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 13, 1889. VOL. XIV.—NO. 29.

A PLEA FOR THE DRUMMER.

Warmly press his jeweled flipper,
Ask him how he fares to-day;
Speak to him in accents chipper,
List' to all he has to say;
Greet the envoy from the centers,
From the marts of every land—
Lo, behold the drummer enters
With his sample case in hand!

For you will not see him ever,
Some day he'll be laid away,
With his little yarn together
Hidden far from light of day.
Then remorse your peace will scatter,
If you e'er did give him prin,
And you'll miss his merry chatter
When the robbins nest again.

Harken, then, oh merchant Crœsus,
To his merry little tale;
Think of home-joys that he misses
In his life upon the rail;
Think what you would do without him
And his grip and sample case—
What a charm there is about him,
From his toes to smiling face.

He it is that ever brings in
All the latest and the best,
Makes you buy the very things in
Which you know you'd ne'er invest;
Calls you "Tom" or "Dick" or "Jimmy,"
Tells you all the latest news;
If you're not in first-rate trim, he
Quickly drives away the blues.

Greet him, then, with welcome cheery,
And when his race has run,
When at last of life he's weary
And his last yarn he has spun,
Plant him 'neath the weeping willow—
Sign of all that's sad and meek,
With a grip-sack for a pillow
And a rock upon his cheek.

—Emile Pickhardt, in Boston Globe.

LIFE ON A MAN-OF-WAR.

Daily Routine of Duty Upon a Yankee War Ship.

Discipline and Order the Gospel of the Navy—Remarkable Extent to Which the Observance of Ceremony is Carried—Every Act Performed by Rule.

The instant it is officially announced that a United States man-of-war is ordered into commission a pennant is run up to the mast-head, and this bit of bunting never comes down until the vessel is temporarily or permanently retired from active service. So long as the pennant flies the quarterdeck must be patroled by an officer in uniform. This vigilance is never relaxed night or day, whether the ship is sailing hostile waters in war time or tied to a navy yard wharf in a period of obsolute peace. For twenty-four years the United States have been at peace with themselves and all the world, yet in all that time there has not been an instant, night or day, when the officer of the deck has not kept watch on every ship in commission. Discipline, order, precedence, cleanliness are the gospel of the United States men-of-war.

Here lies a ship in commission, moored at a navy-yard wharf. Step on board and see how all is done. An orderly halts you, learns your business and permits you to pass the gang-plank. It is nine o'clock in the morning. The fires in the cook's galley have been lighted since 2:30, and it is nearly four hours since the drum and fife sounded the reveille that brought all hands on deck. At this sound the seamen awake, dress, lash up their hammocks and make ready for bread and coffee.

Then, after a short season of smoking, the men "turn to" and wash down the decks. All is done at the boatswain's whistle. Two hundred stout seamen with hose and what can not make a ship's deck very clean, but, for a time, extremely uncomfortable. While this operation goes on the imperturbable officer of the deck, in rubber boots, or, shocking to say, sometimes in bare feet, keeps up his ceaseless tramp. At 7:30 the squeegees, long-handed boards with rubber strips on the lower edge, are applied to the decks and the water disappears. At eight o'clock the seamen have their breakfast of oatmeal, sausage and coffee, or perhaps of hominy, canned meat and chocolate. Jack is very well fed and the witticism that "one man's canned meat is another man's poison," inspired by the horrors of the British commissariat in the Crimea, has not been applied to the food of the United States man-of-war's man. At this hour the colors are hoisted; that is, if it be a week day the United States flag is sent up to the gaff, or if it be Sunday or a holiday the Union Jack is displayed at the bow. At 8:30 the men have finished breakfast, and at 9:15 they are ready for work. At this hour the "sick call" sounds and those who are unwell visit the surgeon in the "sick bay" or ship's hospital, a tiny space well up in the eye of the ship.

By this time the "uniform of the day" has been announced to the officers. It may be any one of half a dozen outfits, and there is a disposition to accuse the powers that be of ordering white duck on cold days in the north and blue cloth in the tropics. The Captain decides upon the uniform of the day unless his ship be in the presence of an Admiral, in which case the uniform is signaled from the flagship to all the other vessels lying in the same port.

