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, JANUARY 3, 1891. VOL. XVI.—NO. 1.

TOUJOURS ROI.

"It is the time to love," he said,
"For gladsome spring is here;
The buds are swelling overhead;
Each bird sings to its dear.
O, maiden sweet! the spring's fair prime
Surely is Love's chosen time."
And she answered, shyly, low;
"I know not; *it may be so.*"

"It is the time to love," he said;
"For in these summer bowers,
With green leaves dancing overhead,
Love hath no fitter hours.
Sweet maiden, in these golden days
Love with us more fondly strays."
On her cheek the rose-flush burned:
"In Love's fables you are learned."

"It is the time to love," he said;
"Autumn at the gate doth stand,
Red leaves rustling overhead,
Grape and nut within his hand."
Maiden, in these days of cheer
Think you Love draws not more near?"
Answered she, with downcast smile;
"Love, 'tis said, hath many a wile."

"It is the time to love," he said,
"For though the grass is sear,
And leafless branches overhead
Sigh of the winter drear,
Though snow-wreaths twine, O, maiden sweet!
Hath Love ever hours more meet?"
Silent she, while Love laughed low,
Flitting arrows to his bow:
"Spring is glad and summer sweet,
Sun nor storm may stay my feet.
Let me whisper, youth, to thee,
Seasons all belong to me."
—Lucy Randolph Fleming, in Harper's Bazar.

"MY JOHN."

A Story of Prairie Fires and Parental Forgiveness.

"I think it is smoke."

"And I think you are wrong."

The first speaker was a young woman with a sweet face, expressive of much silent resolutoness and great self-control. The second speaker was an old man, whose faded brown eyes had a startled look as if suspecting that people were about to bring him trouble, or else asserting that they had already brought it.

The old man was known among the ranchmen as old John Blasland. He owned a great ranch. The young woman was called Hannah. "I don't know what her t'other name is," the old man would have told a questioner. "She came from the East somewhere, wanted to help my housekeeper, Mrs. Tutherly, and I didn't care. That's all I know about it. I don't care what her name is. I am a leetle 'spishus of what she wants; they all want something."

It was the mystery enwrapping Hannah like an atmosphere, and it was the old man's suspicion of her motives and purposes, that made her presence an annoyance to him in spite of any words to the contrary. When he now had told her that any sign of smoke about the prairie-region was a mistake, she simply replied: "If young John were here, he could tell us."

The faded brown eyes began to flash. The husky voice trembled with petulance. "Young John!" he snarled. "I guess if old John don't know, you won't pick up any information from that young man."

It might have seemed as if he were angry with "young John." No—with the young woman who mentioned his name.

"I know, I know!" he silently said, as he turned away. "She cares more for young John than old John. Too much going on between those young people. Next thing there will be a marriage. I don't want her moddlin' with that young man."

This other young person, like Hannah, came from the East, had proved very acceptable to the old ranchman, and was a great favorite with him. The ranchmen in the neighborhood, to distinguish the two, called one Old John and the other Young John. People sometimes thought they were father and son. No, there was a son at the East who had offended his father, and had been forbidden to come or even to write to him. The old man wondered sometimes whether he did not traze familiar features in this young adventurer from the East. Any fancied resemblance was not pleasant to the old ranchman. He drove it from his thoughts as he would drive a cloud of mosquitoes from his house.

And Hannah, she still lingered back of the barn, watching that smoky stain on the blue of the sky. It was Sunday morning. The great prairie was always still and always secluded, though in reality anything but shut in. It had such an openness to the wide, wide sky. There was no semblance of fence or wall in any direction until, in the west, one saw a fold of bluish color along the prairie's rim. That meant the Rocky Mountains.

"I think it is growing," she murmured. "That smoke-cloud is rolling up bigger. What if it should come this way, and sweep over the ranch! And yet *he* does not think it is smoke. I wish John were here! When will he come? He said he would be home on his pony early this morning and go with us to church."

"Hannah!" It was old John calling. "Come! Mrs. Tutherly says if we are a-goin' to church, we ought to be gittin' ready. Come! Watchin' that sky won't git you ready."

Hannah made no reply. It was of no use to notice all his fault-finding or any of it. She had shown rare self-control in her steadfast silence. She now turned and went into the house, while the old ranchman shuffled feebly to the barn and began to harness the horse into the wagon.

