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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LOVELY CLO.

A Romance of the South in Colored Circles.

WERE right smart tired that night, but I fell ter thinkin' 'bout Clo, so I got up, put on my coat, brushed up my hair, an' went out. It were black as midnight outside, an' I went stumblin' 'long like an ole blin' mule till I fell straight inter a ditch, an' then a loud voice behin' hollered out: "Yer don't know this here road like I duz er yer wouldn't get in sech ditches."

"No," says I, scramblin' out, "I doan't expect I do. Which way are yer goin', Sol?"

"Me? Ize gwine down ter see Miss Clo. I thinks me an' her can fix it up fer de picnic ter-morrow. Whar is yer gwine?"

"Well, we are gwine in the same direction. I thought I would step in at Mr. Jones' an' have er talk 'bout strawberry culture. Mine ain't doin' so well."

We was most ter de house now, an' I looked at dis tall black feller by my side an' wondered how Mr. Jones could have him goin' with his daughter so much. There was sech a contrast. He was black as a crow, an' he had she biggest teeth an' mouth yer ever see set in a man's head. Well, I owned ter bein' a nigger myself, but then Clo an' me was like in color, an' our upper stories had receive some cultivation. I don't know why, but I never like ter see a mixture of color. What suits me is blacks ter blacks, an' tansetter tans, or in other words, I likes ter see a distinction in caste.

When we went in de ole man an' his wife was sittin' on de porch an' Clo was in de hall by de lamp readin'. We took seats, an' de ole lady called ter Clo ter come out an' bring de banjo with her, an' I knew what dat meant, for dey was gwine ter ask Sol Peeples ter pick it an' sing. He got up an' took it with sech a grace you never seed. That was de firs' time in my life I ever wished ter be an artist, for I would liked ter have drawed his picture as he sang: "Dew Drops is Fallin' on Me, Love." Then he picked for Clo an' she singed: "Way down on de Swannee Riber." When she got through I felt like kissin' her, it was rendered so sweet. Clo had a good voice, an' there was no disputin' de fact. De firs' time I ever noticed her musical taste was when she were goin' ter school ter me at Osceola school-house. She could jes' warble like a bird. I loved Clo from dat time, an' watched her development with much interest. Clo was my ideal of a girl. She was tall, straight as an arrow, an' carried her head like a queen. Her face was round, with a tinge of color in her brown cheeks dat made her look as fresh as a half-blowed rose, an' her eyes was jes' like two load-stones dat would draw yer to 'em if yer was two miles off.

Well, I have digressed a little ter give de reader an idea of my fair heroine. When de singin' was over I fell ter talkin' ter Mr. Jones 'bout my strawberries, for there was no chance ter have a word with Clo, as Sol Peeples had monopolized her company. But I was a listener to dem conversation all de same, an' smiled when he asked her for her company ter de picnic, for I was safe on dat question.

"Who is yer gwine wid?" he interrogated.

"You'll see ter-morrow," she said, quietly, but his face changed expression an' he bit his lip, at the same time givin' me a look which I never forgot and which meant: "You are to deprive me of that pleasure, are you? I'll have my revenge."

Why he hated me I do not know, but he always had from my firs' day as teacher of the colored school at Osceola. I had heard that he said that I was too proud a nigger and needed the starch took out of me, but I had never noticed any of his remarks, little dreamin' that there could be trouble ahead.

The spring was over, an' I had more leisure an' would often go to Clo's ter while away my dull moments, but I always found de house full of colored gentry of de black type, and it made my blood boil to think dat one of these might be a successful suitor for her hand. As I never had a chance ter put in a word in that direction at her home,

"WHO IS YER GWINE WID?"

I made bold ter walk from church with her one Sunday, an' without much of a perlimernary I asked her ter be my wife. She gave me a unconditional consent, an' the old folks were pleased, so we lived through that summer in a rapterous state, described as love's young dream. All dis while Sol Peeples never showed any disquietude, though I often met him at Mr. Jones'.

