This outfit is the largest we keep, and costs $60. We have them though of all sizes, down to that for one person, the price of which is $5.50.

"Do you mean to say that nothing of this kind has been for sale before?" was asked.

"That's exactly what I do mean. Ten or fifteen years ago there was absolutely no demand for such things, and it is only recently that we have felt compeled to keep them in stock. Why, even in this dull season we are selling one outfit a day on an average. Besides the style of outfit I have just shown to you, we have two others. The first is much like the mess kit used by officers in the British army. It is made of zinc and is round. The largest size, fifteen inches by twelve, contains an outfit for four persons. The cover is deep and can be used for making soup or stews in. The receptacle proper, which contains various utensils, including, a frying-pan and stew-pan, places for coffee, sugar, salt and butter, knives, forks, plates, and spoons, and a sheet-iron stove, can, when unpacked, be utilized for a water-pail. All of the ware is of enameled iron, and the plates, when packed, fit exactly into the stew-pan, the handle of which, as also that of the frying-pan, is hinged so that it can be turned over. The prices of this style of outfit range from $28 to $5, and the weight of the largest size is but eighteen pounds. About the neatest outfit we have is the one we have gotten up for canoeists. The case is of black enameled tin, oblong in shape, ten inches by nine. It contains a complete set of cooking utensils, including an alcohol stove, for two persons, and will fill a long-felt want."—N. Y. Post.

Photographs of the Sun.

Mr. J. C. Loan explains how a photographic image of the sun may be secured in a very simple manner. While experimenting in a darkened room with a ray of sunlight his attention was directed to pin-hole pictures, which led him to the belief that startling results can be obtained in photographs of the sun or moon. In a room darkened by blocking up the windows with thick paper, make a small hole in the paper with a darning-needle so as to admit a ray of direct sunlight. If a piece of white paper is held in the path of the ray, twelve inches from the hole, there will be on it an image of the sun one-eighth of an inch in diameter; at four feet the image is of one-half inch; at eight feet, of one inch, and so on.—Court Journal.

—Our Consul at Peking reports that the total number of American citizens residing in China is 1,022, of whom 508 are missionaries.

FULL OF FUN.

—Hardly any body would care to change places with a turtle, and yet he has a great scap.

—"Love is blind," which may account for the fact that so many lovers forget to light the gas.—Terre Haute Express.

—"Do de chile talk, Missus Parkus?" "Waal, only pa'tly; he mek de soun's, but kain't fo'm de wuds yit.—Harper's Bazar.

—Sailor—"Shipwrecked man on raft astern signaling us, sir; wants aid." Captain—"Guess he wants the earth." —Ocean.

—"I wonder why Spriggins doesn't pay his debts," remarked Squildig. "Because he isn't billed that way," remarked McSwilligen.—Pittsburgh Chronicle.

—A great many people profess to change their minds very often, but the indications show that it is the same old mind putting on new airs.—Martha's Vineyard Herald.

—Full many a gem, filched from the dealer's stock,
The dark and dismal pawnshops hold with care;
Full many a stolen watch is placed in hock
Where three balls dangle o'er the thoroughfare.

—Jeweler's Weekly.

—"Do many Polanders settle in Boston?" asked a New York man of a Hubite. "No; not many." "They do not want to become bean Poles, I suppose."—Drake's Magazine.

—Tourist—"What great changes time works here in the West. A few years ago this region was peopled by reds without a white." Kansas Rustler—"An' sence the drought, it's be'n mostly whites without a red. Oh, time works a heap o' changes!"—Munsey's Weekly.

—A lady with an unmusical voice insisted upon singing at a party. "What does she call that?" inquired a guest. "The Tempest, I think," answered another. "Don't be alarmed," said a sea captain present. "That's no tempest; it is only a squall, and will soon be over."

—"John," said a wife to her husband, as she looked from the morning paper, "what is a coastwise steamer?" "A coastwise steamer, my dear? Why, a coastwise steamer is one that knows how to keep off the rocks along the coast."—The Spotted Cayuse.

—She (with an amused but tender smile)—"Seems to me pa is unusually quiet to-night. He has gone to bed without banging the furnace or whacking the floor with his boot." He (complacently)—"Yes; the old gentleman owes me ten dollars on an election bet."—Burlington Free Press.

—Wife—"Toast all right?" Husband—"done to a turn, dear." Wife—"How (hesitates)—how is the coffee?" Husband—"Perfection." Wife (trembling)—"Not so good as your mother used to make?" Husband (calmly)—"My mother never knew how to make coffee at all, precious."

SHE WAS FROM BOSTON.

How a Blooming Rosebud Perfectly Paralyzed a Professor.

The dry as to marrow, the leathery as to heart, but verdant as to brain, the professor, found himself in the ball-room, and like the fly in amber, wondering how the deuce he got there.

In a bower corner sat the rosebudiest of rosebuds in a garden of exquisitely engowned girls.

"I make it a rule of three, professor," says the rosebud. "I dance three dances only of a night, one in every hour. The first a square dance to bring my voluntary muscles with their fasciculi into gentle play; the second, a polka, to work the voluntary muscles into perfect action, and the third, a waltz for absolute enjoyment."

"Bless my soul!" exclaims the professor.

"I employ the interim by following some train of thought: To-night I am seeking types. I want to find my Cleopatra, my Aspasia, and my Phryne."

"Bless my soul!" exclaims the professor.

"Did Cleopatra spend the winter of 40 B. C. with Anthony in Alexandria, or was it 41? Did she bare her bosom or only her arm to the asp?"

"Bless my soul!" exclaims the professor.

