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, FEBRUARY 22, 1890. VOL. XV.—NO. 8.

DREAMS.

Some tiny elves, one evening, grew mischievous, it seems,
And broke into the store-room where the Sand-man keeps his dreams,
And gathered up whole armfuls of dreams all bright and sweet,
And started forth to peddle them a-down the village street.

Oh, you would never, never guess how queerly these dreams sold;
Why, nearly all the youngest folk bought dreams of being old;
And one wee chap in curls and kilts, a gentle little thing,
Invested in a dream about an awful pirate king;

A maid, who thought her pretty name old-fashioned and absurd,
Bought dreams of names the longest and the queerest ever heard;
And, strange to say, a lad, who owned all sorts of costly toys,
Bought dreams of selling papers with the raggedest of boys.

And then a dream of summer and a barefoot boy at play
Was bought up very quickly by a gentleman quite gray;
And one old lady—smiling through the grief she tried to hide—
Bought bright and tender visions of a little girl who died.

A ragged little beggar girl, with weary, wistful gaze,
Soon chose a Cinderella dream, with jewels all a-blaze—
Well, it wasn't many minutes from the time they came in sight
Before the dreams were all sold out and the elves had taken flight.

—S. Walter Norris, in St. Nicholas.

DESPERATE ENCOUNTER

Between "Old Hank" and a Big, Ferocious Cougar.

The Brave Hunter, Though Taken by Surprise and Severely Wounded at the First, Proves too Much for the Powerful Beast.

A few days ago Mr. H. P. Woodson, familiarly known all over the country as "Old Hank," was brought into town to have a broken arm and several severe wounds looked after. He was indebted for these, he said, to an enormous cougar he had encountered the day before. Old Hank is a famous hunter, and is probably the best shot in the State, having subsisted for the past thirty years almost entirely on the game killed by himself. He was the first white man to take up his habitation in Tom Green County, and on first coming to this section built himself, some six miles from here, on the Middle Fork of the Concho, a small log hut, in which he is still residing. This hut is literally crowded with trophies of his skill, each of which has some interesting story connected with it. When it was learned that Old Hank was in town with a fresh adventure to relate, he soon had a large audience collected to hear it. The sturdy old hunter, who is nearing his sixtieth birthday, was found decorated with splints, bandages, and a yard or two of court plaster, but though one cheek had been laid open to the bone, he was quite willing to entertain us with the narrative of his desperate fight with the cougar. In his own words the story is this:

"I was jolting on toward home with a big buck strapped behind me that I'd just killed a piece up the river. It was nearly dark, so I slung him up, all bleeding as he was, and the blood kept dripping all along the road, and it must have been by that that the cougar tracked me, for the first thing I knew a scream broke out behind me that made the air ring like a bell. Ever heard one of those beasts yell? Sounds something like a woman with a powerful pair of lungs screeching at the top of her voice as if she was in mighty distress. My horse knew what that scream meant, for it wasn't the first time he and I had heard that sound together, though it hadn't been lately, for the beasts are scarcer than they used to be. He jumped forward, and if I hadn't held on pretty tight I would have fallen almost on the cougar, for he wasn't but two or three feet behind me. I spurred up, for they're pretty tough customers, with mighty little or no scare in them, and I had just come to a part of the road that ran through a patch of live-oak trees, which cut off all light from the moon, which was just rising, so if I could manage it I thought I'd rather not tackle the critter.

"But it seemed like he meant to tackle me, or rather to have that deer at all hazzards, for as I looked back at him I saw the brute gather himself up into a ball, and before I could wheel around he landed with one spring on my shoulders, bearing me to the saddle. The horse staggered, and fairly yelled he was so badly scared, and as I rolled off him broke down the road in a gallop, taking the deer with him. The cougar and I fell together, with me underneath. The fall with that heavy weight on me stunned me for a moment, and I lay still, but to be real scared acts sometimes like a bucket of cold water doused on you, so I came to in a little while. I first tried to throw the brute off, but he clung so tight I couldn't even budge him; then I tried to roll over and over, thinking I could make him let loose that way, but he was too heavy for that, and besides my left arm began to hurt me like fits and I couldn't lift it. My fix was getting desperate, when the cougar, thinking he had me, I reckon, stuck his head around to get at my throat. That's their way, you know, of killing their prey—just catching it under the throat, tearing a hole, and drinking the blood as it gushes out.

