

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 18, 1890.

VOL. XV.—NO. 3.

SONG OF THE CAN'T-GET THERE.

For the few and far-between,
For the very seldom-seen,
For the un-catch-uponable light
The uncatchable I'd clutch,
The uncatchable I'd touch,
For the uncatchable and ungrabbable I die!

O burn and sigh and clasp
For the just-beyond-the-grasp,
For the un-catchable I yearn;
And the vulgar here-and-now
I ignore and disavow,
And the most-catch-for-others, how I span!

O moan and cry and screech
For the just-beyond-the-grasp,
The too-far-away-to-grab, I would encase;
The uncatchable I'd gain,
The uncatchable I'd stain,
The uncatchable I'd gain,
And chase the un-catch-onto to his lair!
—S. W. Fox, in Yankee Blade.

HIT BY A WINDLASS.

A Queer Encounter at the Mouth of an Old Mine.

Before the Victim Dies He Asks Who It Was That Struck Him—The Ledger Didn't Give the Fortune After All.

"A man gets some queer ideas in his head when he's out all alone in the mountains," said John Sanderson, an old prospector who has his headquarters at El Paso, but who makes several incursions to the mining districts every year. "Half of them believe in ghosts, nine out of ten in signs, and about all of them in luck. My own experience has changed my views in a good many particulars, and, for one thing, it has made me a firm believer in special providences. It didn't come about gradually, but through as marvelous an escape from a awful death as I believe ever falls to men."

"It happened up in the Mimbre mountains four years ago this summer. The Mimbre lies in New Mexico, down below old Fort Tule Rosa, and they must be full of gold somewhere, because the beds of the creeks that find their way down the sides are so rich in placer diggings that you can't pull up a sage brush around there without seeing bright specks among the roots. I had a pet theory then that if you followed the creeks up high enough and looked close enough you would find a tremendous deposit of gold in decomposed quartz. I thought, you see, that a little of it had washed off the surface in the course of time and formed these places. What I wanted to find was the mother mine."

"I talked the thing up to Charley Burke, another prospector and friend of mine, until he agreed to put up half the outfit and join in the search. We got a couple of burros, the necessary tools, and started early in the spring. The country about the Mimbre is about as wild and desolate as any on earth, and it was a trip that nothing but faith and enthusiasm would prompt a man to attempt. It was one succession of gorges, gulches and activities, all strown with granite boulders from the size of a man's hand to a four-story block, and often we were obliged to leave the water-course we were following and make detours that took days at a time."

"The creek we followed was almost dry, and we stopped frequently looking for places. We found no very rich ones, but everywhere there was gold. Sometimes there would be lots of it in the bottom of the tin cup after we had taken a drink, and sometimes—here is a curious thing—it would be floating on the surface. I will tell some one who is better posted in science than I tell why gold now and then floats, but I only know that little flakes of it do, and a lot of it is lost in sluice-mining that way. As long as we found places we knew that the main deposit was ahead, so we pushed along, tired enough, but confident. At last we came to a spot where the sand was blue and the water yellow, and then we began to prospect all around. To make a long story short, we struck a ledge one morning with outcroppings that crumbled under my pick and showed quartz all streaked with yellow threads. 'Charley,' I yelled out, all at once, 'we have struck it!'"

"But before we sunk a shaft we found something else that sent our hearts to our mouths. It was an old shaft, back a little ways, and in a claim, properly staked out, that covered that very ledge. There was a notification, according to law, on one of the posts, that Peter Sumner and Joseph Klautsky had taken possession of the 'Big Six' and done the legal assessment work."

"I sat right down and collapsed, but Charley went over to the shaft and came back to tell me that it did not cover half the amount necessary, under the law, to hold the property for a year. We measured it, and sure enough, it was only about half the required distance, so we took possession of the property, changed its name to 'The Treasure,' and went to work."

"We built ourselves a rough shanty, rigged up a windlass and began to sink. In a few days we were into a formation rich enough to make a man's head swim, and getting better as we went down. We were both so excited that we begrudged the time to sleep and eat, and we neither of us meditated for an instant giving the claim up to any body, assessment work or no assessment work. What had become of the two men was a mystery. They had left no trace except the notification board and shaft, and it gave me the creep on my hands to think that they might be dead. But we were not in a frame of mind to let sentiment interfere with business."

