

St. Tammany Farmer.

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

W. G. KENTZEL, Editor.

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JANET.

She is sitting about with a blithe mood,
Arranging the evening tea.
All the place is bright with her presence,
A bonnet sunbeam is she.
Her glad heart sings as with dainty grace
The snow-white cloth is laid.
Now she places the tempting viands,
Her skillful hands have made.
No do-utier cakes, or snowier bread
Than hers was ever seen;
For this fair lady of whom I sing
Holds sway as a kitchen queen.
She stands in her humble doorway
In her simple dress of white,
Somebody hastes his weary step
For his welcome home at night.
And somebody soon finds rest from care
And a balm for his aching head
In the pleasant talk, the cheerful song,
Or the favorite poem read.
Ah! never was truer subject,
And never a grander throne,
Queen of a loyal, noble heart,
Mary a happy home.
—Ada Simpson Sherwood, in Good House-keeping.

EMBRYO DETECTIVES.

The Country Is Full of People Who Long to Be Sleuths.

Difference Between the Literary and the Practical Detective—The Latter Doesn't Have So Good a Time as the Former.

"You would be surprised," said the manager of a well-known private detective agency, "to see the large number of applications we receive from men anxious to engage in our work. Men will present themselves as candidates utterly devoid of all knowledge of or qualifications for the business, and expect us to jump at the chance they offer us. It is wonderful how concited some people are."

"Has any cause ever been assigned for this craze?" asked the reporter.

"So-called detective stories and an overweening self-confidence are the two main reasons," was the reply. "It is strange how many of these worthless yarns have been published and eagerly read by a confiding public. The authors are not required to know any thing about the subject on which they write; that would only be a drawback to them. All that is needed is a mysterious crime for a plot, a detective supernaturally gifted with strength and intelligence, two or three beautiful girls for him to fall in love with, and the ground work of 'Old Sleuth, the Lightning-Bug Detective,' is completed. Young idiots read these stories, see what an easy time those who detect crime have (on paper), and, of course, want to achieve fame and money through our channel."

"To show you," continued the speaker, "what peculiar ideas some people have look at this letter," and he showed the reporter the following missive:

DEAR MR. MORTIMER:—I am employed here in a job-printing office, but have long thought I was cut out for a detective. There are several agencies here, but I would not like to work for them as they are N. G. I want to be with somebody whom I could become known. Now what I want is this: I am sixteen and know nearly all the detectives and po men in this city, but the detectives are N. G., and if you will let me be your agent here whenever there is any big crime I will get the work for you and will either do the job myself or for you send help. Please write soon. Yours respectfully,

"Pretty good, eh?" ejaculated the criminal hunter. "We get lots of letters, but that's a little out of the ordinary run. A sixteen-year-old boy wanting to be superintendent of a branch office at the start. Don't it strike you that he flies rather high?" "But the most peculiar visitor I ever had," remarked the detective, slowly, "was Edgar Van—, a small-sized, shabbily-dressed, whisky-impregnated individual, who called at my office some two years ago and applied for a job. I was not greatly pleased with his appearance and gently intimated that I had more men on hand than I needed."

"But I am an extremely valuable man," he protested.

"Have you had any experience?"

"Lots."

"Who with?"

"Well—ah, in fact it has all been in private cases of my own; then noticing my lack of interest he hurriedly continued:

"I have the best and most novel way of shadowing a man that was ever heard of. Kindly give me your attention a moment, and he straightened up."

"Suppose I go out to follow an individual. After awhile he may chance to see that some one is on his trail. He looks at me. I am a medium-sized man, with two eyes. But wait, and he fumbled with his left optic a moment. 'Now look!' he triumphantly exclaimed as he withdrew his glass eye. 'The suspected party scrutinizes me again. A man with one eye is following him and the two-eyed man is not in sight; consequently you can easily see how I can be of great, of very great value to your firm.'"

"But, strange to say, I didn't hire him."

"Detective life is far different from what it is pictured to be. It is a hard row to travel, with but small pay and extremely long hours. A detective on the trail does not carry seventeen separate and distinct costumes with him and make momentary changes on the street to avert suspicion. According to the novel sketches a good detective is a character of some size, a prize-fighter, a champion swimmer and runner, gifted with remarkable sight and hearing, and highly possessing an education that any college man might envy. This is the fiction detective."