"This was my chance, for as the great cat's head reached around I dug my finger as deep into one of its eyes as I could. It howled like a fury and snapped at my cheek, giving me this beauty spot, but I knew it was nip and tuck now, so I gouged and gouged till the thing let go. The moment it did I made a break up the road, for I knew mighty well the matter wasn't ended, and I wanted to get out of that dark belt of wood to where the moon would let me see what I had to fight, for, take my word for it, that sort of a rumpus isn't pleasant in the dark. Sure enough here came the cougar, but I was better prepared for him this time, for, though I had dropped my gun when I fell off my horse, I had my hunting-knife out by now, and I planted my feet as firmly as the hard bed of the road would let me and waited for him to spring.

"The moonlight showed him to me plainly, and, I tell you, he was a splendid looking creature with that black line of trees behind him. Fully ten feet from the end of his nose to the tip of his tail, he stood quivering all over as he gathered himself for his jump, his yellow hair erect and his long, sweeping tail curling at the end, waving to and fro, like you've seen a pussy cat's do. One of his eyes looked like a ball of fire, but the other was closed, and he was snarling like a devil, with his white teeth gleaming at me, an ugly threat in every tooth. I waited until he rose on his haunches, and then stepped aside so that he landed just beyond me. Without waiting for him to recover himself, I flung myself on him, and, aiming for his neck, drove my knife through his hide with all the strength I had. But instead of striking a vital part and killing him instantly, as I hoped, I only seemed to make him as mad as lightning, for he jumped round and grabbed my thigh in his mouth, tearing the flesh into ribbons.

"I gave myself up for gone now, for I hadn't had time to get my knife out of his neck, and, with a broken arm, the thing looked pretty desperate. But life's sweet, and I'd been in mighty tight places before, besides I didn't want to think a pesky cougar was going to get the best of an old hunter like me, so I began to puzzle my brain for a way out of the scrape. I was lying on a lot of rocks that were digging into my back, and feeling them gave me an idea, I reached out and got the biggest, raggedest one I could find, and knocked the cougar on the head with it till he let go. I waited till he opened his mouth to make another grab at me, when I pushed the rock down his gullet as hard as it could go, choking him so that I could raise up and draw my knife out of his thick hide.

"Bite me? Yes, he tried to, and did tear my hand pretty bad, but I kept shoving the rock down his throat. With my knife I gave it to him again and again in the stomach and neck until he fell over kicking and choking till he died. I was crawling home when I met a neighbor, who helped me to his house and then went back after the cougar's carcass, which he skinned for me. It's up at the cabin now, and any of you who want to see it will be welcome to come and have a sight of it. But I'll tell you, boys, the critter that wore that skin gave me a pretty close shave with death."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

AN INQUISITIVE WOMAN.

The Questions with Which She Plied a Traveler from the East.

The fact that a woman has lived for twenty years almost wholly isolated from the civilized world may fairly be held to excuse some eagerness of curiosity, and even some lack of politeness. A traveler found such a one on a mountain top of the far West, fifteen miles from the nearest town, and nearly a hundred from the nearest railroad. Her "ole man," as she called her husband, was out prospecting when the traveler drew rein before the log cabin and asked if he could have dinner.

"Of course you kin—sech as 'tis," the woman said, heartily, evidently delighted to have the dreary monotony of her life broken. "You won't git much—only b'ar meat, and corn-dodgers, and some coffee—but yer welcome to sech ez 'tis. Where you goin'?"

"To Gunnison City."

"Do you live there?"

"No."

"Where do you live?"

"In Vermont."

"Do you? 'Way back there?"

"Oh, yes."

"You got a fam'ly?"

"Yes; a wife and two children."

"Well, I shouldn't think your wife'd let you come 'way off out here. I wouldn't let my ole man go off like that."

"I'm traveling for my health."

"What's the matter with you?"

"My lungs are weak."

"Has comin' out here made 'em any better?"

"Much better, I think."

"Well, I've an idee this country kills as many as it cures. Are your children girls?"

"No, boys."

"Don't you wish one of 'em was a girl?"

"Yes, I do."

"*I* should, if it was me. You got their pictur's with you?"

"Yes. Would you like to see them?"

