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, MAY 24, 1890. VOL. XV.—NO. 21.

A PAIR OF FISHERS.

Under the lee of the headland,
Out of the hot sunshine,
A fisher, idle sitting,
Plays with his rod and line.

The eddying current ripples
At the roots of the rank marsh grass,
And down in the clear brown shallows
The fish like shadows pass.

His hand has lost its cunning;
His glances fall and rise,
Now into the cool, dark water,
And now into two blue eyes!

For another sits beside him
On the narrow ledge of stone,
And the loops of her fluttering ribbons
Across his cheek are blown.

She breaks her talk and laughter
To watch the angler's game—
And never the angler guesses
That her own is just the same.

For hook and line are ready
Whenever the fish will rise,
Though his with a fly are baited,
And hers with two blue eyes!

Alas for the simple fisher!
He knows the angler's guile
Out of their lurking places
The watery brood to wile;

But never he dreams that danger
Can lie in wait for him;
That long ere the flames of sunset
Shall redden the shallows dim,

The girl who sits beside him
Will land an easy prize,
And carry him homeward captive
To the bait of two blue eyes!

—Kate Putnam Osgood, in Outing.

A MARVELOUS ESCAPE.

Fifteen Minutes with a Cyclone—A True Story.

"Speaking of cyclones," remarked Mr. Wilson to the company about the library-fire, one cold November evening. "I think I can equal any story you have told with my own experience in a genuine 'twister.'"

As we had already heard some surprising stories, a general exclamation from young and old demanded the story, and, after a little urging, Mr. Wilson began:

"We were living then, my wife and the eight children (of whom the youngest was but four months old), in Malcom, a pretty little village about five miles from the city of Grinnell, Ia.

"The farm was as attractive as it could well be—acre after acre of rolling prairie land, a fine garden, and a young and thriving orchard. My cousin had lived on the place for several years, but when his business made it necessary for him to go farther West, he had persuaded me to come out and take the farm. I had hoped to go West for several years, and I thought this an excelent opportunity, so we moved out, and had been living there about four years when this big blow came.

"It was in 1882, on the 27th of June; you will see why I have no trouble in remembering the date.

"It had been an exceedingly hot day, not a cloud to be seen, with the sun beating fiercely down, and not a breath of air stirring. We sat out on the porch after supper, trying to find a cool place. The clouds were beginning to gather, and it looked as if there might be a shower. The three little ones went early to bed, and in spite of the oppressive heat were soon fast asleep.

"It couldn't have been far from eight o'clock when I heard a sound which I at first thought was thunder. The others noticed it, too, and, as it grew louder, a terrible rushing sound came with it, and we looked at one another in silence for a minute, and then ran to where we could look out westward.

"My heart stopped beating, when I saw coming toward us with terrific speed a black, funnel-shaped cloud, the rush and roar accompanying it growing louder every minute.

"'Run for the cellar!' I cried. My wife ran and seized the baby, and I caught up the two other children from the bed. There was no time to lose.

"The one who first reached the cellar-door—it was one of the older children—had just time to seize the knob, nothing more, when—crash! such a terrific noise! I felt myself lifted in the air, and thought my time had come. The next thing I knew, I felt the splash of cold water in my face. I must have lost consciousness, but the water revived me, and in a moment I knew where I was.

"*I had come down head first into the well!*

"The water was some ten feet deep. I was thoroughly at home in the water, though I wasn't used to diving in that fashion, and I managed to right myself and come up head first.

"The well was not more than three feet across, and the pump had been broken short off and carried away, leaving a two-inch iron pipe standing straight up in the middle.

"I was very nearly out of breath when I came to the top of the water. My hands touched something floating on the surface. I thought it was the cat; imagine my surprise when I found it was Charlie, our five-year-old boy!

"He was terribly frightened, and as amazed as I was, to find himself alone in the well. The wonder was that we were not both of us impaled on that iron pipe; how we escaped it I can not understand.

"The cyclone had passed on, and a terrific, steady wind was blowing. I could hear it roar above our heads; and by the flashes of lightning I could see that rain fell in torrents. We were both so wet we didn't mind the little extra water that plashed down on us, and as soon as possible I raised Charlie to my shoulders, and by aid of the pipe managed to work my way to the top of the well. This took some little time, and the wind and rain had nearly ceased when I set my feet on solid earth again, and found we were unhurt.