Autumn had come, with its cool, refreshin' days, an' Clo an' I were to be married, an' not a cloud appeared to darken our happiness. The night was set and every thing were in readiness. Our friends had been busy for days decoratin' the little log cabin we loved so well, an' walls from top to floor was one mass of vines an' flowers, an' then I mustn't forget the oranges. There they hung in great profusion, green, gold an' yellow, for wasn't I to wed the brightest flower in all de orange kingdom? How well I remember de las' evenin' I spent at Clo's before our marriage, an', when I kissed her good-bye under the jessamine trellice she looked up like a timid fawn, an' said: "Now, Paul, you won't run off, will you?" an' she really look so frighten dat I said: "Well, Clo, if I am not present you may know I'm dead."

Little did I think dat in less than forty-eight hours dat little heart I then pressed so close to my own would be agonized over dese words.

It was our weddin' night, an' again it was dark, but I could not afford to stumble, so I had pervided myself with a lantern an' went briskly forward. I was in sight of de little cabin lighted up so bright it looked like fairyland. In imagernation I saw my Clo waitin' for me an' I said: "I am comin', sweetheart, soon ter be yours forever!"

Could I be mistaken, or was there a muttered sound near by me. Oh, God! A moment more an' I was lyin' insensible with de blood flowin' from 'er terrible gash in my head. At de house all was cagerness an' anxierty, an' some suspicious remarks begun ter be made, but, thank God! I did not hear them nor know dat a fiendish hand penned wicked

"NOW WELL I REMEMBER THAT LAST EVENING."

words, which at dat very moment was bein' read aloud by de man who was ter have made us twain one flesh. They were as follers: "Dearest Clo, when yer read dis I will be far away. God forgive me, but I could not resist your charms. I'm wedded ter another, but I would not give de short time I have spent wid you for all de world beside. Good-bye forever. Paul Morain."

When it was ended Clo stood in their midst an' screamed: "Oh, father, he said only last night, 'Clo, if I am not prosent yer may know I'm dead.'" Then, with a wild shriek, she fell faintin' inter her father's arms.

How long I lay there I did not know, but when I come to day were breakin' an' I was so dreadful weak from loss of blood I could not stan', but I dragged myself 'long in the bushes, where my would-be murderer left me ter die, every minit turnin' for fear I would see him standin' over me. But every thing were quiet 'cept de chirpin' of the mockin' birds in a patch of hawthorne close by. Somehow or nuther that bird's voice give me new currage, an' I rise up an' try again ter walk, an' I find myself face to face with a tarrified figure in white who screamed: "Oh, Paul! Paul! I knew it! I knew it!"

When I revive again I were in Clo's home. The doctor had dressed my wounds an' Clo were battin' my temples. I learned from Mr. Jones that de black demon who attempted my life had fled, an' if he ever returns he will not have an opportunity ter postpone another weddin'—not mine, any way, for me an' Clo is ter be married ter-night.—C. S. Wilson, in Old Homestead.

BRITISH RED COATS.

When the Army of England First Wore Garments of Red.

When, in 1851, the Duke of Wellington asked Lord Stanhope, then War Minister, as to when the English army first wore red, he was told that the custom dated from the time of Charles II. The Duke thought it was earlier, and Lord Macaulay said that he was right, and that the Commonwealth army wore red. This was, however, not exactly the case, and the statement was wrong in more than one respect. Major Hon. Harold Dillon, in an article in Colburn's United Service Magazine, shows when this color was first adopted:

As early as the campaign in Spain, in 1367, in support of Peter the Cruel, and also in the following reign of Richard II., the English soldier appears to have been in white with a red cross of St. George on his breast and back. At Agincourt, in 1415, the English archers are mentioned as mostly wearing no armor and some only doublets, and with their hose loose, evidently to give them greater freedom of action. Caps of boiled leather and of wicker work crossed with bands of iron constituted their best head pieces. It was only after a long campaign, or series of campaigns, that the ordinary soldier could provide himself with portions of defensive armor.

