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 25, 1890. VOL. XV.—NO. 4.

LOVE AND HOME.

When twilight shadows gather close,
Bespeaking hours of rest,
Cares drop away, and tenderer moods
Are harbored in the breast.
By daylight, o'er a thousand fields,
Our wayward thoughts may roam;
But the thoughts that come at eventide
Are thoughts of love and home.

The pilgrim o'er life's rugged road
Oft finds the journey drear;
The sun-scorched plain, the dizzy height,
May fill his heart with fear;
But drearer far would be the path
His dreary footsteps roam,
If came to him at eventide
No thoughts of love and home.

And tho' by dark and devious path
Our way through life may run,
Tho' sore the fight to gain the height
That marks the journey done;
God grant our earth-worn feet may bide
When early shadows come,
Safe sheltered at the eventide
In the fold of love and home.

M. C. Brown, in Good Housekeeping.

TWO MISERS.

The Difference Which Existed Between Their Characters.

A miser! Well, yes, I suppose I am what some folks would call a miser. That is to say, I have always lived on very little money, and turned over and over, always increasing a great deal. My wife died when we were young people, and thought a hundred dollars an inexhaustible fund of wealth; and, really, you did get more solid comfort out of a hundred dollars sixty-five years ago than you can now get with five times as much. Well, after Selina died, and took her baby with her—poor soul!—I didn't much seem to take much stock in life myself.

I had a small farm, then, just on what was an outskirt of a town—never mind where—and I dug, and planted, and sent garden-truck to market, and now and then a basket of very fine fruit or vegetables to Sarah.

Sarah was my sister, and married to a city clerk, who wasn't uncommonly rich.

I bought up a good bit of land in those days—a few acres here for a new kind of beans, and a patch there for an orchard—till I held quite a lot of what you call real estate nowadays.

By and by the town was made a city, and, bless you! the great folks took a notion to make the part where I lived the fashionable locality.

To make a long story short, my land was a mine of wealth. Some of it I sold for a hundred times what it cost me, and with the money I built some grand houses, and with rents and good investments the money grew and grew, till I was more than a rich man.

But I kept one little patch of land, upon which was the house I was born in, where my parents lived and died, where Sarah and I played hide and seek in the crooked entries and fed pigeons on the sloping roof over the kitchen.

I was all alone, excepting my servant-woman, Jane, and I liked simple food and plain clothes, and so folks called me a miser. Perhaps Sarah could have told them better, or some of the poor people about; but as I never put my name to big charities, and never gave away money without investigating the purpose for which it was demanded, I got the name of being stingy.

Years rolled along, and Sarah died; her husband died, too, years later, and the only relative I had in the world was Sarah's son, named for me, Ralph Wardour, with his father's name, of course, added—Ralph Wardour Meyers.

They say—those folks who define every thing regarding the people of this world—that Ralph "takes after me." "His uncle all over," I have heard as a description, and submitted in silence. And the similarity lies in this:

I let my money grow, because I have no use for it about my own house or person. I follow Scripture, in keeping my left hand from knowing what my right hand doeth. What I give, I give quietly. What I plan, to do after I leave this world, with the money I can not take with me, I tell no one. Ralph Wardour Meyers scrapes and hoards, because the love of money is the strongest passion of his mean, sordid soul. He is ostentatious where it will be to his advantage to be so, and grinds down the expenses of his household to the last farthing. He drove his wife to her grave by tyranny and petty exactions, and he drove pretty Sadie—

But that is going too fast. Let me get to that part of my story in better style. Sadie Meyers, my sister's grandchild and namesake, was the prettiest blue-eyed baby that ever gladdened a mother's heart. She was left motherless when she was only ten years old, and was the most timid, shy little maiden in the world. Heaven knows I would have loved her, but one of the first lessons implanted in her heart was that I possessed untold riches and must never be crossed, or I might leave the money "out of the family."

Poor little Sadie! She had not one mercenary thought in her pure little heart; but she was so afraid of me, so terrified lest she should offend the family "ogre," that I gave up the attempt to win her, and she drifted out of my life for many long years. I knew that she was at boarding-school, but I knew very little more.

It was ten years ago, one fearfully stormy evening in January, blowing, snowing, freezing when Jane came in to me, her wrinkled old face pale with horror, her hands trembling.

