

St. Tammany Farmer.

"The Blessings of Government, Like the Dew from Heaven, Should Descend Alike Upon the Rich and the Poor."

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JUST HOW IT IS.

When you grasp the hand of fortune,
And lightly stop along,
The hours glide on like the numbers
Of a heart cheering song.
Your pathway is lined with faces
Where smiles and pleasures blend
All the world will offer service
When you don't need a friend.
You may meet at fair discretion,
When sold at the bank,
Your rudeness is mere pleasantly,
And quite the thing for rank.
Men will thrust upon you favors,
And fawn and condescend
Till you wonder at you kindness,
When you don't need a friend.

They will about your name in meeting,
And vote you into fame,
They will load your board with presents
Of bric-a-brac and game,
They will strain themselves in showing
What kindness they intend,
When sunshine and moonlight
And you don't need a friend.

But what and how how comical
This self-same world can be,
When the sun throws not your shadow,
And you hope to go to sea,
You may have heard the cucumber
Has artichokes to lend—
Well, the world drops under zero
When you do need a friend.
—William Lytle, in Detroit Free Press.

BURIED THREE DAYS.

Billard's Remarkable Adventure in a Well.

The story of the unfortunate Dufave, who was buried accidentally in a well, and remained in it for a long period, is not without a parallel in the history of mining transactions in France. In the department of the Indre, and parish of Fleurance-Riviere, about half-past eight one morning Etienne Billard, a working mason, descended a well one hundred and twenty feet deep, for the purpose of examining it preparatory to some repairs. When he had reached the bottom, or nearly so, an extensive portion of the sides fell upon him, and shut him out from the light of day but by a remarkable piece of good fortune, the materials, in falling, formed a small arch of about three feet in diameter around his head. It is not known for this, he would have been either fatally hurt by the heavy stones of the masonry, or would have been suffocated immediately. Every other part of the well around his body was filled compactly with the fallen materials.

The noise of the eruption was heard by some workmen near the spot, who immediately ran up to it. On listening intently, they heard the cries of Billard, and the certainty that he was yet alive inspired the hope of delivering him. Scarcely had they begun to descend to the neighboring inhabitants and authorities, these workmen then lowered lighted candles down the well, the danger of a further fall of the sides deterring them from going down. The candle went down one hundred feet, thus showing that about twenty feet of the mass, or a considerable portion thereof, lay above the unfortunate Billard. In reply to their call, he was heard distinctly to say that he could see any thing of the light. "I am assured," he moreover said, "that I am a lost man. But I suffer no pain, and I feel freely."

No ordinary difficulty, it was obvious, stood in the way of relief in this case. For workmen to descend into the narrow, deep well and attempt to clear away the ruins, without some security against a further fall of the sides, was a dangerous task. The authorities of the district, as soon as they arrived, saw the nature of the accident, sent off an express for the district superintendent of roads and bridges, M. Certain. He was at some distance, and did not arrive till next day. In the meantime, one man, a slave, ventured to descend to the sides of the well, and the placement of the candle, to be about one hundred feet below the orifice. Urged by the indistinct cries for help which they heard from poor Billard, the men on the spot began to lift the stones forming the sides of the well. When M. Certain arrived, he descended without hesitation into the well, and put several questions to Billard respecting his situation. M. Certain judged it proper to continue the raising of the sides of the well, and the placement of the lower part would render it most imprudent to go on otherwise. No side boring could be executed with such speed as the whole well could be cleared. The soil, fortunately, was clayey and firm. While this labor was going on day and night, with the utmost rapidity compatible with a proper degree of caution, friends and fellow-workmen of Billard descended occasionally to animate him with the cheering sound of kindly voices, and with the assurance that help was near.