During the wars of the Roses the badges of the respective leaders would be the chief distinctions in the armies, all speaking one tongue and being of one race. However, in 1461, there is evidence of red being adopted, for a small number of men at least, when a contingent for the army of the King maker, the Earl of Warwick, was sent from Rye dressed in red coats. In 1470 a detachment of fifteen men sent from Canterbury for the Calais garrison, and others for London, were supplied with red "jakettis" of cloth at 9d a yard, having on them "roses of white karsey" as badges. Henry VII., in 1485, instituted the Yeomen of the Guard as a kind of a body guard, and they may be taken as the nucleus of the present standing army of England. They consisted of picked men, and were armed one-half with bows, the other half with hand guns. Their dress, as it still continues, was red.—Montreal Star

HOUSE-CLEANING HINTS.

Advice for Simplifying the Hardest Work Which Women Have to Do.

Every body knows or ought to know, that if stoves are blackened when entirely cold the operation does not need repetition for a long time, and if the zinc under them is cleaned before it is put down, instead of afterward, the work is easier. This is done by washing with a hand-mop dipped in diluted sulphuric acid. One part of acid to five parts water, then rinsing them and polishing with polishing powder of most any sort. If the zincs are painted they can be wiped off easily and last much longer in fresh condition, which is better and a great deal of work saved.

Unless rooms are very much used, carpets need not be taken up oftener than once a year. A thorough sweeping, followed by wiping them with a cloth wrung from clear water, will remove the dust quite thoroughly. Ammonia and water brighten the color and take out spots. Moist saw-dust or pieces of wet newspaper scattered over the carpet will gather the dust. Many house-keepers sprinkle fine salt or tea leaves on their carpets and then sweep them. It is a much better plan, than to do all at once, to take up some carpets in the fall, and the rest in the spring, and so divide the work, unless you want to feel that it is all out of the way at once.

If you have painting and calcimining to be done, the spring is decidedly your best time. Hard finished walls may be washed with soap-suds and wiped dry. A bit of pumice-stone will remove stains from them. White paint may be washed with ammonia water or with whiting and water, which is not so trying to the hands as the ammonia.

All grained work should be washed with cold tea and wiped with a soft flannel cloth. For windows and picture frames soft flannel cloths with soap-suds, and after wiping dry, polish with chamois leather, is far better than any thing else. They leave no lint and are better than paper, which often scratches glass—and if you would best rid your walls of dust, wrap a cloth round a broom—while a solution of hot salt water, or hot alum water, will drive away insects of all sorts.

Furniture covered with rep, or similar goods, should be first whipped, then carefully brushed, and all dust wiped away with a damp cloth. A soft cloth is best for satin-covered furniture. Black walnut or mahogany furniture may be washed quickly with soapy water and a soft brush, then wiped dry, and rubbed with an oily cloth. Rotten stone and sweet oil are used to polish, and are excellent. Then all that can be rubbed off is removed, and a chamois skin makes it as good as new.

A fine polish is made by the use of the following recipe: Alchohol, half pint; resin, half an ounce; gum shellac, half an ounce; a few drops of analine brown. Let stand over night, and add three gills of raw linseed-oil and half a pint of spirits of turpentine. Shake well before using. Put on with cotton flannel and rub dry with another cloth.

Let me suggest that the top of the house is the place to begin the house cleaning, and in each room closets and drawers should first be put in order. If the work needs any repairs they should be made before the cleaning begins. If one or two rooms at a time are put in order the discomfort experienced by the family during the renovation will be comparatively little. It is rarely necessary to turn the whole house upside down all at once, but, when this must be done, let any army of workers shorten the agony as much as possible. Yet it pays to go through it all, if done as it ought to be. The contrast is so blissful! For this never grudge the misery, as it is only temporary.

But while this upturning is going on there should always be kept as a refuge one room in harmonious condition—a place where the tired workers may find rest, and where the head of the house may go without molestation. If this were so, there would be less grumbling at the necessary evils, and the time less dreaded as the seasons roll round.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

THE LORDLY CASHIER.

He Is the Best Living Specimen of True American Autocracy.

The hotel clerk has often been held up as one of the best specimens we have of the true American autocrat. I think, however, that there are some bank cashiers who deserve to be classed as the equals of hotel clerks in the great act of snubbing the dear public. Some years ago I had a little money in a Canadian bank. It was American money, and I had expressly stipulated when it was deposited that I should have the choice of drawing it out either as American or Canadian money. I had a bill to pay to a Detroit merchant that amounted to $150. Of course there was no use of giving him a check on a Canadian bank, so I thought I would draw the money myself and take it over to him. The bank had a number of mottoes hang around the wall which gave good and beautiful advice, not to the employes of the bank, but to the customers.