"But such a scene as I looked upon I hope never to see again! And I dreaded to look about me for fear of worse things. Evidently the house had been lifted bodily from its foundations and dashed down, and every thing that had not been carried away by the wind lay about the yard; many of the great timbers were found rods away driven into the earth, as if they had been but tent-pegs.

"Soon I heard my wife's voice calling, and I was a happy man when I found her and two of our little ones, terribly wet and frightened, but unhurt.

"But where was the baby?

"I called the names of the other children, as we ran frantically here and there to find some trace of them. Nellie, the eldest, came running from the orchard with the baby in her arms. She said she had picked him up from the wet ground where he was lying, and he had not even cried. She had found herself there, but that was all she knew about it; indeed, none of us could give an account of our wanderings after we left the cellar door.

"Soon we heard the boys' voices, and found that they were in the cellar; the cyclone in lifting the body of the house had taken up a part of the foundation (which was of large stones laid in cement), and then dropped it. The floor came down a little askew, and a stove, organ, and a heavy desk had slidden off into the cellar.

"In some way or other the boys reached the cellar, too, probably before the floor fell, for the flooring made a protection over their heads. They came out safe and sound, though it was difficult to set them free.

"It seems that my wife had found herself on the ground, and by the flashes of lightning had seen Charlie standing not far from her. As the wind was blowing a gale, she called to him to lie down flat on the ground; but the next time ths lightning came she could not see him, and supposed the wind must have swept him off his feet into the well. Providentially, I was there to rescue him.

"Well, we found ourselves all safe and unhurt—except a few slight bruises not worth mentioning, after what we had been through—and you can understand that we were not only a very happy family, but that we were a very thankful family, too.

"Our home was scattered along on the prairie for a mile or more; there wasn't enough left of it to make a large henhouse. The barn was gone, also; but, to our surprise, there stood the thirty head of cattle tied to the stanchions (only one of them so injured that it had to be killed), and my two horses were unharmed.

"The big wagon was in the yard, and had in some way escaped destruction, so we hitched up the horses and started to find shelter.

"Our clothing was rather the worse for wear, but we did not stop to think about trifles. We could see the terrible work of the cyclone as we rode along; trees twisted off or torn up by the roots, and buildings demolished. The rain had come down in such torrents that next day the trees and fences looked as if there had been a high tide, the leaves and straw which clung to them a foot or more above the ground showing at what height the water had stood.

"You remember how much damage the cyclone did in Grinnell, and if you could have seen the sight we looked upon as we rode into the city, you would realize as never before what an appalling thing a cyclone is.

"We were well taken care of, and after awhile I even ventured to build again; but my garden was gone, my orchard was ruined, and there was constant dread whenever there was a cloud in the sky, and at length my wife and I concluded we couldn't bear to stay any longer. We came East again, and here we mean to remain.

"Such having been our experience, no one can blame us for not wishing to repeat it. Certainly we could not hope to be as fortunate another time."—M. Louise Ford, in St. Nicholas.

FIFTY YEARS AGO.

Changes Wrought in the Course of Half a Century.

Fifty years ago the population of the United States was only 17,697,420. The census cost the Government $833,427. There were slaves in all the States except Maine, Massachusetts, Vermont and Michigan. Iowa had 16 slaves, Wisconsin 11, Ohio 3, Indiana 9, Illinois 331. The total in all the States and Territories was 2,486,228. Fifty years ago the first railroad-spike machine was put into use, making fifty a minute, forming both point and head. Henry Burden, of Troy, N. Y., was the inventor. It ranked among the best-paying inventions of modern times.

Fifty years ago the Whig party held its first convention at Harrisburg, nominating General William Harrison, of Ohio, as President of the United States. Fifty years ago Joseph A. Adams for the first time made use of the idea now embodied in the art of electrotyping by reproducing from wood cuts. Fifty years ago the first power-loom for weaving carpets was set in motion by E. B. Bigelow, of Boston. Ten yards a day was its original capacity. Fifty years ago (1839) the first wheat was shipped from Chicago, amounting to seventy-eight bushels. It was sent eastward by the lakes to Buffalo. Fifty-one years ago the first steam fire-engine ever made was tested in New York. It was invented by Captain John Ericsson.

