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, MARCH 1, 1890. VOL. XV.—NO. 9.

IF.

I've often thought what I would do
If I could just be boss.
What great reforms I would put through,
If I could just be boss.
How I would jump on each big trust,
And hammer at it till it bust,
And strew its fragments in the dust,
If I could just be boss.

I think I'd fill my belt with gems,
If I could just be boss,
And slay the man who makes foul puns,
If I could just be boss.
I'd shoot the villain through his gall,
And as I'd calmly watch him fall,
I'd ask: "If he enjoyed the ball,"
If I could just be boss.

I'd like to quit my single life,
If I could just be boss.
And take unto myself a wife,
If I could just be boss.
I'd have a little home refined,
A little woman, sweet and kind,
And a mother-in-law I wouldn't mind
If—
I could just be boss.

—Terre Haute Express.

YOU AND YOUR BOY.

Establish the Friendliest Relation Between Father and Son.

Make Your Boy Your Companion; Ask and Respect His Childish Views; Make Him Early Thoughtful and Self-Reliant.

"Congratulate me, old fellow! It's a boy!"

What an exultant ring was in the voice of my enthusiastic young friend, who had come up (three steps at every bound) to command my congratulation on the happy issue of Great Expectations in his household! And what a glow was in his face! And how proudly he seemed to regard his newly-gotten crown of fatherhood!

For one swift instant I wavered in my long-settled conviction that the choicest fruits of life are grown in the gardens of bachelorhood. However, a moment's calmer thought confirmed the old conviction, and at this hour (three days after the bounding visit), it looms before my mental vision a veritable rock-ribbed mountain of truth.

All right, young friend. Be happy in your boy, and happy and ever happier be your boy in you. But if I miss your joy, I escape your responsibility, the solemn and ever-pressing import of which you little apprehend. By and by there will reach you a glimmering of the momentous truth (which you must face) that

A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts.

But before that time arrives, and while your baby boy is still your toy, let me do what a disinterested observer, friend and bachelor may to clear the road along which both of you must fare together. You will not take it ill of me if I venture to say that fathers often need to be reminded of what they owe their boys, because, unhappily enough, obedience and obligation are generally charged to the debt side of the Boy's account. This not only lacks the element of common fairness, but it makes the father-and-son relationship one-sided, despotic and intolerable, and monstrously repugnant to every lover of justice and equal rights.

The conscientious counselor who desires to see established the right relation between Father and Son will not approach the question flippantly or in the offensive spirit and manner of Sir Oracle. Of all the men I have known, the gentlest and worthiest—the most considerate and the least selfish—morally the bravest and intellectually the fairest—is that unostentatious embodiment of the virtues, my well-remembered and honest dear Old Traddles, whom we lost track of in these pages years ago. I recall a characteristic monologue of his on the identical relation under discussion here.

"From my earliest recollection," he said, "my father made a confidant of me. Of course, I realize now that up to the time when I began to develop mind and judgment in some degree capable to insure a man's confidence, my father's flattering attitude was assumed. I was not aware of it then, however, and so in my own esteem I enjoyed all the importance and distinction of being a gravely-consulted, though very diminutive, adviser in every thing that seemed to bear nearly or remotely on my own welfare.

"Ah! what true diplomacy that was, to be sure! But it was wise—as wise as it was gentle—because it grounded me in self-reliance, caution, thoughtfulness and the habit of weighing opinions. I shall never cease to love and admire that kindly and shrewd diplomatist for his regard of small me in that respect.

"You will, perhaps, say there was no generosity in it because it was merely the performance of a parent's duty; nevertheless, I am bound to consider it a not ungenerous act in a father, busied with cares and weighted with responsibilities, to come down from his higher plane to make confidants and advisers of his children, with such a motive as I am sure guided my father in his conduct toward me."

It came to pass that Traddles a long time ago found himself occupying a like relation to a Small Boy, the gravity of whose demeanor explains the fact that during his childhood—the period when Traddles and I had most in common—I used to address him as Old Man. It was his habit to get up early, walk into Traddles' bed-chamber before Traddles got out of bed and salute him with a grave "Hello," ask him with much solitude how he had slept, and—*would he give him five cents?*

I likewise observed that when Traddles chanced to meet the Old Man on the street he was likely to salute him with "how are you, partner?" or some kindred familiar phrase. At a table during the family meals the same gentle or whimsical familiarity was observable. Traddles consulted the Old Man's reasonable preferences as considerately and with as much external politeness as he did those of his formal guests, and in all respects treated him as an equal, to whom courtesy and well-bred observance were an acknowledged prerogative, not merely a superior's patronizing favor.