"I suppose we had been there for a couple of weeks when provisions began to run short. We didn't want to both leave the claim at once, so it was finally arranged that Charley should go down the creek to a camp about fifty miles away and bring a supply. He took both burros and started off. I calculated it would take him a week to make the trip, and time hung heavy on my hands. I tried to work a little on the shaft. The formation was very hard, and we had rigged up a sort of crossbar ladder. I would go down this, fill the bucket, climb to the surface and pull it up."

"At about noon of the second day after he left I was startled at what I thought was a man crossing a little gulch a half-mile away. I only had a view of it between two rocks, and

whatever it was, it passed so quickly that I was not sure. However, I waited a couple of hours, and then, seeing nothing further, concluded I was mistaken, and went down into the shaft. I filled the bucket with very heavy ore, climbed up, and had it about half raised when a man came walking up the creek bed toward me. Then I knew I was right before."

"He was an ugly-looking customer, big and heavy, with a flat, Scandinavian face, and carried a Winchester on his arm. I had a little stick that I slipped into the windlass handle near the axle to keep it from turning backward, and, leaving the bucket just where it was, suspended half way up. I started toward the cabin to get my arms. He covered me with his repeating rifle, and ordered me to halt."

"What are you doing on my claim?" he said.

"I reckon you can see," I replied, putting a good face on it as I possibly could.

"You mean you've jumped it, you cursed thief?"

"No, I don't. There wasn't enough work in it to hold it, and it was as next mine as any body's."

"You lie!"

"He looked at me over the sights with his wicked, greenish eyes for a full minute. Then he said:

"Did you ever pry?"

"Yes, I faltered."

"Then pry now. I'll give you two minutes to do it."

"By that time my mind was clear enough to take in the whole situation, and I had no doubt that he intended to murder me then and there. With me out of the way there would be no one to testify to the insufficient work, and I would simply be regarded, if the story of my death was ever told, as a claim-jumper who had been justly dealt with. I felt my knees begin to tremble and tried another tack."

"If you kill me," I said, 'my partner will be back and see that you hang for it.'"

"I'll fix your partner the same way, you claim-jumping cur."

"True enough. Nothing would be easier than to assassinate Burke on his return, and we had so jealously guarded the secret of our trip that no one would know where to search for us. We would simply disappear, as hundreds of prospectors do, never to be seen by men again and speedily be forgotten. I had no hope of mercy from the instant I looked into that man's cruel face. I felt with a sickening quail and a wild drumming in my ears that my time had come."

"Oh, for Heaven's sake, don't murder me!" I cried. "I will go."

"The man made no reply. For a moment my head swam, and then, with a sudden return of vision that was excruciating in its clearness, I saw him stoop slightly, rest the gun-barrel over the windlass handle, and marked every that slight contraction of the eyelid that just precedes a shot. The next moment there was a crash, an explosion and a cry all mingled into one. I saw the man turning heels over head down the embankment, the Winchester flying through a cloud of smoke up into the air, and all the while heard a loud, monotonous, whirring noise that was like some gigantic clock running down."

"I did not realize it at the time, but this is what happened: When he rested his gun across the windlass he dropped the barrel right across the little stick I had thrust in to prevent it from turning, and knocked it out. I suppose the bucket of ore weighed one hundred and fifty pounds, and the great iron handle, swinging clear around, gained such terrific momentum that when it struck him fair in the face, which it did, it lifted him off his feet like a cannon-ball. The gun was discharged by the shock, but the bullet went nowhere near me. Before I regained my senses I heard the bucket strike the bottom with a smash."

"When I picked up the man he was unconscious, but moaning a little, and the blood trickled out of his ears. He lay at the cabin for a week or two, and after Charley got back we managed to get him to Silver City. There the doctors put his face in a sort of plaster of paris cast, but although the wound healed he was out of his head and eventually died. The night before he passed away he motioned for a little slat he used to write on, for he couldn't speak. He was very weak, and it took him some time, but at last he scrawled:

"Who hit me?"