On the morning of the 29th the Governor and head engineer of the department of the Indre arrived. M. Ferrand, inspector of works, was with him, and descended into the well. He gave his assent to the continuation of the operations going on, which some of the anxious friends of the prisoner were beginning to exclaim against, from their seeming slowness. In presence of the gentlemen mentioned the labors were continued, and on the evening of the 29th the well was clear to the upper part of the fallen mass. With the delay the process of lifting them was begun, but from the size of the stones, the work went on very tardily, through the difficulty of hoisting them to such a distance above. After they had advanced a certain way, a new difficulty met them in the face. It was impossible to tell the exact state of the arch formed so miraculously over the head of the unfortunate man, or its degree of stability. It was necessary, therefore, to go on with the elevation of the stones with extreme care and delicacy, otherwise the slightest jar upon any portion of the heavy masses above him might have caused his instantaneous death.

At ten o'clock in the evening of the 29th, the workmen were calculating to be about six feet above the captive, who had now been shut out from the light since the morning of the 27th. It was impossible to send him food by a bore, and he had, therefore, the pressure of hunger added to his misery. His voice was heard more clearly as the workmen

went on, and they could now even tell the exact point where it was confined. But during the night of the 29th his voice became a source of fear and alarm to the laborers above him. Billard's motionless condition, his want of food for so long a time, began to overtake his moral courage. His reason gave place to delirium, his hope to despair. The workmen heard him at one moment lamenting his fate and piteously crying for food, and at the next moment they heard him abandoning himself to the most extravagant gaiety. Laughter heard in such a situation was a thing almost too deplorable and shocking for human ears to listen to. When conversing on the meaning of these symptoms, a surgeon who had never quitted the spot since the time of the accident, recommended the workmen to hurry on their labors, as the man could probably survive but a few hours.

In consequence of this advice, a new direction was given to the work, and in place of passing down by the side of the spot where the poor man was supposed to be, the excavation was carried slopingly down to his head. In short, after three days and three nights of incessant toil, the head of Billard was reached, and cleared of all surrounding matter. The instant that this took place, it was notified to those above by a cry, and the deafening shouts that were immediately raised showed what an assemblage had gathered around the place to learn the issue of the case. The deliverance took place exactly a quarter of an hour before eleven o'clock in the morning of the 30th. When raised once more to the daylight, every precaution was taken to prevent any bad effects from a change so sudden. He was carried to a neighboring house, with his body and head well wrapped up, and there he was laid in an apartment from which the light was, in a great measure, excluded. After some spasms of his throat and a little wind had been administered to him, he fell immediately asleep, never having tasted that blessing during his confinement. Before sleeping he had spoken in such a way as to show that his mind had recovered its tone. His pulse was weak, but quick, beating one hundred and twenty-six times in a minute; his skin was cold, his thirst burning, and his tongue stuck almost to the roof of his mouth. While confined he had eaten a portion of the leather front of his cap, and he had even gnawed and endeavored to grind with his teeth a stone that lay before his mouth.

Etienne Billard soon recovered. His imprisonment had not been so protracted as to render the vital heat difficult of restoration. His body, however, though not mangled or bruised, as it might have been expected to be, retained for a long time a feeling of dull pain from the pressure that had been exerted upon it.—Harold Walters, in N. Y. Ledger.

ABOUT FALSE TEETH.

Durability of Artificial Molars and Other Gossip About False Dentistry.

"How long do false teeth wear?" an experienced dentist was asked the other day.

"You might as well say 'How long does a suit of clothes wear?' was the reply. 'It all depends upon the quality of the teeth and the care of the person who uses them. If a woman bites thread with her artificial molars they are likely to be ruined in a week. On the other hand, I know persons who have worn the same sets for twenty years, and have never been compelled to have them repaired. Sets made of the best material and in the best manner should last a lifetime with proper care."

"What is the proper care of false teeth?"

"Both the plates and the crowns should be removed from the mouth and cleansed every night and morning."

"Do artificial teeth decay?"

"No. They are all made of porcelain, which is not subject to decay as the natural bone is. But at the same time porcelain is more brittle than bone, and hence an artificial tooth will not stand many hard knocks."

"What is the difference in the durability of high-priced and cheap teeth?"

"That is a difficult question. Cheap teeth are made of a material that bears the same relation to that of the best teeth that a common stone china plate does to a Sevres vase. Cheap teeth look like glazed china, and that is about all that some of them are. Now, so brittle as these materials are, they are strong as long as they are the costliest material, and I have known a set costing next to nothing to perform service for many years. They are not quite so brittle, in fact, as those made of the finest porcelain. But the chief superiority of the latter lies in their shape and appearance and in the exactitude with which they are fitted to the gums."