It was the same with his reading. If Traddles met with something that he thought might interest the Old Man, he would ask his attention to it, and draw out his crude but pure gold ideas about it in a controversial way, in which I sometimes found myself not less interested than the Old Man. Others of the family caught the spirit and in time—before they reached maturity—they were all intelligently conversant with the contents of Traddles' unique collection of books.

Of course one can not exactly measure the good that may be accomplished by this kind of father-and-son intercourse. Its elasticity is its best recommendation—its adaptability to all natures. It is enough for you, enthusiastic young father, to know that in a general way it is wholesome and nutritious moral food for that unequaled Boy, whose advent into your life I do most joyfully celebrate.

In point of fact any thing that tends to establish the *entente cordiale* between boyhood and manhood—especially if those conditions bear that other and gentler relation of sonhood and fatherhood—must yield a generous harvest of good. It is an understanding so easy to reach that I wonder we do not see more examples of it. Right-minded fathers will always embrace any plan for the true advancement of their boys. This plan of familiar companionship seems to me the best plan. And I would pursue it with zeal to its last analysis—even to the verge of spinning tops and playing horse in the intervals of life's exacting round.

Traddles (whose word is never doubted) reports that he has demonstrated the easy practicability of it. The best immediate results, he thinks, were those that owed their start to little talks about books and the men and women who wrote them. He also asserts with a degree of enthusiasm not common to him that the Old Man's intellectual development under this plan is amazing. He accounts for it on the plausible postulate that whatsoever engages the child's interest the while it touches him with a sense of his own importance and possible usefulness, enlarges his mental horizon and lays broad and deep the foundation of a well-ordered and helpful life.

I can imagine no more lovely phase of life than that which is presented by the father and son who have established the Traddles relation with each other. Boys so treated are quick to apprehend the respectful recognition of the bud of manhood in themselves, and they will not abuse the confidence you repose in them. They will meet you more than half way in obedience and in efforts to grow in the direction of your desire.

After all, the difference between the Boy and the Man—like all differences in this world—is relative. I am not quite sure that I have not been better taught by the Boy than by the Man.—Signor Max, in Detroit Free Press.

FOOT-BALL LINGO.

Stenographic Report of a Match Played in New York.

New York is a Frankenstein among cities. New York inspires with life strange things called fads and crazes; and the first thing New York knows the hoof of a tyrant fad is on her throat, or some monstrous craze haunts her and will not down.

When the unfortunate metropolis was prostrate before her foot-ball craze, a feeble Tribune reporter, with only one father and one mother, was plucked from his accustomed haunts and hurled into the midst of the howling Polo Grounds. Without stopping to inquire why the lagoon and mire which lay before him were known as Polo Grounds, he took out his note-book and with a heart heavy with responsibility began to take notes of a foot-ball match. It was only a little match, but it was his first. He saw tangled masses of high-colored limbs and bodies writhing in the mud. He saw wild foot-races across the quaking morass. He beheld two parallel rows of men tickling each other's ribs until, like a hare from covert, an ugly, poor little wind-bag of a ball shot out, and they all made after it, like the hounds, and fell upon it, and worried it, and got tangled again.

In despair, for he was a stenographic reporter and felt that this sporting life would kill him, he opened his ears to hear what his well-versed neighbors on the spectators' benches would say in comment on the evolutions taking place in the field. With new-born hope in his bosom, he trusted to his flying pencil to record by the utterances of the wise the progress of the game in a realistic and intelligible form, which every body might read and understand.

When all was over he deciphered the following remarks among others:

"Wow." "Did you see that head? It was buried in the mud." "There's a fellow laid out." "No, he's on his pins now." "Look at them rubbing his back."

"See that chap push his way through there? Isn't it fun!" "Hurray!" "Now then, watch 'em grapple." "They're scrapping, by Jove!" "Ouch!" "Foul! hisses! wow!" "Wouldn't you like to see them fall into the deep water?"

"My! Charlie's got the ball—Charlie's got the ball! (feminine screech) Oh! he's down! (screech)."