"A bona fide, common, ordinary, every-day detective is a man possessing fair intelligence and quickness of perception, who is willing to work from fourteen to sixteen hours a day

for a salary of between twelve and eighteen dollars a week. If he is on the city detective force the salary is larger and political influence is the only qualification required.

"A good part of the detective work done by ordinary operatives consists of 'shadowing' or following a party. It is the most monotonous, unpleasant job ever heard of. Suppose the man to be watched is not engaged in business. The day may be pleasant. At half-past seven in the morning the 'shadow' arrives in the vicinity of the man's house. His party may come out at once or may stay in until noon. The detective walks around to avoid suspicion and tries, with a great earnestness of purpose, to make himself comfortable. Finally the suspect makes his appearance and goes down town. He drops into a restaurant for lunch and pays lengthy visits to various friends, while the detective shivers outside in case it is the winter season. After calling at a number of saloons the man goes to the theater and closes the evening by 'seeing the town' with a party of rouders. Numerous haunts of vice are visited and at 4:30 a. m. the detective crawls into bed, first telling his wife to call him at 6:30; if it is expected that the man will leave town and he may get up early to do so.

"On other occasions the severity of the weather will cause the 'to-be-followed gentleman' to stay in doors, while outside a young man will walk around and around the block, waiting for his party to appear. The detective will pedestrianize in that manner from 7:30 a. m. to 10:30 p. m., then he is kindly allowed to go home.

"Of course there are some pleasant features in the detective life, but they are few and far between. The hours are long, no holidays are observed, and for the work done the pay is small. Of course the managers and proprietors of various large agencies are well paid for their labors, but the subordinates get barely enough to live on, and seldom rise to any higher position than that of an 'operative.'"

"I suppose you have often seen advertisements in the papers in which some detective agency state that they 'want agents in every county and town in the United States.' Many individuals have got rich by working this game. They have no experience in the business, their agency is located in a post-office box, and the stock in trade consists of a bundle of circulars and a few hundred tin badges. The few lines in the paper bring letters from people in all parts of the country, mostly young men who are detective-struck. The applicants are sent a circular which states that agents must supply themselves with badges, cost only two dollars, and as soon as this cash is forwarded they say the agents' claim will be favorably considered. By the next mail comes a two-dollar bill from the embryo detective, and his employers fulfill their part of the contract by forwarding a badge which has cost them but a few cents. This badge, of course, gives the wearer no more authority than he previously possessed. He can no more make an arrest or have extra police privileges than the humblest private citizen. The detective, however, never finds this out until he attempts to arrest some (to him) suspicious character, when he learns to his sorrow that the "Banner Protective Agency of Camp-gan, N. J.," has no inalienable rights that the United States Government is bound to respect. When he learns this the 'detective' abstains from any further exhibitions of authority and contents himself with clandestinely exhibiting his trophy to country cousins, children and servants. There must be now many thousands of these badges in the possession of irresponsible people throughout the country."—Chicago Times.

CENSURE AND CRITICISM.
Valuable Eye-Glances from Outside Into the Self.

A noble disposition eager for self-improvement will accustom itself to court censure as frankly as most people court commendation. It will not merely receive with grace, and accept, but it will use censure. Whether the strictures be from the soul of enemy or friend; whether prompted by love, sympathy, pity, jealousy or malice; whether they bear the impress of a refined or a vulgar spirit; whether just to the point or entirely untimely; whether chiefly true or chiefly false; whether conveyed in general terms or specifically—makes little difference. They are an eye-glance from outside into the self, too valuable to be contemptuously discarded. Possibly they point a deep lesson for us. If the blame does not hit the mark in this instance, we may vividly recall instances in our past when we were standing just where it would have pierced us, had it come at that time, and we are able to impress on our soul a warning lesson for the future. And even if the censure is so undeserved that it fails to remind us of any thing erroneous in what we have been, and fails to open to us any weakness in what we are, it nevertheless still serves the important purpose of revealing to us what some one outside of us thinks we are. Let us strive in every case of censure so to restrain our personal feelings as to be able, without regard to the motives in the critic that prompted its utterance, to reap for our improvement the full benefit of that insight which the censure may open up to us.—S. S. Times.