"I have horses in abundance, but they are all off with the men a'chin' the cattle," he murmured, "and so, Hannah, you must put us to church. Humph! I s'pose *she* will say we can't go—that there is a fire out on the prairie. Nonsense! If my John was here, he could tell about that smoke!"

He dropped the harness as if handling the coils of a snake. What had he said? "My John." That was the name also of the offending son in the East. The father never knowingly mentioned this form of name. Lifting the harness, he now named Jim in it.

"What do I smell?"

Young John would have said him "Smoke," but he was willing to smell any thing of the kind.

In the meantime Hannah had given occasional glances at the suspicious northern sky. From a window she chanced to look toward the east. In alarm, astonishment, terror, she dropped a bonnet whose green trimming would have set off her fair face even as an apple tree's emerald foliage sets off its pinkish white blossoms.

"Oh—Oh—Oh! I did not look that way at all, and here it is right upon us! The wind must have shifted," she exclaimed.

Over at the right was a large, towering cloud of a dun brown color, with ragged, filmy edges, compact in the center and of a deeper hue there, as if its heart were a scowl and a menace, signaling that its mission was ruin.

"Sir, sir-r-r!" she stammered as she met old John. "The fire will soon be upon us! Young John is not here. Help me harness Jim into the plow!"

"W-w-what?" he stammered in reply, so dazed that he was like one palsy-stricken.

Hannah flew out of the house and, quickly unharnessing Jim, attached him to the plow. Fat Mrs. Tutherly was better in an emergency than one would have supposed. She now came up bravely, like an old-fashioned Dutch cruiser at a critical moment in the battle hour.

"You drive the horse, Mrs. Tutherly, and I'll hold the plow, and we will make a furrow all about the buildings. Oh, if Mr. Blasland would just help and burn the grass on the prairie side of the furrow!"

Hannah was more deferential in her style of address than was the housekeeper. The latter was plain and peremptory. "Here, here, old John! Come and help!" she screamed, in the same breath giving the order: "Git up there lively, Jim! Up with you, git-t-t!"

She resumed her command to the ranchman: "Burn the grass all outside the furrer! Quick, sir, quick! We will all be burnt to a cinder if you don't fly round! Git up there, Jim! *Faster*, old boy!"

After this last equivocal order, the fat housekeeper, rosy and puffing, skillfully steered Jim down the east side of the farm-house. Hannah guided the plow, the muscles swelling in her firm, shapely hands and along her bared brown wrists. Her eyes glanced downward to see that the plowshare was running right, and then they were lifted to the heavens. Those deep eyes of blue were filled with prayer's reverent supplication.

"God help us, God help us!" she murmured. Behind the plow tottered the old ranchman, kindling the grass outside the furrow, and leaving a rapidly widening space of black, fire-ravaged ground between the ranch buildings and that awful conflagration driving over the prairie.

"Now the north side!" said Hannah. "The east side is of the most consequence. Ready!"

"Git up-up-up, Jim! Come on, old John!" screamed Mrs. Tutherly. The smoke was now all about them, but Hannah would say: "The east side is safe! Thank God!" and press stubbornly on.

But where was young John? More than once Hannah had prayed: "God keep him!" Had he been overtaken by that awful fire, scorched, suffocated, burnt to death? He was somewhere out on the prairie. His horse was swift. His pluck was great. He knew the prairie; but there was that terrible engine of flame, without wheels, yet rolling on, the horrible dragon of fire, without wings, yet steadily flying! Who could escape all this?

The north side had been furrowed and burnt over, when Hannah caught the quick beat of horse's hoofs, and on came beautiful brown Betty, bringing her master, young John!

"Thank God!" he shouted as he leaped from Betty's steaming back, kissed Hannah, and then seizing the plow-handles, cried: "Leave this west side and go for the south side! Quick! Run, Hannah, fast, and be firing the grass up in this southeastern corner!"

There was a crouching form that soon appeared, a torch in his wrinkled hand. His face was blackened by the soot of the burnt prairie. "*He* don't see me! *He* don't notice me. *He* kissed *her*. I've been scorched and singed. They don't notice me," muttered old John.

