

St. Tammany Farmer.

"The Blessings of Government, Like the Dew from Heaven, Should Descend Alike Upon the Rich and the Poor."

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A NEWSPAPER CLIPPING.

"Was a clipping from the paper
Telling of some funny paper
On the stage;
So I read it, every letter,
Saying that I'd seen no better
For an age.
Then I turned the clipping over
With no purpose to discover
What was there,
By its smiling contemplation
Of the humorist's creation
Rich and rare.
As I looked, I knew I started
And the smile from lips departed,
For I saw
Printed there in neat column,
Notices of death, sad, solemn,
Full of awe.
So, I thought, come grief and pleasure,
Meted out with equal measure;
You may laugh,
But some other one is weeping,
For the tear is smiler's unfeeling
Other half."
—Columbus Dispatch.

PERILS OF THE JUNGLE.

The Unpleasant Side of a Hunter's Life in the Tropics.

Provisional Escapes From an Awful Death of Daily Occurrence—Charged by a Lion—A Good-Saturated Reptile.

During the many years I was employed to procure wild animals for the great German museum outfitter, I naturally met with more or less adventure of an exciting and dangerous nature. Indeed, it was all adventure from start to finish, with scarcely a day that one's life was not in peril. It seemed as if Providence had a hand in some of the close calls and narrow escapes. One time, when encamped between two of the branches of the Niger, thirty miles from its mouth, I went out on foot and alone to locate a spot to set a trap for a big serpent which the natives had espied and come to tell me of. I had crossed a level piece of ground about thirty rods wide, and had almost gained the fringe of wild rice on the far side, when a black rhinoceros who had been concealed in the thick cover uttered a "woof!" and came charging full at me. He was not over thirty feet away when I wheeled and started at my best pace for the grove of trees I had left behind. In those days I could run like a horse for half a mile, but I had not gone half the distance when I heard the old fellow close behind me, and realized that I was in deadly peril. He could outrun me, and the only chance I had was to swerve quickly aside and let him pass on. I was about to spring to the right, when the ground trembled under my feet and I heard a crash behind me. I glanced over my shoulder, to find that my pursuer had disappeared from sight, and when I retraced my steps I found him at the bottom of a cavity at least fifteen feet deep by ten across. He struggled for awhile as I looked down upon him, and then sunk out of sight in the mud and water. He had broken the crust of one of the lowlands of Africa—a crust of grass and earth formed over a water hole or bed of quicksand. It had been strong enough to bear me, but his weight had proven his death. Had my line of sight been to the right or left by ten feet the beast would have surely overtaken me and killed me in spite of my efforts.

Just a week later, while I was out with three of my men to kill fresh meat for the camp, I took my station under a great tree, and sent them to windward of a thicket, which I suspected might contain the game we wanted. It took them twenty minutes to get into position, and pretty soon a fine buck deer came trotting toward me. I was concealed by the trunk of the tree, and he came within twenty feet of me and stopped. As he did so there was a "swish," a crash among the branches, a sort of shriek from the deer, and next moment he was in the embrace of a great python, which had a tail-hold on the limb above my head. This serpent was fully twenty-five feet long, and at his middle was nearly as large as a mail bag. Why he had not attacked me is beyond my power of guessing. He must have known of my presence, and he surely had no fear of me. A serpent of that kind, when hungry enough to attack, would strike at an elephant, so far as fear was concerned. He was almost exactly above my head, and he would have rendered me powerless with his first blow.

Some months subsequent to this incident I was walking in a path through a forest over two hundred miles from this spot. We were on the march, twenty-five or thirty of us, and had for half an hour been traversing a path used by animals in going to a drinking place. I had been in the lead for two hours, when I dropped back to consult with one of the "bosses." One of the natives took my place and passed on, but he had not gone fifty feet when a serpent of the same species, which was hidden in the foliage of a tree, struck and knocked him down and had two coils about his body before a shout was raised. I hurried forward with my heavy shot-gun, but the snake was thrashing the poor native about so that I dared not fire for several minutes. Then, as the horrible head was reared to hiss at me I shattered it with my buckshot. I was too late to save the man, however. He had been crushed to a pulp—a fate that would surely have been mine had I continued two minutes longer in the lead.

