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, JANUARY 11, 1890. VOL. XV.—NO. 2.

BEDTIME.

Our little Lucy was a tease,
A curley-headed bother,
And yet she couldn't help but please
Kind-hearted old grandfather.
He shared her sorrow and her play,
And was her faithful slave all day,
From early morn till bedtime.

She had him up and dressed before
The bumble-bees were humming,
And kept him wide awake till o'er
The lea the cows were coming.
Such walks they took! Such romps they had!
That little rogue was never glad
When darkness came and bedtime.

But when the summer twilight fell
On wood and fragrant meadow,
And sleepy old Blossom's bell
Clanged in the purple shadow,
Grandfather'd seek his old arm-chair
And call from 'neath the hopvines there:
"Come, Lucy, dear, it's bedtime."

Into his lap she'd scramble fast,
And there with sleep would wrestle,
Until the curly head at last
Would on his bosom nestle,
How gently have I seen him rise
And say, with love in voice and eyes:
"Mamma, it's Lucy's bedtime."

One night he called her not; but still
And motionless was sitting,
Though cried the plaintive whippo'will
And bats went dimly flitting,
But when the red moon fired the dew
Across the lawn to him she flew
With: "Grandpa, why, it's bedtime."

Oh, Youth and Age! Oh, Death and Life!
One stopped and one beginning;
This side and that of all the strife,
The praising and the sinning.
Mother, with startled cry, draws near,
Then murmurs, half in awe, half fear:
"Ah, yes, my child, it's bedtime."

—George Horton.

RULES VERSUS LAW.

Two Instances in Which They Got Decidedly Mixed.

There are two men in this world who have taken vows as big as a barrel to down me at the first convenient opportunity. The term "to down" means to lay a man on his back—walk on him—make him sorry—strip him of all his cash—send him to the poor-house—make him feel so miserable that he will steal a piece of clothes-line and go off and hang himself to death. I know these two men have taken these vows because I heard them, and they added on a great deal which would not look well in print, even in Greek.

And there are two other men in this world who have observed that they wanted to be on hand when the aforesaid vows were ripe and take a hand in the row—on my side. It all came about through the law, and because the law stood by me instead of the plaintiffs.

One August night a couple of years ago I stopped at a certain hotel in Cincinnati. It was red-hot, and as there were no screens at the windows and no netting around the bed the mosquitoes came in by the thousands. There were also bugs in that bed, and they were there for business. When I paid the bill it was $3. I asked the clerk to knock off $2.98 for the discomforts, but he refused. Last November I stopped at the same hotel for a night. The weather was cold and raw, the room like an ice-box, and I ordered a fire. Next morning the clerk had me charged fifty cents extra for the fire and I pulled back in the harness. He said I must pay or he'd hold my trunk. I refused to pay and he held it accordingly. Then I went out and got a writ of replevin, made returnable the same afternoon, and how do you suppose that justice held? He didn't look a bit like a philosopher, and yet, after I had told my story, he said:

"The rates of this hotel are advertised at $3 per day the year round. Nothing whatever is said about fires in winter or fly-screens in summer. On very hot nights the plaintiff takes no steps whatever to do away with any nuisances, as mosquitoes, gnats, millers and other insects. He doesn't advertise that he will, and guests must figure accordingly. As an offset, however, his guests must not be obliged to suffer any more from cold than from the heat, and it is the duty of the plaintiff to furnish fires without cost."

"But no hotel does it," protested the plaintiff.

"That makes no difference. Your rates are $3 per day. There are seven months in the year when you don't have to furnish heat, and only five when you do, if called for. You are ahead by a month. You are bound by common law to make your guests as comfortable as possible. The defendant was recommended to come here as a guest, and was told that the rates were $3 per day. He arrived here to find that such was the case. An elevator in a hotel is to make it more convenient and comfortable for guests. Do you charge each one for riding? Why not? A stationary washstand may be considered an extra, but do you charge for it? You may have had to pay more for your meats and vegetables yesterday, but did you charge the defendant extra on that account? The coal for his fire was worth about five cents. The services of the man who built it can not be charged for, as he works by the month. You not only attempted to collect an illegal charge, but you attempted to extort money. I shall advise him to prosecute you."