"Look at that ball laying in the mud!" "Charlie's laying in the mud, too!" "Now they're all laying in the mud (screech). Where's Charlie?" "He's gone under." (Nascent screech stifled.) "He'll come out all right!" "Oh!" "Oh!" "Wow! Down went McGinty to the bottom of the sea!" (Laughter.) "I should think they would get very tired!" "Oh, they fell right in the water." (Much laughter.)

"Oh, there's another hansom." "Charlie invited me to drive in a hansom. I told him I wasn't hansom enough. Tee hee!" (Giggles and squeaks.) "Look at him! he's bumped his head against the wall." "That was very nicely done."

"Gosh! What a biff he got in the head with the ball, didn't he!" "Oh, say. That man with the umbrella's shouting that time's up." "Oh!" "Aw!" "So is—look, they're all stopping." "So they are."

"Do you see Charlie?" "Let's go." "All right, poor fellows, how dirty they are." "Who won?"—N. Y. Tribune.

THE BAHAMA ISLANDS.

Geographically, Historical and Political Facts Not Generally Known.

The Bahama islands form a numerous group of the British West Indies, and extend northwest from San Domingo to the southeastern coast of Florida. The islands number twenty-nine, of which twenty are inhabited; there are besides some 661 cays (islets, shoals, or reefs), and 2,387 rocks; their area is estimated at 5,450 square miles. The principal islands are New Providence, Great Bahama, Abaco, Eleuthera, San Salvador, Exuma, Andros, Long Island, Great Inaugua, Harbor Island, Mariguana, Crooked island, Watling and Acklin. The Islands are formed of calcareous rocks of coral and shell hardened into limestone, honeycombed and perforated with countless cavities; the crust is very hard, but it is softer underneath, and the stone is excelent for building purposes, hardening on exposure. The shores are generally low, and there are no mountains in the group. The soil is light but very productive. Some of the islands have forests of mahogany, lignum vitæ, iron and other valuable woods. Olives, oranges, lemons, limes, citrons, pine-apples, figs, bananas, melons, sugar-cane, ginger, coffee, indigo, cotton and tobacco are grown in abundance. Andros is the only island that has streams of running water, the water supply coming from wells, which rise and fall with the neighboring tides. Wild geese, ducks, pigeons, parrots, hawks, doves, flamingoes and hummingbirds abound, and the fish in the neighboring waters are numerous; the turtle is very fine. The salt ponds in the lower islands are valuable. Nassau, the seat of government, is in the island of New Providence, and has the only safe harbor for vessels drawing more than nine feet. San Salvador claims the honor of having been the land discovered by Columbus October 12, 1492. The natives were peaceable and helpful to the first explorers, but the rapacious Spaniards took them from their homes in the Bahamas by lying stories and put them to work in the mines of the West Indies, where they perished miserably. In 1629 some British adventurers found their way to the Bahamas and a settlement was formed at New Providence, but in 1641 they were driven out by the Spaniards. In 1667 the British once more took possession, and in 1680 Charles II. made grants to the Duke of Albemarle, Lord Craven, Sir George Carteret, Lord Beckley, Lord Ashley and Sir Peter Colleton, by whom the Governors of the islands were appointed. For years the enmity of the Spaniards and the tyranny of the Governors retarded their development. Descents were made in 1703 by the French and Spaniards that destroyed New Providence, after which it became the resort of pirates. The depredations of these ruffians become intolerable, and the islands were cleared of their murderous inhabitants and respectable colonists substituted. The islands were subjected to attacks during the American revolution, and the Spaniards from Cuba were in possession for a year or two, but they were restored to the British. In 1834 the abolition of the slave trade is said to have retarded the development of the islands, but that this was for their permanent benefit there can be no doubt. The Bahamas were notorious for the blockade-running trade carried on between this British port and the Southern States. The benefits that came to the Bahamas from this traffic were short-lived, and illusive, as crime increased and sickness became prevalent. In October, 1866, a hurricane swept over New Providence, destroying crops and damaging sponges, then a source of great profit, and this was followed by repeated droughts. For civil purposes the colony is divided into parishes. In 1869 the act of disestablishing the Church of England went into effect. The government of the Bahamas consists of a Governor, aided by an executive council, a legislative council and a representative assembly. The population of the islands was 43,521 in 1881, a very large number of the inhabitants being colored. There are Wesleyan, Baptist, Church of England and Presbyterian churches. The schools are numerous, and some of the leading ones are under government control. New Providence is the center of the commercial, political, religious and educational life of the islands, and has many of the modern institutions, such as banks, libraries, charitable societies, lodges, press, etc.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

STRAW-MEN IN HISTORY.

