

# 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, JULY 6, 1889.

VOL. XIV.—NO. 28.

## CONSIDERATE MEEKER.

A gentle youth was Meeker Man,  
A self-deceiving person he,  
Who year by year pursued a plan  
Of humble generosity.  
He shrunk from saying to his wife,  
"Please sew my buttons, mend my clothes,"  
But rose and sewed them all his life.  
While the dear creature took her dose.  
He couldn't bear to trouble cook,  
When she forgot to send his dinner,  
And thoughtfully away would look,  
Lest she should see him getting thinner.  
He said to butcher Jacob Strauss:  
"You rob yourself, dear sir, I swear;  
Don't send the best cuts to my house,  
Just any bit that you can spare!"  
He said to "Knickerbocker Will":  
"Don't carry heavy pieces in,  
I'm so afraid 'twill make me ill;  
In such hot weather 'tis a sin!"  
He said to baker Thomas Hett:  
"Fresh bread and rolls you'd better sell,  
And bring me any thing that's left;  
I'm sure 'twill answer quite as well."  
They trace his orders to fulfill,  
His kind speeches fainter grew,  
They always kindly sent the bill—  
He hated much to till them.  
So Meeker faded with a sigh,  
From sheer dislike to giving pain;  
And felt constrained in haste to die,  
Lest undertakers should complain.  
—Eva Lovett Carson, in Housewife.

## SELF-POSSESSION.

The Desirable Quality of Presence of Mind.

By self-possession—we mean the faculties of the whole man well in hand, or self-control.  
True self-reliance implies self-possession; the latter can not exist without the former. He who would concentrate all his powers upon the accomplishment of an all-absorbing purpose, must be self-possessed. Interruptions, surprises and even surrounding confusion, will not throw him off his base. He keeps cool, labors on with a will, and never loses sight of the goal at the end of the race.

This is a valuable quality in the common walks of life. It is needed in all pursuits, and every day. For the want of it, both men and women, both old and young, become disconcerted, and fail when they ought to succeed. Unexpected experiences and startling casualties confuse them, and they know not what they do.

A woman, whose house was on fire, threw a looking glass out of the window, and carried a pair of drawers several rods, to a safe place, beside a stone wall.

A man, suddenly awakened from his sleep by the cry of fire, leaped from his bed to find that his own house was in flames. Instantly, he proceeded to throw out of door and window, crockery, shovel, tongs, chairs, bed clothes, mirrors, flour, meal, pies, etc., but forgot the trunk in which were deposited all his money, jewelry, gold watch and valuable keepsakes, and it was consumed.

A mother, alone in her house with her little child, was so confused by the clothes of the little one taking fire that she ran into the street, crying frantically for help, leaving the child to perish.

A self-possessed mother would have quenched the burning dress, and saved the child.

A pleasure party on a small lake were enjoying themselves, when a young lady changed her position so suddenly that the boat dipped a little water. She uttered a scream, and sprang to the other side, and others did the same, upsetting the boat, and drowning several of the party. Presence of mind would have averted all these disasters.

Not long since, a school-house in New York city was discovered to be on fire by one of the teachers. At once she communicated the fact to the teachers in the other rooms, who announced the session closed, directing the pupils to leave the house orderly. Every room was emptied, and the pupils in the street, before the latter knew the cause of their dismissal. Had the teacher shouted: "Fire! fire!" when she made the discovery, there is no doubt that lives would have been lost in the general rush for the doors. The self-possession of the teacher prevented a sad catastrophe.

Not long since, a farmer's wife of our acquaintance was left at home on a Sunday, with her three children, while her husband went to meeting. The latter had scarcely passed beyond the call of his wife, when a shout from one of the children told that the youngest, two years old, had fallen into the well. There was no man on the premises, and no neighbor near, as the mother well knew, and her first cool thought was: "If that child is saved, I must save her!" Running to the well, and seizing the windlass, to lower the bucket, she called: "Nellie, darling! don't cry; mamma will lower the bucket."