On the Benue river, to the east of Cameron mountain, we had two or three traps set for lions. One of these was a log trap, the same as is used for bears in the United States. It was, in

fact, a small but stout log house, with a door connected with a "figure 4" inside. We baited this trap with fresh meat, but the lions would not enter it. After it had been unvisited for two days I took my gun and started in that direction. This was at about ten o'clock in the morning. I approached the trap from the side where the door was fitted and peered in, to find the bait untouched. As I straightened up one of the biggest lions I ever saw turned the corner of the post, and we were face to face. I think he had been lying in the shade on the other side. I had my gun in my left hand, and I realized that any movement on my part would be a signal for him to attack. The lion was as much astonished as I was. Indeed, his first idea was to drop his tail and bolt. At first I could have put my right hand out and laid it on his nose, but presently he sniffed at me and backed off to a distance of about ten feet and then stood and stared at me. I stared back. It was the only thing I could do. He was neither hungry nor petulant, and he finally lay down and rested his head on his paws and kept his great yellow eyes steadily fastened to mine. I stood like a stone for about ten minutes. Then I sank to my knees, feeling that if I did not I should soon lose my equilibrium. As I went down he rose up with a menacing growl and seemed about to spring, but as I remained quiet he sank down again and resumed his stare.

I was dangerously fascinated by the stare of this beast, and by and by I felt a strange exultation and wanted to shout and wave my hands. I really believe I should have advanced upon him had we been left uninterrupted two minutes longer. One of the natives followed after me, and as the sound of his footsteps in the brush reached the lion's ears he whined and seemed uneasy, and finally made a bolt for the thicket. I was still on my knees when the native came, and was so weak all day that I remained in camp.

Near Khamee, in Burmah, some natives once came about twenty miles to beg of me to return with them and rid their village of the presence of a man-eating tiger. I went with them in hopes to catch the beast alive. We found his lair in a mass of rocks in the midst of a thicket, and also the water-hole from which he quenched his thirst. We dug a pit in the path he used, but every beast, except the one wanted, fell into it. I therefore determined to shoot the tiger as he came to drink. One night, when he had killed and partially devoured a cow early in the evening, I took a native and the reared o'clock at night, and the tiger might be expected along at any moment. I first took position under a tree just above the water, but after a few minutes moved ten feet to the left, and gave the native my place. We were armed with shot-guns heavily charged, and intended to kill the tiger at the first fire whether we saved an inch of his skin or not. We had been in place about fifteen minutes when the native suddenly shrieked out that the tiger had got hold of him. I sprang up, and it was not so dark but that I could make out some animal shaking and worrying him. I shouted and ran forward, and as the beast wheeled upon me I fired and rolled him over. The native was not dead, but so badly wounded that he lived only two days. I supposed, of course, that he had been attacked by the tiger, but when I came to strike a light and investigate I discovered that he had killed a panther. The beast was perched on a limb of the tree directly over the spot I had at first selected, and had I retained it he would have made me his victim in place of the native.

One more instance; I was out one day with a native in the province of Siam, looking up the lair of a panther which had worked great havoc, when we sat down in the shade to rest. I had been up the night before, and soon fell into a drowse. The man dared not awaken me, and yet was too cowardly to remain beside me. He therefore quietly climbed a tree, and I went sound asleep. I had been in this condition half an hour, according to his calculation, when a great rock snake came out of a ledge a few yards away and approached me. This species of serpent is kin to the pythons and anacondas, only much more fierce and active. The native saw, but dared not speak. If he aroused me I was certain to move and receive the terrible fangs and the deadly embrace. He said that the snake crawled over my legs three or four times, and twice it seemed on the point of striking me, and had I moved in the slightest I would have been made a victim. Happily for me, I slumbered on; and by and by the serpent went off through the brush, and the native dropped from his perch and aroused me.—N. Y. Sun.

While workmen at Gardner, Me., were excavating for the foundation of a new building they came upon a liquor-seller's outfit of peculiar design. It was a large liquor cask buried six feet under ground outside of the foundation wall of the building, the tap to it being arranged on the siphon plan, the end of it provided with a faucet. This was concealed by a convenient brick carefully replaced after each drawing of the ardent, and cemented in position. Above this opening a second tube connecting with the cask passed through the wall, and it was through this the stuff was poured when the indicator ran low. The officers searched in vain years ago to discover that particular rum-shop.