Odd stories are told to illustrate the rigidity of discipline in the matter of dress. Should an officer present himself above the gangplank clad with the slightest deviation from the uniform of the day he would be instantly ordered below by the officer of the deck. The wrong hat, the wrong tie or a single button out of place would procure this reprimand.

At 9:15 the decks are cleared for "quarters," and at 9:30 the call is sounded for that interesting performance. "Quarters" is simply the assembling of all on board at their proper posts. When the sound to quarters is heard there is a scurrying into uniforms and a buckling on of swords in the ward room. The line officers rush on deck, the Paymaster stands by his safe and the Surgeon looks to his knives. In five minutes the line officers return to the ward room with the announcement that the country is saved once more. Drill follows quarters. It may be with small arms, with muskets or what not. One thing is assured, and that is that no seaman shall long remain in the possession of leisure. If nothing needs to be done, employment is invented. There is painting, mending, washing, splicing and a dozen other more or less useful things of which a landsman would not dream.

At half past eleven the officers, who have had coffee and eggs some hours before, are served with regular breakfast. As it is paid for by themselves it may be as good or bad as they choose. At the same hour the ship's cook solemnly approaches the officer of the deck, and presents for his examination samples of the seamen's dinner. The officer with equal solemnity tastes each dish, and mayhap makes a hearty meal. The dinner consists of excelent soup, some sort of fresh or salt meat, two or three vegetables, perhaps coffee and bread. The meal is served at noon and followed by pipes and tobacco. At 1 p. m. the seamen are again ready for work. More drill follows, and the afternoon is filled up with whatever needs to be done or can be invented. At four o'clock the men take a slight supper, and from five to six they "stand by" to do whatever work is provided. At six the boatswain pipes down hammocks, and the men take the hammocks from the place on deck where they have been airing all day long. Pipes, music and yarn spinning follow until nine o'clock, when all lights in the forecastle are extinguished and the men are supposed to have turned in. After that all must be quiet.

At ten o'clock the ship's corporal enters the wardroom, or officers' quarters, and, turning out the lights, says: "Ten o'clock, gentlemen." He then asks each officer whether he wishes permission to keep a light for some time longer in his room. An extension of two hours may be granted. The corporal reports the wishes of the officers to the officer of the deck, the officer of the deck reports them to the orderly, the orderly reports them to the Captain, and the Captain, if he approve, says: "Very good." The orderly says to the officer of the deck: "Very good, sir;" the officer of the deck says to the corporal: "Very good," and the corporal says to each officer who has asked for an extension: "Very good, sir." This occurs three hundred and sixty-five times in each ordinary year and three hundred and sixty-six times in leap year. No officer dares to keep his light burning after ten o'clock without the corporal's "Very good, sir."

The story of naval red tape would fill a volume, and a very amusing volume it would be to the civilian. Dickens' circumlocution office was expeditious compared with the conduct of the United States navy. Hoary customs that have long outlived their usefulness are continued, apparently for no better reason than that they were once necessary. Trifles are magnified into things of moment, and there are a hundred petty regulations that, disobeyed, may bring down a reprimand or court-martial. The rules of the precedence are cast iron, and no European court is more jealous of etiquette than is the American navy. The commander of a man-of-war no longer has power of life and death over his subordinates, though it is less than a generation since the son of a Cabinet officer was hanged to the yardarm after a drumhead court martial. The Captain is still a tremendous personage. He lives alone in quarters that are commodius and sumptuous, compared with those of his subordinate officers. He is surrounded by ceremonious observance. He has a boat's crew at his beck to carry him whither he will, whether on public or private business. His quarter deck is a sacred precinct, so that no officer save those on duty there dares to loiter upon its surface. His represetative, the officer of the deck, though he be a mere ensign, receives the salute of every seaman and officer in the ship. It has not been guessed what would happen should any one smoke on a quarter deck, and so much is the spot held in awe that an officer passing touches his hat, even though neither the Captain nor the officer of the deck is in sight.