"A magnificent specimen of the white swan, shot not long since in Alaska, had wings nine feet eight inches long when extended.

FACTS ABOUT COLLARS.

How the Fashions Have Changed Since the Days of the Ancients.

General Grant wore high and low collars alike. On the necks of the ancients were collars of silver and brass. Thomas Hood wore a high collar to hide a tumor.

The standing collar had its origin in Germany in the reign of Otto IV., 1218.

Byron imported his famous low-rolling collar from Belgium. He delighted in exhibiting his white, almost feminine-appearing throat.

The jeweled collar of John de Shep-py, Bishop of Rochester, who died in 1360, weighed four and a half pounds. It was a fine example of the clerical splendor of the period.

The early English laymen did not cover their necks. The mailed collar or gorget was introduced during the crusades.

Charles Dickens, when a young man, wore a black stock. In later life he assumed the turned-down collar.

The sumptuary laws of Richard II. prohibited collars from being worn. The law was never enforced.

A straight white collar, somewhat like that of a few years ago, was introduced into England in 1890 by the Duke of Clarence.

Piccadillies of red and green cloth came into fashion at the close of the fifteenth century.

Washington wore no collar at all in the last years of his life. The stock or "swath" had been discarded, and the old gentleman rarely went out visiting.

In 1564 the Elizabethan ruff became the style. They sometimes projected fifteen inches from the neck. The ruff became odious to James I., and he ordered it to be taken off.

The starched ruff was replaced by the Shakespearean collar, favored by the puritans and continued until the death of Charles II., when lace became the rage.

President Buchanan's friends were highly incensed because Representative Lincoln made a speech at Springfield, ridiculing the President's notorious neckwear. He said it always reminded him of an "undertaker's shop."

Altitudinous neckwear dates from the directors. Collars frequently concealed the ears at that period.

General Spinoza's collars are lauded by a colored "nauty." They measure 31 inches in width.

"Let us have standing collars in the fashion. We are becoming a stiff-necked generation."—Rowland's "Knave of Hearts," 1611.

Bill Nye says he always sports a "straight band collar, without any projecting masonry or ornamental facades."

The poet Whittier affects a cross between a high and low collar. It may be described as a white band folded near the middle, and having a soft overhanging roll.—Clothing and Furnisher.

ORCHARD AND GARDEN.

How to Make the Culture of Fruits and Vegetables a Source of Profit.

The orchard or garden that is well cared for will not prove a failure. There are few parts of the farm that can be made more profitable than the garden.

It is very important in giving an application to destroy pests to repeat it sufficiently often to make sure of the desired results.

If the arsenical poison seems to burn the foliage, it is a good indication that it is stronger than is necessary, and should be weakened.

As a rule the center of the apple trees should be cut so as to induce low branches. Keep all the dead wood cut so as to preserve the health of the tree.

Thinning with grapes can nearly always be made beneficial, as it is not a good plan to allow the vines to mature too large a crop, while by thinning, the quality may be gradually improved.

If, in setting out the apple trees, the mistake has been made of setting the trees too thick, care should be taken to thin out, as this is one variety of fruit, at least, that will not bear crowding.

In watering plants many times it will increase the growth materially if liquid manure is applied. One advantage with manure in this condition is that more or less of it is soluble.

Fruit trees will grow and thrive on a rocky land—too rocky to cultivate—if care is taken to supply plenty of manure. Often this land, unfit for cultivation, can be made very profitable.

By trimming the currant with a more open head, mildew may be a measure, at least, be prevented. The plants fruit on short spurs of two or three-year-old wood, and should have plenty of room.

From this time on whatever implements are used in cultivating in the orchard, care should be taken only to stir the surface to the depth of not over three inches—and two would be much better.

Because fruits get low is not a sure indication that fruit is not profitable. With proper care fruit can be grown at comparatively a small expense; and while it is an item to secure the best prices, yet often fruit can be sold very low and yet give the grower a fair profit.

One year's seeding requires seven years' weeding. This fact should certainly be remembered and both in the garden and orchard care be taken to allow no weeds to mature seeds. A few late weeds left to mature seeds will increase the work materially next year.