HIS RUGGED WAY.

A Peddler Meets a Temptation-Freed Woman of Polish Origin.

He had a rug under his arm as he came along to where a Polish woman stood at the gate in front of her shanty. They looked at each other for a moment, and then he said: "Madam, I have walked three miles to offer you the greatest bargain of your life in rug." "Ja!" she replied as she went on with her knitting. "This rug, madam, came from Smurny. I don't exactly know where Smurny is, but I do know that it is a sort of Oklahoma where they build rugs which stand in any climate and never fade if the dog sleeps on them. Madam, this rug is only six dollars." "Ja!" she replied. "Only six dollars, and on the installment plan at that. Pay me one dollar down and you can then fork over at the rate of a quarter a week." "Ja!" she murmured as she changed feet.

"Madam, do you want to be the envy of every Polish in Polotown? Do you want your social status lifted forty-five pegs inside of forty-five minutes? If so invest in this rug. It combines beauty, convenience, utility, durability and social standing. Madam, behold the tiger in the center! Isn't that a work of art?" "Ja!" she answered, never even raising her eyes.

"While your home is humble," continued the man, "it need not necessarily be devoid of taste. One such rug as this will go further to prove your aesthetic nature than four busts of Abraham Lincoln. Madam, you will never regret its purchase. Is it a go?" "Ja!"

"Madam, do not miss the golden opportunity now extended to you. There are rugs and rugs, but when will you ever again be offered a rug like this—a rug right from the fertile slopes of Smurny—for the small sum of six dollars, payable in installments, covering a period of one hundred years, if you ask so much. Pause and reflect." "Ja!" she answered, as she kicked off one of her wooden shoes and rubbed her foot against a picket.

"Then, madam, farewell—a long farewell! The opportunity will never come again, and you mustn't blame me. I came from Pole to Pole to offer you the greatest bargain on earth. You have declined it. Hold me blameless." And as he shouldered his rug and went his weary way she kicked off the other shoe, looked up and down the street in a vacant way, and whispered: "Ja!"—Detroit Free Press.

A BUILDER'S PROBLEM.

A Suggestion for Raising Heavy Blocks of Stone.

At one of the meetings of the British Association a paper was read on a plan of raising large stones for the purpose of building huge masses of masonry, and which was supposed to be the means employed in building the pyramids, although the precise method adopted by the mighty builders of the valley of the Nile was admitted to be a vexed question. The supposition is that the lifting power was applied from below, the stones being raised by a tilting process. One end of the stone would first of all be raised from the ground by means of powerful levers, which might be of considerable length and worked by a large number of men. After getting the stone to the proper height, a slab of stone or metal could be inserted, and a similar process adopted with the other end of the stone. So, by alternately working at either end, a certain height might be attained. Then, by the use of wedges and rollers, the stone might be got into position. Another method suggested was by means of a slightly inclined plane formed of strong timber-work or even masonry, working the stones up on rollers by leverage applied behind. There does not seem to be any suggestion of any direct lifting power applied from above. The question is certainly one involved in considerable obscurity.—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

Graphophone and Phonograph.

The graphophone, which is a sort of unaccompanied phonograph, is coming into practical use in the offices of a few stenographers in this part of the country. The man who takes the notes, instead of dictating to the typewriter, sits down and talks into the machine, and the cylinder on which his remarks are recorded is then turned over to the typewriter, who sticks a tube attached to the machine into each ear, and working the roller by a treadle as she would a sewing machine, has whatever is there talked off to her as rapidly or as slowly as she can take it down. In practice it is said that a stenographer can dictate to the machine in an hour as much as a rapid typewriter can transcribe in three or four hours. The time thus saved is so much clear gain for the stenographer, and in a case where a copy is needed in a hurry the work can be done by the employment of enough typewriters in a third to a quarter of the time that would be necessary if the stenographer had to dictate his notes to a single typewriter. The graphophone and the phonograph are controlled by the same company, which refuses to sell outright, and which charges such a high price for the rental of the instruments that stenographers who have not a large business hesitate to try the machine.—N. Y. Sun.