They did notice him when the work of saving had been completed, when out of a wide, blackened waste rose up the uninjured buildings, safe behind that long, protecting furrow. They found him lying insensible at one exposed corner, an expired torch in his hand. The heat, the excitement of the unusual effort at his age, had overcome him. They carried him to his bed. What did he murmur at last?

"Nobody cares for me here," he moaned. "Send for my John!"

"Your son?" asked young John. The sufferer bowed his head in assent.

"Nobody cares for me here," he then murmured again. "Send for him!"

"We will, but we care for you, grandpa," said Hannah. "We are your John's children."

"W-what?" asked the old man, his faded brown eyes opening wide in astonishment.

"Yes, grandpa," said young John. "Hannah and I—we—we are brother and sister—and—we thought if we came, sometime it would come about that we could tell you, and you would hear us, and you would be reconciled to father and be willing to see him and—"

The old man here broke in with a cry that came out of a heart once more tender and sincere: "Thank God! Bless you, bless you, and send for my John!"

"My John" came, and the coming wrought wonders in the old father.—Edward A. Rand, in Andover Review.

Once Bit.—The editor wants the proof of his editorials.

Proof-Reader.—Exactly. He wants to see how they look in print.—Cincinnati Tribune.

Office Boy.—I've come to apologize, sir, for the mistake I made in the last issue. I—

Editor.—Never mind the apology, Sandy. Pay the 25 you owe me.—Boston Herald.

HOME HINTS AND HELPS.

—Rice Gems: One cupful cooked rice, one-half cupful cream, one egg, salt, and a spoonful of baking powder. Flour to stir stiff. Fry in large spoonfuls on a hot skillet.—Housekeeper.

—Olive oil applied with cotton or canton flannel rag and afterward rubbed with dry flannel is a good polish for a piano case. We have read that one part olive oil and two parts vinegar is also good.

—When mattresses are stained, take starch wet into a paste with cold water. Spread this on the stains, first pulling the mattress in the sun. In an hour or two rub this off, and if not clean repeat the process.

—Graham Bread: Take enough of the raised sponge for white bread to make one loaf. Stir in as much Graham flour as you can with a spoon. Before putting in the Graham, add molasses to taste. Raise until light, and bake.—Good Housekeeping.

—Sponge Cake for Two: Beat the whites of four eggs to a stiff broth, add one teacupful of sugar, then the yelks; lastly one teacupful of flour. To be perfect, this cake must always be put together in the order given in the recipe.—Boston Budget.

—Mountain Cake: One cup of butter, two and a half cups of sugar, six eggs, one pint of flour, one and a half teaspoonfuls baking powder, one cupful milk; sift flour and baking powder together; add three whole eggs and three yelks; mix ingredients and bake in jelly tins. Beat the whites to a froth, add two cups of powdered sugar and one cup of currant jelly, and spread between layers.—Detroit Free Press.

—To clean corsets take out the steels at front and sides, then scrub them thoroughly with tepid lather of white castile soap, using a very small scrubbing brush. Do not lay them in water. When quite clean let cold water run on them freely from the faucet, to rinse out the soap thoroughly. Dry them without ironing (after pulling lengthwise till they are straight and shapely) in a cool place.

—Soupe Julienne aux Œufs Pochees: Take sufficient Julienne soup for the dinner, and poach as many eggs as there are to be persons at the table. Put the eggs upon toast, and keep over hot water until the moment of serving; then put the toast and eggs in a deep plate, and surround with hot *bouillon*. Send this same plate to the table at the same time with the soup, and put one egg on each plate of soup.—Demorest's Monthly.

—Small Delicate Cakes: When company comes unexpectedly and no cake is on hand, the following is quickly made and is more palatable than a large cake cut hot: One and a half teacups of sugar, beaten whites of three eggs, four tablespoonsful of melted butter, half a teacup of cornstarch and the same of milk. Dissolve the starch in the milk, add nutmeg or lemon juice, and nearly a pint of flour with a teaspoon of baking powder. Bake in little cake tins previously buttered.—Western Rural.

REFORM IN SHOPPING.

How to Dispatch the Task with Economy of Time and Temper.

Women, universally, are credited with a love of shopping. There are, however, busy women to whom it is an intolerable burden. This is perhaps more true of women in cities, where the demands upon strength and time are more complex and exacting than in the country, and where the vexation is intensified by the "cash boy" system, which invokes additional delay.