The work of properly harvesting the fruit crop is an important one and must be looked after. Because there is a large yield is hardly a sufficient reason for allowing any part to go to waste. Better let the stock have a part than allow it to lie on the ground and rot, breeding insects and disease.

If clover is grown in the orchard do not cut it. If the hogs do not eat close down enough let the rest lie and protect the ground. This will be better than to cut and make it into hay, leaving the ground bare even for a short time.—St. Louis Republic.

HEMP FOR PROFIT.

A Crop That Can Be Raised Successfully in the Western States.

We have advocated the raising of hemp as a paying crop. A few weeks ago one of our contemporaries claimed that it was not a profitable crop where corn could be raised, as the work up to harvesting was twice as great as in corn, and after that the labor was many times that of raising. We do not know whether the veteran agricultural editor of the West raised hemp when he was farming or not, but the testimony of those who have raised it in recent years goes to prove that it may be profitably raised now even in Illinois.

The proprietor of the hemp factory at Buckley, Lincoln County, Ill., offers \$10 per ton for properly-rotted hemp straw this year. He proposes to furnish the seed, the farmers contracting to cut, separate and deliver the straw at the mill dry and free from dampness or dew. He claims that one and one-half tons of hemp straw is a fair average per acre, that two tons is a good crop, and that 300 tons were grown on a 100-acre field at Paxton, in Ford County, Ill. He had raised hemp for six years on the same field in Buckley, and last year had the best crop for the whole period. It is claimed that at \$10 per ton, hemp will pay better than any other crop that can be grown in that section, as the labor and cost after sowing is no more than the harvesting of timothy.

It will pay better upon good than upon poor soil—so will most any crop. As a rotation crop for diversified farming under a hemp or flax mill, we consider hemp or flax (as the case may be) a paying crop, but do not advise raising hemp where the fiber or straw has to be transported far before reaching a mill. Flax may be raised for the seed.—Farm, Field and Stockman.

DYING CARPET RAGS.

Pretty Colors That Will Not Go for a Long Time.

BLUE.—To four pounds of rags take one and one-half ounces of oxalic acid, two ounces of Prussian blue; let each soak over night in a quart of rain water, then put together in as much warm rain water as you want to color with; put in the rags and let them be in twenty minutes or half an hour. They need not boil; scalding them will be sufficient.

YELLOW.—To four pounds of rags take six ounces of sugar of lead and half an ounce of bicarbonate of potash; dissolve in a pint of hot rain water separately; take as much hot water as you want to color with; dip your rags first in the lead, then in the potash, several times, and put them next in cold rain water. Use tin or copper vessels.

GREEN.—Dip the rags in the blue dye, then the yellow, and you will have a bright green. Wring out and shake well before hanging them to dry.

BROWN.—To five pounds of rags, one pound of japonica, eight ounces of bicarbonate of potash, two tablespoons of alum. Dissolve the japonica and alum in sufficient water to cover the goods. Wet the goods in a strong suds before coloring; put the goods in the japonica and alum and let it stand at scalding heat an hour or two; let stand all night in the japonica. In the morning take out the goods and drain; dissolve the bicarbonate of potash in sufficient water to cover the goods; let it come to a scalding heat; put in the goods, letting them remain a few minutes (stir briskly); take out, rinse in two waters, wash in suds; rinse dry.—Cor. Farm, Field and Stockman.

Seasonable Hints About Poultry.

Mr. Francis A. Mortimer writes as follows to the Poultry Monthly: Plenty of exercise, combined with proper food and feeding, is what will make our hens lay.

Never let your fowls suffer for a plentiful supply of clear, fresh water—it is a cheap beverage.

Build roosts low, especially for large fowls. Clean the droppings from under the roosts at least once a week.

In no case breed from sickly or weak-constituted fowls, as your chicks will be worthless and also bring disease.

What view must we take of the persecutions which befall us from the blundering misapprehensions of others relative to our intentions?

Plenty of green forage in the summer, and cabbage, turnips and clover chaff in winter is essential for the thrift of your flocks.

An old goose when alive is known by the rough legs, the strength of the wings, the thickness and strength of the bill and fineness of the feathers.

