# St. Tammany Farmer.

"The Blessings of Government, Like the Dew from Heaven, Should Descend Alike Upon the Rich and the Poor."

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## HOME FROM SCHOOL.

The frost of age was on his locks
That rivaled once the raven's wing,
The voice, in youth so clear and strong,
Through age and pain had lost its ring;
The brilliance of his life's long day
Was fading fast to twilight gray.

Beside his couch in patience sat
His bride of many summers past,
And down her bloomless, withered cheeks,
The silent tears were falling fast,
When turning meekly on his bed,
He grasped her hand and feebly said:
"Are the boys home from school?"

She gently pressed the withered hand
That through the years had been her guide,
As at his words she saw again
Her children gathered at her side;
She saw each childish happy face;
Once more she felt their warm embrace.

She saw the havoc of the years—
Each one had left a vacant chair—
And then again the falling tears
Bedewed the old man's silvery hair,
As bending o'er him with a sigh
In tender voice she made reply:
"The boys are home from school."
—Edwin Ralph Collins, in Texas Siftings.

## THE OLD MILL.

### A Weary Tramp That Won the Young Miller a Wife.

"DO I KNOW any thing about the ruins of this old mill? Well, yes, stranger, I should say I did, if any one does. It belongs to me, or rather to my wife, what there is of it. I tell you I owe much to this old mill."

The speaker was dressed in homespun, and appeared to be a thrifty farmer of forty-five. I had taken a walk before breakfast one morning as an appetizer, out from Jonesboro, where I was attending court, and was standing by the ruins of the old mill when he came up. The roof had fallen in, windows and doors disappeared. The old water-wheel had crumbled to decay and green ivy covered the ruins. The dam was now leveled to a road, and a cabbage patch had taken the place of the mill-pond.

We took a seat on a moss-grown log by the side of the ruin, and he continued:

"I was with Stonewall during the war, and had some pretty tough times, some narrow escapes and some hard tramps, but the close call and hard tramp that this old mill once caused me made all of my war experience seem, at least for a time, like a pleasure trip. This was the first mill built on Cedar creek, and was built many years ago by old man Ben White, who lies up yonder on the hill.

"After the surrender our army was disbanded, and the most on us was pretty close run. We had nothing and no way to get any thing. I was only about twenty-one then. I was strolling round looking for something to do, and I happened along this road one morning. Well, that morning the wheel was in action. The gate was histed and the water was skurrying through. Old Ben White was standing in the door. I says:

" 'Morning, sir. Can I get a job here?' He took off his spectacles, wiped 'em, put 'em back on and looked at me.

" 'Soldier?' says he.

" 'I was,' says I, 'till the surrender.'

" 'Luckier than my boys,' says he. 'One of them staid behind down at Stone river. The other's lying up there on the hill—shot in front of Richmond and come home to die,' and the old man took out his handkerchief and wiped his eyes. 'Did you ever work in a mill?'

" 'No.'

" 'Well, that don't make much difference,' said he; 'business is picking up, and you can stay. I'm getting old. I'll pay you what I can afford to. We can tell better in a week or two. Have you been to breakfast?'

" 'I have not,' I said.

" 'Well, go to the house,' said he. 'Tell Kitty (that's my daughter, the only one the Yanks didn't kill) to give you breakfast; and come back, you can work on the dam to-day. There's some leaks that need stopping.'

"So I went over the hill to the house. I still had my Confederate uniform on, and Mrs. White met me on the piazza. I saw tears on her cheeks, and I suppose the uniform reminded her of her own boys. I told her I was going to

WE'D GET IN THE BIG WHEEL AND FISH.

work for Mr. White, and that he sent me over for breakfast. So we went in and she called Kitty, who soon had my breakfast on the table. Kitty was about four years younger than I, the picture of health, cheeks as red as roses. Her sparkling eyes kindled a spark in my heart that has never gone out. After breakfast I went back, and Kitty went with me to tend the mill while her father went to breakfast. He showed me the leaks in the dam before he went. In fact, I worked a week patching up the old dam, and after that I worked in the mill and on the farm and in the garden. Drove the produce to town, and became more and more attached to the place and to Ben and Martha White and to Kitty. How I did love that girl! I was never so happy as when listening to the music of her voice. I shall never forget the evenings spent in the big front room before the open fire-place when I was Ben White's hired man—Ben and Martha, and Kitty and I. I used to crack hickory nuts and butternuts on an old flat iron, and Kitty popped corn, while the winter wind was whistling outside.