LITTLE TRAVELERS.

Children Entrusted to the Care of Railroad Men for Long Journeys.

"No children shipped without parents." This is the rule that railroad companies are thinking of adopting to stop to the apparently increasing practice of consigning children to the mercies of train conductors to be carried perhaps half way across the continent and turned over to friends at the destination. Once the conditions of railroad travel were such that to send a child in this fashion by rail was to lose the child in nine cases out of ten. But railroad methods have developed, and with this development parents and friends have thought it safe to put a tag on their little ones and send them off upon their lonely travels. On railroad and by steamship these travelers go, and it was only the other day that three tots arrived at Castle Garden, way-billed to Texas, but with not a soul with them to offer a protecting arm.

"The Pennsylvania railroad discourages this practice," said Assistant Passenger Agent Pile. "The care and responsibilities are too great. But, notwithstanding the obstacles thrown in the way, consignments of children still come to us, and, of course, we do our best to look out for them. It is not uncommon for poor people to come to us with children that they want delivered in the far West along our lines or on a line with which we connect. Sometimes they are old enough to be entrusted with tickets and such money as they may need on the way, but this is not always the case.

When the youngsters are very small the practice is for friends to pay down to us the entire expense connected with carrying their precious freight. We then start the child on his way, and telegraph to our agents along the line to pay over such and such an amount to the child wanderer, as it may be needed. The conductor looks out for the traveler's meals, and so the journey is made comfortably and safely. But, as I say, this is a tedious business, and we don't like to undertake it. It was once a popular practice to turn over children bound on long journeys to the Pullman Palace Car Company, but now it also fights shy of the business."

Said an official connected with the passenger department of the Philadelphia & Reading railroad: "Our conductors are quite frequently asked to look after children that travel without parents or friends. But it is generally only a short trip. The instances in which we turn over these minors to a connecting line are very rare, indeed."

The most notable cases of long journeys for friendless little ones are met with in the immigrant homes. Poverty will drive parents to run great risks, and they will send over from the old country their children to travel across water and land to friends in the new country of the West. Perhaps for months they will not hear of the hope and mishaps of the journey, trusting to interest of strangers and the faithfulness of railroad officials to speed the trip. Only a tag fastened about the neck or to the button-hole shows the destination.

Stranger, he kind to his eye,
And always keep him right side up.
These were the epigrammatic directions that carried a poor cur to the end of his journey not long ago. But when similar tactics are tried with human freight, the railroads are inclined to resist and rebel against fulfilling the office of a traveling nurse.—Philadelphia Record.

TWO NEW COLORS.

One of Them Is a Black Made from Camphor and Sulphuric Acid.

Two new colors are described in various recent technical journals. The first is apparently a reproduction of a color known to the ancients, and made by them with sand and lime, heated with roasted copper. The pigment, on analysis, appears to be a compound silicate of lime and copper. It is now made with exact proportions of the materials, so that the product is uniform, and the process seems likely to furnish us with a material of great value. The color is a bright, greenish blue, so that it will be more available for decoration than French blue or cobalt blue, both of which are of a purplish cast, and do not mix well with other colors, while it appears to be as permanent as either of them. The other color is a black, which has been made by treating camphor with sulphuric acid. By steeping camphor in strong sulphuric acid, a jelly-like mass is formed, of a reddish color. When this is heated, it boils, giving off fumes of sulphurous acid, and turns intensely black. By evaporation the unconverted excess of acid and camphor is driven off, and a black mass remains, which seems to have the qualities of Indian ink. Like Indian ink, it can be apparently dissolved in water, and remains suspended for a long time. We hope that some one will pursue the subject of this camphor-black. A pure liquid black is one of things that science has searched for in vain for many years, and even so near an approach to it as good Indian ink would be a most useful substance.—American Architect.

A strange case of protective alliance in animals is given by a South African traveler. A Dutch trader, at a distance from camp and unarmed, was menaced by a huge lion, when a troop of baboons suddenly surrounded him, and faced the lion, with such horrible cries that the mighty beast was glad to beat a retreat. The baboons then scattered, resuming their occupation of digging ants and roots.