There are women, it is true, "and pity 'tis, 'tis true," with unlimited leisure who have no household cares that weigh heavily upon them, who can spend hours before a dry-goods' counter haggling, pricing and sampling, with no regard for the clerk, whose strength and patience both are wantonly exhausted.

Shopping, however, can be done speedily and easily, like most other things if it is gone about systematically. The woman who hesitates, and decides and changes her mind, and decides again, is not one whit better pleased in the end than the buyer who knows what she wants and settles the matter without loss of time. Most housekeepers prefer certain brands of cotton and linen, and these are bought as the stock needs replenishing. In buying children's clothes there are certain reliable fabrics, flannel, cloth and merinoes, which wear well and look well as long as they last. The list is not so extensive that it need take much time to decide.

As to personal preference and needs, it is becoming fashionable to cultivate individuality. Edmund Russell said one, among many good things, in a recent course of lectures, and that one thing was that most women had too many dresses; they should have fewer, wear them oftener, and let them become by the process of frequent usage a part of the wearer. There are comparatively few colors that are becoming to any one person, and the discrimination in materials ought to be nearly as restricted—soft, clinging materials for the slender and graceful, and the heavier and richer for the stout and stately. Given color and quality, but one item remains the price. Good fabrics vary little in cost, and in these days of generous advertising this may be ascertained as the husband and father ascertains the state of the market by consulting the morning paper before he goes down town.

The woman who knows how to dress knows what she can and can not wear, she knows what it ought to cost, and while the one article with each pick out her bonnet from hundreds in a show window, or tell her milliner in three minutes just how she wants it made, she can select materials and delighted her grateful dressmaker with equal economy of time, and when the costume is completed to the wearer's satisfaction the result is a harmonious ensemble, the costume worn is still fashionable and inconspicuous. And shopping, instead of an item of anxiety and effort, will have dwindled to an art.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

—James Wilton Brooks, editor of the University Magazine, has received the degree of LL. D. from St. John's College, Annapolis. He is said to be the youngest doctor of laws in America, his years being thirty-six.

—President McLeod of the Reading railroad receives $40,000 a year as salary. This is the largest compensation given any railway official in the country, it is asserted, except that paid to Mr. Depew by the New York Central, who gets $50,000.

—Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar, the German who commands the British army in Ireland, weighs 308 pounds. Two of his charges were burned in a recent fire at the Curragh camp and the task of finding a horse able to carry him is a hard one.

—Queen Natalie is engaged in writing her memoirs, which are nearly completed. As she is only thirty years of age her personal experiences do not reach very far back, and it will most likely be found that her memoirs are less such than a work directed against King Milan. She has got the better in the contest with her husband in so far as she is at Belgrade and intends to remain there.

—Eleazar Howard, who died recently at South Hadley, Mass., could trace his descent, without a single break, back to his great ancestor, Thomas Howard, Earl of Surrey and fifth Duke of Norfolk, whose second son Thomas came to America in 1660. But he never paraded the fact that he had distinguished ancestors, preferring to take his place among plain Americans and devoting himself to the business of manufacturing window sashes.

—Lady Dorothy's very bald head and her ninety years do not prevent her from still being one of the gay and giddy figures in British society. She is called "jolly old Lady Dorothy," and her merry-making at all the social events worth attending makes the title a fitting one. She is much courted for her social influence. Lady Dorothy is usually among the last to depart from the scene of festivities, and her apparent theory of life is to extract all the fun out of it that is possible.

—Mr. Walker Ferrn, American ex-Minister to Greece, was a warm friend of Thomas Carlyle, and often took long walks with the grim old philosopher through the streets of London in the evening. On such occasions Carlyle would sometimes pace along for hours without ever speaking a word, and seeming to be in a moody or meditative frame of mind. One evening some years ago the twain sauntered thus silently through street after street and across square after square till at last they came to St. Paul's Cathedral, which towered majestic in the moonlight. Carlyle halted, stepped back, looked up at the artistic pile and exclaimed: "Ah, there was a great man! It was a great man who built that!" He resumed his walk with his American companion, but uttered never another word till he reached his house in Chelsea at a late hour of the night.