"What is the best sort of plate?"

"One made of gold. But black rubber is just about as durable, only it is harder to keep perfectly clean."

"Are complete sets of artificial teeth not uncommon?"

"Partial sets are more frequently seen, but complete sets are by no means unusual."

"Who wear the most false teeth—men or women?"

"Women, by long odds. I don't think the result is due alone to vanity, however, although that may have something to do with it. The chief reason is not that the natural teeth of women are so good, and therefore have to be more frequently replaced by artificial teeth."—Boston Herald.

"The height of an olive tree is usually 30 feet, but it is sometimes as high as 50 feet, and it reaches an almost fabulous age. One lately destroyed at Beaudes had a recorded age of five centuries, and was 36 feet in circumference. The olive tree is exceedingly prolific under cultivation; the fruit yields about 70 per cent. of its weight (exclusive of kernel) in oil. Italy is said to produce 33,000,000 and France 7,000,000 gallons of oil annually. The tree does not vegetate readily beyond 2,000 feet altitude, or 45 deg. of latitude.

LIVED AMONG CANNIBALS.

Adventures of a Baron Who Recently Married an American Wife.

Berestford Alfred, Baron d'Este, and his wife, nee Harney, whose first husband was the Viscount de Noux, are at the Southern. The Baron d'Este is a Frenchman by birth, an Italian by descent, an Englishman through his mother, and a man of many countries by virtue of travel and inclination. He wears his title lightly, as one who has seen much of the world and lived among those nations where rank is leveled by necessity; and such is indeed the case.

In conversation yesterday he said that he had spent much of his life in the British colonies. The Baron is a handsome man, with a sunburned face, speaks English like an Englishman, and does not look over forty years of age, though he may be older. As a young man he spent several years in Australia, but in 1870, when cotton was commanding a very high price, he, in company with a number of friends, went into the business of raising the costly product on the Fiji Islands. The islands at that time were inhabited largely by cannibals, and white men, though assisted by the friendly natives, carried their lives in their hands, and went constantly armed.

"The sister of my first wife," said the Baron yesterday, "was shot down by the natives, along with her husband and their two children. The cannibals then attempted to eat them at their leisure in the mountains, but fortunately reformed themselves later on and the savage were driven back. My business partner died, and some of the wretches pilfered his grave of two thigh bones, which they carried off to their mountain retreat as trophies; but I found out who had been guilty of the desecration, and succeeded in recovering the bones."

"I was once on the point of tasting human flesh myself. Some of the natives had been assisting us to build a house, and the completion of the work was celebrated with a feast. In the course of the dinner I helped myself from a dish whose contents resembled pork, and was about to taste of it when a friendly native nudged me with his elbow and whispered one suggestive and sufficient word—'Man.' I needed no further explanation; but it must have been a great disappointment to the cannibals, who would have been much pleased to have had a white man had eaten human flesh. Our life was certainly a dangerous one, but cotton was selling high and we made money. In 1875 the English took possession of the island. I gladly joined their forces, and the cannibals were all either killed or made prisoners."

In 1878 the Baron left the Fiji Islands for India, where he went into the business of raising sugar. He also spent some time in Madagascar, but for the past few years has been living in Paris.—St. Louis Republic.

ALL ABOUT THIMBLES.

Millions of Them Are Made and Sold Every Year.

The manufacture of thimbles is quite an industry in this country. Millions of thimbles are made and sold every year. There is the common steel thimble, which can be purchased for a few cents, and there are thimbles made of silver and gold, and many very elaborate ones in which diamonds and other precious stones are set, for which almost any amount of money may be paid.

Thimbles are made of dies of different sizes. The gold, silver or steel is pressed over these dies by stamping machines, and the finishing and polishing and decorating are done afterward. Some thimbles are made of celluloid and rubber. These are molded. The process of making a gold thimble is more elaborate than that of the cheaper ones. The first step in the making of a gold thimble is the cutting into a disk of the desired size a thin piece of sheet-iron. This is brought to a red heat, placed over a graduated hole in an iron bench, and hammered down into it with a punch. This hole is the form of the thimble. The iron takes its shape and is removed from the hole. The little indentations to keep the needle from slipping are made in it, and all the other finishing strokes of the perfect thimble put on it.