"Yes, I would; and your wife's too, if you've got it."

The photographs were produced and the woman eyed them eagerly.

"Well, they're real smart-lookin' little fellers. Light-complected, an't they?"

"Yes."

"I reckoned so. Your wife's dark, an't she?"

"No, not very."

"Looks so in the pictur'. Is that a silk dress she's got on?"

"I think it is."

"Looks like it. What can you git good silk for a yard back East?"

"I really don't know."

"I hope I'll live to git one 'fore I die, but I've an idee I won't. Is that a diamond buzzom pin your wife has on?"

"I believe there are diamonds in it?"

"What's your business?"

"I'm a lawyer."

"You make a heap, don't you?"

"I make a living."

"I don't see how your wife can wear such fine things if you don't make a lot. Now you go hitch your beast, and I'll have dinner in ten minutes."—Youth's Companion.

A Present for a Husband.

Furniture Dealer—Yes, madam, there is no nicer present for a man than a handsome writing-desk. Look at this one for example.

Customer—It's very pretty, but what are all of those square things?

"Drawers, madam. That desk has one hundred and sixty separate drawers."

"Hah! And every time he mislays any thing he'll expect me to find it. Show me a desk with one drawer."—N. Y. Weekly.

BACTERIA AND DISEASE.

A Popular Account of a Simple But Wonderful Organism.

So small are the bacteria, and so simple in their structure and activities, that it has not been an easy task for scientific men to decide whether they belonged among animals or plants. It is now definitely settled, however, that they are plants, and are closely related to the algæ. The bacteria vary a good deal in shape, but in general they are either spheroidal or ovoidal, like a billiard-ball or an egg; or rod-shaped, like a lead-pencil; or spiral-shaped, like a cork-screw.

They are generally so very small that we can hardly form a conception of them except by comparison with some well-known objects. One of the most common of bacteria is a little rod, so small that if you were to put 1,500 of them end to end, the line would scarcely reach across the head of an ordinary pin. If you look at them with a magnifying power so great that, if it could be applied to him, it would make a man look about four times as big as Mount Washington, they do not look larger than this. We can make out, however, that they are made up of a slightly granular material surrounded by a somewhat denser envelope. The bacteria appear under the microscope as pale translucent bodies, and the student usually finds it necessary, in order to see their outlines distinctly, to stain them with some one of the aniline dyes—red, or blue, or violet—when they become very distinct.

Warmth, moisture, oxygen and a certain amount of organic matter are required for the existence of the bacteria. So rapid is the process of reproduction that a single germ by this process of growth and subdivision may give rise to more than 16,500,000 of similar organisms within twenty-four hours. It has been calculated by an eminent biologist that, if the proper conditions could be maintained, a little rod-like bacterium, which would measure only about a thousandth of an inch in length, multiplying in this way, would in less than five days make a mass which would completely fill as much space as is occupied by all the oceans on the earth's surface, supposing them to have an average depth of one mile.

There is really very little difference, far as wholesomeness is concerned, between the few thousand vegetable cells, called bacteria, which may be clinging to the surface of a grape, and a few hundred vegetable cells of larger size of which the grape itself is composed. Both are alike worked over by the digestive organs, under ordinary conditions, into nutritive material for the uses of the body. Milk is a most excellent food for many forms of bacteria, and among those which are commonly present in milk is one which causes it to become sour when left to itself. Other forms of bacteria develop those peculiar chemical compounds which give to cheese its special and varying flavors. It is, in fact, a very motley group of chemical substances which these bacteria set free in feeding themselves on nature's waste organic materials. Sometimes they are very bad smelling gasses, sometimes aromatic substances, sometimes they are sweet, sometimes they are sour. But sooner or later they are used by some animal or plant, and so again enter the domain of life. Thus ever in ceaseless alternations between life and death these elemental combinations come and go. And ever since life emerged from its primal simple forms on earth, the bacteria have silently gone on tearing the worn-out and useless to pieces and turning it over in new combination to other forms of life.—Philadelphia Press.

ZACHARIAS DID IT.

How Old Zack Secured Board and Lodging for Sixty Days.

Old Zack shuffled forward, as his name was called, closely followed by the officer who had captured him in one of his nocturnal chicken-stealing expeditions. He held his catskin cap tightly under his arm, rubbing his woolly head thoughtfully with his disengaged hand.