"In summer Kitty and I used to go fishing. Sometimes we would go up the pond in the boat, and sometimes when the mill was not running we'd go down there and get inside the big wheel and fish in the deep hole. There's where we generally got the finest fish. One day we had just got our fishing tackle out of the mill, and was hesitating whether to go up the pond or down in the wheel, when a neighbor came over and asked us to lend him the boat. He took it, and we went down in the wheel. We'd been fishing probably an hour, and caught some fine ones, when, all of a sudden, down poured the water from the flood gate above, and the wheel commenced turning. The sudden start threw us both down. I got on my feet in an instant and helped Kitty up, and we commenced to tramp in the direction opposite to the way the wheel was moving. We had to in order to keep our feet. I was calling as loud as I could, but it was of no use. The noise made by the falling water, the revolving wheel and the grinding mill drowned my voice. We couldn't get out. The plank from the mill had fallen in the water when the wheel started, and gone floating down the stream. The water poured through the cracks in the old wheel all over us. The deep hole was full now. There was two feet of water in the bottom of the wheel. Tramp, tramp, tramp through two, now three feet of water. I held Kitty by the hand, and we kept on our tramp. I was praying it might be a small grist. Neighbors often brought a two-bushel bag of corn to be ground in a hurry. I thought if that was the

I RESUMED MY TRAMP IN THE MIDDLE OF THE WHEEL.

extent of the grist we might stand it. We kept up our march till Kitty gave out. The water and the tramp, tramp, had numbed her limbs. Her lips moved, but I could hear nothing she said. I only knew that she was sinking down in the water. I picked her up in my arms, with one hand put her arms around my neck and resumed my tramp in the middle of the wheel. I believe I felt happier than I had ever felt in my life. I held Kitty in my arms. Her arms were around my neck, though I did put them there. I could feel her breath on my cheek. I could walk now easier than before, but even with Kitty in my arms I began to tire. My footsteps were more uncertain. My limbs began to feel numb. At least I could die with Kitty. I looked at her face. Her eyes were closed. Had she fainted? I put my lips close to her ear. They touched her face. 'Kitty! Kitty!' Her eyes opened. Our lips met. Her arms drew tighter around my neck. My brain whirled. Was I becoming unconscious? I could feel that I was reeling as I walked. The water from above ceased to fall. The wheel stopped. Some one leaped in. I knew no more.

"When I came to I was lying in bed. Kitty was sitting by my side, my hand in hers. I had been delirious for a week. As my eyes met hers she said: 'Alex, dear Alex,' and she stooped and kissed me. That kiss brought back to my bewildered brain the events that led to it. I did not regret them.

"Uncle Ben had come down to the mill, and not seeing the boat thought, of course, we had gone up the pond. He lifted the flood-gate, and started the mill to grind a small grist. Finally he chanced to see the boat with the neighbor in it out in the pond. He knew that we sometimes fished from the wheel, and with trembling hands closed the gate, rushed down and into the wheel, to find me reeling and staggering like a drunken man in the water with Kitty in my arms. He got us out, but I fell unconscious.

"The next spring a freshet carried the old dam away, and new mills having been built in Jonesboro we reclaimed the land where the pond had been, and the old mill has gone to decay. Kitty and I were married that fall. Father and mother lived to see our children playing round the ruins of the old mill, and died within a month of each other.

"Now, I've told you the story of the old mill, and if you'll come up to the house and have a cup of coffee before you go back to town I'll show you the wife I won in the old mill wheel; and when you take a look at my daughter Kitty you'll see my wife as she was when we entered it that day. Two years after we were married an uncle of mine died and left me a farm up in Knox County, where we spend part of our time; but there's no place so dear to Kitty and me as the farm on Cedar creek, for its soil covers the remains of dear old Ben and Martha, and here, besides, are the ruins of the old mill."—H. E. Scott, in Chicago News.