Wretches Who Perjured Themselves for a Small Consideration.

In earlier times the procuring of witnesses to perjure themselves by false swearing was more common than now, and men could be easily found to give any evidence upon oath that might be required of them. In England it was a common thing for these mercurial wretches to walk openly in Westminster Hall with a straw on one of his shoes to signify they wanted employment as witnesses; hence originated the expression "he is a man of straw." These false witnesses can boast of a high antiquity. A writer in the Quarterly Review, describing the ancient courts in Greece, says: "We have all heard of a race of men who used in former days to ply about our own courts of law, and who, from their manner of making known their occupation were recognized by the name of straw shoes. An advocate or lawyer who wanted a convenient witness knew by these signs where to find one, and the colloquy between the parties was brief. 'Don't you remember?' said the advocate. The party looked at the fee and gave no sign; but the fee increased, and the powers of memory increased with it: 'To be sure I do.' Then come into court and swear it!' And straw shoes went into court and swore it. Athens abounded in straw shoes." There are plenty of "straw shoes" still, but they do not wear their distinguishing mark. They devote their talents now chiefly to furnishing bail without the necessary qualifications, and "straw-bail" has become a familiar term in our courts.—Lippincott's.

—A little three-year-old, in admiring her baby brother, exclaimed: "He's got a boiled head, like pape."

OLD-STYLE DUEL.

General Davis Describes an Encounter He Once Had With a Judge.

In his racy book, "Recollections of Mississippi," General Reuben Davis gives the following account of a personal encounter he once had with a judge who had fined him for contempt:

"My patience gave way, and I felt myself in a perfect blaze of sudden fury. I had in my pocket a very fine knife with a long, thin blade. As I sprang to my feet I drew out this knife, opened it, and threw it point foremost into the bar, looking steadily at the judge all the while. My object was to induce the judge to order me to jail, and then to attack him on the bench. The knife vibrated, and the weight of the handle broke the blade near the handle. General S. J. Gholson and several others ran upon the bench beside the judge, ordered the sheriff to adjourn court, and carried the judge out of the court-room, while a number of persons seized me. * * * Judge Howry being withdrawn, prudent men among my personal friends condemned my action, and appealed to me to let the matter stop. I agreed to this. Intending to pass straight to my hotel, I saw Judge Howry come forward toward the place where I was standing. I awaited his approach, and when close to me asked him if he had intended by his fine to insult me. He said, "No." I then said I had been guilty of no offense to justify such an indignity, and requested some explanation. He replied. "I do not, sir, explain my official conduct to any man." In a moment I had slapped him in the face with my open hand. By some accident a claw-hammer had been left on the floor near-by; he seized this and struck at me violently, while I got from my pocket the broken knife and opened it. The blow of his hammer fell upon my head, cutting through my hat and several files of papers to the bone. I made another strike at his jugular with the corner of my knife-blade. This blow fell upon his jaw, and I seized him with my left hand by the collar and pushed my head into his face. He struck again with the hammer, breaking and depressing the outer blade of my skull bone but not until I had inflicted three more cuts upon his jaw. As we were pulled apart he gave me the third blow. I went to my room and sent the Judge a message not to leave his room unarmed as I would attack him upon sight.

The court met again that evening. I had put on a fur cap, with the back part before, to conceal my wounds, and the judge wore his overcoat, with the collar well drawn up, to hide the tokens of combat on his person. I did not meet Judge Howry for seven years after this affair. I had gone to Pontotoc to attend the Federal court, and was sitting in a room with Roger Barton and Chancellor Chalmers when Chalmers was sent for from below. He soon returned and said to me: "I suppose, Davis, you care nothing now about that affair between you and Judge Howry?" I promptly replied that I thought nothing of it; that Howry was a gentleman, and that our difficulty was casual and without malice. Chalmers then said that Howry was below, and would be glad to come up to Barton's room. He did so, and I met him at the door, and we greeted each other in the most cordial manner. Until his death no two men could be more sincerely friendly than we continued to be. I shall always believe that he went down to his grave without finding out what led to our quarrel that day, and I am perfectly certain that I shall go down to mine in equal ignorance, unless he comes back to tell me."

