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, MARCH 21, 1891. VOL. XVI.—NO. 12.

TWO VIEWS.

Said the cynic to the poet:
"All your song is lying verse
When you take the world and show it
Always better—never worse!
Life is but a cloak of sorrows,
Folding down its somber side
Close upon the bright to-morrows
That the future has denied.
Fondest wishes, if we gain them,
Greet us with a smile and tear;
Dear desires, if we attain them,
Lose their luster as they near.
You who sing in happy measure
Aye of light and love and pleasure,
Better keep your fancies furled;
There is such a strain of sadness
Under all the seeming gladness
In the world!"

To the cynic said the poet
"Sorrow can not be denied;
You who hate the world, and know it
Only on its darker side.
Life is but a garment: trouble
Is the stormy wind that blows
All the fabric backward double,
And the gleaming lining shows!
Though this life hath sorrow in it,
'Tis a garden gay with flowers;
They may wear a rose who win it,
In this fair bright world of ours.
If a joy come to thee—share it;
Take thy cloak, and nobly wear it;
Keep thy bitter fancies furled.
There is such a wealth of gladness
Over all the seeming sadness
In the world."

—Florence May Alt, in Jury.

ONE NIGHT IN NO. 37.

A Story of Ghosts and Rats at Bracing Hall.

"Positively not a room, my dear madam; no, not so much as a closet vacant," and Dr. Morris smiled blandly, and "washed his hand with invisible soap in imperceptible water."

That Bracing Hall was a popular sanitarium I was well aware, but I was not prepared for this; what was I to do, where should I go at that late hour? I, a maiden lady, an entire stranger in the Catskills? I consider that for any man to smile under those circumstances, even in a perfunctory and purely professional way, was nothing less than brutal.

"There is No. 37," said an attendant satellite, in exactly the tone in which he might have suggested the North Pole or the equinoctial line, or any other remote and unsubstantial impossibility.

"Yes," repeated the doctor, musingly, as if a novel and pleasing problem had been unexpectedly submitted for his consideration. "Yes, there is No. 37."

"Perhaps the lady might not object," continued the attendant.

"Object," said the doctor, suddenly waking up. "Good gracious, Jones, why should this lady object; why should *any one* object to No. 37?"

The subordinate was about to speak, but the doctor stopped him by a wave of his hand. "Let No. 37 be prepared for this lady," he said, giving to his words all the force of royal mandate.

"I wish to know, Jane," I observed to the housemaid who conducted me to No. 37 half an hour later—

"Please, ma'am," said that young person, interrupting, "my name isn't Jane, it's Sabina."

"Then I am not going to follow the example of your parents and sponsors, who were clearly foolish persons, Jane. I repeat I wish to know what is the matter with this room?"

"Oh, don't ask me, ma'am. I don't wish to frighten you—but—I wouldn't sleep in it—no—not for a hundred thousand million dollars."

"Then you are a very foolish young woman; is it damp?"

"Oh, no, madam; the whole house is dry as a bone."

"It is the—the—ahem—the Cimix Cectularius?"

"Well, it is pretty bad, but I don't think it's quite as bad as that," returned Jane, slowly, with an air of bewilderment.

It was painful to a lady of my excessive refinement, exceedingly painful, but the occasion was urgent, and it was evident that I must sink to a common level of expression if I wished to be understood.

"It is small, Jane—it is brown—it is alive—very much alive—it—it—bites?"

"Oh, no, ma'am," answered Jane, glowing with sudden enlightenment, "we don't never have none of them nasty things in our beds."

"Then *what is it?*"

"Well, if you must know," replied Jane, with the air of one struggling vainly with the inevitable, "though it is worth as much as my place is worth to tell you—it's ghosts!"

Ghosts—baugh! Really the ignorance of the lower classes is colossal; clearly our public school system is far from perfect, but what could be expected from a girl called Sabina? I have always thought there was a great deal in a name, and I don't in the least care what that playwriting person may have said to the contrary. There is something in a name which insensibly molds the character; mine is Sarah Margaret.

"Ghosts, Jane, ghosts, when it has been clearly demonstrated by the Society for Psychical Research that there are no such things as ghosts."