"But before we could tell him he fainted away. The mine? Oh, the mine pinched out after awhile, and disappointed us. I sold my interest to Burke, and I think after working it a year he gave up in disgust and moved away."—El Paso In-Republics.

China's Great Encyclopedia.

A recent Pekin Gazette contains a memorial from the Chancellor of the Hanlin or Imperial College on the necessity of re-editing the great encyclopedia compiled one hundred years ago in the reign of Kienlung, and of which only four copies in manuscript are now supposed to exist. This work, the index alone to which consists of fourteen large volumes, contains a complete compendium of the classics, and includes also a collection of every thing written and revised by the Emperors themselves or published under imperial authority. It embraces, says the Chancellor, all knowledge under heaven, and reflects, as in a mirror, the past and present."

Business Before Pleasure.

Horse Thief—Mr. Chairman! After this little ceremony is concluded will you oblige me by collecting this insurance policy and handing the cash to my widow?

Chairman of Lyncing Party—Certainly! What concern are you insured with?

Horse Thief—The Arizona Mutual Life.

Chairman (hurriedly)—Gentlemen! We had better not act hastily in this matter. Taking a man's life is a serious thing, and as I am the president and treasurer of the Arizona Mutual Life, I don't care to take any risks of this kind. I move that this business be indefinitely postponed.—Lowell Citizen.

FULL OF FUN.

—Flies are fond of sweet things, but young men as a rule are agreed that there are no flies on a sweet girl.—Boston Courier.

—Indian (listening to phonograph)—"Chin-box heap better than Injun agent. Talk-talk, all same don't steal. Wough"—Puck.

"How shall we move the masses?" asked the temperance orator. Just then somebody in the outskirts of the crowd remarked: "Come take a drink, fellows," and the masses moved.—Munsey's Weekly.

"John, bring me a glass of hot punch." Servant (bringing it)—"I think this is not quite hot enough, sir." "How do you know that? You must have tasted it." "Indeed, no, sir, I would not do such a thing; I tried it with my finger."—Fliegende Blatter.

—Indistinct but Reliable.—Borrowing (in Chinese laundry)—"Why do you say 'Fli-day, John, when you mean Friday'?" Chinaman—"I say 'Fli-day' 'cause I mean 'Fli-day'; not like Melican man, who say 'Fli-day' and come to pay me week after next!" Texas Siftings.

—Ethel—"Did you go to Italy?" Harriet—"O, my, yes! We staid there two months." Ethel—"What do you think of the lazzaroni?" Harriet—"O, it's awful. I tried some of the first night I was there, but it doesn't suit my taste at all."—Life.

—Fermat means to work," said the teacher to the language class. "Now each of you write a sentence containing the word." This was what Tommy Cumbe, who reads the papers, wrote: "Tramps do not like to ferment."—Time.

—Farmer Haywood (to greatest living skeleton at dime museum)—"Hello! Who be you?" "I am a workin' here, air you?" "Living skeleton (with dignity)—"I am engaged here." "Well, do tell! Say, my friend, you ain't lookin' well, and if I was you I'd change my boardin' place."—N. Y. Weekly.

—Indignant Physician—"Man, what have you done? You sent my patient the wrong prescription, and it killed him!" Druggist—"Well, what was der matter mit you? Last week I send your odder patient der right berscription, and dot killed him. How can somebody please sooch a man?"—Springfield Republican.

—Jep pabdon, mum, but you dropped your val in the—the lift," said the bell-boy to the departing guest, narrowly watching the effect of his words. "James," said the pleased New York lady to her husband, "give the boy two shillings. He takes us for English people."—Chicago Tribune.

—Well, Dennis," said a gentleman to his gardener, "I'm told you have fallen into bad habits." "How is that, sor?" "I hear that you have gotten to be a hard drinker." "Harrud drinker, is it?" "Yes." "Begorra, his few people as drinks aisier than meelf."—Merchant Traveller.

PROVERBS ABOUT RAIN.

A Number of These Current in All Parts of the United States.

When there is unusual clearness in the atmosphere, and objects are seen very distinctly, there will probably be rain. When clouds are gathering toward the sun at setting, with a rosy hue, they foretell rain.

Evening gray and morning red
Put on your hat, or you'll wet your head.