Fifty years ago the Sirius and Great Western, the first ocean steamships, entered New York harbor on their return trips. Fifty years ago 1,000 reformed drunkards marched in procession at the first anniversary of the Washington Society. Fifty years ago a law was enacted against dueling in the District of Columbia. It grew out of the Cilley-Graves duel. Fifty years ago the Cherokee Indians were removed from Georgia and placed west of the Mississippi river. Fifty years ago was established the first commercial college in America, Comer's College of Boston. Fifty years ago the first patent was granted to Goodyear for vulcanized India-rubber goods.

Fifty years ago a survey was made by John Baily for a canal across Central America. Fifty years ago John Ericsson was allowed letters patent on a steam propeler boat. Fifty years ago beet sugar was first made by David L. Child, of Northampton, Mass. Fifty years ago the banks of the United States resumed specie payment. Fifty years ago the Massachusetts Abolition party was organized. Fifty years ago wooden clocks had only been in use one year. Fifty years ago the daguerreotype was invented in France.—Statistician.

WHY SOLDIERS DESERT.

Officers Think a Man in the Ranks an Inferior Being to Themselves.

The following extracts from a soldier's letter received by the writer will show what life at some of the army posts is and how recruits view the efforts of the Government to find out the principal reasons for desertion:

"I have had the blues worse than is usual with me, and that is saying a great deal, for I have had one continued fit of the blues almost ever since I came here. Upon my word, life here is without exception the deadest, dullest, and most miserable I have ever experienced. The same routine day after day, no change or variety of any kind, and the only thing we have to look forward to is that the winter is drawing to a close.

"Lately there was a Board of Inquiry in session for a long time for the purpose of discovering the causes of desertion. What conclusion they arrived at I do not know, but I will say that any enlisted man of ordinary intelligence could give many reasons for the great number of desertions which occur every year. The idea of a number of high officers of the army determining the cause of desertion is ridiculous if for only this reason: Deserters are not given a chance to state what caused them to desert, and the men who remain (many of whom only stay because they are afraid of the consequences), and who could give the board plenty of information on the subject if they were allowed, have no opportunity to air their complaints, and, as you see, the men who are mostly concerned are not asked for their opinions.

"During the summer of 1889 articles were published in several New York papers in regard to food supplied to recruits at David's island, saying that an officer of high rank had been interviewed and said that he would be satisfied to eat the same food as supplied to the soldiers there. After being stationed there four months, I am competent to judge, and I do say that at the very best the food was such as only a very hungry man would care to eat. This is easily proved, as nine-tenths of the men actually spent the greater part of their pay in order to get something they could eat, and for which, by the way, they were charged double what they would have to pay in any town or city. And as you will see, no board of officers alone will ever determine the true cause of desertion. Officers think a man in the ranks an inferior being to themselves, in fact to be general 'dog-robbers.'

"We had a desertion last night. A man who was on guard at the stables deserted his post. The relief at 3 a. m. found his gun and belt, but no sentry, and when you consider that men find it necessary to leave in the dead of winter in North Dakota you may consider that there is something rotten in the State of Denmark.'"—N. Y. Times.

HEIRESSES FOR SALE.

Germans Led to Think Americans Will Help Them Out.

"It is characteristic of the present day," says the London Globe, "that a German paper should contain an advertisement offering to supply rich American women to needy Germans of position. The advertisement may be and probably is a mere swindle; but that such a thing should be advertised is in itself significant. The advertiser appeals to Germans having titles or official positions—and this includes practically the respectable male population of Germany—to write to him in order to be put into communication with American heiresses with fortunes up to four millions. All is to be private, photographs are to be interchanged, and the whole thing is strictly 'honorable.' One sees at once that the thing is as shadowy as the fascinating, abbreviated advertisements which appear in the Petit Journal, where 'Veuve' or 'Demoiselle,' with a lot of millions, is offered to an impecunious title; but the fact is quite characteristic of the feeling of the moment.