### Unconstitutional.

"That messenger boy will be President of the United States, some day."

"Never."

"Why not?"

"He'll never run."—Judy.

## CHASED BY AN ANACONDA.

### Thrilling Adventure of a Lion Hunter in the Wilds of Africa.

A popular business man of Birmingham, Ala., is a Frenchman who spent several years in South Africa before he came to America. While a resident of Africa he went lion hunting several times, and, while he killed no lions, he met with a number of very exciting adventures.

In the gentleman's own estimation the most exciting of his African hunting adventures was a race with an immense anaconda, the largest snake found in that country. The story is best told in his own words:

"My first lion hunt," he said, "was with a party of three Englishmen and five natives. We were all mounted on small Arab ponies, and carried large rifles suspended from our shoulders by a leather strap. We rode out fifteen miles from camp and I was placed on a stand at the edge of the jungle while the natives were sent into the jungle to drive out the game. I had been on my stand half an hour when my pony suddenly began to snort loudly and back away from the jungle. At first I could see nothing, and slung my rifle around on my back in order to leave both hands free to manage the pony, who had never acted so strangely before.

"In a few moments, however, I heard a roaring noise which sounded exactly like the approach of a small whirlwind. By this time my pony was turning around like a top, and at each turn he was getting farther away from the jungle. In a moment more I saw an immense anaconda come out of the jungle and start directly toward us. The reptile seemed to me to be about forty feet long and as big around as my body. I forgot I had a gun; in fact, it was all I could do just then to keep my seat on the pony. As soon as the little animal saw the snake coming toward us he headed for the camp, fifteen miles away, and no race-horse winning a Derby ever made such time as that little Arab pony made getting back to camp.

"The snake was right behind us for ten miles and then gave up the race, but the pony did not know it, and never slackened speed until he was safe in camp. For the first few miles the huge reptile was only a few feet behind us, and I seemed to feel his hot breadth on my neck. The roaring noise he made when he first came out of the jungle continued as long as he kept after us. The pony could hear the noise, and the way he humped himself would make the modern race horse ashamed. Once I thought the anaconda had us. He made an extra spurt of speed and ran alongside the pony for fifty yards. We were going so fast the friction made by the snake's body passing over the ground so rapidly left a trail of smoke behind. Of course the reptile could not coil or strike while going at that speed, and that saved us. When he slackened speed to coil around us the pony put on a little more steam, and gained nearly half a mile. That won the race and saved us. To give you an idea of that pony's speed, my gun with the strap around my shoulder was hanging out behind me at an angle of forty-five degrees, and never once touched my back during the fifteen-mile race."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

## THE CLOCK STOPPED.

### It Tried to Strike But Didn't Get a Chance.

The professor was making one of his occasional calls.

"I am pleased to find, Miss Laura," he was saying, "that you appear to take an interest in this subject of the architecture of the middle ages. It has always had a strong fascination for me. I confess, however, that of late I have been studying with more interest, if possible, the problem of emigration. Has it not occurred to you that there is need of a deeper insight into this great question?"

"Why, yes, professor," replied the young lady, I suppose so, but—"

"I knew it could not fail to present itself to your mind, Miss Laura, as one of the most absorbing of topics. You have seen, I dare say, the report read by Dr. William Farr before the London Statistical Society of 1853, in which he gave several very interesting tables showing the value of agricultural laborers' wages and the necessary cost of their maintenance?"

"Why, no, professor, but—"

"But you are familiar, of course, with the general results of his investigations. Just so. They were published, as you may remember, in all the leading scientific and industrial journals. More recently Dr. Becker, chief of the German statistical office, estimated the average wages of the German emigrant and the average margin of living, which he finds to be much closer than among the English emigrants. Do you recall his exact figures?"

"Why, professor—"

"But of course you do, or at least you are familiar with his conclusions. Take, too, the question of Chinese immigration. The testimony collected by the House committee on education and labor in 1878—or was it in 1879?"