"It was the gambler, ma'am, what lived here before it was made into a sanitarium," Jane went on, with irrepressible volubility; "they was playing poker, an' he was killed, an' every night—every night—his ghost—"

"Jane, enough of this folly—go, my good girl, and to-morrow I will loan you a work on the Illegicalness of Superstition."

Being a lady of enlightened understanding and cultivated, indeed, I may say advanced thought, I at once dismissed the foolish story from my mind, and congratulated myself on having secured a comfortable room.

Bracing Hall was built on the highest range of the Catskill mountains and was famous for the view it commanded of the loveliest section of Rip Van Winkle land; night now called the beauty of the far-stretching mountain-bounded interplane, but gradually its fairness became apparent, as the shadows below died under the light of early moonrise.

Objects dim and shapeless took form and beauty. Every house and hamlet, winding road and mountain steadiness were won as if from chaos into life, while far away the winding Hudson gleamed like a string of silver under the moonlight. Lights in happy homes twinkled like fire-flies through the gloom of dense woods, giving just that touch of life needed to break the solemnity of forest and mountain.

The moon was up, nature awoke, a breeze swept by bearing the music of a tumbling brook, the melody of murmuring pines, the love notes of a belated bird singing to his mate.

How long I had slept I can not tell, when suddenly I was wide-awake with the room brilliantly lit and presenting an appearance totally different to what it had done when I retired. On a sideboard were half-emptied bottles and decanters, and at a table four men were seated deeply engrossed over a game at cards. Great as was my astonishment to find my apartment thus invaded, I seemed to lose all personal considerations in watching the feverish anxiety of the players, and in wondering what would happen next.

Suddenly their voices were raised in anger, one of the players accused another of cheating, and in a moment there was a general uproar. The two men were struggling desperately together, glasses were upset, chairs were overturned and then I caught the glitter of a knife and the gleam of a pistol. The two spectators made no attempt to separate the combatants, although it was evident that a tragedy was imminent. The taller of the two freed his hand from the other's grasp, the long murderous looking knife was uplifted, but as it descended the other raised his pistol and fired; there was the dull thud of a heavy body falling and then, over come with horror, I lost consciousness.

How I attracted their attention I do not know, but suddenly I became aware that the remaining three were standing over me calmly discussing my proposed death; my blood seemed to freeze in my veins and into those terrible moments was compressed the agony of years of torture.

"She is sound asleep," said one, "an' anyhow I never did take kindly to killin' women."

"She has seen the deed done," said the second significantly.

"That dead men tell no tales is just as true and truer of women," said the third, "so I had better make it safe," laying as he spoke a murderous hand on my throat.

With a desperate effort I broke through the spell of horror that had held me; I struck out wildly and encountered a soft resisting body, the lights were extinguished as I opened my eyes, and nothing remained but the sound as of some one hurriedly retreating.

I never knew till that moment what a vast amount of stored shrieking force a small woman possesses; mine was sufficient in an incredibly short time to bring to my room the doctor, the satellite, Jane Sabina, and half a dozen guests, none of whom were remarkable for the careful finish of their dress.

With a graphic power that has entirely deserted me, or I should make my fortune as a story writer, I related what had occurred.

"It does not matter whether I was asleep or awake in regard to what I *saw*, although of course I was awake; but I know I heard something hurry away, and I know that I felt something when I struck," I said in conclusion, pausing only through sheer physical inability to utter another word.

Sabina Jane incoherently remarked something to the effect that it was "just what she'd expected of them nasty ghostesses" and then in company with the majority of my visitors disappeared. The doctor looked puzzled and remained silent, the satellite however spoke; he was never a voluble person, but on this occasion he confined himself to one word.

"Rats!"

"Do you really think it—they—was rats?" I gasped, growing ungrammatical in my confusion.

Had I not felt well assured that the doctor was deeply impressed by my ghostly visitation I should have said that he smiled, but that of course was impossible at such a moment. Some people I have noticed are afflicted with muscular twitching and when I glanced at him again he was as solemn as a sphinx; even the satellite put his hand before his mouth and coughed in a modest, self-deprecatory way, as if his feelings were too much for him.

"I will bring Mrs. Morris to remain with you until you dress," said the doctor, "and then you had better take a sedative and share her room; to-morrow I will have a thorough investigation made and if I find that any one is trying to perpetuate a stupid story by playing a still more stupid practical joke, I'll—"

At this point the doctor's voice sank and although his remarks appeared to gain additional energy, I am under the impression they were not intended for my ears or for publication.

