

# 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.

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## ANN MARI.

Law! I got my work to do—  
Can't stand triflin' here with you,  
Gassin' 'cross the fence like the dog,  
Warr'n no bread to bake to-day.  
Better 'light an' hitch white  
Go an' summoos Ann Mari!

"An't she got no work on hand?"  
Well, you see, Jim, some er planned  
fort o' plain an' tough, like me,  
Others more for looks, like she,  
Cyardin' stuffs all right—but, my!  
Koses stands for Ann Mari!

Harmone, ain't she? Kind of queer  
Naiuro's cranky hand should steer  
Two sech onlike gyris as  
Inter one same family.  
Many times I've heard folks say,  
"Them two sisters—aw go 'way!"

No way strange. I always was  
Saller-skinned, with all this fuzz—  
Black as ink—by way of hair,  
Whise our Ann Mari is fair  
As they make 'em. Law! but why  
Talk? You've seen our Ann Mari!

Played her, ain't you, since we all  
knewed at "tag" when we was small?  
I was an'f'm, generally,  
"Cuz you tagged her more 'n me!"  
Even then I scened right spry  
You's liked our Ann Mari!

Nat'l. Every one you meet  
Thinks she's just as sweet as sweet,  
All the young men, fur an ear,  
Comes a courtin'—now see yere,  
Quit yer blabbin'—light, white  
Go an' summoos Ann Mari!

Thet that mare hee flipped some dust  
In my eyes, seems like. I'll just  
Run for Ann—law me—why, Jim—  
Leave a-go of you, you him!  
"Se you want—aw, law—why—why—  
I was sure 'twas Ann Mari!"  
—Eva Wilder McGlasson, in Judge.

## SPIDERS OF THE SEA.

Interesting Facts Concerning the Squid and Octopus.

They Are Most Hideous-Looking Animals, But Are Any Thing But Aggressive—Wonderful Stories That Are Here Fiction.

"Hold up a minute!"

The speaker was the bowman of a long, crooked Indian canoe, that some natives were pulling along near shore in Alaskan waters.

"What is it?" shouted a naturalist who was sitting in the stern.

"That's just what I want to determine," said the man. "Back water a moment, will you?"

The man slowly backed, and the fisherman, holding his long spear in readiness, peered down into the water.

"I certainly saw something moving," he said. "Ah! there it is. Steady!"

And as he spoke the spear went down into the water. The result was something of a surprise. The water bubbled up as if a torpedo had exploded beneath it, while the spear was wrenched from the man's hands and began a curious wriggling motion. "Whatever it is, I have struck it," shouted the harpooner, wiping the brine from his face with his arm. "Pull the boat over near it."

The men backed and pulled the somewhat clumsy canoe around, and the spear-handle was again secured as it was slowly moving off. The animal, whatever it was, was a powerful one, and the moment the spear was touched it gave a desperate rush that nearly threw the man into the water; but he clung to the harpoon, and using it as a lever upon the gunwale of the canoe, endeavored to lift the unseen and unknown capture. The men crowded to the other side, and for a few moments it was a tug-of-war; then suddenly the object gave way; the harpoon fell into the bottom of the boat, and there appeared at the surface a sprawling, hideous mass—a monster spider, so it seemed.

Four or five long, attenuated arms waved in the air with a graceful, snake-like motion. One fell upon the canoe and clung to the seat until cut off, the dismembered portion dropping, writhing and coiling, to the bottom.

"A devil-fish!" shouted the natives. "Look out for its arms, master; it will drag you down."

Some said to throw it over, spear and all; others begged the naturalist to shoot it, and all held it in wholesome awe. But the harpooner was determined to capture the strange creature that was making so much trouble, and thrusting the end of the spear against its throat, he forced the monster several feet above water, and ordered the men to pull for shore. In a few moments the bow of the boat crunched into the sand, and the devil-fish was hauled, struggling and writhing, above high-water mark, where it was soon killed by vigorous blows from an oar.