"I am sure, professor, I—"

"You are correct, Miss Laura. The testimony was collected in 1878 and the report presented in 1879. You remember the protracted debates that followed. In the Senate there was only one man who stood up for the natural right of a human being to emigrate wheresoever he chose, regardless of race prejudice. It was—let me think a moment. Do you remember what Senator it was?"

"Why, professor——"

"Ah! I remember. It was Senator Hamlin, of Maine, as you were about to remark, Miss Laura. It was Senator Hamlin. Mr. Sargent, of California—ever meet Mr. Sargent?"

"Why——"

"Genial and lovable soul, Miss Laura. Full of interesting facts and figures. But bless me! I had no idea it was getting so late. Did not the clock strike ten a moment ago?"

"I think it tried to strike, professor," said Miss Kéjdsha, wearily, "but it gave it up."—Chicago Tribune.

## HOME HINTS AND HELPS.

—Banish red ants by keeping a small bag of sulphur in places they frequent.

—A teaspoonful of salt dissolved in one-half glassful of water is excellent to allay nausea in sick headaches.

—For balling pop-corn, make a boiling sirup with three tablespoonfuls of water to a cupful of white sugar. Stir the pop-corn into this, and when partly cooled form into balls and roll them in pulverized sugar. Pop-corn balls are sometimes made of molasses taffy.—N. Y. World.

—To make choice cocoanut caramels, that will melt in your mouth and rival the products of the highest-priced confectionery, take three pounds of white sugar, one pint of milk, one tablespoonful of butter, one grated cocoanut, two teaspoonfuls of extract of lemon. Boil slowly until stiff, then pour in buttered pans and mark in squares.

—To Fry Chicken or Rabbit: Cook till nearly done in salted water. Have some grease hot in which to fry the meat when taken from the water. Keep a lid over the meat while frying. When done pour the water or liquor in with the meat; now make a paste of milk and flour and stir in for the gravy. Use pepper and salt to taste. It is good enough to set before the King.

—Winter Salad: Bake one Spanish onion and one large or two medium-sized beets, slice them and cut the slices in two twice. Cut up three stalks of celery quite fine, and mix with it a tablespoonful of minced herbs. Mix all together and set in a cool place until time to serve, then sprinkle with salt and pepper, pour over one tablespoonful of butter and three of vinegar.—Prairie Farmer.

—To preserve a scaly or cracked painting, clean the picture very carefully with pure, soft water and pour over, or gently apply, a mixture of equal parts of methylated chloroform and linseed oil. Allow it to remain a day or two; then carefully wipe off the excess of oil, and apply more of the fresh mixture, wiping it off as before. Repeat the process until the colors become fixed and the painting becomes flexible, when it may be cleaned and varnished.—Detroit Free Press.

—Quaint Pin-Cushions.—I saw, not long since, an attractive pin-cushion made of the largest-sized baby's boots. Make tops to fit each shoe of silk or satin and fasten securely in the top of the boot. Put a little sheet lead in the bottoms of the boots so that they will not be easily overturned. Stuff them with sawdust or bran. Run a cord in the hem of the silk in the top of the shoe and tie tightly with a bow, and attach a small silk tassel to each end of the cord. The little chamois-skin shoes are pretty for this, and the more elaborately they are made the prettier the pin-cushion will be.—Prairie Farmer.

### Needle Book and Emery Ball.

Take an old wedding card, one of the kind that folds through the center like a book, or a piece of card-board about three by four inches when folded and closed. Cover inside and out with silk or satin, using contrasting colors if desired, as blue with old gold or pink with olive. A cord of embroidery silk is put around the edges, and two pinked leaves of white flannel are fastened at the center to the foundation. Suspend by narrow ribbon passed between the leaves and tied in a bow at the ends. The word "Needles" should be outlined on the outside. An emery ball to accompany the needle book is made of a circular piece of the silk, five or six inches in diameter, fringed at the edges and drawn up with linen thread. Fill with emery powder, to which a little sachet powder may be added. Tie with the narrow ribbon, leaving the ends long enough to suspend with the needle book. Added to these is a bag of the silk, three and a half inches long by two and a half inches wide when finished, to hold a paper of needles or a thimble. Make a shirring about an inch from the top, through which pass the narrow ribbon to draw it up. Have the ribbons of different length, with that of the needle book longest. It makes a very pretty cluster to hang near the workbasket.—American Agriculturist.