"There is no friendship in business," said one motto. "Do not spit on the floor," said another. "Do not ask for favors and be offended when they are refused." But there was no motto which said to the cashier: "Treat your customers as if you were a mortal yourself." I presented my check for $150 to the cashier and said I wanted the amount in American money. He took down a $50 bill and placed another $50 bill on top of it, and then a $20 gold piece and three $10 bills, and, looking at the check, said:

"A dollar and a half, please."

"What for?" I asked.

"There is 1 per cent. charged for paying in American currency."

"Yes, but," I expostulated, "I deposited this in American money."

"That don't matter," said the cashier, "you can take it or leave it just as you like. If you want this check cashed I will cash it in Canadian money."

"Well," I said, "I'll see about that," so I took the check and went to the manager of the bank, a courtly gentleman, who, on having the matter explained to him, at once wrote across the face of the check: "Pay in American money." I took this back to the cashier. He looked at it for a moment or two, and when I reached for the pile of money he withdrew it and put it to one side. Then, taking out of the drawer an immense greasy pile of bills, he proceeded to count out slowly and leisurely $150 in $1 bills. It was Saturday and I was in a hurry, and if it were not for the fact that the law in Canada is to hang a man for murder, I think I would have massacred that cashier where he stood. Unfortunately, however, we were not in Michigan, and so another desperate outrage was not recorded. I waited with what patience I could muster until the $150 were counted out in dirty, torn $1 American bills. By this time there were several people waiting to be served at the cashier's desk, but I was mad all the way through, and so when the pile of bills was handed to me I began to count them on the cashier's desk.

"Don't block up the passage here," said the cashier. "If you want to count that money take it to another desk."

"I'll do nothing of the sort," I said. "One of the legends on the wall is that 'all mistakes must be rectified before leaving the cashier's desk,' therefore I shall have to count every dollar of this." And I did. If it had not been in Canada I presume that long line of customers who were waiting might have murdered me, but as it was, although I richly deserved it, I was allowed to escape.

Now, of course, it doesn't matter in the slightest to that young man that he lost the bank forever a small customer, but I can not resist the temptation of telling him how his vengeance miscarried. I felt ashamed of myself for having to pay $150 to a merchant on Saturday, which is generally a busy day, all in one-dollar bills, so when I came to the store I told the gentleman, who was a good friend of mine, just how it happened that I had to pay him in such a greasy lot of stuff.

"My dear boy," he said, "that man builded better than he knew. Our great trouble on Saturday is to get bills of small amounts with which to pay our men. We would willingly have paid you the one per cent this particular Saturday for this particular pile of bills. Bless you, my boy, bless you."

But all the same I never meet the cashier of that bank without wishing to have his blood, and if there were many of them in existence there would be an international tragedy. It is, however, only just to other cashiers to say that he was the only one of that stamp that I have ever met.—Detroit Free Press.

HOUNDED BY BEGGARS.

Taxes Levied on the Pay of Senators and Representatives.

There is one expense which I have never been able to protect myself from, Mrs. Frye remarked recently; that of the district charities. Every Senator is expected to take an interest in the charities of his own State, and in that way he has more than a member, who only looks after his own district. Last year Mr. Frye signed checks for fourteen churches, and the amount was from $5 to $20, as he felt able. That is in a sense proper, and we like to do what we can among our own people; but to be called upon to aid the charities of the district which are helped to a great extent by Congress, is too much. As an instance in point, I recall an instance which happened some time ago. There was a letter came to me containing two tickets for a charity ball and an unsigned request for $10.