HUMOROUS.

—With all its stubbornness and other short-comings, one good thing can still be said in favor of the mule. It never chews gum.—Ram's Horn.

—"Now, between you and me, darling," he began— "George," she interrupted, realizing how strong was his clasp, "how can there be any thing between you and me? There isn't room."—Boston Herald.

—"McWatty," said a merchant to his clerk, "you are perfectly useless, and I shall have to fire you." "Oh, don't speak of fire in such warm weather as this, I beg of you," replied the clerk, earnestly.—Epoch.

—Jack—"Why do they give all these dishes French names? By their common English names they'd taste as sweet." Tom—"Yes, but they wouldn't cost as much."—Munsey's Weekly.

—Poor Dog.—Young Husband—"What are you crying for, dear?" Young Wife—"Bido, the naughty dog, ate up a cake I made, and—boo, hoo." Husband—"Well, no matter, darling, we can easily replace Bido."—Yankee Blade.

—Miss Rosebud (at her first race)—"And who did you say that gentleman in the checked suit was?" Mr. Straightip—"O, that is S——, the bookmaker." Miss Rosebud (enthusiastically)—"Do bring him up and introduce him. You know I dote upon authors."—Brooklyn Life.

—A Comfort.—"What is the matter, dear boy? You are hardly a year married, and look so troubled." "I had no idea, I must confess, that a wife was going to be so costly a thing." "Well, that is not so much, you know, considering how long she lasts."—Illustrirte Blatter.

—"You see that girl over there?" she began, when the other answered: "Yes, she lives opposite us. She's deaf and dumb, poor thing." "The idea. And there I sat behind her in the street-car for four blocks and made remarks about that dowdy hat she had on, all for nothing."—Terre Haute Express.

—Mrs. Youngbride—"Dinner have a very gas-burner in the house lighted, will you, George?" Mr. Youngbride—"Is it rather an unnecessary extravagance, darling?" Mrs. Youngbride—"Not at all. I find there is a discount on gas bills paid before the 30th, and we must run up a big gas bill so as to get a liberal discount."—America.

—Grandma (returning to point where she had been an hour with her, and he not yet received an invitation to partake)—"Why, dear, what did your mother tell you just before you left home?" Dottie—"Mamma said the last thing she said to me was, 'Dod, my child, be careful an' don't eat too much.'" Grandma (preparing soon for incoming.—Harper's Bazar.

—Mrs. Goldust—"John, I wish you would send the office-boy up this morning with some money to send to the scrubber lady. I see that she will keep a complaint against me for a week." Mr. Goldust—"I'm afraid we can't do that, Maria. The little rascal is so busy that he hardly has time to do anything but collect people stick to their work."—America.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

Whimsical Novelties Recently Exhibited by Gotham's Importers.

It is not a "two-heeled," but a low-heeled Piccadilly shoe that is now in great favor.

A noted and experienced prophet and importer has sighted a well-defined, unmistakable "hoopskirt" on fashion's horizon. The seer of this wire cage declares it to be not very far in the distance, and soon be reached—La Mode sailing straight in its direction—and in view of this, said importer has actually sent in an advance first order for an unlimited supply of these detestable articles of dress.

Very many of the new cloth costumes and cloak dresses are made more comfortable and far lighter in weight by omitting the usual foundation skirt. None of the princesse gowns have second skirts, but with them are always worn sheath petticoats of surah silk matching the color of the dress. These are closely gored and finished with a ruche, or triple frills that are made very narrow and placed at the very extreme edge of the hem.

Among the winter dress wraps is a Pingat model formed of dahlia-colored peau de soie, with shoulder-capes of dark dahlia velvet lined with silk of the same shade as the body. These capes are covered with a superb network of silk and chenille passementerie, with faceted stones here and there in wine, topaz, opal and jet. The wrap has silk-lined paneled fronts bordered at the foot with the rich glittering garniture.

New demi-polonaises with a French accent have very close-fitting cuirasse fronts, covered with magnificent passementeries in special design. Most of these button diagonally, and are completed by square-shaped Louis XIV. hip pockets, wich are overlaid with the silk and chenille garnitures. Less elaborate French polonaises of fine ladies' cloth or camel's hair, overskirts of striped bengaline, are bordered with feather or narrow fur bands. These polonaises outline the long waist severely, with all the fullness at the back, very slight panier draperies relieving the sides.

