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, OCTOBER 3, 1891. VOL. XVI.—NO. 40.

IF WE ONLY KNEW.

If we only knew in the early morn,
What we know each close of day,
If we only knew of the battles fierce
That we must wage, by the way,
If we only knew,
Ah! only knew—
I think we'd pray, ere day begun,
That many vict'ries might be won.

If we only knew that some hungry soul
By our kindly words was fed,
If we only knew that our Lord can give
Sweet draughts from the Fountain head—
If we only knew,
Ah! only knew—
I think we'd pray, ere day begun,
For grace to help some weary one.

If we only knew that the written page,
Depends on the letters there;
If we only knew that the smallest blot
Must o'er make the page less fair,
If we only knew,
Ah! only knew—
I think we'd ask, ere the day begun,
For perfect letters, one by one.

If we only knew in the early days
What we'll know at the bar of God,
If we only knew of the perfect ways
Our feet might oft have trod,
If we only knew,
Ah! only knew—
I think we'd pray, as life begun,
For strength to do as we'll wish we'd done.
—Bertha Packard Englet, in Housekeeper.

AS FROM THE DEAD.

A Late Millionaire Tries to Circumvent His Widow.

Scene—Retired corner in the reading-room of an aristocratic up-town club. Two elegantly dressed gentlemen are discussing wines, cigars and other local topics.

Mr. Charley Knickerbocker (a rising young lawyer)—Where do you keep yourself after dark, nowadays? I never see you at the theaters or in the club-rooms.

Mr. Frank Courtland (a society man)—Between ourselves, in the strictest confidence, I devote five evenings of the week in calling on a lady whom I hope to lead to the altar one of these fine days.

Charley (with the air of a man who has been there many a time)—You don't tell me so? Ain't you rather overdoing the courting business? Now, I am paying addresses to Miss Bondclipper, and, being in society, I understand what's in good form, but it never occurs to me to call more than twice a week. I really think that's as often as she cares to see me.

Frank (earnestly)—That's often enough when you are courting a young girl, but the object of my aspirations is a widow. When it comes to courting a widow, like advertising, you can't overdo it. I know what I am doing.

Charley—So she is a widow? If it is not a leading question I should like to ask what is the name of the disconsolate female whose bereavement you are trying to mitigate.

Frank—The lady in the case is Mrs. Van Slyck, on Fifth avenue.

Charley (very much surprised)—I don't wonder at the frequency of your visits. Old Van Slyck must have left her over half a million. She is a charming lady, and deserves a good husband after all she went through with that old graven image. I always heard she was badgered into marrying him by her mother, who was after his money.

Frank—Were you acquainted with my late predecessor—that is, if the widow does not change her mind?

Charlie—I knew him only by sight, but my old chum, Tommy Vanderclaim, knew the family very well, and he told me all about their married life. Old Van Slyck was more than double his wife's age, and as ugly as a crazy quilt. He had a falsetto voice and a false set of teeth, no hair on his head and was bow legged besides. He was insanely and absurdly jealous of his handsome young wife, and made her miserable. During the last few months of his wretched life he became morbid and morose, shut himself up in his study and refused to allow anybody except his English valet, Thomas, to come near him. If his widow was glad when he died and wants to marry again nobody can blame her. Has the happy day been fixed?

Frank (with a deep sigh)—No, it has not, and that is what worries me. Carrie loves me dearly and has consented to become my wife, but whenever I ask her to fix the date she hedges for some mysterious reason that I cannot quite comprehend. She seems to have some secret trouble on her mind.

Charlie—Haven't you got any idea what it is?

Frank—I have a vague idea that she is superstitious and that she imagines that her late husband visits the premises. He threatened to haunt the house if she ever married again. Do you believe in spirits?

Charlie (sipping his wine)—Yes, if they are old and of the right brand; but, putting jesting aside, the fact that ghosts never show themselves except by a dim light and only to one person at a time completely gives them away. What shape does old Van Slyck take?

Frank—I can't find out. Carrie—that is, Mrs. Van Slyck—does not care to talk much about it. All I know is that the dread of being haunted by old Van Slyck's ghost prevents her fixing the date for our marriage. Perhaps she is preparing to fire me out of her affections.