It was a horrible-looking animal. Imagine a body the size and shape of a man's head, provided with two lustrous green eyes, each with a gleam like sparks of fire; over the body a network of color followed each other, while from its various parts drops of black ink dripped, giving it a most remarkable aspect. From the body radiated eight arms or tentacles, so long and attenuated that when stretched out they each spread over twenty feet. The under side of each was lined with powerful suckers, which explained the tenacity with which the octopus clung to the bottom, and held the harpoon. It was the giant octopus—*Octopus Punctatus*—the largest animal of its kind known—and was a prize for the naturalists. If the reader of this article should happen to visit the National Museum at Washington or the museum of Yale College, he or she will find an exact model of this remarkable eight-armed monster.

In all the old natural histories remarkable stories are found of monster cuttles and squids. The good Bishop Pontopidan stated that there were cuttles off the west of Norway that could easily sink a large ship. These tales were told in good faith and were evidently obtained from sailors, who love to paint as they tell; yet some remarkable cuttles are known. An octopus, as we have seen, with a radial spread of twenty feet, is a dangerous animal to meet; one which could easily drown a man, if he were so unfortunate as to become entangled in its arms. The octopus is a very timid creature, and it is doubtful if it ever voluntarily attacks human beings, though several stories are recorded, suggesting the reverse.

Some years ago a party of natives were bathing on the Alaskan coast, when a young woman strayed away from the rest, and was not missed for some time. Search was then instituted, but she could not be found, and supposing she had been drowned, a boat load of natives started off to examine the bottom. Some distance away, near a ledge of rocks, they found the body, and resting on it, or with its tentacles about it, was a monster octopus. It was claimed that the big sea-spider had seized the woman and dragged her down beneath the waves; but it is equally possible that she was drowned by natural causes, and the octopus was there by accident. Be this as it may, a single octopus of large size could hold down three or four men. I venture this assertion from experience with small ones, with a radial spread of four or five feet, in the Gulf of Mexico. When struck, the octopus would immediately throw out a cloud of ink, and endeavor to escape among the coral, and the moment it was lifted by the spear it would hold with such power that it was often impossible to dislodge it without tearing it in pieces; and frequently, in putting my entire strength to play, the coral itself would give way, and the octopus would come up holding in its eight sucker-lined arms from twenty to thirty pounds of branch coral.

No more disagreeable objects can be imagined than a living octopus. Waves of color seem to follow each other over its surface with remarkable rapidity; its eyes are greenish yellow, emitting a baneful light; and the drops of ink might be taken as blood, adding to the disagreeable picture.

The tenacity of their hold was laughingly illustrated in the case of a friend of the writer. He was collecting coral, and when the boat was filled they pulled to a neighboring island and placed the bunches upon the beach to bleach. His assistant was barefooted, with his trousers rolled up above his knees, so that he could wade about, and while he was carrying up a large bundle of coral, a big octopus dropped out upon the sand, and began to make for the water. Wishing to secure it as a specimen for the alcohol bottle, the man ran before it, and just as it reached the water, thoughtlessly struck it with his foot intending to kick it higher up toward the shore. But the octopus resented the insult, and, as quick as a wink, threw its arms about the bare legs of the man, and held him, yelling and screaming, until my friend had recovered from his laughter, and tore the insulted animal away, who, it is to be hoped, received its liberty after such a fight for it.

Another instance of an octopus attacking a man is the case of Mr. Beale, the English naturalist. He was walking around the sea-wedge of one of the Pacific islands, and seeing a curious, spider-like animal, he attempted to take it up, when it sprang at him, fastening its tentacles about his arms, and could only be removed by the assistance of his friends, who cut it away with knives piece by piece.