NEW WATER DISEASE.

A Baltimore Man Attacked With Hydatid-cyst of the Liver.

A rare and serious disease, which is known as hydatidcyst of the liver, is being watched with great interest by the professors, doctors and medical students at the city hospital. The patient is a German, John F. Boisenbruch, and he is forty-four years of age. His disease is due to the ova, of a peculiar kind of tapo worm which inhabits the dog and other animals. The ova find their way into the stomach of a man in drinking water and are thence carried to the liver by the blood vessels. The egg is about one-hundredth of an inch in diameter and the parts which develop it are found in the water on the ground and stick to the surface of vegetables uncooked to take the ova into the body. The animals from these ova, however, are not developed in man. The eggs once in the stomach of a man increase at an enormous rate. From the stomach of a man they are absorbed by the blood vessels leading to the liver. Here too ova form cysts or little bags around themselves, like the caterpillar in its cocoon. When this cyst is taken into the stomach of the dog it develops into the full-grown hydatid, which is one-quarter of an inch in length with a head one-sixtieth of an inch and having numerous little hooks and suckers.

Boisenbruch was admitted to the city hospital on October 25, 1889. He was a laborer at the Jesuit College, in Woodstock, and had complained of a dull, but severe pain in his right side since last spring. He had wasted away and lost nearly forty pounds of flesh. The doctors at the city hospital diagnosed his case and on November 14, Prof. Chas. F. Bevan, in the presence of Drs. B. W. Chambers, T. S. Latimer, W. W. Smith and John Branham, performed what has up to the present time proved a very successful operation. Prof. Bevan made an incision in the wall of the right side of the abdomen, just below the ribs and about a gallon and a half of pus was taken from the man's liver. The method of removing the hydatidcysts is by means of draining the liver, which operation is of modern surgical art. The pain of the patient before the operation was intense, the tumor in his right side having extended his liver nearly fifteen inches. The great pain seemed to leave him after the operation and he now appears to be recovering.—Baltimore Letter.

—Stout officers are unknown in the United States army. No man weighing over one hundred and sixty pounds can join a cavalry regiment, while officers in the general service are liable to be retired for obesity.

AFTER DECAPITATION.

What Passes in the Brain of a Man Whose Head Has Been Cut Off.

In the second part of his interesting volume, which treats of the decapitation of human beings, Dr. Loye says: "What passes in the head of a decapitated human being?" Is there any fact in the oft-repeated story that the head lives for some moments after it has been separated from the body?" and in connection with this belief Dr. Loye quotes a terrible story told by M. Petigand about an Anamite who was beheaded by the sword, in 1885, at Saigon. The place of the execution was the Plain of the Tombs, a vast sandy tract serving as cemetery to the Anamites and the Chinese. Four Anamite pirates, taken with their arms in their hands, were to be beheaded. The chief of the band, a man in the prime of life—energetic, muscular, brave, without boasting, and firm to the last, had attracted my special attention, and I decided to make my observations on him only. His head fell down at the distance of about a yard and a quarter from where I stood. It did not roll in the usual way, but stood with the surface of the wound resting on the sand—a position by which the hemorrhage was accidentally reduced to a minimum. At this moment I was terror-struck at seeing the eyes of the doomed man fixed frankly on my eyes. Not daring to believe in a conscious manifestation, I went quickly to one side of the head lying at my feet, and I found that the eyes followed me. Then I returned to my first position; still the eyes went with me for a short distance, and then quitted me quite suddenly. The face expressed at that moment a conscious agony, the agony of a person in a state of acute asphyxia. The mouth opened violently as if to take in a breath of air, and the head, thrown off its equilibrium by the motion, rolled over. This contraction of the maxillary muscles was the last sign of life. Since the moment of decapitation, from fifteen to twenty seconds had passed. Dr. Loye also relates the following story, taken from the archives of an Austrian police officer, and relating to an execution said to have taken place in Vienna in 1680: A well-known bandit named Schauenburg was caught, together with four of his associates, and they were all condemned to death. They were already on their knees, ready to submit to their fate, when Schauenburg addressed the judge, asking that his four companions might be ranged in single file in front of him at a distance of eight feet from each other. "If," he said, "after I am beheaded, I get up and walk to the first of my comrades, will you pardon him?" The judge thought he was pretty safe in complying with the request. "But if I walk up to the second, the third and the fourth, will you pardon them also?" The judge replied that he would obtain their pardon from the Emperor. The partisan was satisfied, beat his head, received the mortal blow, and his head rolled down; but, to the great surprise of the judge and the spectators, the body got up, walked alone, passed the first, second, third and fourth of the condemned men and fell down. The occurrence was told to the Emperor, who, according to promise, pardoned the four criminals.—Pall Mall Gazette.