"Well, prisoner, what is your name?"

"Zacharias Tobias."

"What?"

"Zacharias Tobias."

"Are you sure it is not Ananias?"

"I ain't sure of nuffin', yer honor; but I 'spects it'll be Dennis fo' I gits out oh yere."

"Well Dennis—I should say Ananias—you were found in Deacon Smith's chicken-coop this morning at three o'clock, I believe."

"Quarter pas' three, yer honor."

"Well, then, 3:15, to be more exact. I suppose you went there to read poetry."

"Sar?"

"Did you go there to read poetry?"

"Eat poultry? No, sar; don't want no raw poultry 'bout dis niggah. Don't eat poultry till it's done cooked."

"Well, Dennis, I am afraid your poultry will be cooked this time—your goose at least. Do you think you can get it done in thirty days?"

"It's pretty tough, yer honor—"

"Well, then, make it sixty days, so as to be on the safe side."

And as old Zach moved away he murmured, softly: "Dun fixed it this time; bound ter get three square meals a day fur the next two months, sho'."—Texas Siftings.

Words, Words, Words.

Edward J. Phelps, ex-Minister to England, in an article in Scribner's says: "Never since the creation has there come upon the earth such a deluge of talk as the latter half of the nineteenth century has heard. The orator is everywhere, and has all subjects for his own. The writer stayeth not his hand by day or by night. Every successive day brings forth in the English tongue more discourse than all the great speakers of the past have left behind them, and more printed matter, such as it is, than the contents of an ordinary library. * * * We certainly seem to be approaching the time when hardly any thing will be left to be said on any subject that has not been said before—perhaps many times over; when all known topics will begin to be exhausted."

THE RUSSIAN STUNDA.

A Movement Directed Against the Spiritual Supremacy of the Czar.

You are already aware that the Archbishop of Odessa and Kherson a few days ago, when Oddessa celebrated its centenary, delivered a speech in which he spoke somewhat severely of the Russian peasants. Archbishop Nikannor declared openly that "the orthodox Russian peasants, are in almost every thing inferior not only to the Lutherans, but also to the Jews and Tartars living among them," and he thinks that this regrettable state of affairs is due to the fact that so many hundred thousand peasants in Southern Russia are converts from the orthodox church, and he concludes his long and interesting speech by warning every one against the Stundists.

This speech has again directed general attention to the powerful religious movement known as Stunda, whose adherents already number at least 5,000,000. It is difficult or impossible to tell where this movement originated and who was its founder. It is more that thirty years old, and probably the first impulse was given to it by the German colonists in Southern Russia, not directly by propaganda, but, indirectly. The orthodox church, which has always been strongly supported by the police, has from the first paid great attention to the movement, but has never succeeded in discovering its prophets.

At first the police was simple enough to think it possible to stop the movement by a generous use of prisons and the knout, but it soon learned that these measures had quite the opposite effect; and since then the Stunda has spread irresistibly even beyond the southern provinces. Nor is this to be wondered at, for a remarkable change takes place with the orthodox peasant who adheres to "the new doctrine." He gives up drinking, he is better dressed, his manners are better, he becomes a better workman, and he soon gathers a little fortune.

The new doctrine is really nothing but a somewhat modified Lutheranism, and it has happened often that the Stundists call themselves Lutherans. They will not have any thing to do with the orthodox church, but yet they are generous enough to give the popes what they want for their existence, although only on condition that they do not preach against the new believers. Archbishop Nikanor stated in his speech that many of the orthodox churches in his diocese have for several years been completely empty. Many of the more intelligent orthodox priests think that the time is not far off when the Russian church will be overthrown by the Stunda. The government is not able to combat the steadily increasing movement. Only one measure might, perhaps, prove effective—religious liberty—but the government has not the courage to grant it.—St. Petersburg Cor. London News.

THOMAS JEFFERSON.

A Pen Picture of the Third President of the United States.