A madder or more astonished landlord you never saw. He became so plain-spoken that His Honor threatened to fine him for contempt. For twenty long years he had kept hotel, and it had never occurred to him that the comfort of the guest was included in the common charge. When he got me out doors and around behind a foundry he said:

"Now listen to my remarks! I'll lay for you and make you sweat for this if it takes a thousand years! I've camped on your trail! I'm here to stay until I have had satisfaction!"

I got my trunk and departed, and if he means to keep his word he is keeping very still about it.

The second case was in a town in Kentucky last fall. I got a horse and buggy to ride out and view the country. The livery man said it would be two dollars for three hours. I was gone ten minutes over the time, and he demanded an extra dollar.

"That doesn't seem hardly fair," I said. "In the one case you give me ninety minutes for a dollar, and in the other only ten."

"It's my rule, sir," he brusquely replied.

"It's your rule to charge a dollar for ten minutes, is it?"

"It is."

"Well, I also have a rule. It is my rule to pay pro rata in such cases. I owe you about sixth-eighths of a cent, but as I don't want to be small in business transactions of this sort I'll make it a cent. Here's your money."

"I demand a dollar, sir!"

"Well, you won't get it. If our rules clash we'd better go to law about it."

"So we will! I'll have you arrested within an hour!"

"Very good. I'll be at the hotel."

He kept his word. It wasn't an hour before a constable came and walked me over to the office of a justice of the peace to answer to the charge of trying to cheat, swindle, defraud, embezzle, and so forth, one John Doe out of the sum of one dollar, lawful money, and so on. The plaintiff had a lawyer, but I answered for the defendant. I admitted getting the horse, and of being ten minutes over time, and then he put in the plea that he had charged me according to an established rule.

"How long have you had that rule?" asked His Honor.

"Ten years."

"Have you any rule, defendant?"

"I have. I have had a rule for over forty years. I tendered him pro rata on the time."

"Well, I don't see why you haven't the same right to establish a rule as the plaintiff. If you had a rule not to pay at all it could not hold good in law, but as your rule seems to be to pay what is fair and reasonable I shall entertain it."

"But, your Honor," protested the plaintiff's lawyer, "this rule was established by a man doing a large business with the public."

"That is true, but every individual can establish a certain rule if he cares to. One is as good as another. He was very good in offering a whole cent."

The plaintiff asked me to step around behind a tannery, where we would talk confidentially, and when we were alone he showed me a deadly weapon called a revolver, and a dirk knife, and a pair of cast-iron knuckles, and he asked me to feel of the muscles of his arm, and he flung down his hat and jumped on it and said:

"Wretched wretch! You have signed your own death warrant! From this hour I hanker for your heart's blood, and I'll never, never rest until I have it! You are as certainly doomed as if lashed to a loaded cannon!"

I told him I was sorry, but it was just my way, and that I hoped he wouldn't have another kicker for one hundred years, but he was still cutting the air with the dirk knife as I walked away, and I don't suppose he cooled off for a whole week.—M. Quad, in Detroit Free Press.

HOUSES USED AS FUEL.

A Philadelphian's Recollection of a Fearful Iowa Winter.

The people of Central and Northern Iowa will long remember the horrible winter of 1872-73, when there was such dire suffering among them from the unprecedented cold. I was in that country then, and I have a very vivid recollection of the rigors of the season. I was living at the town of Adel, Dallas County. The country is railroaded now and it will never be possible for such scenes to be witnessed there again. Those days there were no railroads, passenger transportation being by stage. During the winter the cold was so severe that quite a number of stage drivers were frozen to death. In Adel there was a famine of fuel, and it became a serious question what the people would do. After all the coal and wood was gone resort was had to corn in the ear, which cost seven cents a bushel. It looked sinful to me to see such a valuable food product blazing in the fires, but there was no help for it. Coon river, whence wood was usually brought to Adel, was forty miles away, and the trip was out of question in the prevailing temperature. Pretty soon, however, another difficulty arose. The corn was gone. Then in their extremity the people began burning their houses. This was done by lot. For instance, my neighbor and I drew lots to see whose house should be burned. He lost, and so we dismantled his house and burned it for fuel, while he and his family moved into my house with me. If I had lost the rule would have worked the other way.—Philadelphia Record.

