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, NOVEMBER 8, 1890. VOL. XV.—NO. 45.

WHAT POLLY DID.

How She Saved More Than One Hundred Lives.

POLLY GARDner had been spending her vacation with Aunt Mary in the country. She would have been "perfectly happy," but that her father and mother were obliged to remain in the city. It was five weeks since she had seen them, and it seemed to Polly like five months.

One lovely afternoon Polly sat on the horse-block, idly kicking one foot backward and forward, watching Aunt Mary as she drove off to visit a sick neighbor.

Just as Aunt Mary was hidden from sight by a bend in the road she heard the crunching of wheels in the opposite direction, and, on looking up, found it was the grocer and postman of Willow Grove. He checked his horse at the gate, and, fumbling slowly in his coat, drew out a white envelope, and read in a loud voice:

"Miss Polly Gardner, in care of Mrs. Mary West, Willow Grove. In haste." Then he peeped over his glasses severely at Polly, and asked sharply: "Who's Miss Polly Gardner? Do you know, little girl?"

"O, that's *me!*" cried Polly, jumping from the horse-block, "and Mrs. Mary West is aunty. Please give me my letter. It's from mamma. I am so glad!"

"Can you read?"

"Yes, of course," said Polly indignantly. "I'm nine next week."

This was the letter:

DEAREST POLLY—Papa finds he can leave his business for a short time, so we have concluded to spend the remainder of your vacation with you and Aunt Mary. We shall take the train that reaches Willow Grove at 4:20 p. m. on the 24th. Tell Aunt Mary to meet us if she has time.

Love to all, and a thousand kisses from

MAMMA AND PAPA.

As Aunt Mary would not return before five o'clock, Polly determined to walk down to the railroad station and meet her father and mother alone. She had often been there with Aunt Mary to watch the trains come and go. It was a small station, and very few people stopped there.

Just before reaching the station the railroad crossed a draw-bridge. Polly liked to watch the man open and shut the draw as the boats in the river passed through. There was a foot-path over this bridge, and Polly had once crossed it with Aunt Mary. They had stopped to speak to the flagman, who was pleasant and good-natured. He told Polly where she could find some beautiful white lilies in a pond not far away. That was more than a week ago and the flowers were not then open, and now, as Polly ran down the road, she thought she would have time to gather some for her parents before the train arrived.

When Polly reached the station she found no one there, and on looking at the clock found that it was only ten minutes past four, so she had twenty minutes to wait. Then she ran on quickly.

The flagman stood by the draw, and Polly saw, some distance down the river, a small vessel coming toward the bridge. She ran along rapidly, and as she passed the flagman he called out:

"Going for the lilies? The pond was all white with them when I went by this morning."

"Yes, sir; I want to pick some for mamma and papa. They wrote me a letter and said they were coming in the next train."

"You don't say so! Well, I guess you're glad. Look out for the locomotive, and don't take too long picking your flowers, and you'll have plenty of time to get back before the train comes in."

She thanked him and ran on. In about five minutes she reached the pond. How lovely the lilies looked, with their snowy cups resting upon the dark water! But their stems were long and tough, and most of them grew far beyond her reach. She contrived to secure four. Polly was sorry to leave so many behind, but was afraid if she lingered too long she would miss the train. So gathering up the blossoms, she pinned them into her belt and scampered back toward the bridge.

The boat had just sailed through the draw, and the man stood ready to close the bridge, when Polly came up. He looked over at her from the center of the bridge, and called out with a smile:

"Couldn't you get any more flowers

THEN HE PEEPED OVER HIS GLASSES.

than those? If I had time to go to the pond you should have as many as you could carry."

Polly smiled back at him, and then began to watch him as he made ready to turn the great bridge back into place for the train to pass over. His hand was already on the crank, when a rope dangling over the railing of the bridge attracted his attention. As he tried to pull it in it seemed to be caught underneath. Polly watched him lean over to get a better hold, when, to her horror, the piece of railing to which he held gave way.