I do not always stop to think, so I sat down at once and wrote to the manager of the affair, saying: "My dear Mrs. ——, some one has had the impudence to send me the inclosed tickets." Just then a caller came in, and when she left I had cooled down somewhat. I went into my room and wrote: "My dear Mrs. ——, some one has taken it upon herself to send me two tickets—" Just then there was another interruption, and I came down another notch. My third effort went and it was: "My dear Mrs. ——, I inclose $5 and one ticket, as I do not feel able to keep both." Later I found out that every Congressman's wife on the block had been treated the same way, and there were five unused tickets to that charity ball, for none of us cared to go. I tried to sell mine, as there was a poor girl whom I felt especially anxious to help, and to whom I meant to give the money, but it was an impossibility. That is only one instance, but it shows somewhat where $5,000 goes each year.—Washington Cor. Philadelphia Press.

HOW KOSSUTH LIVES.

The Famous Hungarian Statesman Spends His Declining Years.

Kossuth, the ex-Dictator of Hungary and the indirect cause of the withdrawal from the Magyar Premiership of Koloman Tisza, resides at Turin in a house on the Via del Mille. He is now in his eighty-seventh year, but notwithstanding his advanced age has retained the most surprising mental and physical vigor. This is possibly due to his regular mode of life. After his bath he takes a walk of one or two hours' duration, returning between twelve and one to luncheon. All the afternoon he reads and works in his cabinet, a lofty room with vaulted and painted ceilings and painted in a warm red color. He writes seated at a huge flat desk placed between the two windows, with his back to the light. The desk is covered with papers mostly tied with red tape and carefully docketed for reference. On the wall are several good pictures, and facing the desk is an admirable full-length portrait of the General himself. Beneath on a table is the gift of the working-men of England—a complete edition of Shakespeare's works, inclosed in a case which is a miniature fac-simile of the poet's house at Stratford-on-Avon. He dines at seven, and after the meal, notwithstanding the eight or ten miles which he has walked during the day, he is good for an hour's game of billiards. At nine he usually takes tea, and retires to bed about eleven. With reference to his bed, it may be of interest to mention that he has retained the old Hungarian custom of having the upper sheet sewn to the blanket and counterpane.—N. Y. Witness.

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

—Mrs. Humphrey Ward has opened a school in London in which the new religion as she has outlined it in "Robert Elsmere," is to be taught.

—The Princess Theresa, daughter of the Prince Regent of Bavaria, must be added to the list of royal authors. She has written a book of travels.

—Sir Edwin Arnold has denied that his poem, "The Light of Asia," was written for the purpose of exalting Buddhism at the expense of Christianity. He says he would not give one verse of the Sermon on the Mount for twenty epic poems like the Mahabharata.

—The late General Schenck was popularly believed to have published a book on poker playing, but his explanation was that the book was published by a lady whose guest he was while Minister to London, and for whom he had written out the rules of the game at her request.

—George MacDonald, the novelist, says that in the course of conversation with Tennyson on the "Northern Farmer," written in Lancashire dialect, Tennyson confessed that his cook, who was of Lancashire birth, told him that she could not understand the poem, and that the dialect was not Lancashire speech.

—M. Vandal, who was Postmaster-General of France under the second empire, and who used to run the "Black Cabinet," in which people's letters were opened and read, died the other day. One of his tasks under the empire was to unseal and read the correspondence to and from all the political exiles living in London, Brussels and other cities adjacent to Paris.

—Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett is said to have an income of about $50,000 a year, made up of the royalties paid on the play of "Little Lord Fauntleroy" and on the sale of her books, together with her editorial salaries and the like. The New York Ledger alone pays her $15,000 for a serial, and she gets $7,500 a year for editing a children's department for a syndicate of newspapers.

—The late Dr. Charles Mackay has left behind him a large quantity of unpublished manuscript, most of which has been quite recently written. It includes a novel in two volumes entitled "For Love's Own Sake;" "Old English Rhymes Made New; a Handbook for Poets and Versifiers of the Nineteenth and Twentieth Centuries;" "Phœnician Origin of the Grecian Mythology;" "Stonehenge and Druidism;" "Walks and Talks Among the People," and a number of poems dating up to the very latest day the deceased author was able to hold a pen, the quality and vigor of these last showing, it is said, no signs of decreasing vitality or failing intellectual power.

HUMOROUS.

—At a church fair—Man (to neighbor)—"Look here, I've found a spoiled oyster." Neighbor—"Don't say any thing about it. They might come round and take it away from you."—Arkansaw Traveler.