Fortunately, the water was so low that the bucket could be dipped with difficulty, and it went down carefully, but quickly.

"Now, Nellie, dear, get into the bucket, and mamma will draw you up. Don't be afraid; mamma will draw you right up to her."

There was not the slightest appearance of alarm in the tone or words of the mother, for, in her remarkable self-possession, she meant to remove the child's fear, and encourage her to get into the bucket. Nellie obeyed her mother, crawled into the bucket, and in a minute more was locked in her mother's arms. Presence of mind saved the child. Maternal love, for the time being, held nerves, muscles, mind and soul in complete subjection, in its indomitable purpose to save the child.

Courage is not self-possession. There may be courage without self-possession,

and there may be self-possession without courage.

We are familiar with a marked illustration of the latter. The wife of a wealthy gentleman was well known among her friends to be timid. She was unwilling that her husband should be away over night, as she feared to stay in the house unless a man was present. There came a time, however, when it was necessary for him to be absent several nights in succession. She became reconciled to the arrangement, chiefly because it was the time of a full moon, but stipulated that her husband should load his gun, and place it in the corner at the head of their bed, before he left. Two of her brothers were gunsmiths, and in her girlhood taught her to fire at a mark, so that she was not afraid of a gun, as most women are. The second night of her husband's absence was dark and gloomy, with fog and storm. She retired, but not to sleep. Until after eleven o'clock she kept a lamp burning, when, reproving herself for such timidity, she extinguished it and dropped to sleep.

About one o'clock a noise started her. Springing up in bed, she listened. She heard a noise below, as if some one hit a chair with his foot. She arose, went to the door, turned the key softly, and opened it just enough to see down the front staircase. She saw the light from a dark lantern reflected upon the banister, and heard whispering.

"Robbers, surely!" she thought. She stepped back for the gun, at the head of the bed.

Returning to the door, she recollected that her spectacles (she was very near-sighted) were upon the bureau. Going to the bureau, she adjusted her spectacles upon her eyes. Then, returning to the door, she walked directly to the head of the stairs, and asked: "Whose there?"

No voice replied; but the hall was still as the grave.

"Who is there?" she repeated, louder.

"Hold your tongue, or I will blow your brains out!" was the rather frightful response, from a man near the foot of the stairs.

She fired, and the exclamation of "O God!" and a rush out of the front door were proof that she did not miss her mark.

"Courageous woman!" the public exclaimed.

But it was not courage at all. It was self-possession. She commanded her whole being until the peril was over.

What self-possession was to that woman, such it is to the traveler, scholar, student, orator, statesman, lawyer, physician, clergyman and other public toilers. It enables them to control and use their own resources to the best advantage.

A gentleman of very nervous temperament, yet known for his great presence of mind in danger and emergencies, claims that he has cultivated this quality by much reflection. "I have planned what I should do, if awakened in the night by my house on fire—how to quickly dress, what to do first of all, how to give the alarm, how to save my family, clothing, etc." He believes that similar forethought about burglars, accidents and other surprises, begets coolness, and hence, method and effectiveness of action.

We know a clergyman's wife who forecasted these possibilities to such an extent, that on taking a journey, she supplied herself with bandages, court plaster, and one or two remedies, in case of injuries by railroad accidents. Once her tact and efficiency were put to the test on the train, when an accident injured several passengers, and such was her coolness and success that her services became a matter of public record.

"Presence of mind and courage in distress are more than armies to procure success."  
—William M. Thayer, in Yankee Blade.

## THE ORIGINAL "PIN."

The Word Derived Probably from the Scotch and Formerly "Pine."  
"Pin" is regarded by good authorities as the modern form of the old English "pion" or "pinn," from which the "pin" has in course of time been lost; if this be so, it is the same as the Scotch word "pinn," "prien," or "prien," a pin made of wire. Hence also the Scotch word "pinn-cod" (a pin-cushion), or, as Shakespeare writes it, "a cod-piece to stick pins on." There are other examples of the dropping out of "n" from old English words, which serve to establish this derivation of the word, as, for instance, the old English word "grin," a snare, has become grin. In some old writers we find the word spelled "pyne." There would seem to have been in feudal times uses for pins, which ceased with the customs of those days.