Handsome English-made gowns of Venetian wool, combined with velvet-striped armure silk, flecked with gold, are made with demitrained princesse backs and jacket-fronts of the Venetian wool, with only slightly full sleeves, plainly gored skirt fronts, and Dorothy vests of the striped silk, with velvet folds beyond. English cherry and russet, wine and doe color, turquoise blue and apricot, admiral blue and beige, form very effective combinations in the striped fabrics, the deep-colored band flecked or dotted with gold or bronze.—N. Y. Post.

PULLMAN'S NOBLEMEN.

How They Marked the Foot-Gear of a Suspicious Traveler.

"Do you know," said a business man, "that I had an experience recently which was not at all complimentary to my vanity? I started from San Francisco to New York, and on the day after my first night on the sleeping car I noticed that notches had been cut in the heels of both my shoes. I supposed that the porter had done this to identify my shoes, and was disposed to forget the whole affair. I noticed, however, that the porter was assiduous in his attentions to me, although there was a slight, almost imperceptible, touch of hostility to me in his manner. He was a good porter, however, and when I changed my sleeping car I tipped him liberally. After my first night on my second car I remembered the notches, and looking on my boot heels found a cross on each. I decided that this was a notice to porters that I was a liberal tipper. Still I noticed the same concealed dislike of the porter and his earnest desire to please me. I found his service excelent, however.

"When I took my next sleeper at Chicago I met there a porter with whom I had traveled before and who knew who I was. While he was brushing me down the next morning he kept chuckling to himself. 'What tickles you so much, Sam?' I finally asked. He only chuckled and grinned the harder. At last he said, choking with laughter: 'Dey's took you for a spotter, sah.' That meant, nothing to me, but Sam explained that the first porter had imagined I was a spy. He found out that I was going to New York, of course, and not knowing how far my wickedness extended, warned all porters whom I should meet. The cross was substituted where the signs changed. There's esprit de corps for you. I should not wear those shoes if I were to start on another railroad journey to-morrow."—N. Y. Tribune.

An Expert.

Mrs. Kydd (suspiciously)—John, you never told me you were a widower!

Mr. Kydd (astonished)—Why, bless me, I ain't!

Mrs. Kydd—But you know just how to hold the baby.

Mr. Kydd—Maria, you have forgotten that there were fourteen children in my mother's family, and that we lived in the country.—Puck.

A Grandmother's Opinion.

Eddie (reading)—My fancies have recently put thirty dollars into a gold handle.

Grandma—You'd better marry one that often puts her finger in a silver one.—Jeweler's Weekly.

An Irish Definition.

Pat, do you know what a cemetery is?

Of course I do. It's a place where folks lives after they're dead, sir.

West Shore.

—For better or worse.

It seems the old saying is true that

They live it out all their lives,
But there's something that please them better than that
To be married and live.

—Philadelphia Times.

—"Mr. Jones, I wish you would stop your dog from following me home every night." "Why, what does he do?" "He follows at your heels and growls at me all the way home." "Oh, that's only his way of showing his prejudice against me."—Yankee Blade.

THE MEXICAN WAR.

Causes and Results of the Unpleasantness With Our Sister Republic.

In 1835 the Texans, under the leadership of Stephen F. Austin, Samuel Houston and other American colonists, threw off the Mexican yoke, and after a year's hard fighting established their independence. After maintaining itself as an independent republic for nine years, Texas applied, early in 1844, for admission into the American Union. The petition, however, was rejected by Congress, although chiefly for partisan reason. Slavery was recognized in Texas, and the leaders of the slavery party in the United States, knowing that the institution was ruled out by law from all Western territory north of the southerly boundary of Missouri, saw in Texas their only chance for the preservation of the balance between the slave and free States. Consequently the Democrats championed admission and the Whigs opposed it. In the presidential election in the fall of 1844 the Democratic candidate, James K. Polk, was elected on the admission issue, the Whig nominee, Henry Clay, being defeated. The next year Congress provided for the annexation of Texas, although realizing that the act meant war with Mexico. One of the Whig grounds of opposition to Texas admission was the fact that there was a dispute between that country and Mexico as to the westerly boundary of the former. Texas put it at the Rio Grande, while Mexico insisted that it should be the Nueces. The conflict between the United States and Mexico began in 1846 and ended in 1848. As a result of the war, we obtained a territory so large in area that, in the language of Webster, a bird could not fly over it in a week. The United States thus gained, in addition to the undisputed possession of Texas westward to the Rio Grande, the greater part of which is now New Mexico and Arizona, part of Colorado and the whole of California, Nevada and Utah. The remainder of the present Territories of New Mexico and Arizona was bought from Mexico in 1853 in what is known as the Gadsden purchase, the United States paying $10,000,000. For the region gained from Mexico between 1846 and 1848 the United States paid Mexico $15,000,000, besides assuming the debt of Texas, $7,500,000, and certain debts due by Mexico to American citizens, amounting to about $3,500,000.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