WHERE THEY GREW FIRST.

The Probable Origin of Vegetables, Fruits and Spices.

Spinach is a Persian plant. Horse-radish is a native of England. Melons were found originally in Asia. Fibrous originally came from Greece. Quinces originally came from Corinth. The turnip originally came from Rome. The peach originally came from Persia. Sage is a native of the south of Europe. Sweet marjoram is a native of Portugal. The bean is said to be a native of Egypt. Damsons originally came from Damascus. The nasturtium came originally from Peru. The pea is a native of the south of Europe. Coriander seed came originally from the East. Ginger is a native of the East and West Indies. The gooseberry is indigenous to Great Britain. Apricots are indigenous to the plains of America. The cucumber was originally a tropical vegetable.

The walnut is a native of Persia, the Caucasus and China. Capers originally grew wild in Greece and Northern Africa. Peas were originally brought from the East by the Romans. The clove is a native of the Malacca Islands, as is also the nutmeg. Cherries were known in Asia before the Christian era. Garlic came to us first from Sicily and the shores of the Mediterranean. Asparagus was originally a wild coast plant, and is a native of Great Britain. The tomato is a native of South America, and it takes its name from a Portuguese word.

Parley is said to have come from Egypt, and mythology tells us it was used to adorn the head of Hercules. Apples were originally brought from the East by the Romans. The crab-apple is indigenous to Great Britain. The onion was almost an object of worship with the Egyptians 2,000 years before the Christian era. It first came from India.

Cloves came to us from the Indies, and take their name from the Latin clavus, meaning a nail, to which they have a resemblance. The castanolepe is a native of America, and so-called from the name of a place near Rome, where it was first cultivated in Europe.

Lemons were used by the Romans to keep moths from their garments, and in the time of Pliny they were considered an excellent poison. They are natives of Asia.

THE POULTRY YARD.

Suggestions from the Diary of a Successful Breeder of Poultry.

Ducks and young chickens should be kept separate. Extra large gobblers do not always make the best brooders. One of the advantages with Pekin ducks is that they can be raised with very little water.

A few drops of tincture of iron or a very small piece of copper in the drinking-water of the poultry promotes health. With nearly all kinds of fowls hens that are two years old and are vigorous and healthy make the best brooders.

In the management of poultry on the farm, whether kept in large or small numbers, attention of details is necessary. It usually determines the question of profit and loss.

Peach and plum trees are both less liable to disease when grown in the poultry yard. They will make a better growth and at the same time afford a good shade for the poultry.

The health of the fowls can be assured only by taking pains to clean out the house regularly every morning and add a layer of dust or dry earth as an absorbent.

Too much of the poultry sent to market is not of the best quality. A week or ten days of careful feeding would add considerably to the quality, and this will increase the price more than sufficient to pay for the food.

The poultry ought to be gentle. Fowls that run at your approach will not thrive as well as if tamer. Moreover, for many reasons it is an item to be able to work among them. This applies to poultry of all kinds, whether on the farm or in town.

Young poultry of all kinds ought to be well fed and cared for until the feathers get a good start to growing and they are able to pick up a considerable part of their living. Then they can be turned out and will largely take care of themselves. In a majority of cases a hen that is a good layer is an early riser. They ought to be fed as soon as they come down from the roosts. If they can be allowed to run out, feeding early, and then again just before they go on the roost at night, it is all that they will need. A hen that has the habit of breaking and eating eggs is difficult if not impossible to cure. Usually it is better economy to fatten her for the table or market, as keeping her in a flock will soon teach the trick to all the rest.—St. Louis Republic.

THE ROME OF ASIA.

Delhi, the Taj Mahal, the Peacock Throne and the Kutch Bazaar.