If rain comes before day, it will stop before eight p. m.; if it begins about noon, it will continue through the afternoon; if not till five p. m., it will rain through the night; if it clears off in the night, it will rain the next day.

If it rains before seven,
It will clear before eleven.

If it rains before sunrise, expect a fair afternoon. If it rains when the sun shines, it will rain the next day. If clouds appear suddenly in the south, expect rain.

Rain from the south prevents the drought, but rain from the west is always best. When rain comes from the west, it will not continue long. If rain falls during an east wind, it will continue a full day. If an assemblage of small clouds spread out or become thicker and darker, expect rain. Small inky clouds foretell rain. Dark clouds in the west at sunset indicate rain on that day. If the sky after five o'clock becomes heavy with small clouds expect rain.

Evening red and morning gray
Will set the traveler on his way.

Evening gray and morning red
Will bring down rain upon his head.

If there be a fleecy sky, unless driving northwest, expect rain. Clouds floating low enough to cast shadows on the ground are usually followed by rain.

A cloudy sky
Will not leave the earth long dry.

If clouds open and close rain will continue.

Two currents of clouds indicate approaching rain. A pale yellow sky at sunset presages rain. If clouds float at different heights and rates, but generally in opposite directions, expect heavy rains. A mirage in New England is followed by rain.

A mackerel sky.
Not twenty-four hours dry.

When a general cloudiness covers the sky, and small black fragments fly underneath, they indicate rain, and probably it will be lasting. Rain is indicated when

Low'er the grass the swallows wing,
And crickets, too, how sharp they sing.

If water-fowl scream more than usual and plunge into water, it is a sure sign that rain may be expected.—Boston Journal.

Figures for Builders.

Three and a half barrels of lime will do 100 square yards of plastering, using two coats. Two barrels of lime will do the same amount of plastering with one coat. One and a half bushels of hair will do 100 square yards of plastering. One and a quarter yards of plastering will do 100 square yards of plastering. One barrel of lime will lay 1,000 bricks. Two barrels of lime will lay one perch of rubble stone. One thousand shingles laid four inches to the weather will cover 100 square feet of surface, and 1 pound of shingle nails will fasten them on. One-fifth more siding and flooring is needed than the number of square feet of surface to be covered.—St. Louis Republic.

DRUNKEN MEN'S LUCK.

Why They Escape from What Would Appear to Be Certain Injury.

A few days ago a man was knocked from a trestle work on the Cleveland, Canton & Southern railway, near Cross street, by a locomotive. The train was stopped and the victim was tenderly picked up and taken to the depot. He was intoxicated and paid little attention to the efforts being made in his behalf. At the depot he denied that he had been on the trestle, and demanded to know who had taken his hat. Shortly afterward he was arrested on Ontario street for being drunk. He gave no evidence of pain until several hours later, and then Dr. Cole was called to attend him. The man seemed to have escaped with a few bruises, and at the Central police station it was regarded as another instance of a "drunken man's luck."

While the subject was up for discussion a patrolman related the circumstances of an affair that occurred on Canal street. A drunken man had stumbled along a dark passage way between two buildings and finally fell about twenty-five feet down a steep flight of stairs to the Valley railway tracks. He was finally discovered by a three-wheel rickshaw, and a woman seated in front of a saloon. The doctor had been summoned in hot haste by the man's friends, but upon his arrival the victim of the fall said very indignantly that he had not sent for a physician, and he had no need for his services.

When asked whether there was any explanation for the uniform good fortune of drunken men by escaping injury by accident, Dr. Cole said that it was due to a lack of interest in their fate. In falling the body is limp and lifeless, while that of a sober man would probably be very rigid. In the case of the latter a blow upon any part of the body would be followed by an instantaneous contraction of the muscles, having, perhaps, nearly as much force as the blow itself. It was stated by the physician that often the sudden and violent contraction of the muscles caused by a blow, furnished nearly half the force exerted to produce the fracture of a bone. A drunken man's muscles, it was explained, would not respond in a similar way to the shock of a blow, and he would naturally escape that element of danger.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

RELICS OF WITCHCRAFT.

A Few Memorabilia Still Preserved of the Prosecutions of 1892.