—Husband—"I really believe that my rheumatism has entirely disappeared." Wife—"Well, I hope it will not stay away for good, as then you will have to buy a barometer to find out when it is going to rain."—Texas Siftings.

—Jimson—"I kain't see, Brer Simmons, how yo' always manage to mak' bofe ends meet—I kain't!" Brer Simmons—"Ah, Brer Jimson, dat's cause yo' spreads yo' ends too far apart. Don't spread, chile, an' be happy."—Puck.

—Parker (reading newspaper)—"Here's something curious. There is a body of negro volunteers in Memphis who call themselves the Memphis Light Guards." Barker—"Well, you could hardly expect them to call themselves the 'Memphis Black guards.'"—Light.

—"Papa," asked Johnny, "where do politicians come from?" "Well," my son," replied the father, with the confidence of positive information from reliable sources, "they come all the way from ten dollars to ten thousand dollars, according to the pull they have."—Washington Star.

—"Waiter," said the smart young man, pushing his plate away from him, "you may bring me a glass of aqua pura to wind up with." The waiter, who had romped on Boston Common in the guileless days of his boyhood, brought a glass of water to the smart young man and changed the figures on his check from thirty-five to sixty.—Boston Budget.

—Materfamilias—"Imogen, I don't think I could ever approve of your marrying George Rockpate. I should hate to think that any of my grandchildren would be like him. He was such a hard-headed boy, and it runs in the family." Imogen—"Yes, mamma, I know all the Rockpates are awfully hard-headed, but you must remember there is softening of the brain in *our* family."—Life.

—Mrs. Erastus Jones—"Lookee 'ere, 'Rastus, what you gwine to church fer wid dat hat on? Don't you see dat hole right in de top? Don't you know you got to han' dat hat roun' and take up c'lection?" Mr. Erastus Jones—"You shet up, 'oman. I reck'n I know my business. When I han' dis hat roun' I hold my hand right slap under dat hole so I kin ketch de nickels dat drop froo, an' keep 'em fum 'aturbin' de congergation by rollin' on de flo'. I b'leeve in keepin' things quiet in de meetin'-house; an' 'tain't no place for rollin' money roun' on de flo'."—Harper's Bazar.

Emile Zola's Impoliteness.

I met Emile Zola at the American consulate this afternoon. He came in while I was talking with Consul Rathbone to look over the papers in the law-suit case and to give his signature. It is curious to see how rough and impertious his manner is. He spoke to Rathbone as one would not speak to a dog. This is, however, his usual manner, and nobody pays any attention to it. Not he ever manages to turn out one of those bulky volumes of his every year is difficult for any one who has seen him use the pen to understand. He scrawl to hold it between his third and fourth finger in the clumsiest manner possible, and writes as laboriously and slowly as any child at school.—Paris Letter.

A CONNECTICUT SWAIN.

He Was Mighty Proud of His Sweetheart—Most of the Country.

There were a dozen of us in a street car in New Haven one day when a very pronounced type of a young Connecticut Yankee entered. Attention was attracted to him at once, for there was much in his appearance and make-up to suggest "there's only a few of us left." He read all of the advertising cards carefully, and then the dial which registered the number of passengers caught his eye. He left his seat, walked to the end of the car and examined the dial critically, whistling softly to himself all the time.

Whatever opinion he may have entertained of the device he kept it to himself, for he resumed his seat without a word, but still kept on whistling softly.

Presently he stopped whistling, drew an envelope from his pocket and, taking out some photographs, handed one of them to an old gentleman next to him, with the remark:

"Don't you think that's a pretty peart gal?"

The old gentleman glanced at the photograph, which was that of a rather comely country girl, and handed it back, remarking as he did so:

"A very attractive face."

"Well, I should say so," exclaimed the young man. "Never saw any thing like it."

He ran over half a dozen of the photographs in his hand, which he had evidently just received from a photograph gallery, remarking:

"Well, if Princella isn't a turtle-dove they don't raise 'em in this country."

He handed one of the pictures to the man on the other side of him and asked:

"What would you say if I told you I was goin' to marry that gal next week?"