There was a sudden scream and a great splash in the water. But before the waves of the swiftly flowing river closed over him Polly heard the cry:

"The train—the flag!"

Poor little Polly! She was so alarmed for the poor man's safety that for some moments she could think of nothing else, and ran backward and forward wringing her hands in despair. As he arose to the surface she saw that he made frantic gestures to her, and pointed up the road from which the train was to come. He seemed to be able to keep himself above water with very little effort, and Polly saw with joy that the accident had been observed by the crew of the vessel. The man in the water struck out toward the boat, and Polly could hear shouts and cheers from the men on board.

All at once she was startled by the far-off whistle of the approaching locomotive. In a moment she understood the meaning of the flagman's gestures. She looked at the open space and then at the bridge. In five minutes or less the train would come dashing into that terrible chasm. Polly's hair almost rose on her head with horror. It was as much as she could do to keep her senses.

There must be some way to avert the awful calamity. She ran swiftly along toward the rapidly approaching train. Lying on the ground, just by the small wooden house where the flagman usually sat, Polly saw a red flag. She remembered having heard that this flag was used in case of danger, or when

THEN CAME THE TRAIN AROUND THE CURVE.

there was any reason for stopping the cars. She did not know whether there was yet time, but she seized the flag, and flew wildly up the track.

"O, my papa! O, my mamma!" she cried; "they will fall into the river and be drowned! What shall I do?" and Polly waved the flag backward and forward as she ran.

Then came the train around the curve. She could see the white steam puffing from the pipe, and could hear the panting of the engine.

"I know they'll run over me, but if mamma and papa are killed I don't care to live," she said to herself as she approached the great, black, noisy engine.

When it was about three hundred feet away from her she saw a head thrust out of the little window by the locomotive, and then, with a great puffing, snorting and whistling, it began to move slower and slower, until at last, when it was almost upon Polly, it stopped entirely.

All the windows were alive with heads and hands. The passengers screamed and waved her off the track. She stepped off and ran close up to the side of the engine, and gasped out: "The bridge is open, and the man has fallen into the river. Please stop the train, or you'll be drowned."

The engineer stared in amazement, as well he might, to see a small girl with a flushed face, hair blown wildly about and four lilies pinned in her belt, waving the red flag as though she had been used to flagging trains all her life.

At that moment another remarkable figure presented itself to the astonished eyes of the passengers. A man, dripping wet, bruised and scratched, as though he had been drawn through briars, came tearing toward the cars, stumbling and almost falling at every step. As he reached little Polly, he snatched her up and covered her face with kisses. "You little darling," he cried, "do you know what you've done? You've saved the lives of more than a hundred people."

Polly, nervous and excited, began to cry. One after another the passengers came hurrying out of the train, and crowded around her, praising and kissing her, until she was quite ashamed, and hid her head on the kind flagman's shoulder, whispering: "Please take me away to find mamma and papa."

Almost the last to alight were Polly's parents. "Why, it's our Polly!" they both exclaimed at once.

The draw was now closed again, and the conductor cried: "All aboard." The passengers scrambled back to their seats again. Polly's father took her into the car with him, and now she looked calmly at the people as they gathered around, and answered politely all questions put to her, but refused the rings, chains, bracelets and watches that the grateful passengers pressed her to accept as tokens of their gratitude for saving their lives.

At last Polly grew tired of so much praise, and spoke out: "Really, I don't deserve your thanks, for I never once thought of any one but papa and mamma. So keep your presents for your own little girls. Thank you all the same."

Those that heard her laughed, seeing they could do nothing better for her than to let her remain unnoticed for the short distance she had to go.

When Polly was lifted out of the car, and stood upon the steps of the station while her father looked after the luggage, the passengers threw kisses and waved their handkerchiefs to her until they were out of sight.

A few days afterward Polly was astonished at receiving a beautiful ivory box containing an exquisitely-enameled medal, with these words engraved on it:

"Presented to Polly Gardner, whose courage and presence of mind saved one hundred lives."—Julia K. Hildreth, in Young Folks.