The largest octopus found in Alaskan waters, and good-sized ones are often captured near San Francisco, and can sometimes be seen in the markets, being esteemed by the French, Italians and Chinese as articles of food. In the tropics they are very common, lurking in the bunches of coral, and a small species, named after the late Prof. Spicer F. Baird, of the Smithsonian is found off the New England coast in quite deep water.

Much more remarkable in its way is the giant squid, another spider-like animal, and a cousin of the octopus. They differ from these animals, however, in living in mid-water, and in being remarkably swift swimmers, having a long body, generally terminating in an arrow-shaped or pointed fin. The squids of our own shores are small, averaging from eight inches to a foot in length; but in the open ocean, and especially on the coast of Newfoundland, some very remarkable specimens have been discovered that dwarf our familiar ones.

Some years ago a fisherman observed a white mass floating near shore and struck at it with his oar. Instantly two enormous black eyes appeared, and the squid—for such it was—threw several of its arms over the boat, which were chopped off by the frightened man. The animal was secured, however, and found to be, from the tip of its tail to the end of the long tentacles, over fifty feet in length. Instead of eight arms, but squids have ten, or are decapods instead of octopods. Two of the arms are very long, with suckers at the tips only, while the other eight resemble those of the octopus. The writer examined one of these monsters once, which was about forty-three feet in length. Its two long tentacles were about thirty feet in length, and its body, which was barrel-shaped, ending in an arrow-like tail ten feet long. Its estimated weight was about that of a large horse. In swimming, the squid moves backwards, or tail first, propelled by a stream of water which it forces from a siphon. The two long arms are kept coiled near the body, and are darted out suddenly to capture fishes, which constitute the food of the animal. Once caught, the fish is drawn up or in among the smaller arms, and there pressed upon the parrot-like beaks of the animal.

In killing their prey, no little intelligence is used, even among the small squids. In almost every fish examined by the writer, that had been captured by squids, it had been killed by a bite, that severed the backbone, instantly destroying the animal and preventing it from struggling or escaping. A use for the long arms has been observed in the north. A squid, being down among the breakers and in danger of being washed ashore, fastened its long tentacles to a rock, and used them as cables with which to ride out the gale.

The squid and octopus are related to the Nautilus and the gigantic forms of other days represented by the Orthoceras, which must have weighed a ton or more, and the Ammonite, as large as a cart-wheel. From one squid we obtain the cuttle fish bone of commerce; from others the "India" ink or sepia, and I remember once drawing a picture of a squid cuttle, using a piece of its

own hardened ink that must have been not thousands but several millions of years old, judging from geological time and what we know of it.—Charles Frederick Holder, in N. Y. Ledger.

## AN ILL-STARRED VENTURE.

Sad Fate of a Party of Missionaries in Terra del Fuego.

The fate of Captain Allen Gardiner and his six companions, who, some forty years ago, set out to convert the heathen tribes of Terra del Fuego, form one of the tragic episodes of history. It is only paralleled by some of the frightful experiences of exploring parties in the arctic regions. Captain Gardiner was a pious Christian, who gave up his seafaring life to become a missionary. On returning from one of his voyages he formed the project of sending out a gospel ship to Terra del Fuego, and, after much trouble, he succeeded in getting together a fund of \$8,000, with which he built two large launches and two small boats. He secured a surgeon, a missionary and four Cornish boatmen as companions, and in September, 1850, the ship Ocean Queen took him and his boats and companions from Liverpool to Terra del Fuego. After their landing on December 5 they were never seen alive by any civilized man, but the story of their sufferings and death was gathered from papers subsequently found on the spot where they died. They were unfortunate from the start. In journeying from island to island they met with many mishaps. Their small boats were lost in a storm, they were robbed by the natives, or driven away, and they found that their powder had been left behind on the Ocean Queen, so that they had no means of shooting birds or other animals for food. One of their launches was wrecked in a hurricane, and some of the men became ill with the scurvy. From the middle of May they were put on short allowance, owing to the rapid disappearance of their stores. In June Babcock, one of the Cornish boatmen, died from the scurvy. The survivors were obliged to subsist on mule, dead foxes and such fish as happened to be thrown up on the shore. In August the strength of nearly all the survivors was well-nigh exhausted. Gruel made from a few garden seeds, mussel-broth and a kind of rock-wood formed their sole diet. In August two of the boatmen died, and early in September Maidment, the missionary, gave up the fight. Gardiner is supposed to have succumbed on the 6th of that month, and the others shortly after him. As in the Greely expedition, some years ago, measures had been taken to send food and other necessities, but through various misunderstandings they were for-warded too late. The bodies of the unfortunate men were found by the officers and crew of H. M. S. Dido, Jan. 21, 1852. The search for the missionaries had nearly been given up when a direction, rudely written on a rock, was discovered; then a boat lying on the beach at the mouth of a small river came to light; then the searchers came successively across the unburied bodies of Gardiner and Maidment, a packet of papers and books, the shattered remains of another boat, two more dead bodies, and finally the graves of the rest of the party. The remains of the seven dead men were collected and buried, the funeral service read, and three volleys of musketry were fired over their lonely resting place.—Chicago News.