It may not be known that the hens will thrive much better without the presence of cocks than with them, and as soon as the chicks are hatched, and no more are desired, remove all the cocks. One advantage in so doing, is that the eggs from hens, not with cocks, will keep three times as long as will those suitable for hatching, which is very important as the season becomes warmer.

WITH THE WOODSMEN.

The Hemlock Peeler, What They Do and How They Do It.

The men were at work some distance up the side of the mountain, which was a spur of great Peakmoose, and I was guided up by a man who was taking them some addition to their dinners. The road ceased altogether soon after we left the shanty, and it was not long before even the path disappeared, so that we had to force our way through the thick woods up the steep slope, guided only by the sounds of chopping and the crash of falling trees which came to our ears.

Most of the men were young fellows, with tall, strong, active frames and frank, honest faces. One or two of them wore red flannel-shirts which looked very picturesque among the green trees, and all of them made so merry over their hard work that the felling of huge trees and lopping of stout branches seemed rather play than labor.

When bark-peelers go into the woods they divide themselves into parties of four or five who work together. Each one of these parties contains choppers, fixers and spudders.

The beginning of the operations belongs to the first class. The chopper chooses the first good-sized hemlock that is seen, and it is attacked near the root with sharp and skillful axe until it tumbles headlong in just the desired direction. The fall of one of these trees, especially if it be a large one, is an impressive sight. The chopper cuts a broad opening on one side fully half through the great trunk, yet the tree stands firm and pays no attention to the blows, nor to the heavy chips that continually fly away from its dark, red heart-wood. Then the chopper goes around on the other side, and cuts a new gash, a little lower than the first one, since he intends the tree to fall to that side. Here, too, he cuts deep in before there are any signs of conquest. As the axe begins to touch the center, however, the topmost limbs are seen to tremble, then to sway, and a cracking sound follows the repeated blows which warn the poor tree that its time has come. Then there is a tottering, a little leaning toward the weaker side, which has the lower cut, and the woodman, keeping his eye upward and his feet ready to jump, hurls one last powerful stroke into the overstrained fibers. They fly apart with a loud noise, the great crown bows toward the earth, gains swifter motion as it descends, and comes crashing down upon the weak and resistless brushwood with a noise like the muffled roar of a whole battery and a force which shakes the earth.

Now comes the work of the "fixers." They leap upon the butt of the fallen giant, and, striking at the lowest limbs, first cut off every branch until all are lopped away to where the trunk grows too narrow to be worth trimming. As fast as a little space of the trunk is cleared one of the men cuts a notch through the bark and around the trunk—"rings" it, as he would say. Four feet further on he cuts another ring, and then slits the bark lengthwise from one ring to the other, on three or four sides of the tree. This goes on every four feet, as fast as the tree is trimmed, until the whole length has been thus "fixed."

Last of all comes the "spudder," whose duty it is to pry off the great flakes of bark which have been notched and split for him. He takes his name from the tool he uses, which is a sort of small, heavy, sharp-edged spade, with a short handle; perhaps to call it a round-bladed chisel would describe it more nearly. To pry off the bark in this way seems very easy, but they told me it was the hardest work of all, and that it required considerable skill to do it properly.

When the bark has been removed it must be made up into regular piles so as to be measured, for it is estimated and sold by the cord. This is hard work, for the green and juicy bark is very heavy and rough to handle. Sometimes a tree will be found so large as to furnish a cord, or even more, alone; but the average rate of yield is much less, so that experts calculate that four trees must be cut down to obtain a cord of bark.

It is only when the new wood is forming just underneath, and the cells are soft and full of sap, that the bark can be stripped from the log in large pieces. Peeling, therefore, can be carried on only during May and June. The cords of bark piled then are left to dry all the summer and fall, and are hauled out in winter by ox-teams with sleds, when the deep snow makes a smooth track over even so terribly rough a road as the one I have mentioned.

The bark-peelers were a very jolly lot of fellows, singing and joking as they worked, and at dinner there was one incessant rattle of stories and fun. They worked hard, but cheerfully, and as soon as it is dark, and rise at dawn.

It is interesting work—but it leaves a ruined forest behind!—Ernest Ingersoll, in St. Nicholas.

Increased Wear on His Conscience.