"Pretty girl. I should congratulate you," replied the man, as he examined the picture.

"That's what!" exclaimed the youth, heartily. "She's the best gal in our county, and I've had the pick an' choice of all of 'em. There isn't one of 'em that wouldn't marry me quicker nor wink, but this is my choice of the whole ball of wax."

"I think you will be doing extremely well," replied the man, kindly, as he handed back the picture.

"Pass her along," said the young man, as he handed the picture across the car. "Pass her along, and let me hear your opinion. I think, gents, there's a picture that's good for sore eyes."

As the picture was passed along from one to another the free expression of opinion which he had solicited was very generally given. It was evident the young man was enjoying the dream of a youth head over heels in love, and no one cared to disturb his extreme felicity. The picture drew forth only the warmest compliments.

"That's right, gents," remarked the young man, enthusiastically, as the picture came back to him; "that's right, every gosh-darned word of it. You can't say nothin' too good about that gal, an' what's more she'll ride on these ky'rs next week as my wife, b'gosh!"—N. Y. World.

THE TOOL CONVENTION.

A Meeting Assembly Which Discussed Things After the Manner of Men.

There was some commotion in the Tool Chest. "Well," the Hand Saw was heard to remark, "I know I am superior to you all. As Julius Cæsar once said: 'I came, I saw,' and when I settle down to work you can hear something drop."

"But," said the Hammer, "there is no steadiness in your character. You shift forward and backward, while I am distinguished for always hitting the Nail on the head." (Here the Nail was seen to furtively rub his cranium.)

"Mr. Hand Saw," remarked the File in a rasping voice, "have you lost any front teeth lately?"

"Silence," cried the Hand Saw, "it's a shame that gentlemen must associate with such an ugly, cross-grained character as you. You try to scrape every one's acquaintance."

The Plane tried to smooth things over, and stated that he would have something to offer before the meeting adjourned.

"Oh, Shavings," growled the Axe. Whereat the Paper of Tacks laughed till it burst its sides.

"Gentlemen," said the Glue Pot, "while you can all saw, chop, hammer and destroy, remember that I am the only one who can mend and restore. In me are the elements of true greatness."

"I say," said the File, "don't you somewhat stuck on yourself?" At which the Glue Pot fairly boiled with indignation.

"Permit me," said the Spirit Level, "to direct your attention to the even disposition which I ever display. I make all things straight."

"When you have a drop of alcohol in," suggested the File.

"Your work, *gentlemen*," continued the Spirit Level, with an emphasis on the "gentlemen" which was intended to crush the File; "your work is never accepted until I have examined it, and this I say on the—"

"On the dead level," sneered the File.

The Sand Paper essayed to speak, but was promptly laid out flat, and advised that no unnecessary friction was desired. He had plenty of sand, however, and was only silenced by the Mallet, who rapped loudly for order.

"Where do I come in?" asked the Ten-Penny Nail.

"You don't," said the Claw Hammer, reaching for him. "You come out."

The Jack Knife, who was something of a blade, opened up, and declared that he had a point which he would like to present, but was greeted with loud cries of: "Shut up!" which he did, with a click after threatening to cut the acquaintance of every one present.

At this moment the Auger commenced to stagger round, and vow that he would "let daylight" through "every one," when the Lid-of-the-Chest, a slam-bang sort of fellow, came down with a whack, and said:

"Boys, I'm onto the whole crowd."

And the hush thickened.—James F. Doyle, in Puck.

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—The colored Baptists of Missouri have started a denominational school with temporary location at Independence. About 100,000 colored people are in Missouri, with 300 Baptist churches.

—The Baltimore Methodist Episcopal conference has adopted a plan for the insurance of the churches of the conference, and Rev. George H. Zimmerman has been appointed treasurer of the fund.

—The Christian Inquirer thinks that when a church passes complimentary resolutions about a pastor whom it dismisses because tired of him, it is like putting flowers on the grave of a man who has been kicked to death.

—The Pilgrim Congregational Church of Albany, N. Y., has added a Spanish department to its Sunday-school. With Chinese in one room, Spaniards in another and telegraph boys "all over," things keep moving in the Pilgrim Sunday-school.