"Oh, Mr. Wardour, come into the kitchen," she pleaded, "for the love of Heaven!"

I started at once, thinking the water-pipes had sprung a leak, or the snow had broken through the roof, for Jane was apt to be very dramatic on very small provocation.

But my own old heart seemed to stand still when I saw stretched upon the floor what seemed to be a dead woman. Her clothing was frozen upon her, her face cold and white, and her eyes closed. Every thing she wore was of the costliest material, but ruined by the snow and sleet.

"Can you lift her?" asked Jane. "I'll put her in the spare-room bed, and get her clothes off, sir, if you'll lift her."

"Send Robert for a doctor, first of all," I said, and then lifted the woman in my arms, strong yet, if they are old.

Jane got off the wet clothing and put on some clean linen of her own before the doctor arrived, but we were long before we restored any life to the white face and rigid limbs.

At last the large blue eyes that had been hidden by the full white lids, were opened, and my strange visitor gasped:

"Oh, Uncle Ralph, do not turn me out into the snow again!"

It was Sadie.

"Heaven bless the child," said Jane, "Mr. Wardour wouldn't turn a dog out such a night as this."

But Sadie was sobbing hysterically, and it needed all my assurances of love and protection to quiet her. We gave her some warm wine, and she went to sleep after a long fit of sobbing.

The next morning, looking like a figure in a masquerade in some of Jane's clothing, she came into my room, where I kept my desk and account books. She was terribly afraid of me, I could see, but at last she faltered:

"Oh, Uncle Ralph! if you will only let me stay here a little while, I will do any servant's work for you."

"Tell me how you came to seek me," I said, as gently as I could, not daring to embrace her, as I longed to do, until I had conquered something of her terror for me.

"Because I was starving! I've been wandering about two days and two nights, trying to get some work, or—or to *beg* something. I thought perhaps you would let me sew for you, or cook—after Jane teaches me. But when I got into the kitchen I seemed to turn dizzy."

"But your father?"

I thought she was going to faint again, she grew so deadly white. She made a movement as if she would run out of the room, but I held her.

"You will not send for my father?" she cried, piteously.

"No. I will not send for him."

"I have left my father," she said, presently. "I thought I could take care of myself. Oh, how cruel the world is!"

It just crossed my mind that this child, crouching at my feet, sobbing of the cruelty of the world, dressed in my servant's clothing, was the sole heiress of two millionaires. But I only said:

"In this cruel world, Sadie, there is one person who loves you very fondly."

She lifted her face, actually transfigured by the blush upon her cheeks, the soft, dewy light in the blue eyes. But it drooped again as I added:

"More than one, perhaps, dear. But the one I mean is your grandmother's brother, your old great-uncle Ralph. My dear child, you have no better friend, believe me, if you will tell me how I can serve you."

She came then into the arms I opened to receive her, and with her pretty golden head upon my breast, sobbed out her story.

Since she had left school her life had been one of such tyranny as is rarely met with in these enlightened days. Her father had required her to dress with elegance, but scolded over every dollar she spent. She had presided over princely banquets one day, and actually suffered with hunger for weeks afterwards. Every petty saving of the true miser's heart was practiced by her father, who was determined to increase his own importance by making a wealthy marriage for Sadie.

Then came a few months of happiness. She loved Roger Stanmore, a young lawyer who had a handsome income. Every thing was apparently prosperous, and the trousseau of the bride nearly completed, when, by an unfortunate crash in the money market, Roger Stanmore lost his money.

At once Ralph Myers broke the engagement between the young lawyer and his daughter; but they still hoped for better days, until, after a year had rolled by, Sadie received another offer.

I knew the new suitor well—a crusty old fellow nearly my own age, with a fortune of almost fabulous proportion.

"Your father never wanted you to marry him!" I cried, as Sadie paused.

"He gave me my choice last Tuesday," she said, "to accept Mr. Lyon as my husband or to leave his house at once and forever?"

"But Roger Stanmore?"

"He is in Chicago. I could not go to him, Uncle Ralph. Father would not let us correspond, and—" with a little touch of pride, "he may not care to burden himself with an utterly penniless wife."