The result of the investigation showed that my nocturnal visitors were rats, a small colony of which had evidently enjoyed undisputed possession of a spring mattress for a considerable period. And so the ghost of Bracing Hall was laid, but the oddest part was the satellite's guessing it; for such a man it was quite remarkable, and showed great natural perspicacity; the moment he heard my story, when every one else was quite at sea, he looked at the doctor and said: "Rats."—Mary Hasbrouck, in Drake's Magazine.

Weight of the Earth.

As a matter of fact, the earth has no weight. Weight is the pull of gravity toward a center and when speaking of the weight of the earth we must consider the pull of gravity towards the sun, and in that respect the earth is equally poised. All parts of the earth pressing toward the earth's center equalize each other, so that a low line would pull the earth thousands of miles out of its orbit. Rather than penetrate an atmosphere of another body so thin that no animal life could exist in it, our earth would make a great circuit to get around it. The almost imperceptible attraction of one of the other planets pulls our earth thousands of miles out of its regular path.—St. Joseph Herald.

RED-NOSED WOMEN.

In Nine Cases Out of Ten They Are Victims of Tight Lacing.

"When," as a quaint little dealer in corsets expresses it, "a woman is getting too much complexion on her nose, just where she doesn't want it, and too much development upon her abdomen, just where she abominates it, all through tight lacing, then and not until then will she let out her corsets and wear them as she should. You see, the philosophy of it is this: Tight corsets produce just the internal derangements which result in undue redness of the nose, and, besides, they retard the circulation. Any thing which tends to send the blood to the head in undue quantities affects the circulation of the face, and the nose, being the most prominent member, is the first to hang out the danger signal, to the distress of its owner. The multitudinous and infinitesimal veins and cells, distended in an unnatural manner the greater part of the time, ultimately go off on a strike, with the unreasonableness of other hard laborers, and refuse to perform their work of contraction even when all obstacles are removed and hours are shortened to their liking, and this results in a permanently glowing member causing great annoyance and vexation. Of course in a fleshy nose the result is most disastrous, as the circulation is more apparent, while if the feature is cartilaginous there is little or no blood circulation, and the effect is not quite so palpable and distressing."—Christian at Work.

Ghoulish Revelry.

There is such a thing as carrying things too far. Not long ago a man in a Maine village went the way of all flesh. A party of very much-alive friends of the deceased assembled at the late respected one's house to "sit up with" and otherwise honor the departed. Shortly after midnight a tremendous uproar attracted the night watchman down to the vicinity in a hurry. The front room in the house of mourning was brilliantly illuminated, and gazing in at the window, the watchman beheld a ghastly spectacle. The dead man had been removed from the coffin, and, propped bolt upright in one corner of the room, was regarding the demonstrations with the horrible placidity of death. His narrow tenement, tipped bottom-side up across two chairs, held bottle, glass and a pack of cards. Around about this lay-out the drunken visitors were dancing a spirited cancan. The watchman, with the assistance of the undertaker, finally managed to get the corpse away from its desecrators, but it was evident that the men reluctantly submitted with the firm opinion that the defunct was being robbed of his just dues.—Lewiston Journal.

A Queer Animal.

An example of a rare animal—cryptoprocta ferox—never exhibited alive in this country until now, is to be seen at the zoological gardens. It has the reputation of being one of the most ferocious and bloodthirsty of carnivorous animals; but this individual happens to contrast favorably in its general behavior with some of the vicious-looking cats in the neighboring cages. It has a playful way which might perhaps delude the unwary into giving it a chance to use its teeth and claws. These it could doubtless use to some purpose. The cryptoprocta is half-way between a cat and a genet, according to some naturalists, but others consider it to be the sole survivor of a group of flesh-eating mammals—the creodonta—which flourished many years ago. It inhabits Madagascar, a locality where creatures that ought to have extinguished themselves long ago mainly congregate.—London Daily News.

French for Terrapin.

A night or two ago three persons, two men and a young lady, were dining at the Stratford. One of the men was the young lady's father, the other an elderly, wealthy friend upon whom she was desirous of making a favorable impression.