Chronicles of the festivities of those olden times tell us that the tankards used at feasts were divided into eight equal parts, and each part was marked off by a silver pin. The cups held two quarts, consequently the quantity contained from pin to pin was half a pint. By the rules of good-fellowship a drinker was to stop his quaffing only at a pin. If he drank but a hair's breadth beyond he was bound to drink to the next pin; it was, of course, very difficult to stop exactly at the pin, and the vain efforts of the drinker gave rise to unbounded mirth at his expense, the not uncommon solution of the difficulty being the draining of the tankard to its very dregs. Longfellow refers to this in "The Golden Legend," when he says:

No songs, no laugh, no jovial din,  
Of drinking wassail to the pin.

—London Queen.

"Twenty years hence no hunter will be able to discover a wild elephant on any portion of this globe. The big beast must go."

## SOUTHERN AGRICULTURAL.

### Parasitic Plants—Rust on Cotton.

The Southern Cultivator recently had a letter of inquiry which began in these words:

"Dr. Pendleton says that exhaustion causes the rust on cotton, and your veteran associate, Dr. Lee, laughs at that. He says fungi causes it. The professor at our State college says not fungi, but a multitude of mites do the mischief." The contradiction witnessed in the above statement is easily traced to a misunderstanding of assumed facts. Dr. Lee does not say that fungi cause rust on cotton, but that rust on cotton is a fungus, a living plant that has, in the economy of nature, both parents and offspring. The learned professor of a State college, the intelligent correspondent of the Cultivator and its editor, overlook this pregnant fact in treating of rust on cotton. One talks about "mites," another tells of cotton exempt from rust on "fresh land" and in "fence rows," while still another regards potash as the lacking element in soils most subject to rust.

Not one of these three gentlemen appear to regard rust as a parasite, whose life is as independent of that of cotton, wheat and other hosts on which it feeds and fattens, as it is of any known place for spending the winter and early spring months. Rust has been known as a living parasite on wheat and cotton for more than one hundred years. Stacks of straw may carry a cereal parasite through the winter, but how does the seed of cotton rust hybernate? Not in cotton seed, as smut on wheat passes months and years with its host. The germs of smut lie torpid from five months to a year, according to the climate; planted with a seed of fall or winter wheat, and then awakened into life and activity, and move at once from the buried seed up and up the tall culm to the new head and new seed forming, and seize every particle of sugar, gum, starch and gluten designed for wheat, to make a stinking mass of poisonous smut. Smut and rust are very nearly related. Hog and rye has killed thousands who eat rye bread in the north of Europe, and it is about time to make a white man's war of extermination against these hurtful parasites.

Seed wheat washed in strong brine or bluestone water has all the germs of smut killed; and if all wheat-growers would practice this system, this hurtful parasite would probably be exterminated from our wheat-growing land. From the cradle to the grave human life is a battle for existence with parasitic plants and animals. Babies are hardly born before they are filled with worms; pigs, lambs, calves and colts fare no better. Cats and mice, dogs and rabbits are full of parasites; so are all fish, birds and insects. Everywhere it is life against life, and it is wisdom to deny the truth of this vital matter. In destroying hotbeds for multiplying the germs of malarial fevers in and near the city of Nashville, ponds and pools of water adapted to breeding mosquitoes have disappeared, and two or more parasites, the blood-sucking fly and psittid fever have left perhaps forever.—Daniel Leo, in Southern Cultivator.