"True! true! What is he doing in Chicago?"

"He is working up a law suit. He is dependent now upon his profession, and he had an offer to go there and take some part—I don't know how—in a suit there."

"You have his address?"

"Yes; he sent it to me; but I would not write, as father had—had said he would curse me if I did."

It was not exactly a blessing I muttered, but I kissed my little niece and sent her to Jane.

I had a little plan in my head, so I sent Jane out for some plain ready-made clothes, a cheap calico dress and coarse boots, and I gave Sadie some skirts to make.

She seemed perfectly content to keep the proposal she had made to me, and knew nothing of the letter I wrote to Roger Stanmore. I told him the bare facts.

"Sadie is with me," I wrote "and I will give her a home as long as she can earn what she eats."

A week passed very quietly, and Sadie was sewing in my sitting-room one morning, with certainly a happier face than she had when she first came to me, when I said:

"You need not stitch quite so steadily, Sadie."

"But I like it!" she said looking up at me brightly; "you are so gentle and kind. It is so peaceful here, Uncle Ralph.

"But you must miss your fine home—your rich dresses!"

"No," she said with a shudder; "I am quite willing never to see a rich dress again, if I may only live here!"

Just then the bell rang, and a moment later a tall, fine-looking man was ushered into the room by Jane. He gave me one fierce, contemptuous glance, and then I heard a rapturous cry, and saw Sadie quite buried in the visitors ulster.

"My darling! my darling!" he cried. "I have come to take you away with me, Sadie. My wife need not starve, even if she has none of the hoarded wealth of her parsimonious relatives."

Bless the man, how I admired the scorn with which he looked at me.

But he understands me better now. Sadie's dowry comprises a handsome residence and an ample income that it is quite out of my power to take from her again, and if the wedding was a quiet one, Sadie Stanmore can shine in the best society to-day.

They wanted me to live with them, but I would not. I am too old now to make any change in my "miserly" ways, and I like my old home best. There are blue-eyed children to come for a day of pleasure at the home of their great-grandmother's brother, and there is a will at my lawyer's that will make them independent some day, when the daisies are growing over the grave of the old miser, Ralph Wardour.—Anna Shields, in N. Y. Ledger.

ECCENTRIC MUSICIANS.

The Oddities of Haydn, Beethoven and Other Great Artists.

Haydn liked to dine alone, and he was such a great eater that he was sometimes called the "greedy musician." It was his custom to order dinner for five persons at his favorite hotel, and at the appointed hour to devour the whole banquet.

"Serve dinner," he ordered, on one occasion, to a new waiter, who was not aware of the musician's way of sustaining himself.

"The dinner is ready," returned the waiter, "but the company is not come."

"De gompany!" Haydn retorted contemptuously, "Pooh! de gompany! I am de gompany."

The dinner for five was forthwith put before "de gompany," and not an eatable scrap of it found its way back to the kitchen. Beethoven, when thinking over one of his sonatas, would walk for hours with a companion without uttering a single word. At other times he would sit and play for hours at his piano, and was very much incensed if any one happened to overhear him. But his strangest habit was to walk about his room in a reverie, pouring pitchers of water over his hands alternately, till the floor was completely drenched, and people came running up-stairs to learn the cause of the deluge. The country people who knew him were careful not to disturb him when the mood of composition was upon him. Once a troop of charcoal-burners met him in a path, and they all stepped to one side, though laden with bushels of charcoal, to let him pass for fear of disturbing his meditations. Meyerbeer found his imagination most lively during a thunder-storm, and the reverberations are heard in his music. Halevy liked to sit by his fire and listen to the singing of the kettle. Auber received most of his ideas while on horseback, and his music is light and rapid. Sacchini worked surrounded by his pet cats. Paesiello composed his best music while lying in bed. Sarti found that his imagination had free vent in a dark room Adolphe Adam got his ideas while buried under an eider down quilt. Gluck composed best out of doors in a meadow, with his piano and a bottle of champagne.—Longman's Magazine.

BUYING A HUSBAND.

A Vice That Is Becoming Very Popular in Certain American Cities.