"Ms. Hobbs," said the dejected-looking man who had charge of the "pure California fruit cider" department of the big grocery store, "I'm afraid you'll have to get somebody to take my place."

"What's wrong, Elkins?" inquired his employer.

"I've joined the church," replied the gloomy young man, "and I can't conscientiously sell that stuff for older any longer. Mr. Hobbs—not for any forty dollars a month, any how."—Chicago Tribune.

REAL FRENCH FLATS.

They Are All Parlor and Not Very Comfortable at That.

"In looking over French flats or apartments here on their native heath," writes a lady from Paris, "one sees why they had to be modified to suit American housekeeping and Celtic service. A New York friend who went with me on my round the other day was much amused at the pretense of their parlor side against the inconvenience and stuffiness of the kitchens. It is a very inferior apartment that has less than two salons besides the ante-room, which is in no sense a hall, except for being the place to deposit hat and cane, and which could easily form a third in the suite of reception rooms. The kitchens are little better than closets, however. 'Fancy,' said my friend, 'my big Irish Mary pounding around in this little corner! And what would she say if I asked her to accomplish the week's washing without set washtubs?' The kitchen in most New York flats is as well if not better lighted than any room in the suite; here a tiny window suffices, and in lieu of the convenient dumb waiter, a dark, narrow staircase is used by servants and shop people. The bathroom is another convenient inconvenience here. The tub occupies most of the space, it is so large, but there is only cold water to be drawn into it. If you wish to temper the bath, hot water has to be made in a little oil or gas-boiler which usually stands in the bathroom.

"New Yorkers make the elevators and the generous steam-heating arrangements of many of their home flats. Any heating arrangements, indeed, on the part of French landlords are after a very niggardly fashion. Possibly this is because coal is from ten to twelve dollars a ton. In some of the recently-built flats, where an especial effort is made to do things in the American way, the halls are heated from a furnace in the cellar, but as a rule there is no heat supplied to tenants.

"Most French flats are rented furnished, as they are usually occupied by persons remaining only transiently in the city. The concierge, who is said to rule Paris, is not so disagreeable as his prototype, the New York janitor. For one thing, he is more uniform, the species being very similar; whereas my experience at home has been that each separate janitor possesses his own distinct and peculiar aggravations. One thing I am sure, though, will annoy me when I take possession of my new apartment, and that is to be let out every time as well as let in. It will be a great nuisance to stop and ring a bell when I am en route for the street, and wait until the door is opened for me. Still, of course, that gives one a greater sense of security when within. That feeling of safety, by the way, is another feature of the French flats. The floors are usually of stone, always in the upper floors, and the house seems well built and very stable, and not being so frightfully tall as some of our New York flats, one really can go to sleep here in a French apartment without dreading any tragic happening before the morning."—N. Y. Sun.

TWO EAGLE STORIES.

A Deal Between Two Powerful Birds—A Gray Cat's Bravery.

A correspondent at Strathelrick sends an eagle story which Rod and Gun gives in his own words: "Mr. Alexander Shaw, farmer, Oldtown, Strathelrick, was going his usual rounds to look after his sheep. While going past a clump of birch wood among very long heather, he fancied he heard a peculiar flutter among the bushes. He took little notice, but the noise being repeated, he went to see what was ado. He found two golden eagles fighting, firmly fixed in each other with beak and talons. On his approaching one of the birds noticed the intrusion, and let go his hold. The other held his opponent fast in his talons. Mr. Shaw then got up quite close and got hold of one of them. He put his foot on the other one's neck. He searched his pockets and found a little bit of string, just enough to tie one of the eagles. While he was tying the one he kept he let the other one off. The bird was not able to take flight for a considerable time after being set at liberty, being much done out with the fight. The other one, which Mr. Shaw took home, does not seem to be in the worse. What seems most strange is that eagles are seldom or never seen so low down the country. My belief is that they must have been fighting for a long time in the skies, the one having been pursuing the other till they fixed in each and dropped."