The Dairy Cow.  
Writing from Tennessee a correspondent asks: What do you call a good dairy cow? We presume our correspondent means to ask how to select a good dairy cow. Any body knows what a good dairy cow is when he sees and tests her products. Still there is something more to a cow than simply yielding an abundance of milk or even an abundance of rich milk. She ought to be able to produce a good calf, under proper conditions. A cow, too, ought to be just as good a beef-producer as it is possible for her to be, without interfering with her milk-giving qualities. Much is said about the general-purpose cow, but while we believe that the dairy cow should be selected first and foremost for her abilities in the direction of giving milk and producing butter, the beef side of the cow is worth looking after, for some good cows are much better beef-producers than other cows of equal dairy merits. Perhaps the chief thing about the beef side in the dairy is quality. Quantity can not be got beyond a certain limit, we do not believe, without injury to the milk production. Prof. Robertson gives these characteristics as the proper ones to find in a good cow: Broad, high forehead; large, prominent, bright and lively eyes; long, clean-cut face; small, lively ears; long, lustrous nose with broad muzzle and oblong nostrils; long, fine neck; deep chest, full behind the elbows; unctuous, mellow, movable skin with fine, soft, mossy hair; round barrel with fine muscles under the belly; flat ribs, wide apart; straight-back with loose and open; broad loin; wide pelvis, slightly arched; tall shanks and bones all of fine structure; udder large, long and deep, elastic in quality and not fleshy; teats wide apart; thin hips; milk veins prominent and tortuous; thin, spare habit of body and gentle, quiet disposition.

This correspondent also asks us if every Jersey or Holstein-Friesian is a good cow. By no means. The idea that such is the case has done great harm. That is one reason that some people are always ready to jump on the pedigree business. They buy a worthless or inferior pedigree cow and then they conclude that the registry is a colossal fraud. If a cow does not possess individual merit, never buy her, whatever her pedigree may be.

Ripened Tobacco.  
As tobacco ripens it assumes a spotted appearance, the leaves feel sticky, and they will break off short when bent, and this appearance and this condition are an indication that the crop has done close to the ground, and the leaves are then allowed to wilt. Then they are taken to the dry-house. The leaves should not be bruised or broken in handling, and they must therefore be handled with care. Sometimes the stem is split from the top down to within six inches of the ground, before cutting. Those who follow this practice say that the tobacco cures better. When this is the practice the tobacco is hung astride the stocks. When the plants are not split they are sometimes trailed and sometimes tied to the stocks. The leaves are stripped from the stems as soon as the curing is complete, and assorted into grades.

To grow tobacco on a large scale requires more knowledge than we can give, and more than can be got from any work on the subject that is published. There are many things which can only be learned from experience.—Western Rural.

## HERE AND THERE.

—Young ducks drink water very often when eating and should be plentifully supplied with all they can drink, but should not be allowed on ponds until they are well feathered.

—A man who buys a horse must make use of his eyes. That is law and that is what eyes are for. If your eyes are not reliable in a case of that kind, get the use of somebody's eyes that are.

—As soon as a sufficiency of green food can be provided, cut down the grain ration of the hens. By so doing they will keep in better health and lay a larger number of eggs. As a rule too much grain is fed to poultry.

—After each rain the ground should be cultivated lightly in order to prevent evaporation of moisture. It would dirt serves as a covering, and holds the earth from the direct effects of drying winds and the heat of the sun.

—Sorghum is an excellent forage plant, but it is not equal to corn. The seed can be profitably utilized for poultry. Broom corn is a profitable crop to those who understand how to prepare the brush for market. The seed is also excellent for all classes of stock.

—Present condition points to a very good increase in this year's wheat crop over that of last year. The Department of Agriculture reports that the condition at 94 per cent. this year against 82 last. Kentucky stands in the list 97 against 76 last year. Tennessee 98, last year 97.

## MARRIAGE AND DIVORCE.

### A Variety of Views from Many Well-known Men and Women.

Spenser Carlisle—The laws should be made as nearly uniform as possible.

Senator Sherman—The marriage relation should not be dissolved except on the clearest and strongest proof of a breach of the duty imposed.