When the American girl has once fallen a victim to the appetite for a title the best thing the gossips can do is to let the girl have her Duke or Baron or Lord. Should she be compeled to marry a common human being she would be full of profound grief whenever she saw the picture of a crest or should she meet anywhere "His Lordship" or the "Duchess of Blanktonshire." It might be well to rear American girls as Americans and early teach them the emptiness of old titles and the exceeding fullness of the word "man" when it means education, industry and honor; but when the girls have wholly escaped all allusion to the value of the American ideal and have been fed upon foreign titles and foreign passports into society, it is then too late to prevent them from making a rush toward some man with an ancestral name.

At times a good marriage comes of the American and the foreign aristocrat, but the general chase in which the American woman runs after a "name" and the European "name" runs after money is foolish to the extent of being disgraceful. Our education of girls must be defective and positively snobbish if it permits daughters to remain blind to all that is great in republican institutions, and to be dazzled all through youth with the externalities of old despotisms. The humorous papers of our Nation make great sport of the young man who speaks with the drawl of a London cockney, who sports the big eyeglass, and who "in New York turns up the bottoms of his trousers because it is raining in England," but the same papers should laugh every day at the girl who has outgrown the United States, and looks out over the Atlantic with a languid and hazy eye to see if there is not crawling up out of some old tumble-down palace a degenerate youth to whom she can give her love and her money in return for the titles which the man wears but at the same time has disgraced. What is painful to think is that a girl's love should be flung away so cheaply. If man's love can be bought that is calamity enough for a whole epoch; to have woman's love in the market, to be sold for a title, is enough to ruin all poetry and romance.—Prof. Swing, in Chicago Journal.

Another Case Entirely.

Judge—James Ricketts, there is a charge of fighting against you. Don't you remember that scriptural advice, if a man strike you on the right cheek to turn the left to him also?

Prisoner—Yes, yer honor, but Bill Symmes he hit me left cheek first. Judge.

INDIA'S WILD BEES.

One of the Greatest Dangers to Which Travelers in Asia are Exposed.

Of all the many dangers to which the wandering sportsman and traveler in the wilds of India is exposed the most singular is that of being attacked and stung to death by a legion of the large brown honey bee, called in the vernacular language "Sarung." This ferocious insect needs no greater provocation than the report of a gun, the smoke of a camp-fire, or even the fracture of his huge pendulous home by a gust of wind! He prefers the vicinity of water, and hangs his honey receptacle to the sides of steep cliffs, though inaccessible structures of masonry, such as the arches of city gates, bridges and palaces, in inhabited places, are often selected for his stronghold.

I remember at one gateway of Lucknow the heavy combs long existed without any hurt to the passengers; they grew in size and weight till they were dislodged by a high wind; then the winged army assaulted every living thing it met. A proclamation was issued by beat of drum that no man or beast could pass that way, and this state of siege lasted three days, the shops being closed. Recently a horde of this much-dreaded insect has established itself on a railway viaduct in Central India. Printed notices are circulated that the passengers must close their windows before arrival at the spot, the noise and vibration rendering these bees very warlike.

I have had many narrow escapes from the flying furies, and once had the satisfaction of seeing them turn their rage from me, who had just fired a heavy gun at close quarters into a big buffalo, to the animal himself as he rushed headlong into the swarming masses crawling up the trunk of an ancient tree. Such a sight as I shall never see again was the dusky cloud of swift avengers descending on that bull's body, clad in sting proof hide. With tail in air and head lowered, the ponderous quadruped was galloping over the bowlder-spread arm of a river, dashing heavy stones around his hoofs in a hasty retreat to the dense forest. I, too, had betaken myself into leafy concealment, through which I speedily ran away. Many and unexpected accidents (sometimes ending fatally) have I known, for these bees give no quarter. When their victim jumps into a river, they hover over the surface till he reappears, and then simultaneously swarm on his head; hence men are often drowned.

Here is a sample of the disasters the angry tenants of an old colony can inflict: A troop of horse artillery had arrived in a pleasant grove to encamp in course of march. The men were busily occupied in preparing for their rest, and had begun to picket their horses, when the smoke from a cook's fire annoyed an unseen bee haunt; as usual, the irascible inmates swooped down on every intruder, biped and quadruped. There was a general skedaddle. Man and horse bolted across the plains, some of the horses throwing themselves down, and in their agonies smashing the saddles on their backs, many of them not being caught for twenty-four hours.