Charlie—I don't think you need entertain any apprehensions. She is probably enjoying the sport of playing her fish before she lands him. Some day she will rope you in as the widow Chadizah did Mohammed. The victim may struggle against fate, but all at once he sinks into the matrimonial sea with a bubbling groan and all is over.

Frank (fervently)—I hope so.

Charlie—If I were in your place I'd investigate any spiritualistic manifestations that materialize. Some rival of yours may be putting up a little game on you. Put Inspector Byrnes on his track. Well, I have an engagement. (Exit Mr. Charles Knickerbocker.)

Scene II (interior of the parlor of the Van Slyck mansion)—Mr. Frank Courtland and Mrs. Van Slyck are seen in earnest conversation.

Frank (despairingly)—Will you not tell me, Carrie, why you treat me so cruelly? Why did you encourage me as you have done, when now you tell me we must part forever?

Carrie (tearfully but firmly)—I cannot marry you, Mr. Courtland. A voice from the tomb forbids it.

Frank—A voice, did you say?

Carrie—Not precisely a voice, but a letter. I receive letters continually from my late husband.

Frank (laughing grimly)—I suppose they come from the dead letter office. So he writes you letters and you are correspondingly unhappy. What wretched nonsense! Why trifle with me in this way?

Carrie—I am not trifling, Frank. Here is a letter in his handwriting posted yesterday from the spirit world. I have received them regularly ever since you began visiting here. I have had them examined by the best experts in handwriting and compared with letters of my late husband, and they say these ghostly letters are written by the same hand. Besides, in some of the letters are secrets known only by my late husband and myself.

Frank takes the letter and reads: "I write these lines from the spirit world to let you know, faithless woman, that everything you do, say or think is known to me. You want to marry again. If you do something dreadful will happen. Beware! Your late husband,
"PETER VAN SLYCK."

Carrie—So you see I dare not marry again. There is no mistake about the letter. There is the envelope with the New York postmark, station D. I dare say he is in the room right now.

Frank (with clinched teeth)—I wish he was. I'd make him wish he was not. Carrie, is this the only obstacle to our union?

Carrie (blushing, with averted face)—Y-e-s.

Frank—Then I'll clear this mystery up in short order. Just let me have that letter and envelope. And now farewell. (Exit Frank, after prolonged osculation.)

Scene III (private office of Inspector Byrnes)—There are present the inspector, Frank Courtland and an English-looking servant in liveries with mutton chop whiskers. The latter is on his knees and weeps bitterly.

Inspector Byrnes (fixing his eagle eyes on the wretched culprit)—Now make a clean breast of it or it will be the worse for you.

Mutton Chops (wringing his hands)—Indeed, sir, I'm hinnocent as a babe hunborn. I never saw old Shakespeare at hall. I ham no Frenchy No. 2 but an Englishman. I never butchered hanybody.

Inspector (sternly)—I've learned enough about that. Nobody accuses you of murder, but you had better tell all about this letter from your late master, Mr. Van Slyck, which was put in the letter box by yourself. Did you write it yourself?

Mutton Chops—Mr. Van Slyck wrote those letter hisself, sir—hindeed he did.

Inspector (still more sternly)—When?

Mutton Chops—Before he died, sir.

Frank—Ah! I suspected as much.

Inspector (soothingly)—Come, now, just tell us all about it.

Mutton Chops (in a confidential whisper)—Well, sir, for a month before he died, Mr. Van Slyck did nothing but write letters to his wife, threatening her hif she married again. He said to me that he believed his widdy would try to marry some young fool, who is after her money. (Frank squirms). Says he to me, if you see hany of them long eared doods 'ere courtin' my widdy hafter I ham dead and gone, just you keep hon postin' these letters till she gets hafraid and tells 'im to stay away. As soon as this young gentleman came to the 'ouse I began postin' the letters. I was hafraid if my mistress married this young gent—and I seed for myself she was hawfully gone on 'im—I might be discharged and lose my place. I've got 'arf a bushel more of the hold gentleman's letters in a box, sir.

(Frank becomes delirious with joy, shakes the inspector's hand and even embraces Mutton Chops, after which he darts out of the office and is lost to sight).