STUDY OF ENGLISH.

How to Extend the Acquaintance of Students with Standard Literature.

Critical study of English is still most infrequent in our preparatory schools. It is not always the fault of the crowded curriculum. Too often the teacher has little comprehension of the inspiration and beauty of language. Literature is still to many girls and boys a dry subject to be got through in a prescribed number of hours. Reading and writing are the last enemies to be overcome, or to be dodged as one may, instead of the best and simplest friends one can have, to be grappled to the soul with hoops of custom and continuing habit. The work of preparation in English at the Cambridge school, where girls are fitted for Harvard studies, is complete and interesting, full of suggestion for students and for teachers of literature. The object has been to create an appreciation of English writings as an expression of life, rather than as an illustration of literary forms. Each literary work as it has been taken up has been prefaced by a careful study of the life and cotemporaries of its author. Editions without notes, except in the case of Chaucer and Shakespeare, have been used, in order to give the pupils the pleasure and the profit of discovering for themselves the beauties and other traits of the writers' works, and of exercising their own judgment in respect to them. The exercises in the class room have consisted in the expression of individual thought regarding the reading done by the pupils in private.

The work in reading has been made a means of extending the acquaintance of the pupils with literature. Their attention has been directed to the life and literary personality of the authors. The attempt has not been made to produce readers, but the aim has rather been to cultivate the old-fashioned art of reading aloud. It is almost a forgotten art in the multiplicity of schools of reading. By the modern methods of teaching there are more boys and girls now than formerly who can write a good, straightforward letter or a short and simple description of something seen. But there are few who read aloud with intelligence and with charm. The teaching of English in the Cambridge school for girls is of high quality, it is in line with the most advanced thought at Harvard concerning the teaching of English as a source of high culture and fine discipline. There is no danger that in the preparatory schools for boys or for girls the teaching of English will be overdone. While it is a pleasure to know that a student has fine attainments in mathematics or the classics, there is immediate satisfaction in the culture of a young person who can read understandingly our own poets, and historians and novelists and essayists, and write out a suitable expression of the enjoyment and its sources in good, pleasant English sentences.—Boston Transcript.

CHINA'S POPULATION.

It is Greater Than That of All the Countries of Europe.

The census of 1875 gave the population of the empire at 435,000,000. Since that time Tonquin has been lost with several million people, and Kashgaria has been reconquered. Among no people with any degree of civilization is the birth rate so high as in China, and although the death rate in the densely-crowded districts is very great, there is every reason to presume that there are now 450,000,000 people in China.

These figures represent more than one-third of the population of the globe. It is a greater population than that of all Europe, and three times the number of people on the Western continent. Even at these enormous figures the average number of people to the square mile for the whole empire—eighty-five—is not so high as in some parts of the United States.

In the great mountain ranges, on the arid plains of Kashgaria and the snowy regions of Mongolia and Manchuria, the population is sparse, but in the eight central provinces of China proper—in the fertile, alluvial soils—the population is denser and more crowded than in any other region of equal extent on earth. The villages there are almost beyond enumeration, and the numbers of the walled cities incredible to those who have not seen them. In the two Kiang provinces, at the mouth of the Yangtz river, with an area of 90,000 square miles, the population in 1875 was 73,000,000, and there were 125 walled cities.

The census of 1875 was taken when the richest portions of these two provinces had been devastated and depopulated by the Taiping rebellion. Since that time there has been a great inpouring of people from other regions of the empire, especially from those districts where the famine of 1878 prevailed. The natural increase of population has also been very great, and it would be safe to say that these 90,000 square miles have more than 80,000,000 people.—Mechanical News.

One Comfort Left.

"There is one solace left to me at least," remarked the old farmer. "After all my boys leave and go into business, after the pigs and cattle die, and every thing else forsakes me, there is at least one thing that will stick to the old farm."

"And that is——?"

"The mortgage!"—The Jury.