One of the oldest examples of formalities and red tape is given at quarters on the first Sunday of the month, when the muster takes place. Every one comes to quarters that morning in full dress. When silence has been commanded the First Lieutenant informs the Captain, through the orderly, that the officers and crew are ready to muster. The Captain then comes on deck and bids the First Lieutenant read the articles of war. Thereupon the First Lieutenant reads in his loudest voice the said articles with their dreadful fulminations against drunkenness, gambling, profane swearing, treason and other like crimes. He also reads such general orders as may have come to the Navy Department. The reading finished, he reports that the orders have been published. At this the Captain says to the First Lieutenant: "Then go on with the muster." The First Lieutenant says in turn to the officer of the deck: "Go on with the muster." The officer of the deck says to the Paymaster: "Go on with the muster." The Paymaster says to his clerk: "Go on with the muster," and the clerk goes on with the muster, which is merely a roll call of the ship's officers and crew. When the clerk has finished his task he reports the result to the Paymaster, the Paymaster repeats the clerk's message to the officer of the deck, the officer of the deck repeats it to the First Lieutenant, and the First Lieutenant repeats it to the Captain. The Captain then says to the First Lieutenant: "Pipe down." This order traverses the course of the others, and finally reaches the boatswain. He "pipes down," which means that the "function" is ended.—N. Y. Star.

POISONED ARROWS.

Extracts from Explorer Stanley's Letter to the Geographical Society.

At Avisibba, about half way between Panya Falls and the Nepoko, the natives attacked our camp in quite a resolute and determined fashion. Their stores of poisoned arrows they thought gave them every advantage; and, indeed, when the poison is fresh it is most deadly. Lieutenant Stairs and five men were wounded by these. Lieutenant Stairs' wound was from an arrow the poison of which was dry—it must have been put on some days before. After three weeks or so he recovered strength, though the wound was not closed for months. One man received a slight puncture near the wrist; he died from tetanus five days after. Another received a puncture near the shoulder in the muscles of the arm; he died six hours later than the first case—of tetanus also. One was wounded in the gullet—a slight puncture—he died on the seventh day. I believe one, wounded in the side, died at night the same day. Tetanus ended the sufferings of all.

We were much exercised as to what this poison might be that was so deadly. On returning from the Nyanza to relieve the rear column, under Major Barttelot, we halted at Avisibba, and, rummaging among the huts, found several packages of dried red ants, or pismires. It was then we knew that the dried bodies of these, ground into powder, cooked in palm oil, and smeared over the wooden points of the arrows, was the deadly irritant by which we lost so many fine men with such terrible suffering. Now we wonder that we have been so long in the dark, for we could create any number of poisons from such insects as we have seen. The large black ant, for instance, whose bite causes a great blister, would be still more venomous prepared in the same way; the small grey caterpillars would make another irritant, which, mixed with the blood, would torture a man to death; the bloated spiders, an inch in length, which are covered with prickles most painful to the touch, would form another terrible compound, the effects of which make one shudder to think of. These poisons are prepared in the woods. In the depths of the forest the savage makes his fire and prepares the fatal venom which lays low even the huge elephant. It is forbidden to cook it near a village. In the forest he smears his arrows, and having covered the points with fresh leaves lest he himself might be a victim, he is ready for war.

I could write a book almost upon the various species of bees found in this forest region, and several books might be written about the multitude of curious insects we have seen. What with the bees of all kinds, the wasps, the various kinds of tacks, gnats, etc., our lives have been made just as miserable as they could well be. We were prepared to encounter the most ferocious cannibals, but the Central African forest now opened up for the first time contains some horrors within its gloomy bosom that we were not prepared for.

LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM.

How Miss De Sweet's Hopes Were Blasted by the Man of Her Choice.

Miss De Sweet—Do you like pearls!

Mr. Nicefellow—I do not care for separate pearls; they are too tame; but I admire them in rows or clusters.

Miss De S—So do I. If there is any thing I love, it is a pearl necklace—large pearls, you know. Pa gave me one some years ago, but although it is very handsome, I do not care much for it, because the pearls are rather small.

Mr. N—Oh! Small pearls should be put in a necklace. Only the largest size are worthy of such display. For my part, I much prefer diamond necklaces.

Miss De S—Aren't they lovely! The pure white diamonds especially.

Mr. N.—Yes. It's a pity, though, the colored diamonds are out of fashion; but I think they are coming back. I saw a necklace to-day with every tenth diamond colored, and the effect was wonderfully brilliant. It was at Biffany's; quite cheap, too. By the way, will you marry me?

Miss De S.—Oh! This so sudden! Yes, my love, I will.

Miss De S. (half an hour later)—Clara Nubbins, next door, is engaged, too; but I think her lover showed shocking taste in the selection of her ring, it is so big and clumsy; and, besides, it seems sort of brazen. It is six large diamonds set with pearls.