ABOUT NATURAL GIFTS.

No One Succeeds in a Vocation for Which He Has No Liking.

I heard a very cultivated lady once remark that she would rather see her son an eminent blacksmith than an unsuccessful lawyer. We can never succeed in any vocation for which we have no positive liking. It often requires several years to teach a girl a few airs on the piano, and it is difficult to distinguish her landscapes from death-bed scenes. No matter how showy an accomplishment may be, nor how honorable or remunerative a certain calling is considered, never put your children to learn it unless they evince a decided talent. After years of uninteresting toil and defeat, you will see them turn to their God-given work. Apropos of this subject, I saw not long ago a little boy who evinced the most decided talent for drawing from nature. He could take a crayon pencil and slips of paper and make a picture of any of your acquaintances, and you would readily recognize it. The same day I saw him at table get his spoon fastened in the handle of his cup. I watched him intently. He tugged away manfully trying to extricate the spoon by pushing the bowl part through. It seemed never to occur to him to let the handle pass through. That boy would never succeed in any business requiring mechanical genius. No use to try to make a watchmaker or machinist of him.

There has been in the past too little concentration in the education of girls. They have studied too many things and perfected nothing. While the course of study should not be limited, they should pay particular attention to that art or science or branch of industry where their tastes and talents stand as a signboard to point the way. Success will depend almost entirely on the degree of perfection attained and the degree of earnestness which is carried into the work.—Woman.

Stones That Will Travel.

Many have doubtless heard of the famous traveling stones of Australia. Similar curiosities have recently been found in Nevada, which are described as almost perfectly round, the majority of them as large as a walnut and of an irony nature. When distributed about upon the floor, table or other level surface within two or three feet of each other, they immediately begin traveling toward a common center, and there lie huddling up in a bunch like a lot of eggs in a nest. They are found in a region that is comparatively level, and is nothing but a bare rock. Scattered over this barren region are little basins from a few feet to a rod or two in diameter, and it is in the bottom of those that the rolling stones are found. They are from the size of a pea to six or seven inches in diameter. The cause of these stones rolling together is, doubtless, to be found in the material of which they are composed, which appears to be loadstone or magnetic iron ore.—Science.

SPELL "SCHEDULE."

Many Ways in Which Independent Spellers Present the Word.

At the last meeting of the Six O'clock Club, Major John McElroy, of the National Tribune, speaking to the question, "What shall we abolish next?" proposed the abolition of our present method (or lack of method) of spelling. He favored a phonetic system—one, as he put it, under which words will spell themselves. Mr. Theodore L. DeLand, of the Treasury Department, proposed, on the other hand, the abolition of spelling reformers, holding that in this glorious land of the free and home of the brave every body should be and now is permitted to spell according to the dictates of his own conscience, or words to that effect. We are always glad to furnish disputants with good weapons. It therefore gives pleasure to us to be able to lay before these gentlemen and their respective allies a communication which we are amply assured contains no jot of exaggeration:

MR. EDITOR—From the correspondence with the Post-Office Department the following misspellings of the word "schedule" have been collected principally by Mr. G. H. La Fotra, late of the Post-Office Department.

There are honest attempts to spell the word by postmasters, contractors, mail carriers, members of Congress and others in the Government service. Some evidently arise from a failure to pronounce the word correctly and then an effort to spell the mispronunciation. The possibilities of misspelling this word are by no means exhausted in this list, but these given indicate clearly that some reform is needed, either in our system of education or in our system of spelling. The matter is respectfully referred to the honorable Civil-Service Commission.