The iron is then made into steel by a process peculiar to the thimble-maker, and is tempered, polished and brought to a deep blue color. A thin sheet of gold is then pressed into the interior of the thimble and fastened there by a mandril. Gold leaf is attached to the outside by a great pressure, the edges of the leaf being fitted in and held by small grooves at the base of the thimble. The article is then ready for use. The gold will last for years. The steel never wears out, and the gold can be readily replaced at any time.

Elaborate thimbles set with jewels are only made for persons who have more money than brains. Not long ago a gentleman in this city, blessed with plenty of this world's wealth, wanted to make a present to a young lady, and had a handsome chased gold thimble made. On the top of the thimble was set a large solitary diamond, and around the rim of the thimble was a row of diamonds and rubies set in a row. This thimble would certainly be more ornamental than useful, and if used at a sewing circle would attract a great deal of attention.—N. Y. Mail and Express.

How Invisible Ink is Made.

M. E. Heard has published an account of this chemical discovery. It is a mixed acid prepared by a solution of molybdic acid in boiling oxalic acid. He calls it oxalomolybdic acid. The crystals of this acid are insoluble in strong nitric acid, but they dissolve in caustic water. Paper written upon with the solution when brought into a weak light and when nothing into the sunshine the deep indigo characters suddenly appear in deep indigo blue. Paper saturated with the solution and dried in the dark becomes blue when exposed to the sun, and on this blue surface characters may be written by dipping the pen in water. The color disappears in contact with water, and the blue writing becomes black when exposed to the heat of a fire.—Popular Science News.

STANLEY'S IRON RULE.

His Theatrical Style in Dealing with an Alleged Rebel.

Thomas Stevens gives in the New York World this report of a conversation he had with the late M. Stanley: "Of course I wanted to give all of Emin's people who desired to come out with us a chance to come in, and for this purpose we camped at Kavala, at the southwest corner of the Albert Nyanza, from February 14 to May 8. To this camp Emin's people began to flock in, among them a number of Egyptian officers and Sudanese soldiers. Among these officers Jephson pointed out to me rebels who were known to have been plotting against him. He kept a sharp eye on these gentlemen and soon discovered that they were tampering with our men and conspiring against us in our own camp. At one time had the ringleader put under arrest. On him we found incriminating correspondence, proving conclusively that he was in the Mahdist plot to capture us all. At this time I was reduced to a skeleton by my second attack of gastritis. I ordered a court-martial to try him. He was found guilty on every count. I was in my tent on the flat top of my back, so weak and emaciated that I couldn't sit up. I made them prop me up in a chair outside, however, and I swallowed a bracing tonic to strengthen me to the task of pronouncing sentence on the villain. I determined to make such an example of him that there would be no further conspiracy in our camp at any rate."

"They brought him before me. The people stood around in silence. I looked at him and muttered what little strength I had to address him: 'We came through a thousand difficulties and have risked our lives a hundred times to save and succor you, and now, in return for all we have passed through for your sake, what do you do? You conspire in our own camp to have us taken as slaves to Khartoum! A court-martial of white men and of your own comrades has given you a fair trial and you have been found guilty on every count—depart to God! The people were so wrought upon by these words, and the whole scene,' said Mr. Stanley, 'that they rushed at him as one man and seized him.'"

"What shall we do with him?" they shouted. "What shall we do with him?" "To God with him! Take him to God!" and I pointed to the limb of a tree.

"The next minute a rope was around his neck, and a hundred willing hands were hauling him up, running away with the rope."

"Now you see," cried I, addressing the rest of the Egyptians, "now you see you are not in Wadai. There will be no coaxing, no patting on the back with me. I'll hang every traitor among you I can lay hands on!"

The above must have been a fine piece of tragedy to have witnessed. It was something even to hear Mr. Stanley repeat it in our peaceful camp at Msuwa, where we halted a day at the special request of Baron von Gravenreuth. It was the first time I knew Mr. Stanley to be a first-class tragedian.