Yet the aboriginal men, called Ghoods, in the Nerbuddah districts, possess the art of taking those great honeycombs hanging in such tempting profusion along the precipices along the rivers, slinging themselves by rude ropes of twisted bark, which, to my eye, looked very hazardous. I did not venture to attend as an eye-witness, but was informed that these men rub their naked bodies with the pounded leaves of Ocymum sanctum (Sacred Basil), and at the same time produce a smoke from some pungent herbs, under the fumes of which they carry on their operations with impunity. The early dawn is the period chosen for the exploit. The honey is of excelent quality, and this, with the wax, constitutes a large article of trade for these wild men.—N. Y. Ledger.

SOME LARGE THINGS.

A Potato Weighing Fifty-Five Ounces, and Other Curiosities.

J. C. Jones, of Albany, N. Y., has raised a potato of the Burbank seedling variety weighing 55 ounces—nearly three pounds and a half. The tuber measures 17¾ inches one way and 11½ the other.

It might not be inappropriate to mention the sweet potato raised by James Smith, of Oquawka, Ill., in 1886. This luscious product of the vine weighed 22½ pounds and was 18 inches in diameter the small way.

The Bodwell Granite Company, of Vinalhaven, Me., have quarried what is believed to be the largest single piece of stone ever detached through human agency. This monster obelisk is 115 feet long, 10 feet square at the base, tapering to 3 feet square at what one would naturally call the apex, and weighs 850 tons.

The largest Krupp guns weigh 119 tons. They are 46 feet long, have a caliber of 15¾ inches, and fire a shot weighing 2,314 pounds, with a muzzle velocity of 1,800 feet. At a distance of one mile the ball would penetrate a piece of solid wrought-iron to a depth of 28 inches. At a distance of three miles its striking average is still 28,000-foot tons.

An American engineer, who has made the subject a special study on the spot, has calculated that the Chinese wall contains 18,000,000 cubic meters (about 6,350,000,000 cubic feet) of stone. The material used in the construction of this stupendous work would be sufficient to build a wall around the globe 6 feet high, 3 feet thick at the bottom and 2 feet at the top.

The most powerful engine in the world is used at the zinc mines at Freidensville, Pa. It is fed by 16 boilers, which give it a 5,000-horse-power. If it becomes necessary, the number of boilers may be doubled, which would give the iron monster a power equal to 10,000 horses. This gigantic engine is used for pumping water from the mines. Each revolution of the wheel raises 17,500 gallons of water. The fly-wheels are 37 feet in diameter and weigh 40 tons each. Every day the engine works it consumes 28 tons of coal.—St. Louis Republic.

NOTES ON WITCHCRAFT.

Discovery of Documents Pertaining to the Evil Days of 1692.

Few more remarkable discoveries of ancient documents have been made in this country than that reported the other day from Salem, where the original papers relating to the terrible witchcraft delusion are said to have been found in a vault utilized for the storage of county records. It would be hardly possible to mention any one episode set forth in the history of New England that possesses so strange a fascination as belong to the rise and decline of that fearful excitement in Salem—or, more accurately speaking, in what is now Danvers Center—which caused nineteen innocent people to be put to death under sentence for an impossible crime. The remarkable story of newly-discovered documents pertaining to the evil days of 1692 will awaken, for a time, particular public interest in the whole subject. There is one fact, not wholly unknown, but generally unnoticed, that bears weightily on the still mooted question how far the honor of our Puritan ancestry is affected by that tragic episode. It is that when the delusion had spent its force an attempt was made out of the scanty public treasury of those days to recompense the surviving victims, as far as money could do so, for the wrong done them. There is said to have been found a list of those who were in the prison when the tide of public sentiment turned toward better things, together with a record of sums ranging from £20 to £50 paid the released captives or to the dependent relatives of those who had perished on the gibbet. This indicates what authentic history confirms, that our forefathers in the Massachusetts Bay colony were so far from being obdurate, persistent and heartless in their error, that they soon repented and sought how they might atone for it. In the same connection must always be taken another fact, if we would do even-handed justice to the memory of the dead. Belief in witchcraft was practically universal in the seventeenth century throughout the civilized world, and had been for many generations. Just two hundred years before the outbreak in Salem a Papal bull had kindled inquisitorial fires in Germany for the destruction of sorcerers, and successive bulls increased the popular frenzy; so that many hundreds of helpless victims were put to death, often by means of cruel tortures, during a comparatively few years. But no sect or section of the Christian world was exempt, and Protestant England, under Elizabeth, James I., and Charles I., was the scene of cruel persecutions for this cause. Historians tell us that fully three thousand people are believed to have perished under charge of witchcraft during the period of the Long Parliament; that is to say, at the very time when the seeds of civil and religious liberty were being planted in old England and New England.—Boston Advertiser.