In the busy little city of Salem are preserved a few relics of the horrible year of '92 when a number of the citizens of the town were hanged on the accusation of some poor, deluded persons, mostly girls in their teens, who asserted that they had been bewitched and tortured by the prisoners. The relics are displayed on a large stand in the center of the main office of the register of deeds. The first thing that attracts attention is a bottle containing a half-dozen witch pins. These implements are nothing more than the ordinary pins used two centuries ago, when pins were still manufactured by hand. The interest attaching to these specimens comes from the fact that they are the very pins that were used at Salem to stick into the accused persons to see whether they were witches. If the unfortunates were hurt by this treatment it was a sure sign that they were witches unfit to live.

Beside the bottle of witch pins is the official seal of the Court of Oyer and Terminer, before which the prisoners were tried. It is a little iron stamp fitted with a black wooden handle, and its impression is seen upon the only warrant for the hanging of one of the prisoners that has been preserved. This warrant, as it was written out by the clerk of the court, fills the greater part of a sheet of paper about foolscap size. It is written in a crabbed hand, but is quite legible. It is addressed to the sheriff, recites the crime for which one of the female prisoners had been tried and convicted, and orders the sheriff to hang her on a certain day.

On the lower part of the page appears the sheriff's return, written in a round, bold hand, certifying that he has carried out the mandate of the court. Photographs of this interesting document are on sale.

But the most interesting relic is the court record of the trials of these unfortunate prisoners. These papers are kept in a large volume so arranged that every document may be read without being touched. Here are the affidavits of the ignorant girls and boys who tell of the tortures the alleged witches made them suffer. Here is the detailed examination of the prisoners, giving questions and answers. The record is neatly written, and is still as legible as though it were recently committed to paper. It was doubtless written out each day by the clerk from his notes after the adjournment of the court. It tells the story of a great delusion, and probably no original documents that have come down from our forefathers are so replete with tragic interest.—N. Y. Sun.

—A monkey recently brought a criminal to justice at Singapore. A native, with a little boy, a bear, and a monkey traveled through the Straits settlements and made a goodly sum of money by his animals' tricks. One day he was found with his throat cut, the boy and the bear lying dead close by, while the monkey had escaped up a tree. The bodies, with the monkey, were taken to the police station, when the monkey suddenly rushed at a man in the crowd, seized his leg and would not let go. The man proved to be one of the murderers.

—A Newark (N. J.) caterer advertises to supply "flowers, waiters, musicians, china and glassware, silverware, drug gifts, awnings, etc."

THE MIKADO'S WIFE.

According to Reports She is Evidently a Clever, Kind Little Woman.

Her Imperial Majesty is not quite on the crest of the wave that is bearing her humbler sisters onward in Japan. She was not educated abroad, or according to foreign ideals, and she knows only a few words of English. Her culture is highly and perfectly Japanese. The culture of a Japanese lady is very like a minute and wonderful growth of flowers within the compass of a finger-ring. She can play a tender strain on her favorite musical instrument. She can read with grace and eloquence the essays upon the Chinese-written character, and she is a perfect repository of social and ceremonial tradition. She can write that wonderful Japanese poetry which it takes so many years to learn. One of her ladies-in-waiting is styled the chief poetess. The duties of the chief poetess are not strictly defined, but it is understood that she is a sort of lightning conductor for introducing inspired ideas to her Imperial mistress, and she enjoys the privilege of correcting the proofs of Her Majesty's poetical effusions.

Whatever may be thought of the real personal quality of the Empress' sympathy with Western civilization there is no doubt of her desire to help its progress in Japan, especially those movements which affect the softer sex. She encourages the education of the "coming women" who are beginning to wrinkle their small foreheads over higher mathematics and materia medica, and she listens with exemplary interest, precluding patience to essays upon the merits of Browning in academies with imported instructresses. She takes an interest in the new arts and the new music which the West is so kindly trying to teach Japan. She is a devout believer in her Shinto faith, but she looks with a pleased tolerance on the efforts of Christian missionaries. She often goes to the hospitals and watches with keen attention even the surgical operations, while many stories are told of her kindness to the sufferers there.