Jefferson was very tall, six feet two and a half inches in height, sandy-complexioned, shy in manner, seeming cold, awkward in attitude, and with little in his bearing that suggested command. * * * One of the greatest of modern writers first made himself famous by declaring that society was founded on cloth; and Jefferson, at moments of some interest in his career as President, seemed to regard his peculiar style of dress as a matter of political importance, while the Federalist newspapers never ceased ridiculing the corduroy smallclothes, red plush waistcoat and sharp-toed boots with which he expressed his contempt for fashion. * * * For eight years this tall, loosely-built, somewhat stiff figure, in red waistcoat and yarn stockings, slipping down at the heel, and clothes that seemed too small for him, may be imagined sitting on one hip, with one shoulder high above the other, talking almost without ceasing to his visitors at the White House. His skin was thin and delicate, peeling from his face on exposure to the sun, giving it a tettered appearance. This sandy face, with hazel eyes and sunny aspect; this loose, shackling person; this rambling, brilliant conversation, belonged to the controlling influences of American history, more necessary to the story than three-fourths of the official papers, which only hid the truth. Jefferson's personality during these eight years appeared to be the Government, and impressed itself like that of Bonaparte, although by a different process, on the mind of the Nation In the village simplicity of Washington society he was more than a king, for he was alone in social as well as political pre-eminence. Except the British Legation, no house in Washington was open to general society; the whole mass of politicians, even the Federalists, were dependent on Jefferson and "the Palace" for amusement * * * He showed his powers at their best in his own house, where among friends as genial and cheerful as himself his ideas could flow freely, and could be discussed with sympathy. Such were the men with whom he surrounded himself by choice, and none but such were invited to enter his Cabinet.—Henry Adams' "History of Jefferson's Administration.'

Hints on Clearing the Table.

Gather up the fragments, that nothing may be lost. If you use a crumb tray, gather first the broken pieces upon a plate. Take the knives, forks and spoons separately upon a tray; remove the salters and pepper-sprinklers and butter-dishes in the same way. Remove the plates and other dishes; quietly take those of the guests first, and not piling up more than can be easily removed at once. After the plates, take the food platters or dishes. Then remove the crumbs. Some ladies prefer using two table-cloths, leaving the lower one or for the after-course. System can be observed in a small house with homely fare as well as in a palace, and taste can be as well displayed in the arrangement of dishes on a pine table as in the groups of silver and china of the rich. Skill in cooking is as readily shown in a baked potato as in some French entree. Poverty is no excuse for careless habits and bad cooking.—Detroit Tribune.

FULL OF FUN.

—Figures will not lie, but the female figure will fool a man once in awhile.—Binghamton Leader.

—Smartto—"Hello, Sharppe! How's Christian science gittin' along?" Sharppe—"O, I've give up Christian science an' gone back to plain bunko."—Puck.

—"Who was the first man, Tommy?" asked the Sunday-school teacher, after explaining that our first parents were made from the dust of the earth. "Henry Clay, ma'am."—Chicago Advance.

—Pat Lynch (to his helpmate)—"Sure, and that's th' sivinth bucket o' schlops Oi do be fetchin' to the old porker, an' he do look jist as wistful-loike as he did afore he had a mouthful. Be Harry, but a hog's well named."—Life.

—Lady (leaving a store)—"You bet I am up to the tricks of these merchants. I made him come down two dollars on price." Merchant (to himself)—"I am up to the tricks of these lady customers. I put the price up four dollars."—Texas Siftings.

—"I love so much to hear Herbert talk," said Mamie to her mother. "You do?" "Yes; there is such a ring about his remarks." "A ring? Perhaps his intentions are really serious."—Merchant Traveler.

—Here is something (a hint, in fact) for the piano-man.—Triton (at home on a visit)—"Well, father, what is the news?" Neptune—"Nothing much, except that a large number of the fishes have struck for the adoption of a uniform scale."—Musical Courier.

—"My lad," remarked Judge Spencer to the little boy who had just taken the witness stand, "do you understand the nature of an oath?" "Yes, sir, I was in pap's office yesterday when his coal bill was presented." "Mr. Clerk, enroll the witness."—St. Joseph News.

—Freddy—"Ma, whenever pa meets Dr. Vandel he always says to him, 'How are you, old hoss!' What does he mean by that?" Ma—"O, it's nothing more than a term to express thorough familiarity." Uncle Josh—"May be; but I rather think he calls the doctor 'old hoss' because he's such a famous charger."—Richmond Dispatch.

—The Renewal of College Labor.—Professor of Geology—"Gentlemen, at the close of the spring term, I asked you to report to me, individually, any object of extraordinary interest you might meet in your respective outings. Mr. Corbett, you may begin." Corbett, '91—"Please, sir, mine had yellow hair, blue eyes, and a tailor-made suit."—Puck.