ANECDOTE OF EDISON.

His Kindness and Liberality to a Little Boston Newsboy.

Many stories have been written telling of the close-fisted and miserly ways of that prince of inventors, Edison. The following little incident which came under the observation of the writer serves to illustrate the fact that the heart of the great genius is in the right place, and that he is not penurious upon all occasions. It was some time ago, when Edison was in Boston, and he, together with several other gentlemen who are identified with important electrical inventions, were conversing eagerly upon some new idea or appliance, standing at the same time in front of the cigar case at the Court square side of Young's Hotel. A little newsboy had been captured by one of the hotel attendants while trying to sell his papers in the place, and was being hustled out by the ear.

Edison caught sight of the forlorn little "kid," and signing to the porter who held him to let him go, called the vender of newspapers over to him.

"Please buy a paper, mister," piped the boy in a mournful tone.

"Of course I'll buy a paper," said the great inventor, with a smile, as he patted the boy on the head, and selecting a paper from the lot he handed the boy a silver dollar, saying: "Never mind any change; but keep persevering, my little man, and you'll come out all right in the end." Then, as the child thanked him and scampered off with a radiant face, he turned to the gentleman with whom he had been talking and said, feelingly: "I can't forget that I was a newsboy once myself, and it hurts me to see any of the little fellows getting knocked about."—Boston Talk.

AN INTELLIGENT MULE.

He Voted and Excused the Pedagogue from Work on the Road.

An ex-school teacher tells a story which is "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth." The Atlanta Constitution endeavors to give the details of how the mule voted as near in his own language as possible:

"It was customary," said he, "for the teachers in the district to be excused from road duty by a vote of the hands present. Some of the boys in the neighborhood concluded that they would like to see me swing a pick and throw dirt with a shovel. On the morning in question, one of the hands who had been subpœned was away on a frolic, and had permission to send his mule as a substitute. The boss called the boys together, and asked them to vote on my case, as to whether or not to excuse me.

"Well, the vote was taken and it was a tie.

"One of my friends made the point that the mule was a substitute for a hand, and therefore had the right of suffrage. The boss decided that it had, and had all the boys to form a line in the middle of the road, with the mule in the gang. Then he proclaimed:

"'All that are in favor of excusing the teacher will step off to the right of the road, and all opposed to the left.'"

"Well, to the chagrin of the boys that wanted me to work, the mule took to the right. The vote then stood one in my favor.'"

SPORT IN AFRICA.

An American Going to the Dark Continent to Hunt Lions.

Royal Phelps Carroll, son of the ex-Governor of Maryland, it is said, is about to start for Africa on a lion-hunting expedition. The glowing descriptions of sport on the vast plains of Africa given by Selous, Thomson, Kerr and other pioneer sportsmen have drawn not a few nimrods to South Africa and the region of Mount Kilima-Njaro. In fact, in large parts of South Africa there has been so much slaughter by European hunters that wholesale sport of this kind is a thing of the past. The three species of rhinoceros, for instance, that formerly roamed in great numbers along the banks of South African streams are rapidly becoming extinct. Only a few of them are now seen in the Transvaal, and, like the American bison, their days in a large part of Africa are about numbered

It is common talk among noted English sportsmen that lion-hunting in Africa is comparatively tame sport. They say he is not at all dangerous as compared with an Indian tiger. As a general thing there is no doubt a lion prefers inglorious retreat to a fight with a white man. If a hunter meets an African buffalo on a narrow path he is likely to be trampled on unless he puts in a well-directed shot. Most lions under the same circumstances will leap into the jungle and disappear, though now and then they have been known to attack white men. The best known incident of this sort is Livingstone's thrilling experience when a lion leaped upon him from a clump of bushes, lacerated his shoulder, and would have killed him had he not been shot by one of Livingstone's servants.