"The untitled heiress has been so much on the hunt for nobles that the transactions have, as it were, passed into the market, and the fortunes of rich young ladies are quoted upon the Matrimonial Exchange. There is nothing new in the situation. Since the days when the world thought only of marrying and giving in marriage until the flood came there has always been a marriage market; but it has been left to our own days to make the thing into a matter of advertisements and quotations. It is the low-water mark of vulgarization of the institution of matrimony; and, rightly or wrongly, the proceeding has lately identified itself particularly with American women in fortune. Nobody can mistake the tendency of the last ten years in the matrimonial market. It has been an openly avowed barter of money for titles; and it has perhaps done more than any thing else to vulgarize the marriage ceremony."

Flowers and the Children.

There are but few children who are not attracted by the beauty and sweetness of flowers. We have often watched with great interest the seemingly natural tendency of young children to admire flowers. Frequently we have seen them gazing with rapture upon the picture of a flower, and smelling it with apparent disappointment that it yielded no perfume. The child appears to instinctively know that a flower is delicate, innocent and pretty; and it may be laid down as a general rule that a boy that is brought up among flowers will develop into a better man than one who is a stranger to flowers. If we could have our way, we would adorn with flowers the homes from which come our criminal classes. They would not banish crime from the community, but they would greatly lessen it. Flowers make people gentler, softer and better, and the father and mother who do not neglect to provide this holy influence for their children are doing them a service that perhaps the eternities alone will tell the value of.—Western Rural.

—The Chinese always begin the new year by paying their debts. What a heathenish custom!—Minneapolis Journal.

VALUE OF A LOOK.

Faces Which Are as Good to Their Owners as Bank Accounts.

A pretty maid whose face was her fortune shares her luck with more people than she imagines. Is beauty then so common? No, pretty maid, enjoy that first and most satisfactory distinction in all certainty that it will be always the rarest as well as the most delightful of human advantages; but listen to some facts about the faces which, though not at all beautiful, are as good to their owners as a considerable sum invested in gilt-edged securities.

My attention was first called to this by my room-mate at college. He was a youth of very moderate intellectual endowments, and, moreover, given to the pursuit of certain athletic sports, which crowded the minor cares of classics and mathematics to the wall. However, his success in the recitation room was so great that only his most intimate friends ever suspected that he was not the most distinguished genius of the whole fifty or more in the class. "How do you do it?" I asked one day. "Will you promise, if I let you in, not to do it yourself?" he responded. When I had sworn not to infringe upon his system, he explained: "You see Prof. Blank is always looking out for the fellows that don't know any thing of what he is talking about and coming down on them with a perfect poser. When they flunk he is as pleased as if the trustees had doubled his salary. So in his classes I always look as intelligent as possible—this way." And he illuminated his face with a look which an actor might have envied. "Of course he thinks he can't get me on that, and the question goes along to some man who knows twice as much, but whose face belies him. On the rare occasions when I do know something, I look like this"—he wrinkled his brow into a slightly puzzled expression—"and he is down on me in an instant. Prof. Dash's ambition is just the other way. He wants, in his blessed good nature, to give every body a chance to shine; so for him I reverse the expressions, and look intelligent when I know something and despairing when I don't. In this way I make my little learning far from a dangerous thing. See?"

Another man who made his talent serve him well was the paying-teller of a certain bank. In private life his expression was ordinarily good-natured; but, once behind his window in the bank, he put on a forbidding look which made depositors think twice before they went to get money. No false claimant, check-raiser or forger would dare present himself at that opening, and only rarely did even the most solid of customers venture to suggest that he would like the privilege of temporarily overdrawing his account. It took a clean financial conscience to face the teller, and only the happy consciousness of a big balance could nerve a man personally to present a check large enough to carry him through the day. Strangely enough, when this clerk would take the receiving-teller's place for a few days, in the vacation season or when illness reduced the working force, his face assumed so delightful an expression of good-will that no patron could resist the pleasure of depositing as frequently as possible. The sum he saved the bank by encouraging deposits and discouraging withdrawals can never be estimated.—Kate Field's Washington Letter.