—Colonel Sir Edward, lately appointed Chief Commissioner of the London police force, is not only a very distinguished military officer, but also one of the most celebrated specimen of the British army. His fame as a hunter of big game extends throughout the length and breadth of India, and it was during one of his jungle expeditions that his left arm was bitten clean off by an infuriated tigress which he had attacked. It is a curious coincidence that Mr. Monro, his predecessor as chief of the London police, should likewise have been maimed in an Indian sporting expedition, having had his thigh bone broken by a fall with his horse during a bear hunt.

DIDN'T WANT TO SELL.

A Liquid Persuader, However, Changed the Old Man's Mind.

Old Sam Arbuckle was leaning on the fence, which surrounded the hog lot, and watching, with great satisfaction, a fine drove of hogs eating their evening feed of corn, which he had just given them. While he was thus engaged, a man on horseback rode to the house, and, dismounting, hitched his horse, and came over to the pen where Sam was.

"Good evening," he said, as he came up. "Nice lot o' hogs you got there."

"Yes, middlin'."

"Want to sell them, now?"

"Are you buyin'?" returned Sam, for answer, as he took a fresh chew of "long green."

"Yes," said the stranger. "I bought a car-load yesterday, and two to-day; have nearly enough for another. Your lot, there, would just about fit me out."

"Whut yer payin'?"

"Well, you've a nice even lot o' hogs there, and I'll give you six and a-half cents for them."

"Guess I'll hold 'em for seven."

"You'll never get it. Six and a-quarter's the highest I've paid yet; but you've got an extra good lot, and as I need them to fill up a car, I made an offer at a quarter more than they're worth."

"Think I oughter git seven."

"No difference what you think; you won't get it this year."

"Well, mebbe I will next."

"Yes; but you can't afford to hold them over."

"Reckon a teller kin afford to do it, if he wants to; kain't he?"

"Yes, I suppose so; but you'll lose money on them."

"I generally do, enyhow."

"You won't, if you let me have them at the price I've offered."

"Well, I've made up my mind I won't sell now, enyhow. I'll hold 'em till next week, and then me an' the boys'll drive 'em to town, an' sell 'em for what they'll fetch."

"All right," said the buyer, and turned to go. Just then a thought seemed to strike him. Turning again to old Sam, he said: "By the way, Mr. Arbuckle, do you ever take any thing?"

"Well, 'casionally," he answered.

"I've got some as good whisky here," producing a flask, "as you ever wet your throat with. Try a little."

Old Sam took the bottle, shook it, held it up between himself and the light, and then placed it to his lips. Having taken a generous snort, he handed it back, with the remark, that "it wuz purty fair stuff."

The buyer took a taste, and was about to replace the flask in his pocket, when old Sam said: "I don't know but I might let you have them hogs, seein' as it's you. I used allus to sell to old Milt Barlow, an' he allus set up the drinks after the deal wuz made. But your licker's a thunderin' sight better'n hizen; 'sides, you trot it out in advance, an' when it didn't look ex though we wuz er goin' ter do enny dickerin' at all."

"Yes," taking the flask, which was now proffered a second time; "yes, you kin hev the hogs. I like ter trade with er gentleman, an' you're jess about my size. Well, here's lookin' at yer."—Ed R. Pritchard, in Light.

SPOT AND WATCH.

They Disappeared, and so Did a Very Polite Soap Peddler.

"I beg pardon for intruding upon your time," said the polite, smiling man with the small valise in his hand. "A peddler is a nuisance. I know it as well as any body. But there are various kinds of peddlers, and all of us must live. It isn't our fault that we are here. Those of us that earn our living honestly have to share the odium that belongs to the calling. I'm not complaining of this, gentlemen. It is part of the curse that came in the original package to Adam. If there is any one of you that has a spot of grease on his coat, vest or pant—trousers," he added, opening his valise and taking out a small cake of soap and sponge, "I shall be happy to remove it, and without charging a cent, and without asking any body to buy my soap. It's my way of advertising. My dear sir, allow me. There is a little spot on your vest."