### A Handsome Hat-Rack

is an expensive piece of furniture, and if one's hall is small, is quite apt to be in the way. A very ornamental hanging hat-rack may be made at home at small expense. You will need a little help from a carpenter. Procure a smooth board about twenty-one inches square and cut out a piece in the center the size of the glass you are to use. Bevel the edges and paint it with any stain preferred, cherry, mahogany or walnut are all pretty. When thoroughly dry, fasten the mirror behind the opening. A cheap mirror may be used for this purpose and taken from the frame. Screw a long brass hook into each of the four corners of the frame and hang your rack corner-wise or diamond shape.—The House.

### How to Make Your Hat Pretty.

If any of your hats are not quite to your taste as regards becomingness or style, don't abandon them or even worry any longer. Simply purchase the largest red rose with the largest stem possible and a single bunch of green leaves and stick straight up on the back of your hat. As you come down the avenue on a windy day it will look like a revolving lamp in a lighthouse, but your head gear will be according to the latest whim in millinery.—N. Y. World.

### The Constituents of Brass.

Brass is, perhaps, the best known and most useful alloy. It is formed by fusing together copper and zinc. Different proportions of these metals produce brasses possessing very marked distinctive properties. The portions of the different ingredients are seldom precisely alike; these depend upon the requirements of various uses for which the alloys are intended. Peculiar qualities of the constituent metals also exercise considerable influence on the results.—Scientific American.

## PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

—The widow of Mark Lemon, once editor of the London Punch, has just died, having survived her husband for twenty years.

—By the will of the late Dr. Alvan Talcott, of Guilford, Conn., Yale College will receive $35,000 and a valuable medical library.

—Henry Gasper, of Michigan City, Ind., is an enterprising youth. He is only sixteen years old, yet he confesses to ten burglaries and has stolen $5,000 worth of property.

—Mrs. J. Wells Champney, author of "Vassar Girls Abroad" produces three books each year. With her artist husband she has visited every nook and corner of both Europe and America.

—Mrs. Lilla Cabot Perry, whose poem, A Plea of Truth, appears in the current Atlantic, is the author of the volume, The Heart of the Weed, which was published anonymously, and has reached a third edition.

—American Horse, the Ogallala chief, is known as the Daniel Dougherty of the Sioux tribes. He is the most eloquent, silver-tongued aborigine on the continent. He is naturally a man of great influence among the Indians.

—Miss Frances Power Cobbe, author of many books, and one of the ablest of literary women, is, at the age of seventy, hard at work as writer and reformer; she is full of health and vigor, which she attributes to her simple diet and regular habits, and gives much time to the Antivivisection Society in London, of which she is president.

—Captain Schley, commanding the cruiser Baltimore, the vessel that bore Ericsson's remains to Sweden—says the fine ship made foreign navy officers open their eyes. The enthusiastic Captain, who came home to attend his daughter's wedding, says he could catch any ship of the French, German, or English navies, without exerting the Baltimore at all.

—The venerable David Dudley Field attributes his prolonged activity of mind and body, it is said, to his habit of taking a short nap of twenty to thirty minutes after dinner. He awakes refreshed and strengthened and ready to spend the evening in reading or conversation without fatigue. The same restful habit is recorded of Prof. Delitzsch, the eminent biblical commentator.

—Prince Zatcharsky, otherwise known as Milton Nakaritschey, who was arrested recently in Constantinople in company with Lieutenant Lutzky, is said to be guilty of causing the disaster at Borki, two years ago, when the Czar narrowly escaped meeting his death. The Russian Government has long been on the hunt for the Prince, who has spent the greater part of his time since the disaster in Sophia.

—The mother of Robert Louis Stevenson, it is recorded, keeps a mighty scrap-book, in which she has gathered every thing that has been written concerning her son. On the title-page of the scrap-book these lines are inscribed: "Speak weel o' my love, Speak ill o' my love, But aye be speaking o' him." Mrs. Stevenson is an agreeable Scotch lady, and the author of "Treasure Island" is her only son. She is about to join her son and his wife in Samoa.