EDISON'S INVENTIONS.

Classified List of the Patents Secured by the Famous Electrician.

Telegraphy—Printing and automatic 52; chemical and perforating, 34; perforating machines, 6; chemical stock printer, 1; multiplex, 1; relays, 8; switches, 2; phonoplex, 3; induction relay tel., 2; acoustic, 2; amr. and ind. signal app., 4.

Electric Lights—Incandescent lamps and manfr., 104; arc lamps, 4.

Distribution—Systems of regulation and indicating devices, meters, sockets, switches, 66.

Generation — Dynamos, motors, 3; transmission of power, 54; regulation, 50.

Railways—Electric motor and tracks, 8.

Conductors, underground and overhead, 3.

Telephones—Transmitters and receivers, 32.

Batteries, galvanic and secondry, 3.

Phonograph, 21.

Ore milling, 4.

Miscellaneous—Electric pen and stencil app., 66; typewrites, 3; shafting, 1; malleabling iron, 1; vocal engine, 1; preserving fruit, 1. Total, 493.

Besides these he has over 300 applications for patents pending on all subjects.

The various interests bearing his name own many hundred other patents covering details and modifications of Mr. Edison's inventions.—American Analyst.

—Sarcastic brakemen on the New York elevated roads have taken to calling out after the name of the street a warning to the women not take the car along. This extreme measure has been rendered necessary, it is said, by the fact that women now and then try to carry out the iron hat-racks and the cushions.

FULL OF FUN.

—In milking a cow, always sit on the side furthest from the cow and near a soft spot in the pasture.—Milwaukee Bluff.

—The chap who is blasting and puffs at a pipe
While adjusting his little fusee,
E'en tho' he mayn't be with experience ripe,
Ought to know what the upshot would be.
—Yonkers Gazette.

—Mr. Boozy—"Boy, what is the score." Boy—"Can't you see the bulletin board?" Mr. Boozy (a moment later, in front of a cheap restaurant)—"Sirloin, 25. Pork chops, 15. 'Rah for sirloin!"—Judge.

—In a contest for a gold medal in London, between a male and female cornetist, the woman won by "her superior tonguing." That is the way a woman generally wins in a contest with a man. —Norristown Herald.

—"Mrs. Mulligan," said Mrs. Ginty, "is it well yer falin the day?" "Yis, very well." "An' sthrong?" "Yis, quite sthrong." "Then praps its able ye'd be to bring back the two wash tubs yez barried last Monday."—Merchant Traveler.

—He—"The case of Jacob sometimes has a modern parallel. I knew a man once who served five years for his second wife." She—"How romantic!" He—"Not so remarkably romantic. He married the second one without getting a divorce from his first, and served five years for bigamy, don't you know."—Terre Haute Express.

—Mose Schaumburg, Jr.—"Vader, a shentlemans vants to know if dot unshrinkable undershirt don't shrink a leedle, anyway." Mose Schaumburg, Sr.—"Does dot shirt fit him?" "No, it vas choost a leedle too pig." "Of course it vill shrink. Vy don't you have some heads for pishness."—Texas Siftings.

—Sam—"Where you been dis long time, Miss Johnson?" Miss Johnson—"Lor', I's been in Heaben; I's mong de stars—cos you see I's a mejum. I's a spirit mejum!" Sam—"Huh, huh! dat's putty good. Look heah, woman, did ye see any cullud folks dere?" Miss Johnson—"Lor', Sam, you don't s'pose I went into de kitchen, does ye? Huh, huh."—Time.

—Young Husband (in railway car)—"Emily, you can hold some of this baggage on your own lap awhile. The next time you go on a trip with a whole carload of useless traps and calamities, by jock, you'll go alone." Interested Observer, two seats back (handing half dollar to friend)—"You've won, Grindstone. This isn't their wedding trip—not by a year at the very least."—Chicago Tribune.

—At Jeweler's Window—Mr. Rackstraw—"Well, dog my granny's cats, Nance, look-a-here! If they hain't got cat's eyes for sale in here! I've a noshun to go in an' see if they don't want to buy some. If they do, dad blame me if I don't kill off thet last litter of old Tabby's." Mrs. Rackstraw—"Sho, Reubin, them hain't sure-enough cat's eyes—them's made out'n glass." Mr. Rackstraw—"Blamed if you hain't 'bout right, Nance; if them was sure-enough cat's eyes they'd spile, I reckon."—The Jeweler.