Mr. N.—For an engagement-ring there is nothing neater than plain gold. Biffany has them for a dollar.—N. Y. Weekly.

—The meanest man in England is said to live in the town of Woodbridge. Some one was about to present his daughter with a sealskin sacque, but he refused to let her accept it, on the ground that it would cost too much to buy camphor to keep the moths from it during the summer.

THE WINTER PALACE.

Tragic Memories of the Czar's Most Gorgeous Dwelling.

There can no longer be any frank gayety in this Winter Palace, haunted as it must be by one of those formidable souvenirs which impose upon royal dwellings a lugubrious physiognomy. In entering this palace under the new reign, on the days when Alexander III. is holding court, the servitors of his father can not forget the last receptions of Alexander II., which were darkened by so many tragedies. One in particular we can see before our eyes as if it were yesterday. On March 2, 1880, was celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of the accession to the throne of the Emancipator, who at that memorable date was to receive the tribute of gratitude from his people. Magnificent fetes had been arranged but two weeks before the anniversary day, the 18th of February; the explosion at the Winter Palace occurred, ruined all those projects, and spread mourning and terror around the sovereign. A repetition of the attempt was announced for the 2d of March, and in the capital, smitten with unreasonable panic, the precautions of the police caused people to believe that it was a day of riot rather than of festivity. When we entered these sumptuous halls, where the imagination saw nothing but mines and ambuscades, alarm was betrayed on many a face. Alexander II. appeared; his visible fatigue and emotion scarcely allowed him to address a few words to his guests. Prince Gortchakoff, who had been absent from Russia for several years, was seen there for the last time. The old companions of the Emperor, witnesses twenty-five years previously of the prodigal hopes that had greeted his accession to the throne, looked without courage through the vail of the present sadness upon their master, grown old, smitten physically and morally by so many blows, a prisoner in this palace which threatened to fall in ruins over his head. The illustrious Chancelor, in the decline of age and success, betrayed by his strength as well as by his plans, leaned painfully on a console in the salon of Peter the Great, in the midst of that court where absence had made him for so long a time a stranger. A presentiment of an inevitable misfortune oppressed all hearts and hovered over all this august pomp and circumstance.

One year after, March 13, 1881, there was a fresh meeting in this palace, in presence of the bleeding body that had been brought in from a neighboring street. The unforgettable vision of that afternoon is still present in the minds of the youngest of the dancers when a ball calls them to the palace. They see once more the terror and desolation of these vast rooms; the courtiers watching for the doctors to give them news of the agony; the immense square all black with people; the stupor of the crowd waiting with eyes fixed on the imperial standard; finally the sign of the cross which passed over all these tearful visages when the standard fell down the flagstaff, announcing that the drama was over. The habitual guests of the palace who passed there the winter months of 1881, and heard on two occasions the dull explosion of dynamite, retain in their ears that besetting anguish, and more than one catch themselves listening for it between two bars of a waltz.—Vicomte Eugene Melchior de Vogue, in Harper's Magazine.

HAUNTING DEAD-BEATS.

Boston's Debtors Pursued by Counterfeit Corpses in Grave-Clothes.

The courts here decided, a day or two ago, that the law could not permit a local collecting bureau to persecute delinquent debtors by sending after them agents gotten up as corpses in burlesque grave-clothes. The notion was not only ingenious but humorous as well, conveying a cheerful suggestion of pursuing the dead-beat even to the tomb. But some of the victims did not enjoy being followed around by imitation cadavers, and so the business was put a stop to.

Imagine how unpleasant it must have been to be called on by a person of cadaverous demeanor, attired in a costume becomingly combining in its make-up a suggestion of the shroud with the front half of a dress-suit and the usual accompaniment of dickey, shirt-cuffs, and ready-made satin tie, such as the average undertaker considers essential to what he would call a refined gentleman's appearance in the coffin. This is an eight condition of man, as he appears in public for the last time before his final relegation to the tomb, which Shakespeare forgot to add as a P. S. to his "Seven Ages." Add to the above description of this new style of collector, if you please, a countenance artificially whitened and a voice that appeals for cash in tones suggestive of the sepulcher. Then you have a picture of a visitor whom you would not feel it agreeable to receive in your business or to find ringing your door-bell at all hours of the day, especially when the nature of his mission has become generally recognized from his extraordinary get-up. Undeniably, the corpse system was found to work admirably, and many unfortunates, hitherto regarded as well-nigh hopeless, paid up to escape being haunted in this public and dolefully ludicrous manner. But complaint was made that it was technical blackmail, and thus it is that the dead-beats of Boston are no longer followed about by collectors fresh from Hades.—Boston Letter.