## HUMOROUS.

—Namby—"She is very rich. Do you suppose he had a tender feeling for her?" Hooks—"Of course, of course—a legal-tender feeling."—N. Y. Herald.

—Our astronomers claim to know to a certainty that there is no water on the moon, and so the rest of us might as well take it for granted that there is no soap.—Ram's Horn.

—"I think the wine is too dear." "Too dear?" answered the host. "Do you know what I calculate each bottle at?" "No; but I should calculate about half water."—Fliegende Blatter.

—Mr. Schoolmaster, I hope you will treat this little boy of mine exactly as if he were your own son." "Oh, yes, certainly; I will give him a whipping every day since you desire it."—Fliegende Blatter.

—Misinterpreted.—"Ma chere," whispered the suave Frenchman to the pretty country lass. "I'm not your share, either," she snapped; "I'm Timothy Hayseed's, and don't you forget it."—Washington Star.

—Applied Somnambulism.—Mrs. Bendix—"Yes, my husband is a somnambulist." Mrs. Kawler—"How dreadful!" "Not at all. You see, when he gets up in the night and walks the floor I put the baby into his arms, and he never knows it."

—He (just introduced)—"What a very homely man that gentleman near the piano is, Mrs. Hopson." She—"Isn't he? That is Mr. Hopson." He (Equal to the occasion)—"Oh, indeed! How true it is, Mrs. Hopson, that the homely men always get the prettiest wives."

—Youth in New Suit to Evident Tailor.—"Tell you what, I'll give you a fifty-dollar watch and we'll call it square." Evident Tailor—"Let me have it." Youth—"Well, you'll have to wait till the close of the fair—but it's all right—here's my ticket for the chance—prettiest watch you ever saw!"—Philadelphia Record.

—No Use for Any.—The Government inspector looked with a somewhat critical eye at the little post-office partitioned off in one corner of the millinery store. "You don't seem to have much room here," he said. "How do you dispose of your surplus mail?" "I have none, sir," replied the rural postmistress, indignantly. "I have been a widow for six years."—Chicago Tribune.

—The Way of the Transgressor.—Prominent Citizen (in Oklahoma)—"You ort to have been to meetin' yesterday, Ike." Alkali Ike—"Yaum! Good meetin'?" Prominent Citizen—"You bet! Went off as smooth as velvet till Preacher Buckskin, bein' told that some feller had jest jumped his claim down by the creek, stopped the sermon while he went down an' sorto moved him off. He came back in a little while an' finished the discourse with unusual fire an' fervor. Tip-top meetin'! You ort to have been thar." Alkali Ike (sadly)—"Wisht I had. I'm the feller he sorto moved off."

## SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—Harvard is to have a recognized and appointed professor in rowing.

—There are but seven Presbyterian churches in the State of Connecticut. All have pastors.

—Dr. Scott, the newly-elected president of Rutger's College, is only thirty-nine years of age.

—The church-going people of the United States represent one hundred and forty different creeds.

—Rev. J. D. Kinsburg, of Bradford, Mass., has been twenty-five years pastor of the Congregational Church there.

—By the bequest of Mathew Thoma, over $150,000 has been left to the University of Cincinnati, subject to an annuity of $2,000 for ten years.

—Near Lancaster, Pa., part of a Mennonite congregation destroyed the pulpit in a new church, holding it to be an invention of the devil. They insist on a table instead.

—The Brooklyn Sunday-school Union Association reports 296 schools, 10,750 officers and teachers, 89,125 scholars under twenty-one years of age and 10,176 adults; total, 109,949.

—Rev. John B. Gough Pidge, a Baptist clergyman of Philadelphia, takes a long spin into the country twice a week on a bicycle given to him as a Christmas present by his congregation, and he thinks he preaches all the better for the exercise.

—It is said that during the past 105 years the average daily accessions of the Baptist churches equals 79 for every day of the entire period; and for the past ten years the reported baptisms amount to 1,256,375—an average of 344 for every day of the ten years.