A DANGEROUS PET.

The First Taste of Blood Dispelled a Tame Lion's Nature.

A lion hunter named Conrad started from Bremen some time ago for Africa to procure animals for a menagerie. While in the depths of the forest of the dark continent he enjoyed the exciting and highly-dangerous sport of hunting the king of beasts. Upon his return to Bremen he brought with him a small lion cub—a pet—which he had captured when but a few days old.

At first it was sickly and looked as though it would not live long, but by careful nursing it outgrew its infantile weakness and began to build up a constitution. The name of the cub was Belle, and she slept beside her master's bed at night. In daytime she followed him about, being as playful as a kitten. Conrad one night lay down for a nap on a lounge, and was soon asleep. He was awakened by a sharp pain in his left hand. He attempted to move it, when he heard a vicious growl.

On investigation Conrad found that Belle had his hand between her teeth, had bitten the member through, and was eagerly lapping the blood that flowed from the wound. The cub's eyes were ablaze with a fierce light, and it then dawned on him that Belle was no longer a pet—she had been transformed from a domestic animal into a dangerous brute.

Recognizing his desperate situation, Conrad moved softly, so as not to disturb the animal, and drawing a revolver, shot her through the brain. With a blood-curdling scream she jumped into the air and fell dead on the floor. It appears that while Conrad was sleeping the cub began to lick his hand and the brute's sharp, lick-like tongue had gradually torn the flesh until blood came. The first taste of human blood of the pet, and Belle had become a vicious brute, thirsting for more.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Marrying by Photograph.

A prosperous Slavonian rancher in the south end of the Huachuca mountains some time ago visited his native land and found a large number of worthy young ladies who were anxious to marry. He would be only too happy to find homes and husbands in this land of progress and liberty. Securing the photographs of a number of these young ladies, he brought them back with him and lost no opportunity to show them to his bachelor friends and neighbors. He told them that he had the promise of these young ladies that they would come to America and marry the man he would recommend, and as a consequence, a great many of his neighbors have excellent wives, each one selecting his bride from the photographs.—Nogales, (Ariz.) Herald.

The woman who first circumnavigated the globe was a member of Bougainville's famous expedition around the world in 1769-69, which occupied just two years and four months.

FULL OF FUN.

Woman (to Tramp)—"Want something to eat, eh? Well, here's some cold hash." Tramp—"But I haven't any thing to cut it with." Woman—"Just keep on a little further, and you'll find a fork in the road."—Exchange.

Doctor—"Well, my fine little fellow, you have got quite well again! I was sure that the pills I left for you would cure you. How did you take them, in water or in cake?" "Oh, I used them in my blow-gun."—Fliegende Blatter.

An old negro who had business in a lawyer's office was asked if he could sign his name. "How is dat, sah?" "Ask," the lawyer answered, "if you can write your own name?" "Well no, sah, I never writes my name. I jes dictates it, sah."—Arkansas Traveler.

Wise by Experience.—Mr. Case (who has married his typewriter)—"Well, my dear, I suppose you must be looking around for somebody to take your place in the office." Mrs. Case—"Yes, I have been thinking of that. My cousin is just out of school." Mr. Case—"What is her name?" Mrs. Case (sweetly)—"John Henry Briggs."—Puck.

Customer—"I've been cheated. I thought you said this parrot would talk." Bird fancier—"No, sir. What I said was that he had been brought up in the company of learned men, and was full of philosophy and scholarship. Of course, he don't talk. Mere idle words have no attraction for him. But he's a remarkable parrot because he's a great thinker."—Munsey's Weekly.

Captain Spear—"And were you never wounded, Pat?" Pat—"Faith, sor, and I was. In the fight at Spottsylvania a dirty rebel lifted his gun and fired. I was scared, I tell you. He struck me right under me left breast." "But if it struck where you say, the ball must have gone through your heart and killed you." "Oh, bodad, sor! me heart was in me mouth at the time."—Harvard Lampoon.