CARE OF THE EYES.

Use Your Peepers Carefully so as to Make Them Last Many Years.

Sit erect in your chair when reading, and as erect when writing as possible. If you bend downward you not only gorge the eyes with blood, but the brain as well, and both suffer. The same rule should apply to the use of the microscope. Get one that will enable you to look at things horizontally, not always vertically.

Have a reading lamp for night use. N. B.—In regard to reading the light should be on the book or paper and the eyes in the shade. If you have no reading lamp turn your back to the light, and you may read without danger to the eyes.

Hold the book at your focus; if that begins to get far away get spectacles.

Avoid reading by the flickering light of the fire.

Avoid straining the eyes by reading in the gloaming.

Reading in bed is injurious as a rule. It must be admitted, however, that in cases of sleeplessness, when the mind is inclined to ramble over a thousand thoughts a minute reading steadies the thoughts and conduces to sleep.

Do not read much in a railway carriage. I myself always do, however, only in a good light, and I invariably carry a good reading lamp to hook on behind me. Thousands of people would travel by night rather than by day if the companies could only see their way to the exclusive use of their electric light.

Authors should have black-ruled paper instead of blue, and should never strain the eyes by reading too fine type.

The bed-room blinds should be red or gray, and the head of the bed should be toward the window.

Those ladies who not only write but sew should not attempt the black seam by night.

When you come to an age that suggests the wearing of spectacles let no false modesty prevent you from getting a pair. If you have only one eye an eye-glass will do; otherwise it is folly.

Go to the wisest and best optician you know of and state your wants and your case plainly, and be assured you will be properly fitted.

Remember that bad spectacles are most injurious to the eyes, and that good and well-chosen ones are a decided luxury.

Get a pair for reading with, and if necessary a long-distance pair for use out of doors.—Cassell's Magazine.

Honor Among Druggists.

Boy (hurriedly)—Gimme a bottle of Dr. Quacker's cough sirup, Mr. Squills.

Squills—A dollar and a quarter, please.

Boy (reproachfully)—Say! This ain't for a customer; it's for Mr. Menthol on the corner. I'm the boy in his drug-store.

Squills—Oh, excuse me, I thought you were the public. Thirty-five cents, please.—Lowell Citizen.

A REMARKABLE LEGEND.

How Four Celestial Architects Planned the Cathedral of Cologne.

Several years before the foundation-stone of the famous chapel was laid, there lived a man who was far in advance of all his contemporaries in the cultivation of human knowledge. This was Albertus Magnus, of the Order of St. Dominic. At this period Conrad von Hochstaden occupied the archi-episcopal throne at Cologne, and had for some time been engrossed with the thought of erecting a vast and majestic cathedral. With this object in view he caused the friar to be summoned before him, and directed him to design a plan for the erection of a building which should eclipse in splendor all then existing structures.

Albertus cogitated day and night in his lonely cell over the grand idea which had been intrusted to him; he prayed fervently and continuous that God would assist him. But, notwithstanding all his meditation and prayer, a mist seemed to enshroud his imagination; no picture that he could reduce to shape would present itself. His heart was bowed down with anxiety as in the silent watches of the night he sat immersed in thought and reflection and yet the shadowy outline of a superb temple floated before his mind and seemed to fill his thoughts. When he was tired out with the strain or mental exertion, he would cast himself upon his knees and implore the Blessed Virgin to assist him in his task which he was unable to accomplish alone. In this way weeks passed.