—Mrs. Selfmade—"Now, all the preparations for the house-warmin' is complete, an' I can't think o' nothin' more to contribute to the enjoyment of them that's going to be present."—Mr. Selfmade—"There's only one thing I would suggest. Nail up a sign in the parlor saying: 'Guests that use hair oil is requested not to lean their heads agin the wall paper.'"—America.

—Akron editors can not tell a lie, but one of them has made a desperate attempt in that direction, viz: A local physician in one of Ohio's counties has a great fondness for performing surgical experiments. His latest is one of extreme interest. Carefully extricating the proboscis of a lusty mosquito, he successfully transplanted it into the nasal front of a common house fly. The bite of the fly now has all the pleasant pungency of its swamp relative.—Cleveland Leader.

EXCESSIVELY POLITE.

Illustrations of Phenomenal Courtesy and Fulsome Flattery.

It is possible that there is such a thing as being too polite; at least, one may err in the direction of a too obsequious courtesy. It is said that a royal personage once asked a courtier what time it was, and the man replied, with a low reverence, and with bated breath:

"Whatever time your Majesty pleases."

Doubtless the King would have been better pleased with a less flattering and more definite answer.

There is a tradition in a certain house that one of its guests was so polite that none of her preferences could be ascertained, and the following incident is always quoted in illustration of her phenomenal courtesy.

"Now, Kitty," said her hostess, one morning, "we can either row or drive this morning; which would you prefer?"

"Thank you, that will be charming," was the non-committal reply, and, as her hostess afterward declared, "wild horses could not have drawn from her a further avowal."

Such careful courtesy is often exceedingly amusing, and when used by an Irishman, one can fancy that it would be provocative of smiles. An Irish sailor once called the captain of his vessel from a coffee-house with the flattering statement:

"An't plaze yer Honor, the tides is waiting for ye!"

Surely the captain might have thought himself more than the equal of King Canute, who found by actual experiment, that he was unequal to controlling the sea.

Perhaps the advice of a certain dear old lady applies to etiquette, as well as to other affairs of life. "Speak the truth always," she was wont to say, "but speak it gently."—Youth's Companion.

The Gift of Cheerfulness.

Good and healthy girls are almost always cheerful. No novelist would consider his youthful heroine complete if a "ringing laugh" were omitted from the list of her charms; and in real life the girls who do not laugh now and then are seldom trusted or liked by their companions. Even beauty will not save them. A belle who fails to understand the jest of her admirers and smiles in amiable bewilderment while other people are laughing is soon left with no consolation save to wonder what any body can see in her rival—a girl with "tip-tilted" nose, perhaps, and a large mouth and freckles, but the happy possessor of a pair of merry eyes and a cheerful mind. The gift of gayety is indeed of great value; but it must be gayety which originates in a kind and cherry heart, not that which is born of mere excitement or gratified vanity.—N. Y. Ledger.

THE GRAND OLD MAN.

Mr. Gladstone Reads Any Thing and Every Thing That Comes to Him.

Mr. Gladstone is, in every respect, a great reader. He spends more time now in reading books than he did twenty-five years ago. Any thing and every thing that comes to him is grist to his mill. He doesn't mind wading through chapter after chapter if he only finds a kernel of truth or a nugget of pure gold at the end. He is particularly fond of books of travel and politics; and there is no country that interests him so much as America, its people and its politicians. A great deal of his reading is done as a matter of duty, or work, if you please, and after he has finished that and is so thoroughly tired out that most men would take to the woods or to a sick-room, the great statesman turns to his Latin or Greek for rest and repose. If there is one subject dear to his heart, after politics and state-craft, it is religion. He has no favorite authors; he finds good in all schools, and he says, indeed, it must be a very poor writer who can't find something to say that will interest even the busiest of men and the most learned. He has the faculty of skimming through a book and getting the salient points in a few hours. When Henry George published his "Progress and Poverty," Mr. Gladstone felt so deeply interested that he not only read the book very carefully once, but half a dozen times, and at least a score of books also bearing on the subject. He viewed it from all points, and felt no doubt that he was adding to his store of knowledge by so doing.