The following item has since appeared in the society column of a leading New York paper:

"The rumor that the beautiful and wealthy Mrs. Van Slyck has broken her engagement with that dashing society man, Mr. Frank Courtland, is now authoritatively denied. In fact, it is generally understood that the wedding will take place within a short time, and will be one of the most magnificent affairs of the kind New York has ever witnessed. The newly-married couple will spend their honey moon in Europe."

—Alex E. Sweet, in N. Y. Herald.

Continual Source of Income.

A curious story is told of the manner in which the Rothschilds aided Carafa, the composer. The latter was very poor. His principal income was derived from a snuff box and this was the way of it: The snuff-box was given to the author of "La Prison d'Edimbourgh" about thirty years ago by Baron James de Rothschild as a token of esteem. Carafa sold it twenty-four hours later for seventy-five napoleons to the same jeweler from whom it had been bought. This became known to Rothschild, who gave it again to the musician on the following year. The next day it returned to the jeweler's. This traffic continued till the death of the banker, and longer still, for his sons kept up the tradition to the great satisfaction of Carafa.—Jewelers' Circular.

The Willing Patient.

Mudge (who has sworn off)—Doctor, I stepped on a banana peel and received a pretty hard fall. I am afraid I have broken my wrist.

Dr. Bowless—Let me see. No, there is nothing broken. Just bathe your wrist in whisky four or five times a day and you will be all right.

Mudge—Er—doctor, hadn't I better be carefully examined for internal injuries, too?—Indianapolis Journal.

Too Much Activity.

Real Estate Dealer—So you've been in Gautemala, have you? Is there any activity in real estate down there?

Returned Traveler—You bet there is. The day before I sailed there was an earthquake that made the whole country skip around.—Munsey's Weekly.

MILLIONS AT SEA.

How Specie is Shipped To and Fro Across the Ocean.

In one little tightly locked room on many of the large ocean steamers there frequently goes over a treasure large enough to buy the entire steamer and its fittings several times over. This little chamber is the gold room or treasure chest. It receives its precious freight at the last moment before the steamers start and its contents are the first portion of the cargo to leave the ship when she has been securely berthed. During the recent rush of gold abroad, the strong boxes have been kept in very active use, and the pursers of the several ships have had corresponding increased responsibilities placed upon them.

Contrary to the general notion, a shipper of gold does not go to the subtreasury in New York to get a consignment of gold simply because the government keeps its supply there for the payment of its legitimate obligations. It is not an exchange office in the sense of taking any sort of securities or legal tender and giving out gold coin instead. If gold certificates are proffered gold may be had, and it is a member of the associated banks, doing business through the clearing-house, that much gold goes out from the sub-treasury into the hands of the several banking institutions. They do not keep all the coin or bars or whatever shape the precious metal may be in their own vaults, but instead employ the great vaults of the Bank of North America, which has become by general arrangement between the several banks a sort of depot for the deposit of gold. There is a sort of a cooper shop attachment to the bank as well, and a bag factory too. The bags are strongly sewed snug little affairs of stout canvas. Into each one five thousand dollars in gold coin is placed, five-dollar pieces if no other sort is to be had, and twenty-dollar pieces in preference, because then the surface of abrasion is less and the loss from this cause is very much reduced. The specie kegs are made of hardwood and have an extra iron band about them. There is a room in the rear of the bank specially set apart for the packing of the specie, and the operation is witnessed by a representative of the shipping firm which has received the coin order from abroad and upon whose order the shipment is making. Ten bags just fill a keg, and when the head has been put in by an attendant cooper a tape check is applied, four holes are bored through the ends of the staves above the head and bottom of the keg, and red tape run through and the ends brought to a common point at the center of the head, where they are sealed by a great batch of wax, bearing the seal of the shipper. A stout low cart stands outside the door of the bank, and on this the fifty thousand-dollar kegs are placed. A couple of men jump on with the driver, another couple perhaps look on and follow along, and the treasure moves off. A single truck will carry as much as forty kegs or two million dollars, and a fixed sum per keg is charged. The delivery to the steamer is simply as other freight, so many packages, contents declared, but not vouched for by the receiving steamer people. The marine insurance companies will insure at the rate of about two thousand dollars on a million-dollar shipment. Each shipper has a different notion of doing his business and many do not insure at all. The steamer is designated, and as an extra precaution a large shipment, say of a million and a half, may go on as many as five or six various boats. It is on the simple rule of not intrusting too many eggs to one basket.—N. Y. World.