New Editor to Old Schoolmate—"It hurts me, old fellow, to wound your feelings, but really we are so overstocked with poetry that it is useless to read yours. We can only accept what shows unmistakable genius." Old Schoolmate—"Well, just read that poem, and tell me what you think of it. It may prove better than you imagine." New Editor (having read the poem)—"It is as I feared; the poem shows no promise whatever. Pardon me, but it is simply absurd." Old Schoolmate (with a broad grin)—"That's just what I thought. It's a copy of some verses you wrote in my autograph album while we were at school together."—Munsey's Weekly.

HER FIRST STORY.

A Teaching Narrative Told by a New York Magazine Editor.

A sad little story was told yesterday by a co-editor on one of the largest and best-known magazines in the country. "Almost ten years ago," he said, "a short story of considerable merit had been submitted to the magazine by a young woman quite unknown to us or to fame, and had been accepted and paid for. It was filed away with other accepted articles, to be used when its turn came. A short time ago there came a letter from the young girl, asking modestly if that story might not be printed, but giving no reason for the request. Two months went on and then came a second letter, written in the same hand, but in weaker and fainter characters, as if the hand that held the pen were scarcely able to scribble the letter again asked that the story might be printed soon, if possible. 'My physician tells me,' it said, 'that I can live but a few months at the most. I had hoped to live to do a great deal of good work of this kind, and I have my first and last piece. I have read so much for it that I think I could be happy in dying if I might see it in print before I go.' The magazine for the coming month was bound, so nothing could be done with that. The sheets for the second month were printed and ready for binding, and the matter for the third magazine was well under way. We held a short consultation, the result of which was that the story was set up and the sheets containing it substituted for certain sheets in the magazine for the second month. It was no small matter to make the change so late in the day, but we did it and the letter of thanks received from the young girl, who died shortly afterward, more than paid us."—N. Y. Letter.

POINTS ON NOSEOLOGY.

Why All Great Generals Have Had Roman Noses.

The features are developed by the mind. A child that is reared amid pleasant surroundings and whose mind is filled with pleasant thoughts will have a pleasing face. The shape of the nose and chin will depend entirely upon the strength and character of the mental faculties. At ten a boy's nose may be small and turned up at the end; at fifteen it may have grown large and be straight on top, and at twenty-five it may be a pronounced Roman. It all depends upon his mind. The Romans had big noses with high bridges because they were a sturdy and determined race of people. Sturdiness and determination will give a man a Roman nose, no matter how little or how stubby a man's proboscis may have been when he was born. The Greeks had straight, delicate, finely-chiselled noses, because their tastes were artistic and poetic. You never saw a poet or an artist with a Roman or a snub nose, did you? On the other hand, it would be hard to find a great General who had not a Roman nose. Get pictures of Alexander the Great, Caesar, Frederick the Great, Napoleon, Wellington, Washington, Grant, Sheridan, Lee, and see if they haven't all got big, strong noses, of the Romanesque type. Yet it is quite safe to say that if we could have portraits of all these personages, taken in infancy, we would find their olfactory organs little, pudgy affairs, not unlike those of the common run of babies. Those men were not great Generals because they had Roman noses, they had Roman noses because they were great Generals.—Cleveland Press.

EQUALITY IN SATURN.

A Vivid Bit of Imagination by Oliver Wendell Holmes.

So far as the Saturnians can be said to have any pride in any thing, it is in the absolute level which characterizes their political and social order. They profess to be the only true republicans in the solar system. The fundamental articles of their constitution are these: All men are born equal, live equal and die equal. All men are born free—free, that is, to obey the rules laid down for the regulation of their conduct, pursuits and opinions; free to be married to the person selected for them by the physiologist, social relations of value. They have to die at such proper period of life as may best suit the convenience and general welfare of the community.

The one great industrial product of Saturn is the bread-root. The Saturnians find this wholesome and palatable enough, and it is well they do, as they have no other vegetable. It is what I should call a most uninteresting kind of eatable, but it serves as food and drink, having juice enough so that they can get along without water. They have a tough, dry grass, which, matted together, furnishes them with clothes sufficiently warm for their cold-blooded constitution and more than sufficiently ugly.