Ten years ago, under the customs then prevailing, the Empress started impulsively into the space immediately surrounding the prostrate figure of the person enjoying the honor of presentation to her, like a Japanese doll on exhibition for its ability to wink. Now she smiles and bows, and to certain privileged people she gives her hand. Two chamberlains and the court physician sit at the door of the state dining-room to taste the dishes and to expire first in polite indignation to their imperial majesties that the cook has put strychnine in them; but the official banquets now begin with soup and end with sweets, in total subversion of the old Japanese system, which began with sweets and ended with soup. Their imperial highnesses occasionally go out to dine with some of their subjects of sufficient exalted rank, but even on these occasions the chamberlains and the court physician accompany their majesties to act as tasters of the dishes prepared in the entertainer's kitchen.—London Quaker.

FRENCH COLONIZATION.

As Far as It Relates to Self-Development It Has a History of Failure.

The history of French colonization, as far as it relates to self-development, self-dependence and self-government, is a history of failure—of that failure which results inevitably from running counter to the laws of nature. In the days of the French occupation, France was under Bourbon rule, and she had nothing wherewith to fit out her departing children but the husks and shriveled kernels and tares of old despotisms. Of life-giving seed she had none to bestow, and her sons might well reproach her with the bitter taunt of Antonio: Gonzalo—Had I plantation of this isle, my lord Antonio—He'd sow it with nettle seed.

If, after all the philosphizing, revolutions and Anglo-manias of the past century, Algiers and Guiana have nothing further to show to-day than the inevitable garrison accompanied by a bureaucracy or a penal colony, or both, then the French-in-Canada were, after all, not so very far behind the times.

The only difference discernible between the Richelieu and the Louis Napoleon conception of a colony is, that the former's conception was a garrison beyond seas, with a church, but no people; and the latter's, a garrison beyond seas, with a bureau or a penal settlement, but no people.

One can hardly be accused of unbecoming haste in at once expressing the conviction that, of the two "systems," the one with the church is preferable to the one that offers nothing but a bureau or a penitentiary. Nevertheless, it must not be overlooked that in neither is there to be seen a single ray of light. The scattered, unorganized, and institutionless habitans and voyageurs being no more a people in the eyes of social science than are the clerks of the bureau or the members of the penal settlement. Each constitutes population, but neither a people.—Eben Greenough Scott, in Atlantic.

Mrs. Cleveland's New Home.

Mrs. Cleveland's new abiding place, which Mr. Francis Lathrop is decorating, is to contain a great deal of antique mahogany furniture, which is with its young mistress quite a hobby. As opportunity offered she has purchased old chairs, tables and chests of drawers which might have formed the furnishings of stately colonial mansions with their yellow and brown walls, their immense mirrors, reaching from floor to ceiling, their sconces with twinkling candle lights, their white marble mantelpieces with frieze of scabrous and decorated with heads crowned with amaranth, and their heavy mahogany staircases, which responded to the lightning fying feet of the fair dames of one hundred years ago. To buy mahogany is an expensive fancy, for all that it really old and good is being snapped up at fancy prices by the Vanderbilts and people who aim at solidity as well as show. Mrs. Cleveland has purchased with a great deal of discretion, and the house of the ex-President will be very attractive.—N. Y. Letter.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

His Proper Element is Destruction of the Feeble Powers of Endurance.

He is the expression of a certain spirit of the modern world, cynical, counting mere selfishness the basis of all thought and action; a Nihilist, but a passive one, not having belief enough in humanity to be an active one, contenting himself with scoffing at the weaknesses and vices of man, too indifferent and too negative in his nature to rail at them. He finds "nothing good on earth, eternally," and has no hope of ever finding any thing good. "I am the spirit that denies," he declares; he is the genius of negation; his proper element is destruction; but even the destruction is passive. Mephistopheles simply stands by, denying with a scoff law and order and ultimate good, expecting the world to tumble to pieces just from its own rottenness. Nothing is worth a moment's earnest thought; in fact, every thing is nothing; the worst made up of appearances which are mere lies; all is sham; sham is the one reality. He hardly believes in himself—he certainly does not take himself seriously. As devil he never actively tempts or attacks man, he simply plays upon man's foibles and weaknesses, and even that more for his own amusement than for any other purpose; he is satisfied to let man drift, just as he is satisfied to let things happen. Happily, however, there is another and deeper spirit in the world than that of Mephistopheles, as Goethe acknowledges. Of the existence of this spirit Mephistopheles himself appears dimly conscious; at times the "Something of this clumsy world" puzzles and irritates him; he perceives that this Something is set in opposition to his Naught and, breaking forth in a thousand germs, continually denies his denial. But this uneasy consciousness is momentary; the fiend may be irritated or puzzled into a passing fit of earnestness, yet he almost immediately resumes his mocking, indifferent attitude. His is indeed a singularly different age from that of Lucifer or Satan; their periods are characterized by belief, which, though it took various forms, some of them very repulsive, was nevertheless in essentials orthodox. They saw God and the devil under many aspects, through many mediums, but they never doubted that they did see, and they never dreamed of dethroning authority; they created it into a fetish which they sometimes disliked, sometimes modified or amended, but always worshipped.—Cornhill Magazine.