Kate Field—Legislators had better beware how they put a premium on vice by forging the marital chains so tight as to make a separation too difficult.

Dr. Howard Crosby—Easy divorces breaks up families and leads inevitably to a low standard of morality.

Marion Harland—Neither of the divorced parties should be permitted to marry again.

Frances E. Willard—Divorce is easier than marriage. There should be a National law.

Joseph Cook—Loose divorces is becoming a vast mischief. A National law is needed.

Bishop Newman—The difference between Utah and some States is that in the former plural wives are simultaneous, while in the latter they are successive.

President De Costa, of the White Cross Society—We ask for a National marriage law, in accordance with which a woman legally married in one State would find herself legally married in every State.

Annie Jenness Miller—Make the gateway of escape as wide as possible.

Congressman McAdoo—Make divorces odious; no National law is wanted; let the States manage their own business.

Mayor Hart, of Boston—Let us all blush for our marriage and divorce laws.

Bishop Whipple, of Minnesota—Marriage is a divine institution which is desecrated by divorce.

Sarah K. Bolton—Having worked in benevolent and Christian societies all my life, and seen women and little children made dependent on charity through intemperance and failure to support, I can not think that infidelity should be the only cause for divorce.

Bishop Whitehead—I am heartily in favor of a National law.

William S. Holman—Marriage belongs exclusively to the field of State legislation.—N. Y. Herald.

## WITH THE SNAKES.

The Queer Pets Kept in the Late King of Oude's Gardens.

That a person can enjoy keeping snakes for pets is incomprehensible to those who look on a snake merely as a disgusting and dangerous creature; but the true student of nature finds something interesting in the snake's habits of life, and never ceases to admire its sinuous, gliding movements, which are the perfection of ease and grace.

The late King of Oude had a snake in the gardens of his palace near Calcutta, and there snakes of all sorts and sizes were assembled.

"It was an oblong pit," says one who had seen it often, "about thirty feet long by twenty feet broad, the walls being about twelve feet high, and perfectly smooth, so that a snake could not climb up. In the center of the pit there was a large block of rough masonry, perforated so that it was as full of holes as a sponge. In this honeycombed block the snakes dwelt, and when the sun shone brightly, they came out to bask or to feed."

"His Majesty used to have live frogs put in the pit, and amused himself by seeing the hungry snakes catch the frogs. When a large snake catches a small frog, it is all over in an instant; but if a small snake catches a large frog, so that he can not swallow it at once, the frog's cries are piteous to hear. Again and again I have heard them while out shooting, and have gone to the bush or tuft of grass from which the piercing cries came—sometimes in time, sometimes too late to save poor froggy, though the snake generally got shot."

"But a frog has been known to turn the tables on the snake. Two gentlemen in Calcutta, some years ago, saw a small snake seize a small frog and attempt to swallow it. But suddenly a large frog jumped forward, seized the snake's tail, and began to swallow the snake."

"How the affair might have ended can not be told, because my friends imprudently drew near to watch the combat, when the frog and the snake took alarm, and the big frog disgorged the snake's tail, the snake released the little frog, and they all dispersed, each his own way."—Youth's Companion.

## HOW THEY ALL WRITE.

### The Way the Leading Novelists, Short-story and Poems of the Day Are Born.

The Phonographic World has been collecting news of how some of the best known journalists, novelists, poets and sketch-writers do their work, whether by dictating to typewriters or to stenographers, or by writing with pen or pencil in the old-fashioned way. As the news is all first hand from the writers themselves, it is as trustworthy as it is interesting.

Charles A. Dana says: "It does not happen oftener than once a week that I write any thing with my own hand." He dictates every thing to a stenographer. Whitelaw Reid habitually does the same thing, except when he thinks special care is required.

Oliver Optic has used a typewriter fourteen years, and has not written a book or story in that time by any other means. Amelle Rives, a beginner, says: "I always use pen and ink in writing, and never dictate." Bill Nye travels so that he can not use a typewriter or stenographer constantly.