A piece of ground large enough to furnish bread-root for ten persons is allotted to each head of a household, allowance being made for the possible increase of families. This, however, is not a very important consideration, as the Saturnians are not a prolific race. The great object of life being the product of the largest possible quantity of bread-root, and women not being so capable in the fields as the stronger sex, females are considered an undesirable addition to society.

The one thing the Saturnians dread and abhor is inequality. The whole object of their laws and customs is to maintain the strictest equality in every thing, social relations of value. As they can be said to have no dress, and all other matters. It is their boast that nobody ever started under their government. Nobody goes in rags, for the coarse-fibered grass from which they fabricate their clothes is very durable. (I confess I wonder how a woman could live in Saturn. They have no looking-glasses. There is no such article as a ribbon known among them. All their clothes were of one pattern. I noticed that there were no pockets in any of their garments, and learned that a pocket would be considered prima facie evidence of theft, as no honest person would have use for such a secret receptacle.)

Before the revolution, which established the great law of absolute and life-long equality, the inhabitants used to feed at their own private tables. Since the regeneration of society all meals are taken in common. The last relic of barbarism was the use of plates—one or even more to each individual. This "odious relic of an affete civilization," as they called it, has long been superseded by oblong hollow receptacles, one of which is allotted to each twelve persons. A great riot took place when an attempt was made by some fastidious and exclusive egotists to introduce partitions which should partially divide one portion of these receptacles into individual compartments. The Saturnians boast that they have no paupers, no thieves, none of those fictitious values called money—all which things, they hear, are known in that small Saturn nearer the sun than the great planet which is their dwelling-place.—Oliver Wendell Holmes, in Atlantic.

MRS. TRACY'S CHARITY.

How She Concealed From Her Left Hand What Her Right Hand Did.

The sad death of Mrs. Secretary Tracy and the unselfishness of her last hour call to mind an incident which came to my knowledge two years ago through a woman whom the aide. Mrs. Tracy was known to be most conscientiously charitable, but few understood how thoroughly she concealed from her left hand that which her right hand did, and it pained her to hear some comment on the lack of real charity displayed by the rich—their deeds of charity costing them nothing, inasmuch as no personal sacrifices were involved. The words clung to Mrs. Tracy's mind, and she decided that her next act of charity would cost her some trouble. The woman to whom I have above referred was once Mrs. Tracy's humblest pensioners, and at this time she was greatly in need of careful nursing, for her disease was cancer and of a most painful character. Day after day Mrs. Tracy went on foot to the poor creature's home, cared for her in every way, swept and cleaned her room, and saw that she was comfortable, returning to her home with some trifling excuse to account for her absence. Her protegee would never have known the cause of so much unselfish kindness had she not one day remonstrated with her for what seemed needless waste of time and labor. To relieve her mind, Mrs. Tracy told her that it was her only way of really paying her debt to God. Mrs. Tracy's last act of self-sacrificing kindness to her husband, when in the midst of smoke and flames, attests the sincerity of those words.—N. Y. Epoch.

An Anecdote of Rubinstein.

La Starina, a Russian paper, tells how in Rubinstein's earlier days he narrowly escaped being sent to Siberia. He played before the Czar Nicholas in the house of Count Wietorsky, and on returning home lost his pass-port. A day or two afterwards he was arrested and brought before General Galahoff, then chief of police, who informed the prisoner that he declined to believe any body's evidence of his identity, even that of the Count. Rubinstein persisted that he was a mere musician, and as one of the subordinate police officers knew something about music the two were sent to try matters over on a dilapidated piano. The test proved satisfactory, and the General, remarking that "the prisoner was apparently a musician," gave him a permit for three weeks.

AN HOUR OF HORROR.

A Midnight Murder Whose Perpetrator Was Never Thought to Exist.

It was close upon the hour of midnight. A man sat alone in an upper chamber of a tumble-down tenement; a man whose face showed by its furrowed brow, glaring eyes and pallid lips the effects of a terrible mental struggle going on within him.

Before him were several pages of manuscript, and his nervous hand, convulsively clutching a pen, was rapidly adding to them.

Close to his right hand, and frequently touched by it as he plied his pen, was a gleaming, glittering object of ivory, silver and steel—a loaded revolver.