FOND OF ORIGINALITY.

A Lady Who Sets a Fashion of Her Own When Riding or Driving.

Mrs. Westinghouse is a clever horsewoman and rides frequently a beautiful blooded mare whose pedigree rivals the Plantagenets. Whenever she took her rides abroad last summer she got herself up in the most perfect of London-cut, Quorn cloth habits with a silk hat and dogskin gloves of the approved type, but she invariably hooked into the belt of her habit skirt a large silver chaine with twenty or more belongings, so that she tintinnabulated upon her way much after the fashion of the celebrated lady who wore rings on her fingers and bells on her toes. To complete the picture she carried over her head an expensive and expansive white lace parasol, whose carved ivory handle fluttered with white satin ribbons. When she appeared with these little additions to her toilet upon the favorite drives the Lenoxx cottagers did not hesitate to openly stare and comment, and girls in correct driving costume who were going about in their own chapel carts would even go so far as to draw rein and stand still in the road as this queer figure went by.

Her toilet on the drive, when she appeared in her own handsome London-built equipage for an afternoon airing, was equally peculiar. Her dress might be the most perfect creation of Parisian couturiers, and yet with it she would wear a large white knitted hood under her chin, with a long pink ostrich feather thrust into its meshes with the end waving in the wind. Some astonishing eccentricity of the sort made every costume noticeable and her appearance was always anticipated with interest, for it was known that she would not disappoint the public of some novelty impossible to forecast.—Chicago News.

AN IMMENSE BRIDGE.

It May at Some Future Time Connect England and France.

A most remarkable engineering project was suggested at the recent meeting of the Iron and Steel Institute in Paris. This is nothing less than the erection of a great bridge between France and England from Cape Grisnez to Folkestone. An idea of what is involved in this undertaking may be gathered from some estimates prepared by the proposers of the project.

The length of the bridge would be thirty-two miles. The number of piers 120, the roadway for ships 180 feet, and the height from the foundation to the top of the structure 600 feet. It is proposed to build the bridge entirely of steel. To do this 1,000,000 tons of steel would be required, and the cost of the bridge, it is estimated, would amount to about \$175,000,000.

The project would have attracted less attention than it has but for the fact that it was suggested by M. Schneider, a leading French ironmaster, and M. Hersent, a very eminent engineer of that country, and endorsed by Sir John Fowler and Mr. Baker, chief engineers of the project by these authorities has convinced them that it involves no difficulties which can not be overcome by engineering skill.

The scheme is regarded in a rather critical spirit by English professional and trade journals. The fact that such a proposition should be made at this time bears witness to the very considerable development of the modern tendency to increase inter-communication. The building of a permanent means of communication between the two nations which were so long period rivals and enemies would be a notable thing indeed.—London Letter.

SHELTAND PONIES.

Their Picturesque Appearance and Remarkable Powers of Endurance.