FACTS FOR FARMERS.

—Every time you worry your horses you shorten their lives and days of usefulness.

—Breeding sows and fattening hogs should not eat of the same mess; they need different feed.—Farm, Field and Stockman.

—Probably in no respect is the country growing rich more rapidly than by the increase of quality by improving stock.

—There is a time when it is safe to prune most varieties of deciduous fruit trees, and that time is when the wood is ripe and while the tree is in a dormant condition.

—If you want to pay your taxes, the mortgage on the farm, and prosper generally, go into partnership with the hen, the cow, the hog and the horse. These are the partners which will enable you to make money.

—One of the finest apple orchards ever seen was mulched every three or four years six inches deep with salt-meadow hay. The hens were turned in periodically to give it a thorough scratching over.—Rural New Yorker.

—In the spring every farmer should go through the neglected rows of old current bushes, cut out at least one-half of the old wood, shorten in the remainder, plow in a good manure, dust with powdered hellebore when the worms appear, and the increased size and yield of bunch and berry will surprise you.

—Our improved modern pigs are the result of the infusion of Chinese and Siamese blood with the pigs of England and Ireland of one hundred years ago. The Chester White and Poland-Chinas of this country are not thoroughbred in the strict sense of the term; that is, they do not always reproduce their ancestors. The Poland-China is the best one for the practical farmer.—Edward Burnett.

—By looking around over the farm many little remnants of seed and grain can be put aside for the use of the poultry; the seed from the sorghum stalks, the shattered corn gathered up from the floor of the corn-crib before the new crop is housed, and the trashy wheat, mixed with dust and chaff, left on the granary floor when the last bag has been carried to mill, are all good food for feathered treasures.

—There is but one secret in preserving eggs, and that is to keep them in a cool place, the nearer forty degrees above zero the better, but not over sixty degrees. Thes eggs should be turned two or three times a week. Eggs from hens not in company with cocks will keep twice as long as those that are fertile. No packing material is necessary. Simply lay them on racks and keep them cool.

—Those who contemplate poultry raising should aim to add fruit growing, and when laying off the yards add a little more to their cost by giving two yards to each house, so as to have changeable yards, for upon the double yard system depends the success of the fruit and hen combination. The two pursuits are really adjuncts to each other. While using the room on the ground for the hens remember the old maxim that the "ground up in the air costs nothing," as one roof will cover any number of floors.—Rural Home.

SELECTING MEATS.

Some Valuable Information for Young or Inexperienced Housekeepers.

The first thing that is to be done is to divide the beef into the hind and fore-quarters. The hind-quarter contains the finest and most expensive cuts of meat. Here are found the sirloin, the tenderloin, the rump and the round. The cheapest portions of the hind-quarters are the shin and the flank.

In the fore-quarter are the ribs, the shoulder, the shin, the rattle round and brisket. The ribs are the top of the back nearest to the loin—join it, in fact, when the animal is whole.

The first five ribs are what are called the "prime" ribs; these are used for roasts or steaks. The next are the five chuck ribs lying between the prime ribs and the neck; the meat is of a finer quality than on the "prime" ribs, although they are used for the same purposes.

The neck is used for beef tea, for stews and for boiling. Below the rib cuts running along the side of the animal, is the rattle round; this is used for corning. The under part of the animal's body is called the brisket, and this is also used for corning.

The shoulder is used for steaks and corning, though the less said about the tenderness of shoulder-steak the better. The skin, both in the front and the back, is used for soup and soup stock.

The back, the middle and the face are good roasting pieces, but the middle cut is the most economical, as it is free from bone and has not a scrap of waste on it.

In the hind-quarter come the first roasts and steaks, and well as the juciest meats for making beef tea, meat pies, beef a la mode or potted beef. Sirloin, of course, gives the very choicest roasts and steaks; next comes the rump; this is cut in three parts.