UNCLE SAM'S MONEY FACTORY

How the Employes and Visitors Are Guarded and Watched.

Of all the places of public interest in the national capital this bureau seems the most attractive to strangers, who come from far and wide to see how the government makes money. After seeing how easy it is to strike off a few million dollars it may not be clear to the western rural mind why money should be so scarce up in his part of the country. It looks to the casual observer as if there were nothing to prevent any one about the place from pocketing two or three million dollars to take home with him after his day's work, or from taking an impression from one of the plates and printing at his own home money enough to meet his daily demands.

With all the thousands of plates from which money is printed there, access to which would enable a man to all but bankrupt the government and to tax its credit to the very extreme; with all the possibilities for theft that access to such a place seems to open—that is, seemingly; it's one of the freest of government buildings to the public. Visitors enter without being challenged and are shown through without the consciousness of being watched. A polite guide shows them to the door when they leave, and they go their way rejoicing without knowing that they have for a time been prisoners of state. It is easy enough to get into the building, but no man, woman or child gets out without assistance.

That polite guide or that kind official who accompanies them to the door is their passport to go out, and, if alone, they would have to produce a written pass or remain prisoners until the proper passport were procured. No one has the experience of being detained because that is carefully looked after, so that the visitors are not conscious of any restrictions placed upon them.

All the employes are prisoners during the day, having no freedom to leave the building until they have rendered a full account of all that has been placed in their keeping by the superior.

In the corridor at the main door, where the watchmen sit silently all day, there is a metal plate set in a frame in the wall. In this plate there are twelve little round holes, one under another. Each hole is labeled with a name, as wetting-room, mess-room, vault, etc. Each hole represents one department of the bureau, and as long as the hole remains empty the watchmen will permit no one from that department to leave the building unless he has a special permit. When the force of one department are through work for the day and all have rendered their accounts straight, the superintendent in charge of that branch marches down at the head of the whole force and while they wait places a little straight key with a button at the end of it into the hole designated as his division. Then there is a loud ringing of an electric gong that sounds throughout the building, and the watchmen, seeing the key in the hole, permit the men to pass out. This is repeated as the day's work of each division is done. The last key to be put up is that of the custodian of the vault where the plates are kept, and when it is there the building is supposed to be empty except of watchmen. Any found in the building after that would have to remain there until there was an order from the proper authority to let him out.

The closing scene at the end of the day in this great money factory is interesting. In the morning each man and each woman has been given the proper assignment of work. The women are the counters, testers, wetters and helps to the pressmen. Each employe on taking the material for work, whether it is paper or plates, gives a receipt for it to the custodian. No one ever gives anything to any one else without a receipt. The paper on which the money is printed is counted as so much money, and every time it changes hands must be counted and receipted for. Even the girls who act as helpers and carry the paper from the wetting-room have to count it for their own protection and give a receipt to clear from responsibility the superintendent of that room. At the end of the day each must return in one form or another all that his receipts show him to have had during the day, and until he has a check showing that this has been done he cannot leave the room. When the paper and the notes and stamps have all been turned in by those working on them they are taken to the custodian of the vault, in whose presence everything is counted and checked off. Every scrap of paper, blank or otherwise, which was given out in the morning must be returned. This being done the custodian puts it all in the vault. Then the keeper of the inner door of the vault must pull that door to without as much as putting his foot inside the vault, and, while the rest stand apart from him so as not to see the combination, must lock it securely. The custodian of the vault then locks the outer door, which is provided with a time lock, so that, being once fastened, it cannot be opened before the next day at the hour set. This being done the custodian and his assistants are free to go after the key has been put in the board at the main door.

Then all the plates which have been in use and all those which are in process of engraving, and all rolls and parts of plates, have to be returned to the custodian of the plate vault. No man can leave the room until every bit of engraved metal has been returned to the custodian. If one of these plates should be missing not a soul would be permitted to leave the building until it was found. It is almost impossible for anything to go astray, as nothing changes hands, even for a moment, without the change being made of record. Each man takes sole responsibility for whatever he is charged with.—Washington Star.