Ceagule, cedual, cgul, cegule, cedule, chedeule, chedel, chedgule, chedual, chedule, chegeule, chegule, chudgel, chugel, cledule, keggel, scaaguel, seaguel, scattull, scatul, sceadiael, sceadule, scedaule, scedgel, scedguele, scedgle, scedual, scedgule, scedjule, scedole, scedual, sceduall, scedue, scedul, scedueel, sceduell, scedule, scedull, scegel, sceguel, scegule, scetchel, sceudgel, sceudule, scgull, scguel, schadule, scheadule, scheddule, schedel, schedgele, schedguele, schedguel, schedgule, schedll, schedjule, schedlule, schedoolle, schedual, schedue, sceduel, scaedul, schedulee, schedull, schedule, schezal, schezcial, schezel, schezouel, schezule, scheoul, scheoule, scheowle, scheudel, scheudle, schzule, schiele, schigule, schidual, schidull, schidule, schied, schicl, schuadal, schudle, schudule, schudgal, schudgle, schudle, schugdale, schuluge, schule, schulodule, sciduel, scidule, sciedule, scigel, sckedule, scual, scudle, scudale, scugel, scugle, sculue, sccodule, sedual, scduel, sedgule, sedul, sedule, scedgule, scedule, scegel, segule, shadule, shedgel, shedul, shedule, shegal, shegel, sheguel, shegule, shilture, skaddle, skeddule, skeddle, skedgel, skedgoel, skedgeoul, skedgeul, skedgeule, skedgeuele, skedge, skedguel, skedgul, skedgule, skedial, skejule, skedrule, skeduel, skedul, skedule, skedyowal, skeetule, skegal, skegel, skegl, skedge, skeguel, skegule, skejule, sketchel, sketuel, sketule, skeudgle, skudgel, skudgl, squedgel, sudule.

Certainly this curious list sustains Mr. De Land in his assertion that crazy body spells as he pleases in this great and growing Republic, and, on the other hand, it must gratify Major McElroy to find such testimony of the need of a system in which every word will be its own orthographist.—Washington Post.

TALES OF TORTURE.

How Confessions Are Wrung from Prisoners in Hungary.

The Ujsag of Buda-Pesth has received the following atrocious stories from its correspondent at Alt Becse, who assumes full responsibility for his statements: "In consequence of some cases of sheep-stealing in Alt Becse the police recently arrested a man called Birslus Kovacs and subjected him to terrible tortures. The pain wrung from him the name of one Cseke. This man Cseke was arrested and laid on his back. Two gendarmes held his hands and a third knelt on his chest, while a fourth beat him on the soles of his feet with a leather strap till he fainted. Cseke, however, would not confess to the crime, so his tormenters steeped his feet, dripping with blood, into vinegar, and thrashed him again until he fainted a second time. The next day Cseke's innocence was amply demonstrated. The gendarmes waited till night, then turned him into the street, with a stick to support him. He had to be conveyed home in a cart, and will remain, it is said, crippled for life.

"A woman named Szilak was lately arrested on suspicion of theft. She also was tortured, and the following day her innocence was proved. The doctor who examined her after her release declared there was not a place as large as a man's hand on her body without a wound. Her husband instructed a lawyer to obtain redress for him, but the gendarmes, learning this, hurried round to the lawyer's residence and beat him till he promised to withdraw the action.

"Elizabeth Major, aged sixty-three, was arrested on the charge of having found a sum of money and kept the matter secret. She, too, was able to prove her innocence, but not until she had been tortured. As she was about to be discharged the gendarmes heard that she meant to prosecute them, so they shut her up and tortured her again. Then, after setting her free for the second time, they ran after her and gave her a brutal beating."

The correspondent of the Ujsag says he can establish evidence of other cases equally horrible. This is not the first time that charges of barbarity have been brought against the Hungarian police.—Pall Mall Gazette.

—A recent remark of Bishop Huntington, that sincerity should prevail in every social relation, led to the following incident in London: A gentleman making a call was answered by the servant: "Lady — — is in, but not at home to any one to-day, sir.'—Exchange.

THE EYES OF GENIUS.

How the Orbs of the Poets Have Appeared to Observers.

Emerson used to say that each man carried in his eye the exact indication of his rank in the immense scale of men. Another close observer of human nature asserts that persons with prominent eyes are found to have great command of words and to be ready speakers and writers. A third holds the theory that the prevailing color of the eyes of men of genius is gray.

Colonel Higginson speaks of Nathaniel Hawthorne's "gray eyes," while F. H. Underwood, "who once studied them attentively, found them mottled gray and brown and indescribably soft and winning." Elsewhere we find it asserted that "no finer eyes had appeared in the literary circle of Great Britain since Burns' time than those of Hawthorne."