## DIABOLICAL REVENGE.

How a Frenchman Got Even with a Very Big Blasphemer.

The train from Paris to Versailles was to leave there in five minutes. An elegantly-dressed gentleman enters the first-class carriage. He has a burning cigar in his mouth. He is about to take his seat when he perceives an elderly lady in the carriage. Being a gentleman, he raises the window and is about to throw out the cigar, when the old lady says:

"Don't you know that you are forbidden to smoke in a first-class carriage when there are ladies in it?"

"My dear madam, you see I was just about to anticipate your wish by throwing away my cigar. However, I will not disturb you further," and bowing very stiffly he left the car, and purchasing a third-class ticket, he took his seat among some peasants where he could smoke undisturbed.

There was sitting near the gentleman a wretched-looking tramp, who smelt horribly of garlic, and who was about as disagreeable a neighbor as can well be imagined.

"My good fellow," said the gentleman, "did you ever ride in a first-class carriage?"

"Never."

"Well, here's a ticket that I can't use. Just you go into that first-class carriage. There is a vacant seat next to an old lady; just take it."

The man who was sadly in need of disinfectants did as he was told. A few minutes after he entered the door of the first-class carriage was closed, and he went the train, which does not stop at any of the stations between Paris and Versailles. You can imagine whether or not the gentleman got even.—From the French.

## GOLD IN A CAVE.

When and Where the First Discovery of the Metal.

The first discovery of gold in a cave was made two years ago by George Brent in the Rock of Ages which he was developing. He struck a cave in the quartzite, and crumbled in the bottom of the cave was a rich collection of gold matter. D. C. Hartwell, an ore buyer of Oury, purchased the stuff which was shoveled from the bottom of the cave and paid \$8,500 for it. Considerable interest was awakened by the discovery, though one who claims to have been held for three or four years by parties who thought there was gold in the veins, but were not nearly enough convinced to develop the same. Finally prospectors began to go over and look at the Rock of Ages, and some of them at once said they knew where there was other caves on the east side of the gulch, which led to the discovery of a number of rich and extensive deposits. It is a singular condition of affairs and one new to every body in the district. By mining men it is said to be a rare feature in ore deposits and something entirely new in Colorado. The ground on the north side of the Uncompagnag has been run over for years by prospectors who were looking after fissure veins. Finding little encouragement to develop the few vertical veins found there, that portion of the district was virtually abandoned. A few localities, however, were maintained by annual assessments, but without any knowledge of the ore values concealed in the caves, though known to exist.—Denver Times.

## WOMAN'S PARADISE.

An Appellation That Can Justly Be Applied to Her Country.