To Americans it will be of interest to know that Mr. Gladstone receives a large number of American newspapers and magazines, and that he is very well informed on all current American topics. He keeps several secretaries busy, and when he finds a striking point in a book or newspaper he turns down the page or marks it to be clipped by his daughter, Miss Helen Gladstone, or his wife, or one of his secretaries, and strange to say he can turn to it years afterwards at a moment's notice. He has a wonderful memory, too, and knows a great deal more of American men of letters than most people would suppose. He is an intense admirer of James Russell Lowell and Bret Harte, whom he met in London and learned to love and respect for their talent as well as personal qualities.

He has a magnificent library of exceeding value and is constantly adding to it. He is one of the few great men of this world who is not ashamed to be seen alone in the street, and he often spends an hour or so in some old bookseller's shop on the Strand or in Cornhill. He is the owner of many rare and valuable works, and whenever there is an important book sale, either his son Herbert, or one of the secretaries, is present to bid in any valuable or rare volume that may be offered. He spent a fortune on his library, and when annoyed by the cares of political life, always finds rest and contentment there. He is on familiar terms with many of the lesser, as well as the greater literary lights of London, and he is an especial admirer of the work of Sir Edwin Arnold, the descriptive work of William Black and the plots of Wilkie Collins.—E. W. Bok, in Ladies' Home Journal.

CAN UNMAKE NABOBS.

A Newspaper Man Who Holds in His Hands the Fortunes of Many Men.

There is a man in this city, a newspaper man, who could any day, by a scratch of his pen and the click of a telegraph instrument, break down a dozen millionaires and make as many more. His position entails upon him a responsibility that many men would hesitate to incur. The very fact of his holding his position is a standing compliment to his sterling integrity. It is also a witness to his ability, for an error of judgment upon his part would sometimes almost be as disastrous to the men who repose trust in him as a misleading statement made intentionally. This man may be seen any day around the Treasury Department talking to the high officials. He is of medium build, has a serious, earnest face, smooth shaven, and a bright, restless eye. His dark hair is now well sprinkled with gray, and, with his serious mein, gives him a look older than his years. He is a quiet, unassuming man, and talks slowly, but in a precise way, with the tone of a man who weighs his words. Caution must be an element in the nature of a man filling his position. He is the Washington agent of a big firm of Wall street brokers, who publish financial bulletins in the Stock Exchange at New York. These bulletins furnish the dealers in stock and Government bonds with an idea of the financial policy of the Administration. A bulletin will influence the stock market, sway the buyers and sellers of bonds, and raise or break the market several points. So accurate are the statements of this agent upon financial matters that implicit confidence is placed in his judgment by the dealers, and they will back his "pointers" with big money. If he should send a dispatch to-day, for instance, that it was understood the Secretary of the Treasury would issue an order to-morrow stopping the purchase of bonds, his word would hold, and it would break the New York stock half a dozen points before the report could be refuted or confirmed, and hundreds of thousands of dollars would change hands in the shuffle. Thus this one man holds in his hands the fortunes of so many men and the happiness of many families.—Washington Capital.

"Howdy" in Thirteen Countries.

"How do you do?" That's English and American. "How do you carry yourself?" That's French. "How do you stand?" That's Italian. "How do you find yourself?" That's German. "How do you fare?" That's Dutch. "How can you?" That's Swedish. "How do you perspire?" That's Egyptian. "How is your stomach? Have you eaten your rice?" That's Chinese. "How do you have yourself?" That's Polish. "How do you live on?" That's Russian. "May thy shadow never be less." That's Persian. "How is your body?" That's Turkish. And all the above mean the same—St. Louis Republic.

HIS GREAT SPEECH.

How a Californian Secured the Nomination of His Candidate.

"I saw Tom Fitch in town the other day," said the man with the wart on his red, red nose, as he gazed out to where, on the blue, unruffled expanse, a pelican with prominent lip was making life precariously lively for a school of fish, "and every time I see him I am reminded of his great speech in the Los Angeles convention when he secured the nomination as Attorney-General for W. H. H. Hart, now attorney for Florence Blythe. Hart really hadn't the ghost of a show. Thomas L. Carothers, of Mendocino, was the slate candidate, with George A. Blanchard, of Colusa, Robbert P. Devlin and Carroll Cook all showing some strength. Hart hadn't over three votes to go in on, with no county behind him. Fitch wasn't a delegate to the convention, but agreed to place Hart in nomination if he could get a proxy. One of Hart's friends went to Boss Bill Higgins and asked him to give Fitch a proxy and let him nominate Hart. Higgins was for Carothers first, last and all the time, but said to the pleader: 'Yes, let Fitch go in and talk if he wants to. It won't do any harm. Hart hasn't the remotest chance in the world. Tom's talk will please the boys.'