David Gray's were "large and lustrous," and Dante Rossetti's "gray-blue, clear and piercing, and characterized by that rapid, penetrating gaze so noticeable in Emerson."

Shelley's eyes are always spoken of as magnificent, and fully indicative of his wayward genius. One writer describes them as "large and animated, with a dash of wildness in them;" another speaks of them as "such a pair of eyes as are rarely seen in a human or any other head, intently blue, with a gentle and lambert expression, yet wonderfully alert and engrossing." Medwith, while writing of Shelley's appearance, refers to his blue eyes, "very large and prominent. They were at times, when he was abstracted, as he often was in contemplation, dull, and, as it were, insensible to external objects; at others, they flashed with the fire of intelligence." Tom Moore's eyes were "as dark and fine as you would wish to see under a set of vine leaves."

Of Coleridge it is reported: "His forehead was prodigious—a great piece of placid marble; and his fine eyes, in which all the activity of his mind seemed to concentrate, moved under it with a sprightly ease, as if it were pastime to them to carry all that thought." Another friend of his writes: "The upper part of Coleridge's face was excessively fine. His eyes were large, light gray, and prominent, of liquid brilliancy, which some eyes of fine character may be observed to possess, as though the orb itself retreated to the innermost recess of the brain." In his "Life of Sterling," Carlyle introduces his famous description of Coleridge's appearance. "The deep eyes, of a light hazel, were," he says, "as full of sorrows as of inspiration; confused pain looked mildly from them, as in a kind of mild astonishment."

The eyes of Keats were described by one of his contemporaries as "mellow and glowing; large, dark and sensitive." Cowden Clarke states that they were of a brown color, or dark hazel, thus contradicting Mrs. Proctor's assertion that they were "blue."

"The finest eyes, in every sense of the word, which I have seen in a man's head (and I have seen many fine ones) are those of Thomas Carlyle." Such is the testimony of Leigh Hunt. In a description of the "Chelsea Sage" as a lecturer at Willis' rooms, we find the following: "There he stood, rugged of feature, brow abrupt like a low cliff, craggy over eyes deep set, large, piercing, between blue and dark gray, full of rolling fire."

Leigh Hunt, in his "Autobiography," speaking of Wordsworth's appearance, says: "I never beheld eyes that looked so inspired or supernatural. They were like fires half burning, half smouldering, with a sort of acrid fixture of regard, and seated at the further end of two caverns. One might imagine Ezekiel or Isaiah to have had such eyes."

Walter Scott says of Burns: "There was a strong expression of sense and shrewdness in all his lineaments; the eye alone, I think, indicated the poetical character and temperament. It was large, and of a class that glowed (I say literally glowed) when he spoke with feeling or interest. I never saw such another eye in a human head, though I have seen the most distinguished men of my time."—Chambers' Journal.

THAT WAS DIFFERENT.

A Case That was Not as Serious as It Seemed at First.

"Can I—I have a word with you in private?" stammered the young man, as he stood at the door of the private office.

"Come in!" replied the head of the firm. "Now, what is it?"

"You—you are aware of the fact that I—"

"That you have been with this house for four years. Yes, sir, I am aware of that fact. Want to leave!"

"Oh, no."

"Didn't know but you had had a better offer. If so, you can go."

"That's not it, sir."

"Oh, it isn't. What an increase of salary, do you? Well, you won't get it. We are now paying you all you are worth and a little more."

"It isn't that, sir."

"It isn't! Then what are you driving at?"

"I want your daughter Molly."

"Humph! That's different. Go and take her and be-hanged to you. I thought you were fishing for a raise of salary!"—Detroit Free Press.

Gladstone's Way of Speaking.

A New Yorker who recently heard Gladstone speak in England says: "When Mr. Gladstone rose to speak his frame, which is almost massive, seemed to defy the inclemency of the place. When he commenced speaking he grasped the lapels of his coat in an awkward manner and hesitated more than you would expect in such a veteran of parliamentary debate. But as he grew more earnest all appearance of awkwardness passed away. There was no delay for choice of words, and the audience listened spellbound. He had a peculiar way of drawing back the corners of his mouth just before beginning to speak, as if he was trying to get a purchase upon the sentence he was commencing. His voice is remarkably clear for a man of his age.—N. Y. World.