Delhi, for the last 3,000 years the Rome of Asia, possesses a history dating back to the mythical period of the Aryans. The city is situated on the banks of the Jumna, just outside the Northwest province and within the boundary of the Punjab. It has succumbed seven times to attack and as often risen again to dominion and grandeur. Delhi owes her present renown to the extravagant ideas and object cruelty of Sha Jehan, who swayed the rod of empire from 1627 to 1658. The Great Fort, the Dewan-i-Khas, or hall of private audience; the Motee Masjid, the Mosque of Peace, and the "Crown of the World," the Taj Mahal at Agra, built for the last resting-place of the fair Persian Queen of the ruthless Emperor, all stand as enclaves to perpetuate his name. The fort is a little less than two miles in circuit and its walls rise forty feet from the ground. Inside this enclosure are the most superb and costly buildings of Hindoostan. Entering by the Lahore, now Victoria gate, succeeded by a long vaulted aisle, which at present is utilized by the native hawkers for the display of their wares to the English soldiers who occupy the citadel, the hall of public audience and the Pearl mosque stand out against the clear Asiatic sky, bringing to mind the productions of Jerome and Constant, who have immortalized the scenes of Eastern luxury. Pre-eminent among these marvels of man's handicraft is the hall of private audience, which commands an extensive view of the silent Jumna and the monotonous expanse of rolling plains. The hall is of marble, open at the sides and supported by pillars rich in precious stone and gold mosaic and carving. At each corner rises a kiosque composed of the same material as the building, and the ceiling is decorated with gold and silver filigree work. The culmination of all this splendor is attained in the tak-i-taus, the famous peacock throne, which stood in the center of the palatial chamber before its destruction by the Persian Nadir Shah in the early part of the last century. It is formed of a mass of gold wrought in the form of two peacocks with distended tails, fashioned to life with diamonds, sapphires, rubies, emeralds, and suspended between them a parrot of normal size. This regal seat was perfected at a cost of 6 crores, or 60,000,000 rupees, nominally about \$80,000,000.

The Jumna Masjid—i. e., the Friday mosque, that day being the Mohammedan Sabbath—contains a large quadrangle 450 feet square, approached on three sides by broad sandstone steps. A small fountain in the center gives forth a constant stream of cold, crystal water for the ablutions of the faithful. On one side stands a building extending the entire length of the court, surmounted by three white marble domes, which are capped with gilded spires. At the extremities two minarets, alternately striped with sandstone and marble, perfect the symmetry of the religious edifice. To the westward, toward Mecca, the middle building lies open, and on Fridays the vast area is crowded with worshippers, principally men, for, according to the Mohammedan education, women have no souls; they live for and are the property of men, the koran permitting a man to have four wives, to say nothing of concubines.

A drive of some hours brings us to the kutub minar. Having passed through one deserted city after another, some containing a few buildings in a tolerable state of preservation, it is not strange that this tower should seem of such colossal height. Undoubtedly it was erected in the middle of the dark ages, and was one of the wonders of the period. At the base it measures 100 feet in circumference, and gradually diminishes in a series of five stories to 50 feet at the summit.—N. Y. Evening Post.

At a Drinking Fountain. "Have a drink, Phoebe?" "No, you drink, Sadie." "No, you drink." "Oh-ugh. You drink." "Drink!" "Drink yourself." "Oh-ugh. I'm not much thirsty anyky." "Well, I'm in no hurry. You drink, Sadie." "Age before beauty. He! He! Drink, Phoebe." "No, you drink. I drank first at the other fountain." "That doesn't make any difference. I got the cup first. You drink." "No. You drink!" "Few drink!"

And so on for about five minutes, to the rapturous delight of the thirsty crowd waiting for the two young women from Geohaw to settle the question of precedence.—Chicago Tribune.

There is a grim humor about some of Judge Lynch's executions. A bank president in Southwest Texas made away with all the funds under his charge and then posted on the floor of his institution: "Bank Suspended." That night he was interviewed by a number of depositors, who left him hanging to a tree with this notice pinned to his breast: "Bank President Suspended." Bank suspensions will not occur very frequently in that locality.

A Chicago negro put in an hour in a cold storage room to see if it was what it claimed to be. His frozen nose and ears are proofs that it was.

FULL OF FUN.

—She—"What kind of a typewriter do you prefer?" He—"I think I prefer a blonde."—N. O. Picayune.

—Judge—"At first you stole \$60, and then afterwards \$40. Are you never going to do better?" Criminal—"Why, your Honor, I did better that time by \$20."—Flagstone Blatter.