On one occasion, when Albertus had been sitting by the side of his flickering lamp, deeply impressed in the construction of a design, after offering a fervent prayer for help, he became overpowered with sleep. It may have been midnight when he awoke. His cell was filled with a Heavenly radiance, and the door leading to the hall of the monastery was standing open. Albertus rose in terror from his seat; it seemed as if a flash of lightning had passed before his eyes, and he became aware of four men dressed in white cassocks entering his cell, with crowns of burnished gold, glistening like fire, on their heads. The first was a grave old man, with a long, flowing white beard covering his breast, in his hand he held a pair of compasses; the second, somewhat younger in appearance, carried a mason's square; the third, a powerful man, whose chin was covered with a dark, curly beard, held a rule, and the fourth, a handsome youth with auburn locks, brought a level. They walked in with grave and solemn tread, and behind them, in her celestial beauty, came Our Lady, carrying in her righ hand a lily stalk with brightly-gleaming flowers. She made a sign to her companions, whereupon they proceeded to sketch, with practical hands, a design in lines of fire upon the bare walls of the cell. The pillars rose on high, the arches curved to meet them, and two majestic towers soared into the vault of heaven. Albertus stood lost in contemplation and admiration of the glorious picture thus presented to his gaze.

As suddenly as it had appeared, the heavenly vision again vanished, and Albertus found himself alone; but the plan of the splendid edifice, which had been drawn by the four celestial architects, under the direction of the Virgin Mother, was traced upon his memory in ineffacable lines. Very soon after this he presented a plan of the Cathedral of Cologne to Archbishop Conrad. The most high-flown aspirations of the prelate had been surpassed beyond measurer The foundations of the building were soon afterward laid, and future generations carried on the erection, and completed, as we now see it, a wonder of the whole world.—N. Y. Catholic News.

AN INGENIOUS TRICK.

How Reading Written Matter Through an Envelope Is Done.

One of the puzzling tricks performed by so-called public mind-readers, or clairvoyants, is an extremely simple deception. The performer standing on the stage asks several persons in the audience to write each a sentence on a slip of paper and seal it in an envelope. Of course the stationery is furnished and afterward collected. One of the audience is a confederate and writes a sentence agreed upon beforehand. When the assistant goes through the house gathering up the envelopes the confederate's contribution is carefully put where it will be the last one of the lot to be taken up.

The performer picks out an envelope, and, after feeling of it, with much ceremony pronounces the sentence agreed upon, and the confederate in the audience acknowledges that he wrote it. To confirm this the performer tears open the envelope and repeats the sentence as though he found it on the inclosed paper, which is in reality another man's sentence, which he reads, and then, picking up another envelope and fumbling it over, he calls out the senten ce he has just read. The one who wrote it says it is right, the performer tears open the envelope, reads what is in it, and proceeds in that way through the lot.—N. Y. Star.

A Big Kentucky Snake.

Kentuckians frequently see snakes, but they do not often encounter such a monster as was reported to have been seen by several reliable parties in the vicinity of Center Furnace, on the Cumberland river. James Armstrong, a prominent farmer of Lyon County, while out hunting, came across the reptile, which he says is at least twenty-five feet in length. Its body was partially concealed by the undergrowth, and he had seized a club and wondering how he could attack it, when a hissing noise caused him to look up and he beheld the monster's head reared up about five feet above the earth as it gazed at him, its forked tongue hanging out. He says it would have fought him had he not retired, when it also ran rapidly away. It has a bright spotted skin and a head the size of a child's.—Louisville Times.

JOLLY BOB BURDETTE.

He Tells What He Would Do Could He Be Changed Into a Woman.

What would I do if I were a woman? I wouldn't try to be a man. Cut that out and paste it on your looking-glass, daughter, and it will be an ornament of grace unto thy head and chains about thy neck many times a day.

I wouldn't shudder and groan every time the name of the monster was mentioned, but I would studiously avoid acquiring the lightest of his many accomplishments and the best of his manifold ways.

I would never learn to lay a fire in range or fire-place. Every time I touched a fire, summer or winter, I would put it dead out. Then I'd never be expected to make one.

The first loaf of bread I baked I would let it drop on the dog and kill him. Then I'd never be asked to bake bread again, and I'd get a new dog.

When I descended into the laundry I would manage to bring out all the fancy flannels white as ghosts, and all the shirts as blue as the sky of June. Then I'd never be asked to assist at the wash-tub again.

I would pinch every baby that was given me to hold black and blue in half a dozen places before it could catch its breath enough to shriek, and I would frighten the life or tease the temper out of any body's children whom I was asked to amuse. Then I'd never be troubled with other people's young ones, and nobody would ever ask me to teach the infant class while the tired teacher took a vacation.