"So Fitch was given a proxy, and when the time came took the floor in Hart's behalf. Blanchard, Cook, Devlin and Carothers had already been placed in nomination, and the knowing ones were all ready to cheer when Carothers should be declared the choice of the convention. Fitch took up Hart's war record, and went with him into the battle of Cold Harbor. In his vivid word painting he told how Hart, then a mere boy, was sent for during the thick of the fight and given dispatches for a brigade commander. In the carrying and delivery of these dispatches hung the fortunes of the day. It became necessary to take them through the enemy's lines and Hart began his perilous trip.

"Suddenly it was noticed that the noisy convention was still. The delegates sat as motionless as rows of stones. Their mouths were open. Their eyes hung out on stems. They were interested in that story of magnificent heroism so magnificently told.

"Hart dodged here, crept there; cut his way in one place, bribed it in another. About him hell was hissing and death hurtling along the gale. Exhausted, dust covered, powder-burned, wounded, the gallant boy at last reached the commander whom he sought, presented the dispatchss, and saved the day.

"'This boy was W. H. H. Hart, whom I now present to your consideration for the nomination of Attorney-General,' concluded Fitch.'

"At once the convention broke out into the wildest applause. Every body was up shrieking like a madman. Hats were tossed; canes broken. In the enthusiasm of the moment Sam Shortridge, a Carothers man, moved that the nomination of Hart be made by acclamation. His wild motion would have gone through had it been put. Carroll Cook jumped to his feet, his face radiant, and withdrew in favor of the hero of Cold Harbor. The balloting had hardly begun amid the wild confusion when Blanchard withdrew. Then Devlin pulled out. Carothers held on, hoping that the slate would hold together notwithstanding Fitch's eloquent assault. But the slate was smashed into smithereens. Before half the counties were called Carothers had his name withdrawn and Hart was unanimously nominated. The convention had been stampeded by the magic of one man's voice.

"And the joke of it all was that Hart wasn't in the battle of Cold Harbor at all."—San Francisco Examiner.

BOGUS GREENBACKS.

The First Counterfeit Bill Printed at Lawrence, Ind.

Sim Coy's new book will bring out the historical fact that the first counterfeit greenback (1862 series) was made at Lawrence, in this county, during that year, by members of the criminally-famous Johnson family. Many thousands of the bills were placed in circulation, people not dreaming of a counterfeit so early after the first appearance of the bill, and besides the stirring events of the war largely diverted their attention from business matters.

Pete McCartney was the financial backer of the Johnsons, and after the plate had been worked the Johnsons attempted to unload McCartney, but his suspicions being aroused he stole the plate and caused it to be electrotyped, after which it was returned to its old hiding-place. The electrotype was a marked improvement on the original counterfeit, and McCartney worked off his series in this city, and over $100,000 of the spurious stuff were readily placed in circulation.

Meanwhile the Secret-Service officers, led by Major Wood, had been apprised of the counterfeit, and were laying for the Johnsons and McCartney. Instead of tracking the latter to his rooms, where the printing was going on, McCartney was arrested at the post-office, and in a few days, in company with the Johnsons, who had been found at Lawrence, he was forwarded under strong escort to the Military Prison at Washington.

While the train was crossing the mountain, although McCartney was handcuffed and shackled at the time, he managed to make his escape, and in two weeks he was back again in this city, secured possession of his electrotype and disappeared. It cost the Government a great many thousands of dollars before the officers again laid hands on him. Meanwhile the Johnsons succeeded in making terms, by which they escaped prosecution by turning up the original plate and giving the officers certain pointers with reference to other offenders. Neither the Johnsons nor the Government knew until long afterward that McCartney had an electrotype, and had stolen a march on his former associates.—Indianapolis News.

—They have taken the school-house bell and hung it on the judge's stand at the trotting park in an Eastern Maine town.