The father was about to serve some terrapin, Philadelphia style, but paused as the wealthy friend related a funny story. The daughter did not hear the story, but at its conclusion her father laughed heartily and exclaimed:

"Excelent! splendid, that faux pas!" Then, turning to his daughter, he said: "What will you have, my dear?"

"Some of the faux pas, please, it looks very nice."

And—whisper it softly, ye tell-tale types—that girl lives in Boston.—Philadelphia Press.

Michael Angelo's Studies in Anatomy.

Before his return to the palace, Michael Angelo had begun a series of careful studies in anatomy, to familiarize himself with every line and dimension of the figure. He toiled at this study for years, until his mastery of the human form was complete. He never painted or chiseled a figure without working out in a drawing the most delicate details of the anatomy, so that no turn of vein or muscle might be false to the absolute truth. It is by such means that any mastery is secured. Behind every work of genius, whether book, picture or engine, is an amount of labor and pains—yes, and of pain—that would have frightened off a weak spirit.—St. Nicholas.

"Too Much Gun."

The Indian is willing to take his chances with a soldier's musket or carbine, knowing that they shoot all over the country, but when the boys get to work with a Hotchkiss or Gatling gun then the redskin takes a trip. The scream of a shell makes all his teeth sore, and when one bursts and lets a hundred bullets loose at once he can't tell which way to dodge.—Detroit Free Press.

—Katrina (suspiciously)—"How was dis, Hans; I find dot fiddle on de floor dis morning mit de pridge broke. Vat dime you coom hime last night, Hans?" Hans (looking injured)—"Katrina, dot pridge disaster vas a solemn ting. I shtood on dot pridge at midnight."—West Shore.

—The Old State House in Boston was built in 1732.

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

—In one single day last summer 165 Americans visited Burns' birthplace. The pilgrims during the year numbered 90,000 to the cottage and 30,000 to the monument.

—Mrs. Stanley expected to find only shanty cities outside of New York, but is quite charmed with what she has seen of the interior. She says: "Nothing can be exaggerated about America. I have already learned to so much admire America and the Americans."

—Bismarck's inseparable companions are two large Danish hounds. At dinner they eat beside their master, and he occasionally feeds them with his own hands. After dinner the Prince smokes three pipefuls of tobacco, that being the amount allowed him by the doctors.

—General Ben Butler, though nearly seventy-five years old, is one of the hardest-working lawyers in Boston. He comes down from Lowell every morning and goes back at night after a day of toil, and he does not hesitate to burn the midnight oil when occasion requires.

—C. B. Emery, living fifty miles southwest of Caldwell, Tex., recently found a gun-barrel bearing the inscription: "Presented to Mike Jones by Kit Carson, 1849." The bones of two men were in the vicinity and also the bones of three horses. The barrel is four feet six inches long. The wood-work had rotted away, but all the iron parts were there.

—Mrs. Campbell Praed, the authoress, is always a striking figure in London society. She has a rather long and delicate face, an olive complexion and a slight figure. She is frequently seen in public with Mrs. Arthur Standard, who is known to the literary world as "John Strange Winter," and who is said to be hard at work on half a dozen new novels.

—The Sha of Persia is a fair draughtsman, and is particularly fond of drawing portraits. A fairly skilful photographer, he has a passion for photography, and, whenever he is in the town, in the country or in the mountains, he has always at his side a chief court photographer, who must be ready with his camera at the shortest notice, in order to perpetuate a landscape, a group or any thing that may have taken his master's fancy.

—An amusing story is afloat in Hartford about Samuel L. Clemens and Rev. Joseph H. Twitchell. It seems, according to the Post, that the gentlemen, who are enthusiastic bicycle riders, were pedaling along side by side one day, when the author of "Roughing It" suddenly took a "header." Mr. Twitchell slowed up and was about to dismount to aid his friend, when Mr. Clemens said: "Don't stop, Joe; go right along. I think I'll stop here a while to swear."

—A well-known book collector of this city entered the shop of a "rare-edition broker" recently, and after looking about him for a few moments, hit upon a volume he had long been in search of. "How much do you want for this?" he asked. "Well, I can't sell it yet," returned the broker. "I must send it to Mr. —— (naming a wealthy book fancier, also of this city) first. He has the refusal of all my stock." "I'm glad you told me, said the collector. "I shall never try to rival him again. I don't believe in an aristocracy of buyers, and I do not intend to patronize those who encourage one." And so the bookseller lost a good customer.—N. Y. Sun.