WHOLESALE MURDER.

Two Hundred Women Shot by Arab Dealers Because Food Was Scarce.

The Revue Francaise of Paris has a letter from Zanzibar which says that over a year ago a caravan of three hundred Arabs left the east coast to go into the interior to trade. They have now returned, and one of the chiefs relates their adventures. Arriving at Kavirondo, on the northeast shores of Victoria Nyanza, the Arabs saw that the natives had a good deal of ivory and that they had no guns. They attacked the tribe, and before the shooting had gone on long the natives were willing to do any thing to make peace.

After a long palaver with the chiefs the Arabs agreed to leave the country upon the payment to them of two hundred tusks of ivory and two hundred young women. The natives were glad to get rid of the enemy even on these hard conditions. As soon as they received the ivory and the women the Arabs started for the coast. They had a terrible time in the Masai country. There was a drought, and they almost perished from thirst. Then provisions became scarcer and scarcer, and the whole party was in danger of starvation. Finally the Arab chiefs decided that in order to save themselves and their ivory it would be necessary to sacrifice their female slaves, who were very weak from their deprivations and could march no further.

That night all of these two-hundred young woman were shot to death, and their bodies were left in the camp for the beasts of prey. The victims happily had not a moment's warning of their impending fate. Each murderer selected his victim, and the horrible crime was accomplished so speedily that few of the women made an outcry. With their force thus summarily reduced the Arabs were able to pull through the desert region, obtaining little more food than barely enough to sustain life.

The chief who related these facts in Zanzibar showed no compunctions whatever for the terrible crime in which he had assisted, but mentioned the massacre only to give an idea of the great loss they had sustained by the necessary sacrifice of their two hundred slaves. It is a curious fact that some of the murderers were greatly troubled in mind because their necessities had compeled them to eat rats and other unclean food, which is prohibited to Mohammedans, on the march.

—Prince Bismarck is said to have caused it to be known that officials who write their names illegibly will have their signatures reproduced hereafter in the newspapers, and will at the same time receive his public condemnation. Oh, that Prince Bismarck would come to America!—America.

NEW LINCOLN STORIES.

The Emancipation Proclamation—The Fatal Night at the Theater.

Benson J. Lossing, the historian, was well acquainted with President Lincoln, and some time after the President had issued his famous Proclamation of Emancipation the historian traveled to Washington for the purpose of procuring a photograph of it, as it was written throughout in Mr. Lincoln's handwriting. Arriving at the White House Mr. Lossing first stated his mission to Mr. Hay, the President's secretary, who at once promised to grant the request if the President was agreeable. Mr. Lossing then went to see Mr. Lincoln. The President was in a merry and jovial mood, and, of course, he said he was willing that the proclamation should be photographed for Mr. Lossing.

"But there is one thing I want to draw your attention to," he said, holding up the precious document. "You see here it commences in bold letters: 'I, Abraham Lincoln,' etc., but you will notice that the last paragraph has the appearance of having been written in a trembling and irresolute manner; therefore, you might infer that after I had written the proclamation I weakened in my good resolution and became afraid, but I was not afraid a bit. It happened this way: After I had written all the proclamation, with the exception of the last paragraph, I determined that I would not write that and sign it until I had thought the matter over. In the meantime I held one of my public receptions, during which I was obliged to shake hands with two or three thousand people, consequently when I sat down to write the last paragraph of the proclamation my hand was weak and tired and trembled much—indeed, I could scarcely write at all—but I was not afraid."

The most interesting story regarding the President which Mr. Lossing related he told me had been repeated to him lately by the Rev. Mr. Minor, a clergyman well acquainted with Mr. Lincoln's wife, who had related the story to him. "All day long the last day of the President's life," said his wife, "Mr. Lincoln seemed in the most happy and jubilant mood; he flitted from one portion of the White House to another as if he had been a boy of twenty, and constantly I heard him singing snatches of songs. Toward evening he declared to me his intention of going to the theater, but from this idea I tried to dissuade him. "No! no!" he said, 'I will go. The war is over now, there will be no more bloodshed, and I am happy. I need a little amusement, and I am going to the theater to get it.'"