America is undoubtedly the paradise of women, and the females in this enlightened country are crowned and accepted by all loyal hearts. But there is just one class of our sex which ordinary great-souled men in a measure proscribe, and that class the very ones to whom they should be most generous and sympathetic—women who must earn their own living—women who stand in men's places. I have often wondered if the men who inveighed most bitterly against "women's rights," and the heads of all great corporations that are willing to pay women only one-third of the money which they pay men for the same work, whether it be in factories, schools or what not, if they ever reflected that no woman ever leaves a fireside voluntarily to work for her bread. I have known hundreds, and yet I never knew one who would not gladly and thankfully have accepted the privacy and comfort of a home. Among telegraph operators I know scores of highly educated, refined gentlemen, who not only support themselves but maintain large families. Cruel mutations of fortune and the afflictions which have deprived them of their natural protectors have left them no resource except to take the bread of charity or earn it by honorable labor. And surely a woman would be false to every sentiment of honor or duty or affection who shrunk from the fulfillment of obligations so sacred as the maintenance and education of her fatherless children, or brother, or sister, or the care of aged parents, as the case may be. We women are as the sands by the seashore. We only ask to be let alone—to let us work and keep in silence; to let us gather up the crumbs from our master's table and eat them with the dogs.—St. Louis Globe Democrat.

## Never Can Be President.

There are four members of the United States Senate who can never be candidates for the presidency of this Republic, under the Constitution, because of alien birth. Senator Jones, of Nevada, was born in Herefordshire, England; General McMillan, of Michigan, in Hamilton, Ont.; Senator Beck, of Kentucky, in Dumfrieshire, Scotland, and Senator Pasco, of Florida, in London, England. While it is the exception rather than otherwise that a Senator was born in a foreign country, sectional lines have been closely observed. Of the Northern Senators only two were born in the South—Senator Sullom, of Illinois, in Kentucky, and Senator Hawley, of Connecticut, in North Carolina. Not one Southern Senator is of Northern origin.—Washington Post.

## HUMAN MECHANISM.

Movements of Nerves and Muscles in Playing a Piece of Music.

Science, says Sir James Paget, will supply the natural man with wonderful unaccounted. The author had once heard Middle Jontha play a presto by Mendelssohn. She played 5,505 notes in four minutes and three seconds. Every one of these notes involved certain movements of a finger, at least two, and many of them involved an additional movement laterally as well as those up and down. They also involved repeated movements of the wrist, elbow and arms, says a writer in the Popular Science Monthly, altogether probably not less than one movement for each time.

Therefore there were three distinct movements for each note. As there were twenty-four notes per second, and each of these notes involved three distinct musical movements, that amounted to seventy-two movements in each second. Moreover, each of these notes was determined by the will to a chosen place, with a certain force at a certain time, and with a certain duration. Therefore, there were four distinct qualities in each of the seventy-two movements in each second. Such were the transmissions outward. And all these were conditional on consciousness of the position of each hand and finger before it was moved, and by moving it of the sound and the force of each touch. Therefore, there were three consciousness sensations to every note.

There were seventy-two transmissions a second, 144 to and fro, and those with constant change of quality. And then, added to that, all the memory was remembering each note in its due time and place and was exercised in the comparison of it with others that came before. So that it would be fair to say that there was not less than 200 transmissions of nerve force to and from the brain outward and inward every second, and during the whole of that time judgment was being exercised as to whether the music was being played better or worse than before, and the mind was conscious of some of the motions which the music was intended to inspire.—Science Notes.

## VENERABLE BALL FACE.

Death of a Forty-Year-Old Horse When Had a History.

Ball Face is dead! An uncertain number of years before the war broke out between the North and South Ball Face was a sucking colt, frisking his tail and punching the maternal udder for all it was worth. His life was uneventful, so far as the writer knows, until he had arrived at the years of discretion, had sown his wild oats, and began to understand that life was serious, life was real, and that even three-year-olds had duties incumbent upon them. About this time he attracted the attention of a well-to-do baker, a Frenchman named Peter Petal, living at Opelousas, La. In consideration of a certain quantity of oats, bran and hay per diem, Peter induced Ball Face to haul his baker's wagon from door to door, delivering honest bread to honest patrons.