—The Prussian Government is exceedingly liberal to its universities. These all possess rich endowments, yet each year the government grants them large sums for running expenses. The budget for 1890-91 contains the following items for new buildings alone: Konigsburg, 119,734 marks; Berlin, 537,500; Greifswald, 159,500; Breslau, 926,416; Halle, 315,000; Kiel, 75,600; Gottingen, 450,550; Marburg, 175,650; Bonn, 183,250.

—When news was received, January 22, at Wahpeton, N. D., that the North Dakota University of the Methodist church had been located there, the people had a jubilee with firing of anvils, waving of flags and ringing of all the bells. Washpeton, whose bid for the location of that school was $23,000 cash and some valuable tracts of land, is assisted in this movement by J. Q. Adams, a wealthy Christian gentleman of Chicago, who writes that it is his intention to assist the school liberally in the future.

## MANAGEMENT OF CHILDREN.

### The Best Way to Overcome a Child's Tendency for Evil.

If you would see a woman or a child graceful, beautiful and charming you must find one that is loved. The child that dreads to be corrected or criticised for every word or movement never has a manner of elegance or an expression of charm. Fill your child's soul with an ideal of good manners, of benevolence and beauty; teach it abstractedly to dislike vulgarity, selfishness, rudeness and to feel that you love and admire it, and expect charming manners, and the work is accomplished.

It is impossible for a slave to have any style. If you would have your child dignified you must treat it with dignity!

It is wrong to correct a child in public. Any proud child feels degraded by it. It should be a case of dire necessity when you find fault with a child before strangers, and to destroy a child's pride is to do him an irreparable injury. Take advantage of some intimate hour when parent and child are alone together, and then let the parent tenderly explain how the child has behaved ill the day before or that morning, and why the child's conduct was wrong, and how it should have behaved, and show the child that the parent respects it and loves it and believes in its capacity to do all good things. This will have ten times the effect of punishment when the child is in a state of excitement and the parent usually angry. Get in the habit of explaining the reason of things to your child. Let there be as little confusion in its mind as possible. Above all, keep the fact of your love uppermost in the child's mind, and let it understand that you have no wish to domineer over it, only that being older and wiser, and loving the child so much, you would save it from its inexperience, that this is your duty, that you are teaching it to be its own master.

If your child is cross do not punish him, but distract his mind from the subject that annoys him. If he continues to be cross suspect his stomach, and assure yourself that this is in perfect order; a troubled digestion is the root of bad manner.—Harper's Bazar.

## HE DIED JUST IN TIME.

### If He Had Not, His Fate Would Have Been Worse Than Death.

There were six of them, all at the head of their profession, and each with his hobby, and they consulted together over the case of the great man in the next room.

Said Dr. Pompom: "He should be trephined."

Said Dr. Quackquack: "And the diseased brain replaced with the brain of a guinea-pig."

Said Dr. Oldenough: "His blood is vitiated and should be let and the blood of a jack-rabbit injected into his veins."

Said Dr. Newfound: "He has a microbe in his liver; it should be looked into."

Said Dr. Dubious: "Let us diagnose his case with Dr. Chowchow's Imperial extract. If he dies we shall know——"

"Gentlemen," said the nurse, poking her head into the door, "your patient is dead."

"And we not there!" exclaimed one.

"Ah!" said Dr. Pompom, "what a chance for a beautiful operation is lost!"

"And the Imperial extract untried!" shrieked Dr. Dubious.

"Poor man!" said the nurse, as she closed the staring eyes. "Poor man! He does not know what a lucky escape he has had."—Chicago Times.

## AN ARAB'S HOUSE.

### The Extreme Exclusiveness of the Bedouin Household.

There are few social duties more incumbent on us than the duty of hospitality. Many householders fail to recognize this, and although their means are ample, have an idea that they are doing a more praiseworthy thing in devoting themselves to their family, as they call it, live with closed doors and never "seek to find the way to Heaven by doing deeds of hospitality." They are faithful in all their outside duties, punctual in their payments, frequent in their charities, church-supporting, somewhat public spirited, subscribing money on occasion, visiting a hospital now and then, lending countenance to a course of lectures, and once in awhile acting on committees for the establishment of a public bath-house, a library, or opera hall. But their house is literally their castle, and once over the threshold of the front door, the drawbridge is up and the portcullis is down, and one has to sing out: "What, warder, ho!" and blow the horn loud and long, before gaining admittance.