HUMOROUS.

—Miss Sportingblood—"You appear so firm in the saddle, Mr. Novitiate." Mr. Novitiate—"Yes, and I'll appear infirm when I'm out of it."—Week's Sport.

—A stove manufacturer has come to the conclusion, after trying several methods, that the best way to create a draught is to go into the back yard and sift ashes.—Ram's Horn.

—Father—"Will you divide the marbles with your little brother with or without being whipped?" Bobbie—"I 'spect I've got to divide, pa, but I'll take the lickin' first."—Prairie Farmer.

—After 4,000 years of repose the mummies of Egypt are being ground up into paint, and possibly are now painting towns red. It's always the way. Your quiet fellows are the worst when they do break out.—Philadelphia Times.

—The laziest boy in school is always closest to the head of the procession when the circus is in town. And in the procession of life he gets there, too. This is not said to encourage laziness, but to suggest the putting of a little more circus into our manner of teaching.—Shippensburg (Pa.) News.

—"Johnny, did you steal Mr. Hicks' apples?" "Yes, sir," returned the boy. "But I was laboring under an attack of temporary insanity at the time." "If you can prove that, I'll let you off," said Mr. Hicks. "Well, I must have been," said Johnny; "I didn't scoop any thing but rotten apples."—Harper's Bazar.

—Bound to Get There. — Dudeley Canesucker approached a pretty young lady on the street, and being determined to make her acquaintance at all hazards, said politely: "Miss, allow me to offer you my umbrella." She—"But, sir, you have no umbrella." Canesucker—"Well, what of it? It is not raining now, anyhow." — Texas Siftings.

—The Country House.—"What our architect has to put up with.)—Fair Client—"I want it to be nice and baronial, Queen Anne and Elizabethan, and all that—kind of quaint and Nuremberg, you know—regular old English, with French windows opening to the lawn, and Venetian blinds, and sort of Swiss balconies, and a loggia. But I'm sure you know what I mean!"—Punch.

—The new reporter had been sent out to secure an interview with the distinguished foreigner visiting in the city. He came back and reported that he had failed. "What was the reason?" demanded the city editor. "Is he a traveling lung?" "I—I think not," answered the new reporter somewhat perplexed. "He was traveling round somewhere in a cab."—Chicago Tribune.

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—The United Society of Christian Endeavor has a membership of 485,000.

—Of 363 colleges in this country 273 are supported by religious denominations.

—The Protestant Episcopal church has 112 congregations in New York and Brooklyn.

—The Paris City Council has advised parents not to have their daughters take a normal course for years to come. The profession is more than overcrowded. In recent months fifty-four places were vacant, but there were applications from 6,441 persons, or 119 for each position.—N. Y. Independent.

—According to the Living Church Almanac for 1891, the Protestant Episcopal church has 4,163 clergy, 299 candidates for orders, 2,330 parishes and missions, and 508,292 communicants. The number of baptisms last year was 61,665, of which nearly 47,000 were of infants. The contributions for the year are $12,734,767.

—During the past fifteen years the Cincinnati Baptists have added seven new churches to the number then existing, the total number being now twenty-six; the total membership has risen from 2,544 to 4,020, and the total amount of benevolent contributions raised last year is four-fold what it was fifteen years ago.

—A Moravian missionary and his wife have been laboring for thirty years at a station in the mountains at Thibet, with the nearest post-office fourteen days distant, and reached only by crossing the high passes of the Himalayas and fording dangerous streams. They have not seen a European for ten years.—Boston Journal.

—Less than one hundred years ago the first Protestant foreign missionary society was organized. Now there are more than 200 such societies. These have a force of more than 7,000 missionaries and assistant missionaries, and more than 35,000 native helpers, of whom 3,000 are ordained. Thirty years ago there was not a woman's foreign missionary society in America. Now there are 39, with 25,000 auxiliaries.