If I had to sit on the front seat when asked to drive, I would carry a large sun umbrella and gouge the driver's eyes out and run the team into a fence corner the first mile out. Then I'd get the back seat on the shady side every time afterward.

I would always sit sideways in a street-car. Then I would have plenty of room.

I would wear a carriage dress in the street-car if I had no other place in which to show it off.

I would smash something choice and expensive every time I swept a room or dusted a parlor. Then I'd never be asked to do such work.

In church I would never rise during the singing and never kneel during prayers. Then people would notice me and say: "Who is that pretty girl with such lovely eyes?"

At the theater I would wear the biggest hat obtainable.

At cricket and lawn-tennis matches I would sit in the front row and raise my parasol.

I would cultivate such charming helplessness, such hopeless innocence, such pretty, childish ignorance, such fascinating dependence, such dainty baby ways that people would say: "O, we must take care of her; she doesn't understand these things." Then all my life long I would be petted, and coddled, and fondled, and cared for in a thousand ways where more independent women have to "hustle" for themselves.

That is, daughter, if other women would care for such a sweet little bit of helplessness. May be they would. You know better than I do how women regard that sort of a woman.

But, you can gamble your peace of mind, your love of ease and all your enjoyments of life that the Monster Man wouldn't torment the solitude of such a woman with his presence longer than a day or two, and she would thus be spared one of the greatest annoyances to which mankind is subjected.—Robert J. Burdette, in Chicago Tribune.

FROSTY HUMAN NATURE.

What a Reporter Heard in a Stove Store One Cold October Morning.

A Free Press reporter was in a stove store on Michigan avenue when a man came rushing in and said to the proprietor:

"Have you gone into lying for a trade?"

"Oh, no."

"Well, you lied about that stove."

"Man on his way up there now to put it up. Rushed to death, you know. Hope you haven't suffered."

The next caller was a woman, who fastened a cold glare on the stove man and deliberately said:

"I'll never do a cent's worth of business with you again if I live here fifty years!"

"Stove-pipe is on the wagon there and ready to go up, ma'am. Woke up in the night to hope you wouldn't be put out."

The third caller was a boy, who stood in the door and called:

"Hey, you! My father says he'd like to knock your head off."

"Oh, yes, you are Mr. Blank's son. Just sent a man up to your house with that damper ten minutes ago. Lost the sale of a stove to hurry him off."

"Are those fair samples of your callers?" was asked the dealer.

"Just about. I catch it about twenty times a day at this season of the year."

"And you never talk back?"

"Never. I hustle and do the best I can, and if a kicker comes in I hold my peace or talk taffy. One word back talk would lose their trade. Every body waits till the last minute for a stove or repairs, and then every body comes with a rush. There comes a woman to blow me up about fixing a door to a stove. That door has been broken for five years, but it's only within the past week that she has decided to have it fixed. She'll be savage, but I'll mollify her some way and get that stove down Monday. So long—my busy day."—Detroit Free Press.

Divorces in France.

The divorce law passed in France in 1884 seems to be operating with terrible effect. In 1884 there were 3,657 divorces; in 1885, 4,123; in 1886, 4,007; in 1887, 5,797. But the most astounding statement made is that in the Department of the Seine—i. e., Paris and its neighborhood—there are no fewer than 62.8 divorces to every thousand marriages, or that considerably more than one in twenty marriages (say one in sixteen) ends in a divorce. On the other hand, in the Finistere and the Cotes des Nord not much more than one in a thousand marriages ends in a divorce—a curious testimony this to the different morale of Parisian and provincial life in France.—Spectator.

LUNA AND LUNACY.

The Influences of the Various Seasons on Minds Diseased.

The old idea that Luna and lunacy have an intimate relation appears to be not wholly without foundation. This, at any rate, is demonstrated by the commissioners in lunacy for Scotland—that the seasons have a distinct influence on asylum statistics. The tables of admissions during the years 1880-7 show that there are two well marked periods—one in which the number rises considerably above the average, and the other in which it falls considerably below. The average monthly number for the eight years was 1,699. During the three months of May, June and July the number was 628 above what it would have been if the average number only had been admitted. On the other hand, during the months of October, November, December and January the number was 463 below what it would have been if the average number had been admitted. The table shows further that this rise and this fall are preceded by a gradual rise and a gradual fall, the rise taking place during February, March and April, and the fall taking place during July, August and September.