They consider this barring of the door, and this seclusion and retirement within the walls of home, as something greatly to their credit, they think; they are devoted to home, dislike publicity, have the good taste to court privacy; and plume themselves upon it all past belief. With these people the very fact that a person is a stranger is the reason why they do not take him in; they would accord him but grudging entrance, as when one stands with the door ajar and looks askance at an intruder, even if he had brought letters from the Grand Khan or other more or less exalted personages.

Yet it is to be questioned if a home with all its comforts and delights was given to any one of these people, or if he were allowed to attain it, for his own selfish seclusion or enjoyment, if it is not a sequestration of something in the great partnership of the world's economy that is not altogether his own, and if one has a right to shut himself up there like a Turk in his harem and be more chary of his salt than a Bedouin in the desert.

If one's home is fair and fine, with soft carpets, rugs, pictures, marbles, china, with gentle service, luxurious living, loving children, gracious wife, should all the blessings that these things give, even if one is the apparent source of them himself, be gathered and secured them by close effort and self-denial, be kept to one's self alone, like the bone the dog gnaws, and buries till he can come back to it? It is not privacy and seclusion that give a home its sacredness. Far from it. It is its happiness, its healthiness, its helpfulness, its capacity to do good, to impart that happiness and healthiness, its power of lifting all the rest of the world into its own atmosphere. Those homes that are open to the homeless are the sacred ones; the homes where there is always a pillow for the weary, always a spare place at the table for the wanderer; the homes whose beauty is shed abroad like the gracious dew from Heaven that Portia talked about. There may be many mansions in Heaven, but he who thinks they are mansions from which every other Heavenly habitant are excluded has made a mistake in the place; it should not be Heaven then. However we may dispute and declare that a man has a right to be undisturbed in his own house, yet we know in our inner consciousness that we all regard the man who brings another home to dinner, sure of a cordial greeting for him there; who will not let the stranger find his welcome in an inn on a holiday when homes are dearest, who throws open his house to the parish, whose lights are always shining and inviting as you go by his windows, across whose door-step guests are often coming and going, who loves his home so much and finds it so complete that he must have other people to love it too, and if they have nothing half so choice, then share some brief portion of it with them—that man we all know to be a good citizen, a husband honoring his wife, a Christian in deed whatever he may be in faith, and withal a gentleman.—Harper's Bazar.

### Big Money on a Faro Game.

"The biggest money I ever saw on a gambling table at one time," said a guest at the Laclede one night, "was $22,100, and I saw that at Spokane Falls, Wash., just after the big fire. Every body had plenty of money, and all kinds of gambling snaps were running in tents, houses, either brick or frame, being few and far between. The little tent had a faro bank and three men called the turn. There was $23,000 in cash on the table, and $20 gold pieces were used as chips. They all lost and the house scooped in the pot." "That is a good story," said a bystander, "but I will tell you what I saw in Tucson, Ariz., Christmas night, 1883. I was a stranger and wandered into the gambling-room by accident. Every thing was wide open in those days. I saw sitting at a faro-bank table an army officer, a Chinaman, a negro, a Mexican (or 'Greaser,' as they are called in that country), an Indian, and a woman. I watched the game for more than an hour, and the Chinaman and the woman were the only ones who quit winners.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

### Evolution of the Overshoe.

The query is: Can a system of gradual accommodation in size of overshoes be such that it would finally leave the last man, who in this case happened to have small feet, possessed of no alternative but to wear one No. 6 and one No. 11½? At a gathering of gentlemen in Lewiston one evening such was the case. The last gentleman to leave the hall could find no overshoes but this ill-assorted pair. Now, the man with the 11½ foot never wore away the small man's No. 6. How was it then? Did a man with a 6½ boot squeeze into the No. 6 overshoe, and the man with a 7 boot squeeze into the 6½ overshoe, and then a man with an 8 boot stub away with the No. 7 overshoe, and so on up to the patriarchal gentleman No. 11½?—Lewiston Journal.