FATHER OF WATERS.

The Original and Probably Correct Way of Spelling Mississippi.

The original spelling of the name of the greatest river of the United States, the one which rendered it nearest to the old Algonquin tongue, is Meche-sahe, signifying "Father of Waters." This was changed by Laval to Michispe; by Labatte to Misispi; by Marquette to Mississippi, as it is today. Henry Seile, the geographer, whose map was made in 1652, an original copy of which is now in the possession of the editor of "Notes for the Curious," calls the Mississippi "River Canaverall," and locates the head at about the present site of Memphis, Tenn. The early Spanish explorers called it Les Palisades. The Indians along the river banks from the mouth of the Ohio to the Gulf, called it Malbouchia. La Salle named it River Colbert, in honor of the famous French Minister of Finance. From the mouth of the Ohio to the source it was known to the Indians as Pe-he-ton-ac, which in the Algonquin tongue signified abode or habitation of furies; several of the branches were designated by names which in our language would mean "little fury," "big fury," "old fury," etc., the "sippi" or "sepe" being afterwards added to Pe-he-ton-at, simply meaning river. The following table shows the different spelling of the word according to the different authors at the dates named:

Seline, 1652	Canaverall
Marinus, 1698	Messipi
Dablon, 1671	Mississippy
Marquette, 1673	Mississipi
Hennepin, 1683	Meschasipi
Allong, —	Mesipi
Coxe, 1803	Mississi
Charlevoix, —	Mechasche

As to the real meaning of the word L. M. Gould says: An analysis of the word Mississippi will show that it does not mean "Father of Waters" at all, thus:

Mis-sisk—grass. Mis-sisk-ke-on—weeds. Mis-sisk-ke—medical herbs, and Mis-ka-tuk. The broad-bottom land of the river was called Mis-ka-tuk; the tribes along the river were called Mis-sha-tan, signifying "meadow people," thus the literal meaning of the word is "the river of meadows of grass."—St. Louis Republic.

The Biggest Apple Tree.

The largest apple tree in New England, and probably in the world, is in the northwestern part of Cheshire, Conn., standing in Mr. Doles Hotchkiss' dooryard. Its age can be traced by a family tradition to 140 years at least, and it may be twenty or twenty-five years older. It is at the present time of symmetrical shape; the trunk is nearly sound, without a scar or blemish on it; there are eight large branches, five of them have been in the habit of bearing one year and the remaining three the next. Mr. Hotchkiss has gathered in one year from the five branches eighty-five bushels of fruit, and his predecessor had harvested a crop of 110 bushels from the same five branches. By careful measurement, taken under the direction of the Connecticut Pomological Society, above the ground, where all enlargements of the roots, it is found to be the girth of the present single limb is about 8 inches. The height of the tree has been carefully measured and found to be 60 feet, and the length of the branches of the apples fall is 100 feet, or 6 rods. The fruit is rather small sweet and of moderate excellence.—Boston Herald.

A Standing Weariness.

"Why do you look so weary, and cast a cloud to the Eiffel Tower."

"Oh; I was up all night," replied the Tower.—Life.

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—At a large board school in England 800 boys are given a bath once a week.

—There are 120,391 children enrolled in the city schools and an average of 114,017 of these attended school daily during September, who were taught by 2,790 teachers.—Chicago Tribune.