"The special frequency," the commissioners say, "with which asylum treatment is resorted to during the period from the middle of April to the middle of July corresponds with what has been observed by asylum physicians—that there is a tendency to an exacerbation of the mental disorder of patients in asylums during the early part of summer; and it is interesting to notice also that the statistics of suicide in the general population show that this occurs most frequently during the same period."

The greatest number of recoveries take place during June and August, and they are fewest during the months of November, January and February. The regularity in the rise and fall of the numbers is twice interrupted. The rise is interrupted by a fall in April, and the fall is interrupted by a rise in December. "It is considered probable that these interruptions are due to some causes which recur regularly at these periods, because they are well marked in character; and it is suggested that the December rise is occasioned, in part at least, by the annual statutory revision of the condition of patients in asylums during that month. This revision is made by medical officers of asylums with a view to determine whether they can properly give the certificate of the necessity for further detention in the asylum which is annually required to legalize the continued residence of all the patients who have been three years in an asylum. The occurrence of the large number of recoveries during the months of June, July and August is probably due to the large number of admissions during May, June and July, as more than 48 per cent. of all of the recoveries which take place during the first year of residence occur within three months of the date of admission."—Pall Mall Gazette.

NEW ALASKAN BEAR.

The Ursine Giants That Live in the Foothills of Mount St. Elias.

This country has certainly done its part in furnishing new species of bear. To the Old World list it has added the cinnamon bear, the true black bear, the roach back or silver tip, and, most terrible of all, ursus lerox (the grizzly), the most formidable brute that walks the surface of the planet. Recent accounts from the Alaskan Alps indicate that America has even broken its own record.

Two miners, who had set out from Yakutat to prospect the foothills of Mount St. Elias, were crossing a valley densely wooded with yellow cedar, fir and hemlock on the southeasterly side of the mountain, and had sat down to rest for a few minutes on an immense log, when they heard a slight noise at the far end of it, followed by a loud sniff. Glancing in that direction, they saw an animal resembling a bear in size and other respects, save that the head seemed rather broader, and the color, at a distance of a dozen yards, was that of a silver-gray fox or a brindled wolf. Three slugs, delivered in quick succession from a Winchester in the hands of one of the miners, laid the animal lifeless in the thick, soft moss beside the huge log. In all generic particulars the creature was then found to be a bear, but his pelage was made up of a thick undercoat of fur of a slate-gray color, out of which grew a second coat of longer, coarser hair, both black and white, giving the beast its peculiar bright gray and brindle tints. The skin seemed to be so fine that the men took it off, and on their return trip, two days later, carried it to Yakutat. It proved to be a considerable prize, for a trader offered them $50 for it. In an adjoining Indian village they saw another similar skin, for which the natives had refused $100, which was used as a hunters' talisman. A chief had killed the animal.

The trader told the two miners that hides of this bear were only occasionally brought in by the native hunters, and that he had never heard of them elsewhere. Several other furriers confirmed the statement that this species of the genus ursa is peculiar to the foothills and valleys of the St. Elias range. It is distinguished at Yakutat by the hunters and trappers of that region from the black and grizzly by the name of the St. Elias bear.—Alaskan.

England Beware!

"William!" exclaimed Mrs. Highstrung, as she laid down the paper. "There's likely to be a war with England over Behring sea.

"What do I care?" growled her spouse, who took no interest in military matters.

"I don't care what you care or don't care," returned Mrs. Highstrung, with some vehemence. "This war is about seals, and if England wins they can charge any price they please for seal-skin sacks, and I ain't got one yet. If a war breaks out you've got to go and fight for y'r country, d'ye hear".—N. Y Weekly.

MUSIC AND MEDICINE.

Phenomena Regarding the Physical Part of Tone Perception.