Away far beyond the north of Scotland, in the bleak, wind-swept Shetland Isles, is the home of the Shetland pony or Sheltie. It is the product of its environment, which necessarily makes it small and hardy. Of the 100 Sheltands, comprising about 450 square miles and scantily supporting a population of about 30,000, not more than one-fourth are inhabited. Their bold and precipitous coasts vary in height from 500 to 1,500 feet. The rugged, rocky interior is much higher, and is generally covered with scanty herbage, or more commonly with a thick coating of moss, the only tolerably fertile soil being in a few valleys opening on the bays in the larger islands. A northern trend of the gulf stream tempers somewhat the extreme cold of the islands due to their far northern latitude, but for a large part of the year the weather is wet and wildly tempestuous and fogs are heavy and frequent. Like the usual products of an inclement climate and sparse means of subsistence, all the live-stock of the group are very diminutive, and of them the Shelties are much the most important. Great numbers of these are bred on the heaths and rugged pastures of the interior, their rough, shaggy coats and vigorous constitutions enabling them to withstand all the severities of the long, bleak, dark, cheerless winters on the scantiest fare. When the depth of snow on the uplands prevents them from picking up a meager subsistence from the withered pastures, they make their way down to the seashore and manage to make as good a livelihood on the kelp and sea weed tossed upon the tempest-beaten beach. So large has been the demand for these diminutive ponies of late that much more attention than was formerly given to the matter has been recently bestowed on breeding and rearing them; but the conditions of the climate and vegetation of their birthplace will keep them stunted and hardy. When captured and tamed, they require little food or care. They are the smallest variety of the horse, their height varying from thirty-four to forty-four inches, few reaching the latter size.

The endurance of Shelties is great, and their strength is vastly disproportionate to their size. Indeed, they can easily carry a man upward of 150 pounds in weight if he can only arrange his legs so as to keep them off the ground. They can be easily trained, and are affectionate and very good-natured. Their small size and hardy constitution make them the favorite of the children, with whom they are prime favorites. For years large numbers have been imported into England for the use of her aristocratic little ones, and of late years considerable importations have been made into this country, where they have brought remunerative prices. The exported animal, however, nicely clipped, neatly trimmed and well fed, presents a vastly more handsome, though less picturesque, appearance than did, erstwhile, the same sparsely-haired animal with their coarse, shaggy coat, long, tossing mane, and sweeping, bushy tail in its inclement northern home.—Rural New Yorker.

COLUMBIA'S RESOURCES.

The Central American Republic as an Eldorado.

The country for the most part, owing to the inequalities of its surface, presents to the eye magnificent and beautiful panoramas. Here are steep mountains, here deep and extensive valleys, and further on broad plateaus, the inhabitants of Colombia thus enjoying in the tropics every variety of temperature; for, as the savant Caldas says in speaking of the different climates of this region: "It is only necessary to descend a distance of from ten to fourteen leagues in order to pass from polar snows to the heat of Senegal."

The forests of Colombia abound in trees which are used for building purposes, for dyeing and for cabinet-work; and balsamic plants, gums, resins, medicinal and otherwise useful woods, are so abundant. In the exhibition of natural products which took place in the capital of the republic in 1876 there were more than seven hundred kinds of the above-mentioned woods.

The country also abounds in rich mines of gold and silver, in iron, copper, lead, emeralds, amethysts, rubies, rock-crystal, marble, porphyry, Jasper, jet, salt, coal, sulphur, lime, gypsum and other mineral products. On the coast, especially on the coasts of the Isthmus of Panama and of the Bay of Rio Hacha, are found pearls and coral. Notwithstanding the abundance of these natural riches, however, the development of the material resources of the country has been hitherto almost completely neglected, and it may be affirmed that, with the exception of Ecuador and Bolivia, Colombia, of all the political divisions of Spanish America, supplies the smallest contingent to the traffic of the world. Various causes have contributed to produce so deplorable a state of backwardness; continual political dissensions, and the revolutions that have been their result, without either party having found it possible thus far to solve satisfactorily the problem of combining order and liberty, and thus bestowing on the country the blessing of a prosperous and lasting peace; the mid-truncated system of education adopted by the state, which tends to over-stimulate the imaginative faculties of the race, and to maintain the system of bureaucracy, which is one of the greatest scourges of those countries; the little attention given to scientific agriculture, and to the finality of the diversified character of the surface of the country, crossed as it is by three of the chief ranges of the Andes, presenting unusual difficulties to transportation. This state of things must continue until foreign capital shall facilitate communication by constructing numerous lines of railway.—Hon. Ricardo Becerra, in Harper's Magazine.

—Fortress Monroe is the largest single fortification