—In Berlin a schoolmistress receives $300 annually during the first years of her service; a schoolmaster, $400. After forty-two years of unbroken service the schoolmistress' maximum salary is $490, the schoolmaster's $800.

—The number of missionary stations in Africa now exceeds 500. There are 400,000 converts, and the number is increasing at the rate of about 25,000 a year. Within five years more than 200 natives have suffered martyrdom for their faith.

—As the result of recent revival meetings at Cleveland, Tenn., 350 converts have joined the churches of their choice, as follows: Methodist Episcopal South, 101; Methodist Episcopal, 73; Cumberland Presbyterian, 76; Presbyterian, 41; Baptist, 34; the Disciples of Christ, 20.

—The Northwestern University has registered over 560 students in the Preparatory School against about 400 last year. In the Freshmen class over 150 are registered. To provide for increased number of students the university has opened three additional recitation rooms, and added to its teaching force.

—It is stated that the report of the late royal commission on the blind and deaf has produced a very favorable effect in India, and that voluntary contributions are forthcoming for the erection in Calcutta of an educational institution for the deaf. Babor Girindra Nath Bose, a native gentleman, promises 2,500 rupees per annum for three years and 1,000 rupees at once. These contributions the Bengal Government will supplement by a grant from public funds, and under its auspices inquiries are being made in England for a competent oral teacher.

—Prof. Arthur Dodel, of the University of Zurich, says that he has observed, of his students in botanic microscopy, that the average of those from America drew better than those from Europe of the same age who competed with them. To this he would add the circumstance that in America, during the past two years, the technique of reproduction has made more progress than in any other part of the world. For the cause of this excelence, Prof. Dodel refers to the method of the instruction in drawing in the primary and intermediate schools.

—Principal Grant, of Queens University, Kingston, Ont., does not believe that the union of the Protestant churches in Canada is at all impossible. The first step, he thinks, is to unite the Methodist and Presbyterian denominations. The union of these two churches would, he says, give a united Protestant church, including 1,500,000 of the population; "and such a spirit of union would be generated all over the land that we should very soon see fresh triumphs." The difficulties in the way of such a union may be summed up in one word—historic. The first step, he thinks, to be taken, is the appointment of committees by the supreme courts of the two bodies to consider and report on the matter.

—A university extension system is about to be projected in Philadelphia, modeled upon a plan which has been in vogue in England for some years, the object of which is to bring university teachers within the reach of persons of all classes and both sexes in city and suburbs by the establishment of branches for the disseminating of knowledge, as now taught in the colleges and universities, to those who are otherwise unable to secure such advantages. The institution will be thrown open to mechanics, laborers, professional men and people of all grades and occupations who desire to avail themselves of the benefits. A trifling yearly fee will be charged. The best instructors to be had will be secured for the work. At Cambridge, England, the university branches have ten thousand students, and Oxford has eleven thousand.

A MIXED COLLISION.

Why the Wind-Mill Man Has No Faith in Accident Insurance.

A drummer for a Buffalo house had observed that he meant to buy an accident insurance policy, but forgot it, when the agent for a Wisconsin wind mill replied.

"I had a little experience that way about ten years ago, and since I got well I prefer to travel on my shape, watched over more or less by Providence."

Of course we all wanted to hear the particulars, and he kindly continued:

"It was on the Illinois Central. I got an accident policy in Chicago, and started out feeling that I had done the correct thing. Six hours later, just as the porter was making up the first berth, we struck a horse on the track, and half the train went into the ditch.

"You were in the ditch, of course, of the group.

"Of course. Our car turned completely over and fell or rolled down a bank twelve feet high."

"And all the passengers were killed or hurt?"

"No, sir, not a person was killed, and I was the only one out of twenty who was hurt. I had my skull fractured, my leg broken, five ribs broken out, hand a foot smashed, and not another person could show a scratch."

"How do you account for it?"

"I was the only one with a policy."

"But that couldn't account for it."

"Well, then, all the others had accident insurance policies, and I just handed them by a roving evangelist, I didn't take one."

"But, either way, the other—"

"Oh, well, then, I had just called a chap with whom I was playing euchre a liar, and he had knocked me down with a stool, and I was in a mix-up. However, there was a mistake in the date of the policy, and I got the money. There's no more to do with such a policy holder too reckless with his mouth."—N. Y. Sun.