At last, as Mrs. Lincoln found there was no dissuading him, she consented to accompany her husband to Ford's Opera-House. Once arrived at the theater she said that the President did not appear to take the slightest interest in the performance, but apparently he was thinking deeply upon some subject. At last he turned to me and remarked: "Mary, I need rest. I know what we will do; after this Administration is over we will go abroad, where I am personally comparatively unknown. I would like to travel through Europe, and I have a desire to visit the Holy Land, and especially would I like as far as possible to tread the same ground that Jesus trod. I would like to walk the streets of Jerusalem." At that moment, before the word Jerusalem had scarcely passed his lips, the assassin's bullet entered his brain.

Little did the President realize when he spoke these words that "rest" was near.—Philadelphia News.

THE AGE OF TREES.

It Can Be Told by Counting the Rings of a Cross Section of the Trunk.

From an article by Prof. F. W. Putnam, on "Prehistoric Remains in the Ohio Valley," in the Century, we quote the following: "Of late years several writers have brought forward many arguments showing anew, what every archæologist of experience knows, that many of the mounds in the country were made by the historic tribes. This has been dwelt upon to such an extent as to make common the belief that *all* the mounds and earthworks are of recent origin. Some writers even go so far as to imply that tree growth can not be relied upon, and state that the rings of growth do not represent annual rings. As I am firmly convinced that many of the mounds and earthworks in the Ohio Valley examined by Dr. Metz and myself are far older than the forest growth in Ohio can possibly indicate, it matters little about the age of the trees growing over such mounds. However, as such a forest growth gives us the minimum age of these ancient works, it is important to know what reliance can be placed on the rings. In his report for 1887, Prof. B. E. Fernow, chief of the Division of Forestry in the United States Department of Agriculture, discusses the formation of the annual ring, when speaking of tree growth. In a letter recently received from him, in which he points out the probable cause of error in counting the rings of prairie-grown trees, he states that he considers 'any body and every body an incompetent observer of tree growth who would declare that, in the temperate zones, the annual ring is not the rule, its omission or duplication the exception.'

"Having received repeated assurance to this effect from other botanists, I recently again asked the question of Prof. C. S. Sargent, director of the Arnold Arboretum, from whom I received the following reply: 'I have never seen any thing to change my belief that in trees growing outside of the tropics each layer of growth represents the growth of one year, and as far as I have been able to verify statements to the contrary, which have appeared of late years, I am unable to place any credence in any of them. The following sentence, quoted from the last edition of Prof. Gray's "Structural Botany," covers the case: "Each layer being the product of only a year's growth the age of an exogenous tree may in general be correctly estimated by counting the rings of a cross section of the trunk." I believe, therefore, that you are perfectly safe in thinking that Dr. Cutler's tree is something over four hundred and fifty years old.'"

PRIDE AND MERIT.

Gifts That Should Be Regarded With Modesty by Their Possessors.