Some day, he says, he will "dictate" till he gets black in the face.

A correspondent in Philadelphia, signing himself A. W. Tourgee, says he writes with a pencil or pen. Mr. Richard Watson Gilder, editor of the Century Magazine, says he writes his own compositions himself, but feels disappointed if MS. sent to him is not typewritten. Captain Charles King, the novelist, says "it is hard to teach an old dog new tricks," he writes with a pen. George W. Cable writes his novels in long hand. George Kennan, the Russian explorer, writes his stories in lead pencil, then dictates them to a typewriter.

Charles Carleton Coffin finds he can not compose as well on a type-writer as on a pen. John Boyle O'Reilly writes with his own hand. Robert J. Burdette writes at length detailing the usual experiences of one who first attempts dictation. He says now that he never bought more ease and comfort than when he bought a typewriter. George William Curtis writes with a pen or a pencil. Robert Grant, who wrote the "Confessions of a Frivolous Girl," says he still uses the pen.

W. O. Stoddard uses the pen. Murat Halstead resorts to photography and typewriting. F. R. Stockton dictates to a long hand writer. Ella Wheeler Wilcox composes "pen in hand."

James Parton writes in the old-fashioned way. Marion Harland dictates to her daughter, W. H. Riding is a pen-pusher, and so is Edward Eggleston.

George Alfred Townsend dictates to stenographers. Edward Atkinson, the statistician, dictates to a stenographer. Thomas Bailey Aldrich writes in the old-fashioned way, with pen and ink. Margaret Deland, author of "John Ward, Preacher," uses her pen altogether, but after her copy is ready for the printer she has it typewritten. George Bancroft, the historian, dictates all his work to a stenographer. Mr. W. D. Howells, the novelist, writes as follows: "I have a weak wrist, and I use a typewriter whenever I have a passage distinctly in mind or a bit of plain sailing before me. The difficult places I feel my way through with a pen."

## THE AMERICAN DRUMMER.

An Eloquent Newspaper Tribute to That Prince of Instrumentalists.

The merchant has his store, the manufacturer his shop and the professional man his office; when the work of the day is done, they go to their homes, where blue devils are exorcised by the joys of the fireside, and there is a relaxation of business cares in the pleasure of society. But the drummer has the wide, wide world for his field of action, and his energy and nerve for his stock in trade. His days are spent in labor and his nights in toil. He travels while other men sleep; recollections of home must be crushed out of him and the tenderest part of his nature must be subdued. For who could sell goods when, in fond memory, he heard the voices of his children mingled with the strife of trade? He must keep his heart locked tightly while he handles the keys of commerce. And yet, he has pleasures, too. When for a time his work is over, who so well understands the secret of "taking mine ease in mine inn." He is as much at home in a caboose of a freight train as in a palace car. When he enters a train, his familiarity with his surroundings, is so apparent that he might easily be mistaken for the president of the road. His practical eye at a glance selects a cosy seat, and he is ensconced therein and taking his daily lesson in human nature from his traveling companions before they have begun to be settled. The bell rings, the throttle valve is opened, and the train moves into the country. Now, who can know the joy he feels as he glories in the view of the landscape, while the hills and valleys, the streams and rivers and the woodlands and meadows in panoramic beauty glide away behind him.

Then here to the drummer, that prince of itinerants. A drummer, that word for him when you own, and when his last trip is over may be joy, in his old age, the peace and quiet of domestic life which was denied him in his earlier manhood.—Shoe and Leather Record.

A Crawfordsville, Ga., negro had a favorite cat that had been given him, and the feline would not stay with its dusky master. The gentleman of color inquired around for a remedy by which he could attach his cat to its new home; and finally this remedy was given him: Measure the length of the cat's tail with a common broom straw, smut the straw with soap from the family chimney, and place this—the charmer—under the doorsteps. This was strictly followed and the cat has not left the place since.