He rubbed the spot with a piece of soap, deftly applied the sponge, made a few passes over the cloth with a piece of cotton sheeting, and said:

"There, sir, that spot is gone. You will never see it again. And probably you will never see me again either, as I travel but once through a community. My goods will be found at the stores. I take it for granted nobody wishes to buy a cake of my soap. I wish you good morning, gentlemen!"

After the polite, smiling visitor had gone away the gentleman whose garment had been operated upon had occasion to consult his watch.

It wasn't there.

It had disappeared with the spot.—Chicago Herald.

A Brute in Human Form.

The city of Kostroma, Russia, has a sensation of its own in the shape of a cruel father, Egor Alexieff Smirnoff by name and a drosky driver by profession. The son of Smirnoff, a boy of ten years, failed to pass the examination at his school. Being afraid to come home with the report of his ill success, he concealed himself for two days. But his father found him and chained him to the wall of a dark, moist, dirty room, which was full of vermin. In the corner of the room there was a lair of rotten straw. He was kept in that condition for fully six days, until his mother could no longer endure the sight of his suffering, and took courage to report the case to the police authorities. The boy was liberated and taken to the hospital, and his father was arrested. On further examination, the room in which the poor boy was chained was found to be a regular chamber of horrors. There were rings fastened to the ceiling and in the floor, by which Smirnoff would hang up his children by their hands and feet, or stretch them in a manner that they could not struggle or protect themselves, when he inflicted chastisement on them with a knout.—Chicago Herald.

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

—Ludovic Halevy announces his retirement from literary work. He is tired and will write no more unless he concludes to finish an uncompleted novel.

—Salmon P. Chase's old law sign has been discovered, covered with dust and cobwebs, on a building formerly occupied by lawyers on Third street, near Main, in Cincinnati.

—Bertha von Hillern is still an ardent pedestrian, though most of her time is now devoted to work in her studio in the Virginia Mountains. She is a devout Catholic, and frequently walks eleven miles to church and back again.

—Princess Helen Cusa, whose husband died in Madrid lately leaving her a fortune of 3,000,000 francs, has determined to devote her whole income to charitable purposes. She has become a nurse in the children's hospital at Jassy.

—Sir Edwin Arnold's new epic, now finished, "The Light of the World," was conceived before he wrote "The Light of Asia," and for all inspiration and correct localization he traveled extensively through the Holy Land. His new epic is in blank verse, relieved with occasional lyrics.

—Mr. Gladstone estimates his library to contain from 22,000 to 25,000 books, arranged by himself into minute divisions and sections. He thinks that about one-forth of the volumes may be theological. He has about twenty editions of Homer, and from thirty to forty translations, whole or in part.

—A complete list of the Sultan's wives shows that he has five first-class wives, valides; twenty-four second-class or morganatic wives; and some two hundred and fifty third-class partners, variously described as "favorites" and "slaves." The care and attendance of the female establishments require the service of 6,000 persons, who are the only people in Turkey who receive their full pay with regularity.

—From Cairo, by way of Germany, is reported the discovery of a Coptic manuscript which contains much new light upon the Council of Ephesus in 431. It consists of a series of letters written from Ephesus by Cyril, Patriarch of Alexandria, to his agent at the court of Theodosius II., and a report by his agent, Victor the Younger, on the result of his negotiations.

—The American Humane Education Society offers two prizes of $250 each for best essays on this question: "In the interests of humanity should vivisection be permitted, and, if so, under what restrictions and limitations?" One prize of $250 is for the best essay advocating vivisection, the other of $250 for the best essay opposing it. Essays must be received before January 1, 1891, by George T. Angell, 19 Milk street, Boston.

—Editor Dana was selected as judge to pass upon the competitive poems submitted by the Indiana amateur journalists, and this is his report: "I have examined thoroughly the eight poems submitted in competition for the title of poet laureate, and it is my duty to say that there is not one of them which merits such an honor. They are all commonplace in thought and mediocre in treatment. I do not find an original idea in them all, and the one quality, which appears pretty evenly, is facility in phrase-making and line-making." The amateur poets are indignant.