Just how many years Peter and Ball Face "lived together" in this way we are unable to depose, but the war broke out, and Peter broke out, and Ball Face broke out. Peter served through the war, so did Ball Face. Peter came safely home from the war, likewise Ball Face. Peter resumed his honest calling, so did Ball Face, and kept it up till 1870, when Peter and Ball Face parted company. Ball Face became the property of G. Martineau, now a grocer on the corner of Twelfth and Mechanic streets in this city, then a resident of Opelousas, La. Mr. Martineau owned the horse almost twenty years, and he was supposed to be twenty years of age at the time the purchase was made, and too old for use in a baker's wagon. This fact proves the horse's age to have been almost forty years, and up to ten days ago he could have been seen on the streets almost daily, bearing no evidence of his extreme age. He was considered as "one of the family," and treated accordingly.

He was buried far down the island with many expressions of regret by his owner.—Galveston (Tex.) News.

## ASLEEP AT LAST.

A Man Who Spent Many Years of His Life by His Wife's Side.

An old man who sleeps by the roadside yonder, and upon whose tomb are the familiar lines beginning, "Remember me as you pass by," spent the greater portion of the last ten years of his life by his wife's grave. He came in the early morning, and, after removing any microscopic weed that might have shown itself since the previous evening, would light his pipe and solemnly contemplate the stones in this vicinity. He went away regularly to his meals, and as regularly took his afternoon nap on the grass by the graveside.

Shortly before the last visit to the cherished spot he requested me to decipher for him the dates upon several of the grave-stones, and we conversed about many whom we had known in life and who had passed away. I remarked that the church-yard was a very pretty place, and his face lighted up as he rejoined: "Ah, mister, I've always thought I should like to be buried here, such a splendid view from here." This was uttered in good faith, and the old man seemed convinced that neither coffin lid nor church-yard clouds would obstruct his view. Perhaps they don't. In a few brief weeks he came to his favorite haunts to stay. "Poor old William," the flowers upon your grave have run wild long ago, and no one seems to remember you as they pass by.—Chambers' Journal.

## POPULAR PEOPLE.

Why Adaptable Men and Women Are the Favorites of Society.

The popular people, that is, the people popular socially, are the adaptable ones. The man who doesn't believe his host is responsible for the weather, or his lack of appetite, or the fact that most of the people are strangers to him, or that his clothes are uncomfortable, is the man who is going to be invited out often. The woman who doesn't expect her friends to be always at the feet of affection, who doesn't expect them to keep a day-book of her likes and dislikes, who doesn't want the best seat in an opera box, and who doesn't complain if she has to entertain somebody who isn't as yet a celebrity, is the comfortable one and the one that every body is glad to meet again. She is certain to make even stupid people bright, or, better still, to make them think themselves bright, and she is equally certain to be a tolerably happy person herself, for there is a great deal of truth in the old saying: "If you make other people 'appy you've 'appiness in your own 'art that cawn't come in any other way."

If you ask a man how you had better dress to go to the theater, he'll say: "Oh, wear a black frock and a little bonnet." Then, if you tell him you haven't got a black frock that is fit to wear, he'll ask "if you don't own some quiet little brown thing?" Very young men and very old men, those nearing their second childhood, like to take out women who are conspicuous by their handsome gowning, but the real man, the best type of the man of the world, prefers that, while a woman is well, she should still be quietly dressed. An observant citizen, whose opinions of men in general and women in particular are good, said he'd rather have, when he took out a woman he cared for, a man say to him the next day: "Tommy, my boy, who was that quiet little lady with you last evening?" than to have him rush up to him and say: "Tom, you can't keep that to yourself. You've got to introduce that stunning creature to me. Never saw such a beauty in my life. What a lucky fellow you are!" Men are a hundred times more sensitive on the subject of refinement in women than women believe, and the young woman who is given to cigarette smoking, who "sling" like a man, who talks about the fellows, and who never flinches before mouse or cow, is apt in time to be relegated by them to the world in which she belongs. Men are decidedly the best judges of what is desirable in women, and they seldom have a deep-seated admiration for the fast or horsey one.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

## CHILDHOOD LEGENDS.

The King and the Peasant, and the Nobleman's Daughter.