What men are perhaps on the whole most proud of is their blood when they are well descended, and yet no one can say that they are in the smallest degree responsible for that; or, again, of their genius or talents or physical strength if they are not well descended, and all these things are endowments, and never in any great degree due to self-culture. What women are certainly proudest of is their beauty or grace, and neither beauty nor grace can be acquired without a considerable original gift; beauty not in any degree, and even grace in very small degree, for a grace which is in any way artificial is not grace but a soft mannerism. As a rule, men show very distinctly how much they prefer gifts for which they can claim absolutely no merit, to gifts for the possession of which they have at least some small share of merit, by being positively indignant if they find that any body happens to ascribe mere wealth that they have inherited from their fathers, to their own hard work. Seldom, indeed, is a family proud of being supposed to be "new" when it is really old; but a family that is really "new" is generally delighted to be mistaken for an old family. That only means that a family is proud, not of having earned its own wealth, but of having had its wealth transmitted to it. And yet wealth, if it be self-made, is just one of the possessions which is in great measure due to mere effort, steady diligence, minute care and punctual habits—all of which are usually more or less acquired or cultivated qualities, and hardly ever the mere results of transmitted talent. That shows that men are prouder of possessions which they can prove to be inherited, and not due in any degree to their own efforts, than they are of those which they have acquired by hard service. And it is the same with women. If you admire a woman's jewels, for instance, she is twice as proud of them if she can prove that they are heirlooms, as she is if she should have bought them herself out of her earnings. And so, too, a great musician is a thousand times as proud of gifts of ear and touch which he can prove that he possessed as an infant, when it was simply impossible that he could have acquired them by any pains of his own, as he is of what he has made his own by hard industrious drill. But the unquestionable truth that this is so, is, as a matter of fact, forgotten by the greater number of those who feel this pride even in its most generous forms. They do allow their pride to increase their sense of self-importance, instead of, as it should do, tending rather to diminish it. The man who is proud of being an Englishman, for instance, is very apt to regard it as a sort of personal credit to himself that he is an Englishman, in spite of the perfectly obvious truth that he has no more credit in the matter than he has for possessing two hands and legs. The beauty, again, can very seldom contrive not to think it a credit to herself that she should be a beauty, or the man of genius to doubt that he deserves all the better of the world for having been a genius. Yet these gifts ought to be really regarded with that sort of modest pride in the possession of treasures to which we had no sort of natural right or moral claim, that a man feels, for instance, in living in fine scenery, or in a refined and thoughtful society. In fact the very same feeling should denominate all the nobler kinds of pride which filled the hearts of the greater saints who said that, but for the grace of God—that is, but for something which they could not in any way command or control—they should have been the most despicable and sinful of beings. Thus the better kind of pride should add, not to the sense of merit, but (rather of the two) to the sense of demerit, because it should deepen and intensify the consciousness of the lavish gifts, the inherited advantages, the high level of opportunity from which we started, and from which it might have been fairly hoped that we should have been able to achieve far more than we actually have achieved. The higher pride ought to deepen modesty.—London Spectator.

A Skull for a Water Pail.

There is a terrible story coming from North Queensland about a man who was lost in the bush. He used up all his water and then dropped his "billy" in the agony of his thirst. By and by, fortunately, he came to a water-hole, where he slaked his thirst and found the road again. He had still some thirty miles to go, however, and he had nothing whatever to carry water in. Of course it would have been madness to attempt to travel thirty miles on foot under a North Queensland sun without any water, so his ready invention came to his aid. He had been horrified a short distance back by the skeleton of a man who had evidently been dead several years. He went back and got the skull, plugged up the eye-holes with clay and filled it with water. He then tramped that thirty miles on the water contained in the skull. Can any novelist imagine a more ghastly and frightful idea than this, for which we can vouch.—Pall Mall Gazette.

A St. Louis Lady's Vanity.

The anxiety of society women to achieve notoriety was aptly illustrated last week when Mr. P. F. Collier received a letter from a lady in St. Louis inclosing her portrait and requesting the editor of Once a Week to publish it with a biographical sketch of the lady's career in society. In a postscript she offered to pay any price that was asked for the service. The photograph was returned with a polite letter saying that money could not influence the selection of portraits of social leaders in any way. The following week brought another letter with an offer to pay $500 if the portrait was placed on the first page of the paper. No reply was made to this letter, but the applicant's face did not figure in the gallery of St. Louis society women which was subsequently published. Women are peculiarly sensitive to the flattery of a published portrait.—N. Y. Sun.

FULL OF FUN.

—Tramp—"Could you give me a little to eat, madam?" Madam—"Oh, how lucky! The cooking club has just gone, and you can eat all——." But the tramp had fled.—N. Y. Sun.

—Above Suspicion.—"See here, John Asterkin, your nose is as red as a beet. I believe you've been drinking." "Don't sphose I drink-ic through m' noshe, do you?"—Binghampton Republican.

—Wickwire—"What board do you pay at your new place?" Yabsley—"Three dollars a week." Wickwire—"You must get rather simple fare for that low price?" Yabsley—"O, no. It's quite complicated—mostly hash, you know."—Terre Haute Express.

—Teacher (to new scholar)—"What is your name, sonny?" Boy—"Gunn." "Give me your full name." "John G. Gunn." "What is the G for?" "Getyer." "What do you mean by that?" "Well, all the boys call me Johnny Getyer Gunn, anyhow."—Texas Siftings.