HUMOROUS.

—Mother—"What did you learn at Sunday-school?" Tommy—"The lesson was all about a man's health." Mother—"What did it say about it?" Tommy—"It said: 'Jacob's well.'"—Lawrence American.

—Lady (to Tramp)—"Poor man; I suppose that in your hard life you meet with a great many stumbling blocks?" Tramp—"Yes, madam, but the chopping blocks are what I most dread."—Boston Herald.

—The Czar—"Vodsky, what is thatski?" Vodsky—"That is one of those Americanovitch slotskimachiniskis." The Czar—"And what does the thingovitch do?" Vodsky—"You drop a diamond in the slotovitch and try your weightiski."—N. Y. Sun.

—"Well, of all the ways of makin' a livin'," said Binks, "I think literature's about the easiest." "The easiest?" "Yes. I've watched the fellers that do it. All a man's got to do is to sit down an' slide his pen over the paper."—Washington Post.

—Dinah—"Wat's de matter dere, honey?" Small Daughter (dressing for a party in Blackville)—"Dere's so many holes in my shoes dat my new red an' blue stockings shows right froo." Dinah—"Well, go wifout stockings, an de holes won't show."—Good News.

—Some scientific men have come to the conclusion that the man of the future will be without hair and without teeth. That will be the final development of the species. Fortunately, we who are now on the planet will not live to see that happy time, and we need not give ourselves much concern about it.—London Edition Herald.

—"No," said she. "I—I can only be a sister to you." "Very well," said he, "I must be going! I had expected a different answer, but—well, good-night!" "George," she faltered, as he started out into the night, "George!" "What is it?" he asked crossly. "Aren't you going to kiss your sister good-night?" He did not go.—Lawrence American.

—Upon one occasion Mr. Spurgeon told his students the following story: When I was in Arran I heard of a minister who preached in a certain church, and at the close of the service was strongly urged to promise his presence for a future supply of the pulpit—the collection after his sermon having been unusually large. "Dear me," said the minister, with becoming pride, "what might your ordinary collection amount to?" "Last Sunday it was twopence halfpenny." "What is it to-day, then?" asked the minister, expecting to hear a large sum. "Eightpence halfpenny," was the reply. "Woe is me," moaned the preacher within himself, "for I gave the saxpence myself!"—Pick-Me-Up.

HOME HINTS AND HELPS.

—Spiced Fruit: Six pounds of fruit, four pounds of sugar, one cup of vinegar, one tablespoonful of cinnamon, one teaspoonful of cloves, one teaspoonful of allspice.—Detroit Free Press.

—Picnic Cake: Two eggs, white of one, two cups of sugar, half a cup of sweet milk, three cups of flour, two teaspoonfuls of lemon or any other flavoring.—Yankee Blade.

—Succotash: Three ears corn, one pint lima beans, one tablespoon butter, one cup milk. Boil corn and beans until done; turn off water, add milk, butter, pepper and salt and let simmer ten minutes.—Housekeeper.

—Apple Cream Custard: Bake five apples and then remove cores and skins; beat whites of three eggs to a froth, add apple and beat. Serve with boiled custard made of one quart of milk, yelks of three eggs, small cup of sugar, quarter of a cup of flour, little salt.—Ladies' Home Journal.

—Pickled Nasturtiums: Pick the green seeds (after the flower has dropped off) with stems about one and one-half inches long, lay them in moderately salted cold water for forty-eight hours. Then lay them in fresh cold water twenty-four hours, drain, pack in bottles or jars, and cover with boiling vinegar. Tie up, and stand away at least four weeks before you use them. These may be used as a substitute for capers.—Boston Budget.

—Frozen Pudding: One large pint milk boiled, one cup powdered sugar, one-fourth cup flour, two tablespoons gelatine dissolved in a little water, three beaten eggs. Cook all ingredients a few moments until thick. Strain; when cool add one pint of cream, one pint cold milk, one cup sugar, one-half pound candied cherries, a few slices of citron, one-fourth cup dried currants, one-fourth cup seedless raisins. Freeze, then pack it until you wish to use it.