## IN THE SAME LINE.

### How Abraham Goldstein Wasted His Intelligence on Isaac Moses.

He had halted under an awning to get out of the rain, and his back was to Abraham as the latter sat in the store door and remarked:

"Ny frend, let me sell you a rubber overcoat very cheap. I can make you one at a dollar. If you haf a rubber overcoat you can go along und nefer mind der rain."

The man did not turn or answer.

"You vhas werry foolish," continued the clothier, "for you neffer get another sooch bargain ash dot. How you like an umbrella for seexy cents, eh? I haf some shust ash good ash you pay for two dollar at der stores. If you haf an umbrella you vhas all right in der wet weather. Come in, my frend, und select der sort of handle dot suits you."

The man under the awning was like a piece of statuary.

"It vhas a dull day mit me, und I like to get rid of something. Dot got of yours vhas werry shabby for sooch a shentlemans ash you vhas. It vhas no match for your pants, onyhow. I haf two honored to select from, und if you like to shlep in I make der price all right. I can sell you a pektor one for tree dollars—a misfit dot some Congressman dot take away. Please walk right in."

But the stranger didn't say.

"Or may be you like to look at a trunk. My place vhas der original und only trunk store for der sale of der pest trunks at der lowest prices. Efsy-pody shoud have a trunk. She vhas handy if you go away, und shust ash handy if you stay at home. I can sell a trunk mit a patent tray und falo lock for two dollar. Dot vhas one-half der price sharged on der next shreet. I can fix you outd all der way from feety cents up to seexteen dollar. It vhas no trouble to show goods. Shopt right in und examine my line of trunks."

If the stranger heard a word of what was said, no action of his betrayed the fact.

"Vhell, if you doan' like a trunk, perhaps you look at my spring suits in tweeds. I can fit you outd in five minutes, und gif you great satisfaction. Dose spring glose vhas no second-hand peeness. All vhas misfit from der werry pest tailor shops, und I take 'em at sooch a low price dot I can fit you outd at your own figure. Please come in und make der greatest bargain of your life. Dis shopt vhill shage hands next week, und der opportunity vhas forever lost to you."

The stranger still stood like a crow-bar.

"My frend, it vhas a leedle late for overcoats, und der dot reason I vhas willing to make a great shave. It vwill pay you to buy one now for next winter. I vhas long on overcoats und shurt on cash. Come in und take one at your own price. You can haf brown, blue, green, black—"

"Abraham, who vhas you talking to?" queried the wife, as she came from the back room.

"To dis shentlemans ash dot hero, who can haf an overcoat for fity dol—"

"You vhas an old fool!" she exclaimed, as she looked out. "Dot vhas old Isaac, who vhas in der same peeness around der corner!"—N. Y. Sun.

## OVER THE PRESENTS.

Remarks Overheard After the Departure of the Wedding Guests.

"Aren't those spoons lovely?"

"Perfectly exquisite!"

"And do see this case of cups and saucers—real Dresden!"

"How perfectly beautiful! Who gave them?"

"The DeCourcy's."

"They always give such elegant things. Do see these bronzes!"

"Beautiful, beautiful. What name's on the card?"

"Claude St. George's."

"How lovely of him."

"Wasn't it, though? And do see this painting!"

"Did you ever see any thing more perfectly charming? Who is it from?"

"The Percys."

"How very nice of them!"

"Oh, oh, oh, oh! Do, do see this case of solid silver!"

"O-o-o-o-h!"

"Lovely!"

"Perfectly beautiful!"

"And solid, too!"

"Who sent them?"

"The De Smythes."

"How handsome of them!"

"I wonder who sent the plated set?"

"I can't endure plated things!"

"Nor I—but do see this cut glass!"

"Isn't it lovely?"

"Indeed it is."

"Exquisite!"

And so on ad infinitum.—Detroit Free Press.

## Thought He Saw a Difference.

"Maria, do you remember that fine dinner you got up all by yourself on the day I asked you to be mine?"

"Yes, indeed, George."

"Every thing was splendid."

"I am sure it was."