The tenderloin has the most tender meat, but it is neither so joicy nor so well flavored as other portions that are not so tender, and it is not nearly so nutritious as portions that require much cooking. The sirloin comes next in tenderness and delicacy. These cost more than any other cuts, but there is less nutritive value than is found in the cheaper parts. Indeed, the cost of the meat seems to be in an inverse ratio to its real food value.—Sally Joy White, in Wide Awake.

FIELD ROOT CROPS.

A Few Points About the Best Methods of Their Production.

An acre devoted to carrots, parsnips, beets and turnips will provide an amount of succulent food for winter use that not only lessons the grain required, but promotes the health and thrift of the animals. Though low in untricious value, yet the enormous crops that may be obtained more than recompense for any deficiency that may exist otherwise. Root crops largely take the place of ensilage where siloe have not been constructed, and the acre in roots will enable the farmer to keep more stock and have the animals in better condition than from any other crops that can be grown.

The difficulty with carrots and parsnips is the extra work required with the crop after the seed is sown, the slow germination destroying the lines of the rows, as grass covers the entire plot before the seeds begin to shove out their young plants, the tedious labor of hand weeding being required. This difficulty, however, has been overcome by mixing seeds of quick-germinating plants, such as radish, with that of the carrots or parsnips. The radish soon comes up, the rows can be worked, and the radish then pulled up and marketed or fed to the pigs. Improved seed drills now drill the seed at regular places in the rows, and of sufficient distance to permit the hoe to be used. Once the young plants are up and worked the difficulty is over, as the plants soon take possession and crowd out the weeds and grass. Another difficulty is that of storage. The practice of heaping the roots in mounds to be left out during the winter, renders the task of feeding them to stock very disagreeable, especially when the ground is frozen. This is now overcome by storing them in bins, in a cold cellar, and, if preferred, they may be packed in dry earth in the bins.

Beets, carrots, parsnips and turnips grow from small seeds, and from three to five pounds will suffice for planting an acre of ground, while the potato must be grown from bulky tubers, as much as fifteen or twenty bushels being required for an acre, according to the mode of planting. If the cutting of the potato seed, the labor of destroying the beetle and the lower-keeping qualities of the potato, compared with the carrot or parsnip, be considered, the cost of production should be no more for the carrots and parsnips than for the former, while a much larger yield, and of more valuable feeding material (not excepting the tops), may be obtained. If such crops are to be grown, however, farmers should not wait longer, but get the seed in early. Many crops have been failures owing to the delay in planting, the grass being well up before the seed has germinated. The root crops should be well started before warm weather, so as to better resist the drought and also to allow as much time as possible for completing growth. The soil should be rich, fine, and the crops thoroughly cultivated.—St. Paul. Globe.

WESTERN HORSE-RANGES.

One of the Most Reliable Sources of Montana's Great Prosperity.

In the new State of Montana the business of raising horses for all purposes of use is developing so rapidly as to justify a prediction that, next to the gold and silver of that State, its greatest source of prosperity will be found in its fine and spirited range-horses. The enormous profits of the cattle business conducted on the "ranging" principle are likely to be even exceeded by horse-raising, in Central and Eastern Montana, for much of otherwise good grazing land is land which cattle ranchers can not use on account of its distance from water. But the question of water is not so important with horses as with other stock, for they will go many miles from water to feed, returning during the summer about once a day, and in the winter eating snow to satisfy their thirst. These range-horses are beautiful animals, graded up from the Indian ponies, or broncos, by the introduction of Clyde, Norman, Percheron and stallions of other fine breeds, either full blooded or high grade. They feed in bands, or "bunches" as they are called in the West, of from fifteen to seventy-five, seldom more than the latter number. The ranges are already overcrowded near the Pacific coast, so that in Western Montana and Oregon the horses are cheaper than further east. The colts are broken to ride or drive at three years old, but the old style of breaking horses on the plains, as pursued by the cow-boy, is rapidly disappearing and the methods of the scientific horse-breaker taking its place. This is necessary to make horses suitable for our Eastern markets, for a horse broken in the old style is either "broken-hearted," that is, spiritless, or else never freed from the vicious tricks he learned when trying to throw his rider. A band of unbroken range-horses feeding on the buffalo and bunch grasses of the upland plateaux, or seeking the water streams in the "coulees," or ravines, conveys the idea of the most unlimited freedom, yet they seldom wander more than six or seven miles from the ranch.—Demorest's Monthly.