There is another sort of lion, however, with whom Selous has made us familiar. He is the man-eater, the terror of the natives because he lies in wait for his human prey just as he does for other animals. Nobody knows why a few lions differ from their fellows in their love and search for human food. It is believed, however, that, by some chance getting a taste of human flesh and finding it good, they acquire the habit of seeking that sort of food in preference to any other. One man-eating lion is quite enough to drive the natives of an extensive territory from their homes. While Selous was hunting in Northern Mashonaland two years ago he saw many small, deserted villages. On asking the reason the answer invariably was: "The people could not remain any longer. The lions are too bad." In one village three women had been killed and eaten by these man-eaters, in another a man and two girls, and so on.

The boldness of these animals is remarkable when once they become ravenous for human food. Three years ago a young girl was standing outside a hut when she thought she saw a baboon in the grass. She called out: "Come and see the baboon," and several persons rushed out just in time to see a lion spring upon the girl and carry her away. It was near this place that a lion killed a sleeping man. Before he had time to begin his meal the man's wife rushed out of her hut. The lion left his first victim, killed and ate the woman, and then departed, leaving the man's body untouched. Sometimes the natives muster up sufficient courage to organize a hunt for the man-eater, and if they succeed in killing him they will very likely not be molested again for years, though they may nightly listen to roars in the jungle.—N. Y. Sun.

ABOUT PORK CHOPS.

Mr. Gladstone Quotes the Odyssey Regarding Their Early Use.

Mr. Gladstone writes thus on the subject of pork chops in Nineteenth Century: Although the question respecting the keeping of swine and the use of pork is by no means disposed of, either by the authorities quoted in the text or by Wilkinson, I venture at this stage to offer the following conjectures as somewhat probable in themselves and not inconsistent with the evidence as a whole: 1. That in the warm climates of Egypt and Phœnicia the use of pork was, on sanitary grounds, repressed by prohibitions or restricted to particular occasions. 2. That the great thrift resulting from the rearing and consumption of the animal may have kept the practice extensively alive, notwithstanding restrictive laws, especially among the classes to whom thrift was an important object. 3. That as the pig is useless to man during life, it is very difficult to its being bred and kept, as it evidently was, except upon the supposition that it was wanted for food. 4. That if the animal, as domesticated, was brought into Greece by Phœnician ships, its consumption for food may have spread there, in a colder climate, and a society free from sumptuary restraints, and yet in Homer's day, may not have wholly ceased to be a distinct mark of southeastern origin and associations. 5. That the sialos, the carefully and delicately fatted pig, was served as a luxury at the tables of the rich; while the use of common pork was reserved, as in the cottage of Eumaios, for the poorer class. Such is the evidence of the "Odyssey."

The Tauchnitz Publishing House.

Baron Tauchnitz, the head of the great continental publishing firm, is a hale veteran of seventy-three. In two years' time the firm will celebrate its jubilee, for it was in 1841 that the Baron initiated his series of cheap editions of British authors. The Baron, who was plain Herr Tauchnitz then, acted in an honest fashion. Had he chosen, he might have pirated the works of English writers from the first, for the reason that at that date no such thing as international copyright existed. Instead of this, however, he asked permission of the living authors whose works he printed, and honorably paid them their dues and royalties. The Baron's ancestors have been booksellers and publishers for three generations, but the present bearer of the name has conferred upon it world-wide fame. Baron Tauchnitz is a most accomplished English scholar, and he himself selects the works which from time to time he publishes in the cheap and excelent form so well known to all continental travelers.—N. Y. Star.

MANAGEMENT OF MEN.

How Great Leaders Control Those Who Come in Contact with Them.