—"Whose face is printed on the ten-dollar greenbacks?" asked Quigley of Bagley. "Blessed if I know," said Bagley. "I never study the face as much as I do the figure."—Albany Journal.

—"A wealthy man ruined by new wheat," read Mrs. Talkens. "This is said," she commented, "but thousands of wealthy men are ruined by Old Rye, and the papers don't say any thing about it."

—"Ah," said Miss Flirty, "it must be nice to have a sailor bean, for they have nice yardarms. Such a protection. I know it's so, because I read in a book about their bracing their yardarms."—Ocean.

—Probably the most expensive carpet ever manufactured is that owned by the Maharajah of Baroda. It took three years to make and cost \$200,000. It is made entirely of strings of pure colored pearls, with the center and corners of diamonds.

—Pastor—"How is your son coming on? I've not seen him lately." Parent—"Pretty well." "I hope he is not showing any signs of becoming fat, as is so frequently the case with boys in large cities."—Fast? Why, parson, he is a messenger-boy.—Texas Siftings.

—Bimberly—"Doddley, you are a married man and ought to be able to tell me what I want to know. Are those gags about a woman's pocket being so hard to get at founded on facts or not?" Doddley (who married a rich widow)—"You bet they are. By the way, Bimberly, have you got a couple of dollars you could loan me till Saturday?"—Terre Haute Express.

—"Spunkin' of twins," said the old man Chumpkins, "there was two boys raised in our neighborhood that looked just alike till their dyin' day. Lem didn't have any teeth and his brother Dave did, but they looked precisely alike all the same. The only way you could tell 'em apart was to put your finger in Lem's mouth, and if he bit yer 'twas Dave."—Lewiston Journal.

—"Domestic animals in Greenland must have a hard time of it," she said. "Why so?" he asked. "Because," she exclaimed, giving him a stony stare; "the people of that country have no doors to their houses, and when a man gets mad at his wife's cooking, or comes home and finds dinner ten minutes late, and no door to slam, he must necessarily kick the dog or cat clear across the room to relieve his feelings."—Norristown Herald.

—"Hullo!" called the art editor to the foreman; "keep out that criticism of DePalo's painting entitled 'The Donkey Party.' I've praised its brilliant tone and wonderful technique, its quality and great depth of feeling, and called it a masterpiece, under the belief that DePalo was a foreigner. I have just learned that he was born in New Jersey, and has never been out of the country. Of course he's nothing but a dauber of 'pot-bollers.'"—Norristown Herald.

A MOURNING SPOURDOR.

The Latest Alluring Absurdity in Grief for Lamenting Widows.

"Come up-stairs until I show you my room. It has all been done over in the newest fashion, and is so sweet for any thing," said a fashionable widow to our sweet girl reporter.

The handsome leader of fashion, who had been widowed for a year or so, led the way to a large room on the second floor. The door was thrown open and the reporter took one glimpse and then started back. The place at first sight looked like the inside of a hearse.

"It's the latest English, don't you know, and so in keeping with my craze gown. I didn't like it at first, but I do not believe I could sleep in colors again."

The room was furnished with a handsome suite of white enamel, and the bed-spread and pillow-shams were of black satin marvellous, embroidered in black velvet applique with silver thread, the monogram of the widow being worked in silver on the corner of both spread and shams. The toilet table and little escritoire were draped in the same manner, and at the windows were this curtains of black liberty silk against white lace.

"Look here," said the pretty widow, and she threw back the bed-covers, displaying sheets of black silk hemstitched in white, and black silk slips on the pillows.

"I dress in black from top to toe," she continued. "I wear black silk underclothes, black main corsets, and a black silk petticoat, and I even have my gowns lined with black. My friends tell me they would sleep as comfortably in a coffin as in my bed, but I find it a delightful resting place."

"And do you know," she continued, "a friend, who has just been made a widow, is having a room fitted like mine, only with black jet monograms. A great many English women who are not in mourning have black rooms, and that is where I got my idea." Then she led the way into the boudoir, all furnished in vivid yellow, even to the two canaries that piped in their golden cages.

"Yellow is the next color to black, you know," she explained, "and that my husband was a Baltimorean, and I had the oriole colors black and yellow, too, you see."—Unholsterer.