Another story of the same class is from Mull: "One day recently Mr. McMorrin, farmer, Kinlochapeau, observed a large golden eagle soaring at a considerable height above the farm steading, which is situated at the foot of Craig Ben. After whirling round for some time, it swooped down toward a patch of rough heather a short distance behind the farm-house, where Mr. McMorrin observed a large gray cat, which began to defend itself bravely. By jumping nimbly aside, it eluded the claws of the eagle. With hair and tail erect, it stood facing the eagle, which made three unsuccessful attempts to carry him off. Eventually the cat got under a large boulder which was near, on which the eagle sat for some time; but, as the cat did not again appear, the eagle soared away in search of other and quieter game. A pair of golden eagles have a nest on Craig Ben, and have bred there for years."

FULL OF FUN.

"Of all the shell-fish in the world," says Paddy, "give me an egg."

"Paterfamilias"—"Clara, I see that the front gate is down this morning." Clara (shyly)—"Yes, papa, you know love levels all things."

"Mrs. Ward"—"Where is your husband working now?" Mrs. Precinct—"He ain't working. He has got an office in the city government."—Boston Courier.

"I have got an account of a landslide," said the new reporter. "What head shall I put it under?" "Put it under the 'Real-Estate Transferer,'" replied the snake editor.—Pittsburgh Telegraph.

"Physicians"—"You see your son is feverish, Madam. Notice the coating on his tongue." "Mrs. Anxious"—"I don't see any coating on his tongue; but I see an ulcer in his throat and his pants are dreadful short."—Epoch.

"Lawyer"—"My conscience troubled me a little last night about that fee I charged Jones yesterday." Friend (astonished)—"Your conscience?" Lawyer—"Certainly, I was afraid that I had been unjust to myself."—Washington Critic.

"Dentist's Daughter (who hears her father approaching)—"Oh dear, Edward, here comes my father. If he should find us together here, we are lost. Oh, he is coming! You will have either to ask for my hand or let him pull out a tooth for you."—Fleming Blatter.

"A Little Confused"—"What a fine expression that was in the sermon today about the boy's being father to the thought, though I don't quite agree with it when I look at our boys." "O my dear, you are quite mistaken. What he said was that the wish is the father of the man. But it was splendid, almost as good as Browning."

"Cross Examining Counsel"—"Now, Mr. Brown, you say this Louis C. Brown is a distant relative of yours?" Mr. Brown—"Yes." Cross-Examining Counsel—"What relation is he?" Mr. Brown—"My brother." Cross-Examining Counsel—"But you just told us he was a distant relative." Mr. Brown—"So he is. At present he is in China."

"Mrs. Hilton"—"I might as well tell you before we go any farther that I discharged the last cook we had because she seemed to have the idea that she was the most important person in the house. I trust that if I engage your services as cook you will always be able to remember the place you occupy." Would-be Cook—"There'll be no trouble on that score, mum. I never get so full but what I can find the way home."—Terre Haute Express.

"In the business office of a newspaper.—Complainant—"Here, I want my money returned, the money I paid for this advertisement." Clerk—"It seems to read all right: 'Wanted, a middle-aged widow of considerable attractions to correspond with an old bachelor of means.'" Complainant—"That's all very well; but look at the way it is classified." Clerk—"I am really very sorry, sir; it must have got in with the 'Business Chances' by mistake of our new clerk."—America.

LONDON FASHIONS.

Paris Held to Be Yielding the Palm to Her Anglian Rival.

In Paris dresses are growing more and more simple of outline, the folds being molded upon the lines of the figure, without excesses or unnatural protuberances.

Competent judges all agree that the London fashion bore away the palm this spring from those of Paris. This is an indirect flattery of our clever English milliners, who are so skillfully adapted to English taste and ideas they import from Paris, and add to them subtle touches of their own which increase the effect.

The new tennis suits are exactly like a man's, with starched front, high collar and a maculene tie. They are to be worn under the tennis jackets which achieved such popularity during the last two seasons. "Ladies' blazers," they are called in some of the shops, and they are to summer what the "ladies' smoking jackets" are to winter. The craze for the masculine in garments appears to be increasing, but the manly short-cut coiffure has disappeared from polite circles.

The sailor hat promises to be as popular as ever. It could not be more so than it has been during the last few seasons, and it has much to recommend it.

Woolen materials remain in favor for dresses, though silk is to be more worn than it was last year. There is often a velvet underskirt to the woolen dresses, and Paris milliners arrange this so as to be visible in little glimpses.