—The Y. M. C. A. is spreading all over the world. There are now formed upward of 4,000 associations, and of these 1,000 are in Papal lands, and nearly 300 in Mohammedan countries. There are 21 in India and Ceylon, 12 in Turkey, 6 in Syria, 12 in Africa, 5 in China, 7 in Persia and 200 in Japan. There are going to be openings in every quarter for the young men who have a fitness for secretaries and evangelists in connection with these associations.

—Methodism in this country has over four and a half million members, led by over 30,000 preachers; Baptists nearly four million followers, led by over 26,000 ministers; Presbyterianism a million and a half, led by a ministry of 11,500; Lutherans, 1,028,000, headed by over 4,200 preachers, besides a host of smaller denominations, and a band of Sabbath-school scholars numbering over 9,000,000. In the whole country there is a gain to the Christian churches the past year of 1,089,853 members, 4,867 ministers and 8,494 churches.

—The Minister of Public Education of the French Republic at the discussion of the school budget was honest enough to confess that the abolition of religious instruction in the high schools and colleges was so injurious to the interests of the state and depopulated these schools in such an alarming manner, that the teachers of religion had to be reinstated. The same thing was reported of the lower public schools. Since the enforcement of the radical school laws the public schools have lost two-thirds of their pupils, who are sent by their parents to the free church schools.

A SHREWD REDSKIN.

An Instance of What Education is Doing for the Indian.

"Talking about the Indians not having thriftiness or idea of business matters," said a man from Lawrence, Kas, "I think it is a mistake. The other day a student at Haskell Institute, a young Indian, who is soon to graduate, came to see a friend of mine with whom he is acquainted and desired to form a partnership with him to go into the cattle business. The young buck talked business like a Yankee. His proposition was like this: He wanted my friend to put up the money to buy the cattle. He then proposed to drive the cattle into the Indian country in small bunches and graze them there. He said that as a member of the tribe he had a right to graze cattle, and if he did not drive the cattle in a drove so large that every body would know it did not belong to him, the matter would excite no attention. He added further that it was being done right along, and many of the young men were making money that way. When the cattle had the advantage of the free range, he proposes to drive them to Arkansas City, and there go through the form of selling them to my friend, who was in turn to ship them to Kansas City and sell them there and divide the profits with the Indian.

"There seemed to be a great deal depending on the Indian's honesty to make the scheme profitable, and the partnership has not been formed. The scheme is being worked right along though, I guess, and for a young institute Indian, I thought the young fellow showed a pretty fair aptitude for business."—Chicago Post.

The Voice of Experience.

"I can't help feeling depressed since my wife has decided to return home with her mother."

"Is it the first time?"

"Yes."

"Poor fellow! Then it's worse than you think."

"Why so?"

"She'll be back to-morrow."—Life.

Curing a Patient.

Patient—Isn't there some mistake about that bill you sent me?

Doctor—No, sir; it is correct, five hundred dollars.

Patient—To pay that will take every cent I have: I'll starve.

Doctor—Well, dieting is what you need.—Good News.

HOME HINTS AND HELPS.

—Improved Furniture Polish: The composition is as follows: "Beer, waste beer, cold tea or vinegar, 48 parts;" methylated spirit or finish, 32 parts; dragon's blood, 1 part; gum benzoin, 3 parts; linseed oil, 16 parts.

—When you make chocolate now of an evening, sprinkle a little cinnamon on top after the chocolate has been poured in the cup. It adds the same piquancy and charm that nutmeg adds to lemonade, lemon juice does to Vichy, sliced lemon does to tea, or, to come nearer home, that salt does to an egg.

—Soupe a l'Oignon au Fromage: Make an onion soup. Toast some slices of bread and arrange them in the tureen; sprinkle with grated Parmesan cheese and Gruyere chopped fine, and moisten with the soup; again a layer of toast sprinkled with Parmesan and chopped Gruyere; add a sprinkling of pepper, and pour the soup over all.

—Delicious fruit candy may be made by boiling together one pound of white sugar, a little water, one tablespoonful of butter and one-half of a teacupful of cream till it begins to thicken. Stir in one pound of blanched almonds, one-fourth pound of chopped figs, one-half pound of seeded raisins and a little sliced citron, stirring until white and creamed. Remove from the fire and pour it into a wet cloth, then roll it up into oblong form. When cold cut it off in slices.—N. Y. World.