When Alexander Pope wrote "The proper study of mankind is man," he gave expression to a far-reaching truth, illustrated every day. To understand man in his various moods, to be able to control and guide him, is to be a king among men. Self-control is the first fruit of study rightly carried on, and then follows the control of others—not as an exacting master, but as guide and friend. The leaders in business, in politics, in war, the men who attain eminence in the active affairs in which large numbers are associated, although they may not have set out to make a study of man, and may, in fact, be unconscious of their attainments, have nevertheless acquired a knowledge of themselves, which gives them self-control, and a knowledge of the moods, impulses and weaknesses or others that enables them to take control as leaders. Such power is not necessarily associated with a high degree of culture in other directions, nor, on the other hand, does the possession of general intelligence necessarily include this power. The contrary is very frequently the case, literary culture arising from a close study of books, depriving one of that intimate association which is essential to a knowledge of their dispositions, emotions and passions. Even the books that "hold the mirror up to nature" present but a partial and imperfect view of man. The true student must go to nature herself for instruction. It is this circumstance that sometimes gives rise to wonderment at the success of this man or the failure of that by those who fail to consider the great value of a study of man to those who would be guides or leaders, or who are called upon to manage large bodies of men. He who learns by study, observation or experience when to humor, when to command, and how to play upon the hopes, ambitions, cupidity or fears of others so as to get them to do his bidding, has mastered the greatest of all instruments, besides which the playing upon a pipe is indeed simple. There are men of this kind who, having special aptitude for command, soon learn, unconsciously, it may be, how to lead, guide or drive others. They come to the front in war, in politics and in business life, and succeed oftentimes in spite of defects in their scholastic training, while their better educated rivals, lacking knowledge of men, fail altogether, or, if they rise above the ranks, gain only subordinate places. Until within recent years there have been scarcely any attempts to make man a school study; nor is it to be expected that the study as now carried on will take the place of experience in raising up managers of men. Yet it is worth while for those who find themselves deficient in this respect to formally begin the study in their own person as in that of others. Self-study is always useful, for it develops unexpected weaknesses that may be corrected if there is a disposition to improve, and it at least gives suggestions as to the weaknesses of others, through which they may be controled or managed. When Hamlet, having vainly importuned Guildenstein to play upon the pipe, throws it upon the floor, he exclaims: "Why, look you now, how unworthy a thing you make of me. You would play upon me; you would seem to know my stops; you would pluck out the heart of my mystery; you would sound me from my lowest note to the top of my compass, and there is much music, excelent voice in this little organ, yet can not you make it." In that passage a strong figure of speech is presented, illustrating what may be done by those who have made a proper study of mankind. They can play upon humanity as skillfully as the musician plays upon the pipe. Guildenstein lacked knowledge more than Hamlet lacked advancement, but there were doubtless others even in that day who could have sounded Hamlet from his lowest note to the top of his compass, and have guided and controled him. At all events, the ruder instruments represented by common men may be played upon, and it is those who have made the study recommended by Pope who do play upon them, and become leaders among men. It is a study that all can undertake; the subjects are innumerable, and the guide-book to them all is ever present in the student's own person.—Baltimore Sun.

Atmospheric Electricity.

A study of the electric phenomena produced by solar radiation was presented at a meeting of the French Academy recently by M. Albert Nodon. Numerous observations made at the laboratories of the Sorbonne and the College de France show that on meeting an insulated metalic or carbon conductor the solar rays communicate to it a positive electric charge; that the amplitude of this charge increases with the intensity of the rays and decreases with the hygrometric state of the air, the phenomenon attaining its maximum value in Paris about 1 p. m. in summer, when the atmosphere is pure and dry; lastly, that the effects cease during the transit of clouds across the face of the sun. If these results can be extended to non-metalic bodies, then solar radiation may be regarded as one of the causes of the electrization of the clouds.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Manufacture of Slate Pencils.

One of the most peculiar branches of industry in this country is the manufacture of slate pencils. There is only one slate pencil factory in the United States. It employes 25 hands, who turn out 30,000 slate pencil every day. The method of manufacture is a good deal in advance of the primitive methods employed some years back. Not long since the blocks of soft slate from which pencils are cut were sawed in lengths and distributed among the neighboring laborers' families to be whittled down to pencil shape. Those working at them could earn about fifty cents per thousand. Now the blocks are put into a machine and cut into square lengths by revolving knives and the lengths are afterward rounded and polished by emery belts. One man can cut and finish about 6,000 pencils per day.—Boston Letter.