THE KING AND THE PEASANT.—One day while the King of the Cannibal Islands was out hunting for grizzly bears, he became separated from his retainers, and after wandering about for a long time, he finally came upon the cabin of a peasant. The peasant hadn't the least idea who the stranger was of course, and he invited the King to enter and make himself as comfortable as possible. His Royal Nibbs, seeing how the land lay, thought to get an honest opinion of himself, and after a bit led off with:

"They say that the King is out on a hunt to-day."

"No doubt," replied the peasant. "He has of late seized upon every pretext to neglect the king business and let affairs of state go to the dogs."

"They say he drinks."

"Always! He can guzzle more budge than any four old drunks in the country."

"And that he is harsh and tyrannical."

"You bet! He'd grind our noses off to get an extra dollar in taxes, and he is always after a new law to abridge our liberties."

"And that he is a spendthrift."

"Ah! sir, if he wasn't a King he'd be a loafer and vagabond."

"But he must have some good features," protested the King, as he sweated under the collar.

"I never heard of but one. They say he is extremely kind to cross-eyed cats."

"I am the King," thundered His Majesty, as he rose up in all the terrible-ness of his awfulness.

The peasant fell upon his knees and prayed that his life might be spared, being he had no insurance, and the King took him by the right hand and lifted him up, and said:

"Have no fear. You are an honest man. You are the only human being who has dared to tell me of my faults. From this moment I am a changed sardine. Here—take these seven signet rings and these thirteen purses filled with gold, and as soon as you get your potatoes dug and your corn husked, come to town and be my Prime Minister."

Now, wasn't that nice?

THE NOBLEMAN'S DAUGHTER.—There was a great and powerful nobleman who had the awfulest beautifullest sweetest daughter that ever tried to get a twenty-dollar bill changed on a bob-tailed street car. Whenever she rode out she was received with admiration and applause, and when she walked in the castle grounds about four hundred spooney young men sat on the fence and longed to call her their all-well, gilt-jeweled angel.

Now this girl, whose front name was Mirabella, was afraid that some of the scores of chaps who had proposed marriage wanted her for her cash and good looks, instead of a helpmeet to split flour, build the morning fires and keep the milk-dickets.

Therefore she started out for a walk into the country, taking a basket of eggs on her arm, as if going to market. By and by she came along to where an Abe Lincolnish looking young stranger was splitting rails and busting a sumpender at every blow. She put her finger in her mouth, looked very shy, and stubbed her toe so as to have an excuse to sit down and be spoken to. He caught on and quierred:

"Prithoe, little girl, but who art thou?"

"I art Mrs. Smith's cook," she fully replied.

"Can't thou done a dish of pork and beans—make Johnny cake—build a pudding and fry fat meat?"

"Ay! Excellently well."

"And how about patching and darning—making soft soap—milkking a kicking cow and feeding the pigs?"

"Tis my delight, kind sir."

"Then you are the piece of calico I have been looking for. Suppose we jibe?"

"Art sure thou lovest me?" she shyly asked.

"Better than gum."

"Then it's a go."

And only after they had been married a full week did she take him by the hand and lead him home to her castle and say to her father:

"Paw, this is my husband, who married me without a thought of my government bonds and bushels of diamonds. Make him Admiral of the Treasure Fleet."

And it was so done, and every thing went off according to the program, and laid down on the small bills.—Detroit Free Press.

## THE MULE KICKED.

That Is Why Headless Chickens Were Picked Up in Virginia.