—In selecting wall-paper and carpets for rooms, a pleasant effect is produced if one remembers that the floor should be darker than the walls, and that the eye is gratified if the color lightens from the floor to the ceiling. In a room with a light wall, the carpet should be selected of as nearly the same tone as possible, but a deeper shade, and no strong contrasts are allowable if an artistic effect is desired. White walls or ceiling are never desirable for a room in which ornamental effects are desired, and contrasts, whether in curtains or papers, should be religiously avoided.—N. Y. Ledger.

—Patties from Puff Paste: Roll the paste about half an inch thick, and cut out with a round or oval cutter about two inches in diameter. Take a cutter half an inch smaller, and press it into the piece already cut out, so as to sink half-way through the crust; this is to mark out the top piece, lay on tins and bake to a delicate brown. They should treble in thickness by rising, and require from twenty minutes to half an hour to bake. When done the marked-out top can easily be removed. Take out the soft inside and fill with sweetmeats for dessert or with minced chicken or oysters.—Boston Budget.

—A Receipe for Jugged Pigeons: Three pigeons, a little mace, pepper and salt, a quarter of a pound of butter, a tablespoonful of walnut ketchup, a little chopped celery and parsley, a teaspoonful of butter rolled in flour; pick the pigeons and wash them with a cloth, then cut them in pieces and add the pepper, salt and mace; put them into a jar and cover well to prevent the steam escaping; place the jar in a saucepan of boiling water, and let it boil constantly one hour; then take out the pigeons, pour the gravy from the jar into a saucepan with the ketchup, parsley and celery, boil it about ten minutes; then thicken the gravy with the flour and butter; place the pigeons on tiny bits of toast on a very hot dish, and pour the gravy over them; serve with grape jelly.

HOSIERY AND GLOVES.

The Proper Styles and Colors for Day and Evening Wear.

Slippers for evening wear are made to match the dress, either from a piece of the goods, if it chances to be satin, or of ooze leather, as the soft, undressed kid is called, in shade to match the gown.

Hosiery matches the slippers. Fanciful effects are shown in silk hosiery, but they are reserved for boudoir wear to match the odd negligee robes en regle when milady takes her ease in her own apartments. For day wear, nothing obtains in hosiery but black, while for evening there is white for the white dress and slippers, black for the black gown, and the various colors, red, yellow, blue, etc., to match the dress. Block hose and slippers are always in good taste and may be worn with any evening toilette.

Shorter-wristed, undressed kid gloves are worn with calling and theater toilettes, usually in suede or gray tints. For morning wear the loose-wristed, dressed Biarritz gloves (without buttons) in sac shape and four-buttoned, dressed-kid are worn, the reddish, tan-shades being much in favor.

The only gloves worn with full dress are of undressed kid reaching to the elbow with two or three buttons at the wrist. Sleeveless bodices leave the arms exposed to the elbows. If they require veiling, then elbow sleeves or lace drapery under-sleeves are worn. Gloves reaching to the shoulders are passe. White gloves are generally seen with white dresses, pale tan shades with all colors but gray; with gray, gray gloves are worn. Black gloves are worn with black toilettes, but not so much as the suede shades. For informal dancing parties silk gloves are sometimes selected, but mitts mark the wearer as coming from "Wayback," or the period of the French revolution.—Ladies' Home Companion.

Cook Your Beef Thoroughly.

Beefsteak, when twenty-four hours old is certain to contain germs of a kind which set up decomposition, unless they are killed by being thoroughly cooked. It is also liable to contain something larger than germs—parasites of some kind. Tape worm is contracted in nine cases out of ten by eating beef. One can not eat raw beef without running the risk of receiving such an invader unless he makes a microscopic examination of every fiber before eating it. If well cooked, however, it is less dangerous. The waste matters in the meat are taken into the system and disposed of the same as any other waste matter, through the kidneys and other excretory organs.—Dr. J. H. Kellogg.

ON TAKING COLD.

Abstract of a Lecture by J. H. Kellogg, M. D., Battle Creek Sanitarium.