"Was Aspasia fast or only flirt? Was Socrates her lover? Was the divorce of Pericles as perfect as a Chicago divorce? Why does Aristophanes ascribe the Samian and Peloponnessian wars to her simply because she lost her lady's maid? Do you think Plutarch's defense exculpates her? Was her second husband, Lysicles, a pork-packer or merely a cattle dealer?"

"Bless my soul!" exclaims the professor.

"Was Phryne's mother a laundress, and is it true that she got her living at one time by gathering capers? Were those capers for sauce or boiled legs of mutton? Was her offer to rebuild the walls of Thebes if her name were inscribed on them bona fide? Did she profane the Elusinian mysteries, or was it a put-up job to bring her to Hellasts, in order to let the council see her beautiful anatomy? I incline to this, for Apollo painted her as the Venus Anadyomone, and Praxiteles sculped her as the Cnodian Venus. Was Apollo her lover? as well as Praxiteles?"

"Bless my soul!" exclaims the professor.

"You see, professor, I am from Boston."

"Aha!" and the venerable professor bounded like one of his crack pupils in the direction of the refreshment-room. —Once a Week.

TWO AGED RATTLERS.

One Was Forty-Five and the Other Thirty-Nine Years of Age.

Pompey Hooper, an old colored farmer who lives in the eastern portion of the county, and who, last year, in a battle with rattlesnakes, killed eleven of the reptiles, was in Memphis, and from him a reporter learned of another and still more interesting encounter which occurred recently. Pompey is a great coon hunter, and in company with two others, he started out on a big hunt. Several raccoons were caught and the trio, after having hugely enjoyed the sport, were preparing to return home when suddenly the dogs bayed again. Approaching near to where they were barking, the three concluded, as they had their guns with them and were tired chopping down trees, to wait until daylight and shoot the game. As it was only a short while until dawn, a fire was accordingly built, and while his companions produced a deck of cards with which to while away the time Pompey stretched himself on the ground for a short nap. Somehow the old fellow could not sleep, and after a short while he picked up his gun, and lighting a pine torch walked over to where the dogs where. Instead of a tree and a coon he found the hounds scratching and tearing up the earth at the base of a hollow rock. Thinking that some animal had taken refuge in the bowlder, he jammed the blazing torch into the crevice. The old negro's terror was great when instead of the growl which was expected, he heard a terrible rattling, such as experience had taught him the rattlesnake gives only when about to strike. Pompey's fight with the deadly reptiles last year had left an impression on his mind, and he was preparing to run when, as he says: "One of the biggest rattlers you ever heard of slid outen' that hole an' jumped at me. He would a' got me, shore, but one o' the dogs grabbed his tail an' gin it a flirt." Just then another snake, "bigger than the udder," crawled out and made a leap for Pompey, who "fetched him a swipe with the torch" and then grabbed his gun. By this time the first snake was rattling and striking, and, with one hand holding the torch and the other the gun, the old negro "blazed away," but missed. Steadying himself he took better aim and fired the second time, and with better results, for the reptile's head was torn completely off. At this moment the other snake struck Pompey's foot, burying its fangs in the toe of his shoe, but, luckily, so near the end that no damage was done. Again the pine torch came down, and this time on the snake's head. That ended it, and as the old negro's companions came rushing to the scene and found him carefully examining his foot, hardly able to understand that he had escaped unhurt. If what the darkies say is true, and Uncle Pompey is one of the wealthiest and most reliable colored farmers in the county, the two snakes killed were the largest and oldest of any of their kind ever found. They say one had forty and the other thirty-six rattles. As a snake is three years old before a rattle appears, and as one is then added for each year, one was forty-three and the other thirty-nine years of age.—Memphis (Tenn.) Appeal.

Brute Humanity.

Once in the city of Vienna, there was a dread of hydrophobia, and orders were given to massacre all the dogs which were found unclaimed or uncollared in the city or suburbs. Men were employed for this purpose, and they generally carried a short stick, which they flung at the poor proscribed animal with such certain aim as either to kill, or maim it mortally, at one blow.

It happened one day that, close to the edge of the river, near the Ferdinand's-Brucke, one of these men flung his stick at a wretched dog, but with such bad aim that it fell into the river. The poor animal, following his instinct, or his teaching, immediately plunged in, redeemed the stick, and laid it at the feet of its owner, who, snatching it up, dashed out the creature's brains.

Which was the brute?

We may surmise what the Athenians would have done to such a man from the fact that they banished the Judge of the Areopagus, because he flung away the bird which sought shelter in his bosom.

There are men in whom is no spark of gratitude or generosity. There are others who appreciate benefits received and are happy in making grateful acknowledgment.

Rev. J. W. Asheman, one of the most eloquent divines of Detroit, Mich., writes March 3, 1888: "In 1884 I visited Chatham, Ont., to lecture and preach. I was in agonizing pain (the result of kidney disorders), and unable to dine with my host. I explained to Judge Woods what was the matter. He asked me if I was too prejudiced by my medical education to try Warner's Safe Cure, adding: "Although I have never tried it, I can take you to a gentleman whom it has helped wonderfully."

"I used twenty-five bottles of Warner's Safe Cure and was in better health than for twenty-five years. I have every thing to lose and nothing to gain by making this statement, save the approval of a good conscience."

There are tens of thousands of people in this country who have gained the approval of a good conscience in a like manner, and are not too bigoted to do good.

—The Gory Canyon Lasso of recent date says: "A gang of tenderfoots played at Mike's place last night before a crowd of the boys. One of the fellers played a galoot called 'Omelettes,' but he looked a darned sight more like scrambled eggs when the boys got through with him, at the end of the second act."—America.

—Ladies, it would seem, no longer dye their hair. O, dear no! They never think of doing any thing so crude as that. What they do now, if you please, when they wish to give to their locks that bright golden or bronzy tint, which is so fashionable, is to "waddise it."—London Figaro.