—Clothing Salesman—"Well, how do you like this pattern?" Customer—"Can't you give me something a little quieter? You see, I frequently come home after midnight, and it is a matter of some importance to me not to wake up my wife."—Burlington Free Press.

—Mrs. Vere de Vere—"Don't you think that this about sectarian schools is quite futile?" Mrs. Malaprop—"Indeed I do. Boys and girls went to school together when I was a child, and it is all nonsense to say that they can't do the same thing now."—Boston Post.

—The new Mrs. Brimley (as the carriage leaves the house)—"Whad yo' settin' on de flo' for, Claudie?" Mr. Brimley—"I doan' objec' t' d' ole custom ob flingin' shoes at d' bride, but I seen dat low-down Briggs coon a-pryin' som'pn offn' he's mule's foot jess 'fore we stahted."—Judge.

—How to Decide.—"I am devoted to phrenology, and I love the study and pursuit of literature, and am puzzled as to which I should make my life work," said the student. "My dear boy," returned the professor, "why don't you toss a cent and decide the matter that way? Heads, phrenology; tales, letters."—Harper's Bazaar.

—Mr. Garrick—"Glad to see you, old man. You're just in time to help me out of a difficulty. We're starting a new amateur dramatic club, and call ourselves the 'Roscians.' We also want a short motto, which will be printed with the name on all programmes. Something terse, you know, and short—and—well—sort of half apologetic, you know. Now what would you suggest?" Mr. Cynic—"Something short—and appropriate—and apologetic—um—let me see—how would 'Don't Shoot' suit you?"—Boston Beacon.

—"Well, mum, I must be afther lavin' yez," announced the cook. "What do you mean? Why are you going?" asked her astonished mistress. "I am going to be married next week," was the reply. "But, surely, Bridget, you will not leave me so suddenly. You must ask him to wait for a few days. "Oh, I couldn't, mum." "Why not, pray?" "Sure, mum, I'd loike to oblige you, but I don't feel well enough acquainted with him to ask such a thing."—London Tit-Bits.

AN AMUSING GAME.

A Key to Any Person's Name—How to Mystify People.

By the accompanying table of letters the name of a person or any word may be found out in the following manner:

A	B	D	H	P
C	C	E	I	Q
E	F	F	J	R
G	G	G	K	S
I	J	L	L	T
K	K	M	M	U
M	N	N	N	V
O	O	O	C	W
Q	R	T	X	X
S	S	V	Z	Y
U	V	U	Y	Z
W	W	W		
Y	Z			

Let the person whose name you wish to know inform you in which of the upright columns the first letter of name is contained. If it be found but in one column, it is the top letter; if it occurs in more than one column it is found by adding the alphabetical numbers of the top letters of these columns and the sum will be the number of the letter sought. By taking one letter at a time, in this way, the whole name can be ascertained. For example, take the word Jane. J is found in the two columns beginning with B and H, which are the second and eighth letters down the alphabet; their sum is ten, and the tenth letter down the alphabet is J, the letter sought. The next letter, A, appears in but one column, where it stands at the top. N is seen in the columns headed with B, D and M, these are the second, fourth and eighth letters of the alphabet, which, added, give the fourteenth, or N, and so on. The use of this table will excite no little curiosity among those unacquainted with the foregoing.—Des Moines (Ia.) Register.

Reproducing Power of the Liver.

A scientific fact of great value, and one which should bring comfort to legions of that large class of persons who are weary of the caprices of an erratic or tardy liver had proved that large portions of the liver can be removed without serious disturbance to the animal functions of the human body. The explanation of this curious fact seems to be that the liver has a wonderful power of reproduction. Ponfick found that, within a few days of the removal of portions of the liver, the work of its reproduction began, and that it proceeded with great rapidity to completion. In certain cases he found that within a period of a few weeks as much has been reproduced as has been removed, and this amounted occasionally to twice as much as had been left behind. These investigations have an interest altogether outside of that which is absolutely scientific, because they can not fail to influence the development of abdominal surgery, if it is understood that large portions of the liver may be removed without serious danger to life.—Richmond Despatch.