The ordinary cold, contracted by exposure to the weather, chills or dampness, is really a nervous disease. The surface is chilled and a relaxation of the bloodvessels follows. The first dash of cold air when one goes out of doors has the effect of contracting the blood vessels; if long continued, this is followed by relaxation. When long exposed, the body is first pinched and covered with "goose flesh" and then it becomes swollen and red. What you see on the surface is an exact analogy of what happens upon the inside. There is immediate connection through the nervous system between the skin and the mucous lining of the body at various points.

A cold may be general and the mucous surfaces may be affected all over the body. The skin is affected, the face flushed, dry and feverish and the pulse full. Or the cold may be local, and the mucous membranes in connection with those parts may become thickened and set up a catarrh. The soreness and stiffness are due to a congested state of the blood vessels.

It is not always necessary to be exposed to a draught, dampness or inclement weather to get a cold. A person who has been exercising vigorously until he is in a profuse perspiration, stops his work and sits down under the shade of a tree to rest. The air may not be below 80 degrees, the slight breeze seems very refreshing, but it is lower than the temperature of his body, and the mischief is done. Yet a person may go out into a keen cold air and exercise vigorously all day and not take cold at all. One hardly ever takes cold in motion, unless insufficiently protected. A delicate person may take a cold walking upon a damp pavement with thin-soled shoes, while a lumberman or ditcher may go with wet feet all day and not take cold. The lumberman sometimes reaches his shanty at night with his clothing saturated with moisture, wraps his heavy blanket around him and lies down to sleep, and suffers no inconvenience. To one unaccustomed to such a life it might be a deadly thing to do.

On the other hand, persons often take cold by too much protection, or the neglect to observe care to make their outer wraps correspond with the temperature, as it varies from day to day. The very fact of protection involves danger. A person puts on an overcoat and goes out of doors; he exercises vigorously for a short time and perspires profusely. He comes into the house and throws off his overcoat. The next day he finds that he has contracted a cold, and he says, "I took cold yesterday while out of doors," while the truth is he took cold after he came in. Perhaps he sat down where there was a light draught from a window, or a door was open into an adjoining apartment, which was of a lower temperature, and the moisture in which he was enveloped cooled off too rapidly.

Another way in which many take cold is by wearing a rubber-coat or water-proof, which prevents the passing off of the insensible perspiration. If a person does not sweat, the amount of insensible perspiration which would accumulate in a few hours amounts to half a pint. He is in precisely the same condition as if a half pint of water had been distributed over his body. He comes into the house and takes off his coat and evaporation goes on so rapidly that he takes cold. When a person begins to take cold, his sensitiveness increases so that it is exceedingly difficult not to take more cold.

In addition to nervous colds, there is another kind which is caused by germs. These are commonly known as influenzas. Such colds are apt to go through a family or a community. Sometimes the germs have developed in the vicinity, and sometimes they are brought in by some means. A curious illustration of the importation of germs was observed in a little island off the coast of Scotland, which was visited just once a year by a ship with government supplies. An influenza would break out within two or three weeks after the ship had made its annual visit and extend among all the little community. It has been found since that other islands are similarly affected by the arrival of vessels into their ports. The idea has been advanced that the germs are brought from main land.

We are taking in germs most of the time, but the body is educated to care for itself to a greater or less extent in disposing of them that they shall do no little harm. Some of these germs have an especially irritating influence upon the mucous surfaces and increase the flow of secretion. The nose is a strainer for the lungs, but some particular kinds or germs are specially irritating to its lining membrane. If there is already a slight rawness to the surface, as in catarrh, they will set up disease at once where a person with a perfectly healthy mucous membrane would escape. In the same way, if a person has a sore throat, the germs easily find lodgment.

These two classes include nearly all kinds of colds. I have an idea that bad air might cause a cold; I am sure it is predisposing.—Reported by Helen L. Manning.

More Than Welcome.

Mrs. Downton—Who is that horrible-looking creature at the door? Send her away.

Maid—She says she heard y'r husband was in want of a typewriter, and she'd like the place.

Mrs. Downton—Ask her in.—Good News.

—Little Mamie, during her arithmetic lesson, recently asked her school teacher how old she was. Said the teacher, who had already passed her thirtieth birthday, with the naiveté of which bodies are sometimes capable when confronted with awkward questions: "I can only say, my dear, I have passed addition and entered subtraction." The child looked puzzled and the teacher smiled a wise, far-away smile.—N. Y. Mercury.