The window beside him was open, and through it the night breeze entered and fanned his hot brow. The night without was calm and placid. Nature was lovely, bathed in the light of a summer moon; but the man was oblivious to the beauties of the night. He glanced at the clock now and then, and, inclining the long hand climbing up the dialface toward the figure 12, he revolved his labor at the manuscript.

Again he glanced at the revolver on the desk beside him. He touches its ivory handle, as if faltering in his resolution; and then he continues his writing.

Hark!

What sound is that that is borne on the breeze of the summer night? A long, low wail, like the cry of a woman in mortal anguish.

The man starts like a guilty soul, as the dawn of perspiration from his clammy brow, and utters an incoherent exclamation.

Again—again, that moaning, uneasy cry.

The man hears it and groans aloud. He dashes aside the last page of his manuscript and glances again at the clock. The hands mark the hour of midnight. He grasps the revolver, and with a resolute air he exclaims: "It must be done."

Going to the window he fires twice.

There was a scamping sound in the yard beneath, and next morning a gray cat was found dead close to the woodshed. The night police reporter had fulfilled his mission.—American.

POSTMEN IN CHINA.

Abstemious, Spoof-Proof Individuals Protected by Fierce Guards.

About the most curious institution in China is the postal service. It includes two quite distinct systems, one for the government officials and the other for every one else. The dispatches of the government are carried by mounted postmen with tolerable swiftness. Their carriage and delivery are under the direct supervision of the Ministry of War in Peking. The people at large are not allowed to send mail by the official carriers. They are obliged to transact all their postal business through a special slow-moving service.

In every Chinese city there are several post-offices which receive and deliver in their respective districts the mail matter of the general public. Each guarantees the safe delivery of every thing intrusted to its care, and in case of loss of valuable papers or goods reimburses the sender without delay. The contents of every package, however, must be exactly declared at the time of mailing, as the postage varies with very trivial variations of value.

The postman of this branch of the mail service walk or ride on asses from station to station. With some eighty pounds of mail matter a postman covers about three miles an hour. The minute he arrives at the end of the route he transfers his burden to the shoulders of another postman, who, whatever the time of day and whatever the weather, hurries off to deliver it at the next station.

To keep himself ready for all emergencies the Chinese postman never fuldies his wits by overeating. He always takes very light meals. "Eats himself only seven-tenths full," the Chinese say. He is usually a man of fine physique and less afraid of ghosts, witches, etc., than forty-nine out of every fifty of his fellow countrymen. In fact, an applicant for admission to the service is generally subjected to a kind of civil-service examination of his courage in withstanding the horrors of supernatural phenomena. If he stands the test without quailing and proves that he has not incurred the enmity of any bad spirit which might interfere with him in the discharge of his duties, he has taken a long step toward procuring his appointment. This singular condition for admission to the service is universally considered to be quite proper, for the average Chinaman is so afraid of spirits and the dark that the slightest noise by the wayside at night would cause him to drop whatever he was carrying and dart off like a shot to the nearest settlement.

An ordinary letter may be sent 150 miles or more for about eight cents. Thirty per cent of the postage is collected in advance from the sender. This amount covers the expense of transportation, and is a guarantee against fraud on the part of the sender. The other seventy per cent. is collected from the receiver, and represents the profit of the service.

The postmen often carry very valuable mails. Traders intrust to them drafts and silver bullion without hesitation. To protect the most important mails small guards of soldiers are often used, or troops of fighting civilians who have specially trained themselves to fight mail-robbers. Three, four or five of these civilians are always ready to fight at least a dozen highwaymen. The manner in which they prepare themselves for such uneven combats is an elaboration of a pugilist's training in punching the bag. From the roof of the empty shed in which the practice is taken hang on ropes ten heavy sand-bags. The man who is learning to be a guard stands in the middle of these bags, while his instructor on the outside sets them to swinging. The man among the bags then strikes out right and left with his fists for the purpose of punching the bags away from him. As soon as he learns to keep all the bags in motion without letting them touch him he is pronounced ready to go on the road to knock out mail-robbers.—N. Y. Sun.

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