—A church which desired to get rid of an aged pastor who had long served it, held a meeting to consider the matter. After considerable discussion, one of the deacons who had hitherto said nothing, getting impatient, arose and said. "Mr. Chearman, I move that Mr. H.'s usefulness in this 'ere field come to an end arter to-night." The motion was carried.

—The Lutheran is, doubtless, the most polyglot church in America, not even excepting the Roman Catholic. Her ministers preach the Gospel to her people of various nationalities in more languages than those of any other denomination. These are English, German, French, Swedish, Norwegian, Danish, Icelandic, Lettish, Finish, Bohemian (at Minneapolis), Wendish (in Texas), Hungarian (at Freeland, Pa.), Savonian (at Streator, Ill.).—Weekly Witness.

—The Baptist Year Book shows that of denominational schools there are 7 theological institutions, 31 universities and colleges, 33 female seminaries, 46 seminaries and academies for males and females, 17 institutions for the colored race and Indians, making a total of 133 educational institutions, with an aggregate of 1,306 instructors and 20,541 pupils, of whom 2,163 are preparing for the ministry; total value of property, $19,649,884; amount of gifts in 1889, $605,582; volumes in libraries, 474,414.

HORRIBLE TORTURE.

The Punishment of Ling Che Inflicted on on Chinese Criminals.

This last certainly amounts in theory to torture of the most horrible kind. It is applicable only to criminals of the deepest dye, such as rebels, parricides, women who kill their husbands, or murderers who kill three persons of one family. It is called variously the lingering process, the slow and painful process, slicing to death, etc., and the prescribed method seems to correspond with the last-named term. The skin of the forehead is supposed to be sliced down, the cheeks slashed, the nose slit, the breast sliced off, the stomach gashed, etc., before the coup de grace is given. But when we come to ask how far the legal sentence is put in actual execution we find some conflict of testimony. Mr. Giles affirms that "a slight gash only is made across each collar bone, and three gashes across the breast in the shape of the character meaning 1,000, (indicating the number of stabbes the criminal ought to have received,) and that decapitation follows without delay." But in the only case where I have heard of a foreign witness the process seems to have approximated much more nearly to the legal prescription than to this assumption. But methods of execution seem to be occasionally employed, at least in the South, which find no sanction in the code. Cases have come under the notice of foreigners of death by crucifixion, and of the victim being suspended by the neck in a cage in such a way that he can only touch the ground with the tips of his toes, and being left to die of starvation. Such proceedings are, however, distinctly illegal survivals, probably, of an age when Chinese rule and Chinese civilization, which have radiated from the North, were less firmly established. So that, whatever the law, the usual practice in a given region would seem to be materially influenced by local popular opinion; one who would generalize from experience in Kiang-Soo would excite a smile in Kwang-Tung, just as the impressions of one who had lived in Shan-Tung would seem foreign to a resident in Fohkien.—Fortnightly Review.

STILL WATERS RUN DEEP.

Marshall Wilder Corrects Some American Impressions of English Character.

I learned, also, that the English have acquired the virtue of deliberation and never are in a hurry or fret. It is not necessary for me to inform the reader that England is the greatest business nation in the world; yet all the business is conducted in a quiet, leisurely way that seems to an American like child's play, but is dead earnest all the same. Your English banker will be found in some little building not at all like an American bank and with a very few clerks in sight. Nobody rushes breathlessly in or out; yet the amount of business transacted daily in that dingy little building is enormous. Instead of being glum and unhappy, as most of our tourists imagine them, the English give more time and attention to their enjoyments than any other respectable people in the world. They do not crave excitement, like some Americans; but the genuine enjoyment—rest for the body and gratification for the eye, ear and palate—they do love, and they spare no efforts to obtain it. Because they do not go wild over good work at the opera or theater, and make a noise with their hands and feet, Englishmen are supposed by Americans to be phlegmatic. We do listen, but they are nothing of the kind, as you will find out for yourself if you sit beside one whom you know and talk with him between the acts. When judging an Englishman by his appearance and manner in a crowd, don't forget the old saying: "Still waters run deep."—Marshall Wilder, in Lippincott's.