The medical side of music has not yet been examined as closely as it should be, particularly in its connection with eye and ear. There are many phenomena regarding the physical part of tone perception that would repay investigation. Women as a rule can perceive tones higher than men. The right ear can perceive tones so high in pitch that they are inaudible to the left ear, showing plainly that two sides of the brain are unequally developed. Most curious is the phenomenon, observable in certain cases, of the sudden obliteration of the sense of pitch; there are, for an example, persons in existence, and they can be found more frequently than is suspected, to whom the highest notes of the piano are inaudible. The transition from sound to silence is sometimes very abrupt, the subject hearing one note distinctly, and another, perhaps a semi-tone above it, not at all. One of the most palpable cases of decay in the aural organs occurred with a very famous composer, Robert Franz. His nerves were prostrated by the sudden piping of a locomotive behind him, and a gradual and peculiar deafness set in. One by one the upper tones of the tonal system vanished until he has become almost totally insensible to high sounds. The liability of all musicians to aural troubles is but a natural result of an overuse of one set of nerves. Beethoven's deafness was unquestionably superinduced by an inherited disease, but it was in all probability aggravated by his profession. Schumann suffered in his late years with false hearing, a symptom of insanity. Blindness attacks musicians at times, from the severe strain to which the eyes are subjected, in many ways. Bach became blind possibly because of his arduous application to music-copying and engraving. Handel was also blind in later years, probably from the cause that weakens the sight of so many musicians—score-reading. There is no more abnormal use of the eye imaginable than the reading of a full orchestral score. The eye must not only read horizontally as in piano music, but must be used vertically as well in a manner that tasks the nerves beyond any other reading that exists. Probably the nearsightedness and weakness of sight that is so characteristic of many musicians, especially in the foremost ranks, is more directly traceable to score-reading than to any other cause. There are other diseases which come from a too-constant application to one instrument, and pianist cramp is the direct result of exercising one set of muscles only (digital and forearm) and allowing the others to fall into desuetude.—Boston Musical Herald.

PALESTINE'S FUTURE.

Progress Made in the Holy Land Despite Turkish Misrule.

There is no good reason for doubting that with a good government and a thrifty people Palestine might again answer to the description of a land flowing with milk and honey. Every intelligent resident in the country with whom I conversed was of this opinion. The soil is naturally rich and the climate favorable. Under the Turkish Government, which is as withering to all civilizing impulses as the sirocco is to vegetation, nothing can be hoped for in the way of advancement in any direction. The tread of the Turk is the tread of an iron foot. His rule is an unmitigated curse on the earth in this nineteenth century. But, in spite of himself, the Turk has been forced to witness and even to languidly carry on certain improvements. The stage road from Beirut to Damascus, built by a French company in 1860, and still owned by it, is in fine condition. There are carriage roads from Jaffa to Jerusalem and from Jerusalem to Hebron. Incited by the complaints of the Russian Grand Dukes last autumn, a road is being built from Tiberas westward to Nazareth, to connect with a tolerable road from there to Halfa, on the Mediterranean, and a road was begun in the autumn at Jerusalem in the direction of Jericho. A railroad for military purposes from Egypt to Jaffa had been talked about. There is every reason to expect that in time a railroad will be built from Jaffa to Jerusalem, and perhaps extended from there to the wheat fields of the Hauran. But roads of travel and commerce, valuable as they are, do not suffice to train and civilize a people. The best thing that could come to Syria and Palestine would be what has happened to Egypt. English occupation would mean the administration of justice and the security of property rights, to say nothing else.

The work of the missionary from Western Christendom is slow, but it is progressing. An American can hardly stand under the walls of the Syrian Protestant College at Beirut without feelings of pride. It is a mighty engine of attack against the ignorance and domestic degradation of the Mohammedan East. The village schools, the scattered churches, the mission printing press and the personal lives and homes of the missionaries are telling in a way statistics can not show and only personal contact can reveal. When Turkish rule is withdrawn and the torch of Christian life and liberty carried from the West shall have been allowed to cast its light through Syria and Palestine, I do not see why these lands may not again be inhabited by a happy and prosperous people. The archæologist would retain Jerusalem and the Holy Land as a museum. The artist resists the engineer. But we look forward to a better destiny. So we thought as the hills of Judea and the houses of Jaffa faded out of our sight.—Cor. N. Y. Mail and Express.

—A Colorado farmer at a conference meeting, after being importuned by the Presiding Elder several times to rise and give in just one word of testimony for the Lord, finally got up and said: "Brethering, I have been in this section risin' thirty years now, and it has been my habit never to owe a man any thing—not even a grudge—without paying him. Pray for me, that I may remain steadfast."