—Pineapple for Diphtheria: Pineapple juice is now reported to be a sure cure for diphtheria. Get a ripe pineapple, squeeze out the juice, and let the patient swallow it. This juice is of so corrosive a nature that it will cut out the diphtheric mucus, and if you will give the juice of a pineapple, not yet ripe, to a person whose throat is well, it will make the mucous membranes of the throat sore. Pineapple juice is a simple remedy, cheap, easily procured and easily tried.

—Stewed Corn: Cut young corn from the cob, put it in a basin, and add enough milk to cover it. Stir it frequently. Let it cook for fifteen minutes, then season to taste with butter, pepper and salt, and add some rich cream, in which has been stirred a little flour. The addition of a little sugar is a great improvement to all corn except the very sweetest kinds. Corn should never be cooked in iron; tin is preferable.—Household.

—French Soup: Take two dozen frogs' legs and pour over them lukewarm water, let them remain in it about five minutes, but not to cook, pour off the water and add equal quantities of milk and water sufficient to cover; cook moderately about half an hour; simmer a small onion chopped, in butter; add it to the soup with one quart of rich milk, two tablespoonfuls of butter, a little salt and pepper and a dessertspoonful of chopped parsley; skim the legs from the soup, and remove the meat from the bones, put the meat into the tureen with a tablespoonful of thick cream and a little celery chopped very fine; pour in the hot soup and serve at once.—Boston Herald.

HINTS ON MENDING.

If Girls Are Taught the Art They Will Save Many a Penny Afterward.

While I do not approve of putting girls down to a stint of sewing when they ought to be out-doors, at the same time if they are taught the art, for it is an art, of mending when young, it will save many a penny when they are women; and mending must be learned in childhood or never known. Thousands of neat sewers can not darn stockings, and the neatest plain sewer I know can not make a buttonhole. The other sewing she was taught in early days when fine needlework was an accomplishment, for which we need not now try our eyes, as the machine does this and more.

Mending Table Linen—Use the shiny flax embroidery cotton, first basting the ragged edges of the rent over a piece of stiff paper. Then make a net-work of stitches back and forth, running the needle fully an inch beyond the tare into the linen. If an expert in embroidery, the pattern of the cloth or napkin might be darned in. This makes a neater finish than to patch the hole with a piece of the same, though this may be neatly done by matching the pattern and darning over the raw edges of the larger part, which is laid over the scrap and basted smoothly. The moment a break is discovered in table linen, mend it, as this is a certain case of "a stitch in time saves nine." By the bye, all table linen must be hemmed by hand, turning the hems as narrow as possible. Towels are mended with flax or linen embroidery cotton as well, using a number to agree with the quality of the towel and running the stitches each way, as usual. In darning use a long, fine needle and make the first row of threads as close as possible. The second row is simply over and under one thread, with the second line alternating, under one, over one.

"As though we did not know how to darn!" Of course, you know the theory, my dear sisters; but what means the many "cobbled" pieces of mending turned out every week by the family mender?—Ladies' Home Journal.

—Dark meat of cold roast chicken is the coolest lunch on a hot day, says a New York epicure, and gravely adds a word of commendation for the drumsticks, in order to quote the comment of an irate restaurant cook who had just received an order for three chicken legs: "I can't help that," snapped the cook; "I can't cut more than two legs off one chicken. Ask them do they want the earth. Do they think fowls is centipedes?"

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—There is a Friends' Mission at Ramallah, in Palestine, ten miles north of Jerusalem.

—There are more than fifty Congregational churches in Southern California. Many of them have over one hundred members.

—The natives of Africa along the Niger used to worship the animal called the iguana; now they eat it. The missionaries have brought about the change.

—According to the recent census of Switzerland, the Republic contained 1,700,000 Protestants, 1,200,000 Catholics, 8,200 Jews, and 10,700 adherents of no religion.