There has been considerable gold found recently several miles north of the District line, and several shafts have been sunk on various properties, all of which, to use the usual language of the boom, "exceed the most sanguine expectations of the promoters." Several farmers out near the seat of disturbance have been earning considerable money hauling ore from the shaft to Senator Sawyer's stamp mill a few miles away. The shafts are sunk and the ore extracted by the usual methods of drilling and blasting. For the latter purpose nitroglycerine is used. One of the teamsters put several empty nitro-glycerine cans in his cart, and took them to his home, near Takoma Park, intending to clean them up and make pails of them. He set them down in the barn-yard while he was putting up the mules. A half-grown hog saw the cans, walked up and nuzzled them around. About a gill of the stuff had collected in the bottom of each, and the pig licked it down. It has a sweet flavor and is medicinal. Then the farmer came out, picked up the cans and took them back into the house. The pig, some corn-bush and two or three other delicacies and ambled into the barn. Perhaps nothing would have happened if the razor-hack had been gifted with ordinary intelligence, but what would possess him under the circumstances to go and scratch his back against the post of the off-mule's stall is past understanding. Now, mules are only human; they are not exempt from, or above, the follies of mankind. When things go wrong with them they make the walk in ring with their wild Homerick "hee-aw! hee-aw! hee-aw!" and then kick like a Queen Anne market. So when the off-mule looked around and saw the pig scratching his back six inches from his heels, he straightened his neck, closed his eyes in brief and silent prayer, swung his sinister limb over his shoulder, and then struck out like Kelly at the bat. The pig described a beautiful parabola, screaming all the time like a three-hundred-pound shell from one of Admiral Porter's mortars, sailed out through the barn doors on to the fat trajectory and struck on top of the hen-house.

Then came a clap of thunder sound, the pig, oh, where was he? Shaker of the winds which whistled around the heavens and the sea. The nitro-glycerine had exploded, laying pig, hen-house and poultry into the middle of Ballyhack. There hasn't a piece of that pig been found big enough to hold an inquest on, nor a piece of hen-house big enough for a hen to pick her teeth on, and a colored boy was arrested the other day for having in his bag some headless chickens, which he confessed he picked up over in Virginia.—Washington Post.

## FULL OF FUN.

Trate Housewife.—"You're always breaking something." Servant—"Sure, but I ain't tried it on your record for fault-finding."—Rome Sentinel.

—In Spanish, liberty is "libertad," and a liberty-pole is therefore a libertopole, which may account for the unpopularity of liberty in Spain.—Highland Caled.

—A Sure Sign.—Two blind men are on a train. Suddenly loud smacks are heard all over the car. "There," said one to the other, "that's the fourth tunnel we have passed through to-day."—Judge.

—The First and Only Chance.—First Man (excitedly)—"Our boarding-house is afire!" Second Man (calmly)—"Come, then, hurry up, and perhaps we may be able to get something hot."—Jury.

—"I observe with regret, George," said George's father, "that you are still at the foot of your class. Is there no prospect of your doing better?" "O, yes, father, I expect to be second at third in the next class below next term."—N. Y. Sun.

—"Yes," said the oldest inhabitant, "this is a pretty mild winter, but I remember a season that was much warmer than this." "How long ago was that?" queried his listeners. "Only last summer."—Norristown Herald.

—The Musical Director.—Mrs. Young-husband—"Well, Aunt Jane, how did you like the symphony concert?" Aunt Jane—"Oh, pretty well. But it kind of spoilt the effect to see that fool up in front pretending to drum on nothin'."—Burlington Free Press.

—Elli's Brother.—"Do you love my sister Elli?" Elli's Steady Company—"Why, Willie, this is a queer question. Why do you want to know?" Elli's Brother—"She said last night she would give a dollar to know, and I'd like to scoop it in."—Puck.

—Careful Parent.—"Before I can give consent to your proposed marriage to my daughter I must