—In Germany, with a mortality in its army the lowest in Europe, the death rate of the civil population is 6, in Italy 8 and in Austria 11 per 1,000 higher than in England, which means in Germany a sacrifice of 135,000 lives yearly more than with the British, and in the two last countries of 624,000 lives annually over and above the corresponding loss of life in England and Wales.

THE FORTY IMMORTALS.

A List of the Famous French Academy, as Revised for 1889.

1. Sully-Prudhomme, best known by his popular poetry.
2. Victor Duruy, a famous historian and minister.
3. Leon Say, best known through his works upon political economy.
4. Octave Feuillet, a leading novelist and dramatist.
5. Greard, a well-known French administrateur.
6. Legouve, dramatist; wrote "Adrienne Lecouvreur."
7. Joseph Bertrand, a celebrated mathematician.
8. V. Sardou, the most successful modern dramatist.
9. Leconte de Lisle, best known by his political works.
10. John Lemoinne has been prominent in politics.
11. C. Rousset is a well-known historian.
12. Maxime Du Camp is a distinguished literateur.
13. Xavier Marmier wrote books of travel.
14. Due de Broglie, politician, son of an ex-Minister.
15. Jurien de la Gravier, a writer on maritime subjects.
16. F. De Lesseps, of Suez and Panama canal fame.
17. Taine, author of "History of English Literature."
18. De Vogue, authority on Russian literature.
19. Emile Augier, moralist of dramatic literature.
20. Alexandre Dumas, dramatic works, of which "La Dame aux Camelias" is the most famous.
21. Pailleron is the wittiest French dramatic writer.
22. Jules Claretie, director of the Comedie Francaise.
23. Mezieres is a professor and litterateur.
24. Renan, the famous religious controversialist.
25. Cherbuliez, a distinguished novelist.
26. Ed Herve, a French publicist and journalist.
27. Emile Ollivier, lawyer, politician and ex-minister.
28. De Mazade is a prominent publicist, and has published standard books on Spain and Italy.
29. Rousse, lawyer and French jurisprudence.
30. Duc d'Audiffret Pasque', politician and Senator.
31. Pasteur, the famous scientist.
32. Henri Meilhac, a favorite playwright and novelist.
33. Camille Doucet, a well-known dramatic author.
34. F. Coppee, one of the most popular French poets.
35. Gaston Boissier, professor of literature.
36. Duc d'Aumale, fourth son of King Louis Philippe.
37. Mgr. Perraud, prominent ecclesiastical writer.
38. Ludovic Halevy, a successful dramatic writer and former collaborator of No. 32, with whom he furnished the libretti for Offenbach's most popular operettas.
39. Jules Simon, a renowned politician.
40. Comte d'Hauteville, Senator and political writer.—Gil Blas.

Some Feminine Prophesies.

Lippincott's says in its "Book Talk," "There never was a female prophet." The man who wrote that had better confine his talk to books, and not mention women. Listen to the feminine prophesies—all fulfilled:

"He'll be sorry if he marries that woman."

"Those black stockings won't wash."

"You'll ruin your new stove-pipe. It's going to rain."

"If you change your flannels you'll catch cold."

"If dinner isn't ready he'll raise the roof."

"You'd better get a man to do it. You can't put up a stove."

"It's no use planting those seeds in that place. They won't grow."

"If you eat that now before going to bed you won't sleep any to-night."

"Don't do it. You won't get your money back."

"If we haven't any thing fit to eat company will come."

"Just so sure as I leave the house some thing happens."

"Now I will work steady all day and have nothing to show for it."

"That child will be spoiled."

"I told you so!"—Chicago Journal.

How to Do Business.

One of the largest, wealthiest and most successful manufacturers in the East remarked the other day upon being rallied on account of his liberal and extensive advertising patronage in newspapers: "I would sooner take my sign down than discontinue my advertising. You must catch the public eye in a well-displayed advertisement if you expect to catch the public purse; and the standing newspaper advertisement, when changed frequently, is better, cheaper and a thousand times more effective than reading notices or circulars. There is no business so high, so strong or so exclusive that it can not be benefited by advertising. I would as soon think of doing business without clerks as without newspaper advertising."—Age of Steel.

—Artist (holding out a photograph)—"Don't you want your picture taken? Three for a quarter." Shabby party—"No, I don't care for any. My brother had his taken three times, and he was innocent every time but once."—Texas Siftings.