—Dr. William Lomax, of Indiana, has given his entire estate, amounting to over $100,000, to the Indiana Medical College, of Indianapolis, the only condition being the payment of a small annuity to the donor and his wife during their lives, and the reservation of their homes to them.

—Africa has now within her borders 10 American, 12 British and 13 Continental missionary societies. There are more than 700 ordained missionaries and more than 2,000 native preachers. It is estimated that there are, both white and native, about 175,000 communicants and 450,000 adherents.

—Clark University will next year begin a course in the history and principles of education, consisting of lectures and conferences, courses of reading, etc. It is designed for those who wish to qualify themselves to fill chairs of pedagogics in colleges and normal schools, and for superintendents and principals.

—The teachers' guild in London has over four thousand members. It proposes to ask Parliament to pass a statute for the registration of teachers that shall require as a condition of registration, after three years, satisfactory evidence of a knowledge of the history, theory and practice of education, and like evidence of practical efficiency and experience as a teacher.

—One of the most significant signs of the educational times is the disappearance of the elderly college president. Young men are pressing forward, and the older gentlemen are very content to step aside for some more easy-going place. The truth is, the presidency of a college is largely a place for the exercise of business shrewdness. The young men may be less venerable, but they make things rush.—Chicago News.

—The Missionary Review says: "No mission in the world, perhaps, can show a more notable record than that of the Canadian Presbyterian church in China. At the end of sixteen years' work, and with a small staff of laborers, it reports 2,650 baptized members, two native pastors, sixty-four elders, sixty deacons, and thirty-seven native preachers. It maintains two mission houses, fifty chapels, a girls' school, and a training college. The credit of these results is due, under God, to Dr. Mackay, one of those remarkable men who are born missionaries."

—A successful Baptist pastor found it necessary, because of failing health, to go into secular business. "In taking the position of a layman he would beg all correspondents to do him the favor of omitting the title of reverend in his address." The Christian Inquirer says of this request: "There is a straightforward manliness about this thing that we like. While we do not think all men who go out of the active duties of ministerial life should abandon the ministry entirely, we feel sure that some are so employed that a ministerial attachment to their names is simply ludicrous."

Women Dentists in New York.

There are now three female dentists in New York, all of whom are qualified to practice the profession. Only one of them is a specialist. She is a clever and handsome young Jewess, and she has studied the work of filling teeth with a great deal of care for several years. She is amply equipped with diplomas, is business-like and industrious, and it is said that her trade is almost exclusively among men. Formerly she was employed as a type-writer in an office down-town. Her hours were from 8 to 6 and her employment uncertain. It is said that she clears $4,000 a year now, has three months' vacation, and is seldom at her chair more than five hours a day. The number of women physicians in New York is, of course, very much greater than the number of female dentists. None of them thus far has attained particular attention as a specialist, though the names of at least half a dozen of them are known as being general practitioners of ability.—N. Y. Sun.

He Knew the Effects.

McFingle—How are you going to spend your vacation? You get a month I believe.

McFangle—Yes; I'm going to spend one week at the beach, one in the country, and the other two in the city.

McFingle—Why don't you spend all of it away? Why those two weeks in the city.

McFangle—To recover from the effects of the beach and country.—Light.

At the Sea Side.

Peddler—With one of these patent rollers in the room of each guest——

Landlord Tanner House—Huh! No use for 'em! Towels on rollers went out of fashion years ago.

Peddler—These rollers are not for towels. They're for bills. Wind a guest's bill on this invention and he can run over it without trampling on it or being forced to let the end hang out of the window.—Munsey's Weekly.

Society Note.

Mr. Rapid—Did you recognize the lady who smiled at us as we passed?

Mr. Gayboy—No, I do not remember to have ever seen her before.

Mr. Rapid—I thought not. She is your wife.—Texas Siftings.

Lavish Liberality.

Summer Boarder (wearily)—You have had veal at every meal since I came.

Farmer Furrow (cheerfully)—We kin afford it. It was our own calf; and it ain't half gone yet.—Puck.