QUIT HIM COLD.

The Improvident Conduct of a Tramp Disgusts His Frugal Partner.

He was dirty and disreputable, and, as he sat on an ash barrel up on Monroe avenue one evening just about dusk, it was easy to see that he was mad. His hands clutched at an imagined foe and his lips muttered all the swear words which are in the vocabulary of the old-time tramp.

He was mad clean through.

A short distance from him, on another ash barrel, sat another tramp, even more dirty and disreputable than the first, if that were a possibility. He was munching something from out of a paper bag that he held in his hand and was seemingly at peace with himself and all the world. The first tramp shot evil glances at him out of his bleary eyes, and to the person who cared to listen it was soon evident that the curses he was spreading about with such a prodigal mouth were all directed at the second.

"What's the matter?" asked a young man who was passing.

"Wat's de matter? Well, dere's plenty nuff de matter, see? Me an' dat stiff over dere's bin pards for ten years, an' we've tramped it all over dis here country, see? We struck dis bloody town two days ago an' from dat time to dis we ain't had nothin' ter eat. A little while ago dat former pard er mine—he ain't no pard er mine now, fer I quit him cold from dis out, see?—dat former pard o' mine he hit er man fer ten cents an' he got it. Ders we were both 'f us starvin' wid hunger, an' I told him ter go ter a bake shop and get all he cud fer de dime. Wen he cum back wat der yer tink dat de sweat had gone and bought?"

"Can't imagine," said the young man.

"Well," said the tramp as his tone became one of intense disgust, "well, an' me an' him both stagrin', ther dod gasted fool went an' bought ten cents' worth of chocolate drops. He's eatin' 'em now. Said dat when he saw 'em his mouth watered for 'em. Wat der yer tink er dat? An' both of us not tastin' food fer two days. I quit him cold, der yer mind, dead cold. No sich gibberin' idiots kin travel wid me, an' don't yer ferget it."—Rochester Democrat.

The Character of a Gentleman.

Politeness and the pretension to the character of a gentleman have reference almost entirely to the reciprocal manifestation of good will and good opinion toward each other in casual society. The character of a gentleman may be explained thus: A blackguard is a fellow who does not care whom he offends; a clown or boor is a blockhead who does not know when he offends; a gentleman is one who understands and shows every mark of deference to the claims of self-love in others, and exacts it in return from them.—N. Y. Ledger.

INDIAN WOMEN OF DAKOTA.

Their Marked Peculiarities and the Slavish Lives They Lead.

In the frequent wanderings of the Indian it is the woman who finds the fuel and carries it on her back to kindle the fire and cook the food for the "noble red man;" she who pickets the ponies, makes and breaks camp, taking the tepees down and loading the wagons, and performs all work which we are accustomed to see performed by the men. The man is merely ornamental with them, and it has been their condition so long that there is no thought of another state of things nor word of complaint.

On the reservations, when they are at home, they now have for each family a small log house, and the women like them better than the tepee, though we nearly always see a tepee standing near the house, and also a summer house built of poles and green boughs, the same being used as sleeping apartments during warm weather, it being impossible for them to abandon entirely their free, out-door life. There is a strange fascination in their free, wandering life, and those who have in any way been associated with them, have been impressed with the fact that it is much easier to fall into their ways of living than to convert them to ours.

In the way of work it is wonderful to see the beauty and originality of the designs of their artistic work, which consists chiefly of bead-work on buck-skin or covering bottles of all shapes with their many-colored beads. They tan the buck-skin themselves and some are adepts at the art. Among them we find excellent glove-makers, and we also to our cost find them usually very keen, shrewd traders, having profited by their advanced civilization in the one particular at least of learning the value of a dollar. Under all circumstances we find them greatly opposed to speaking the English language; not even when they understand it perfectly will they utter a word of it. The older women, of course, are without education, except in a few instances where they have acquired, by the aid of some educated younger person, a knowledge of reading in the Indian language.

Their amusements are few. They have a great fondness for dancing and bathing. In public they are quiet and retiring in manners, but in their homes use more freedom of speech and action.

There have been essential changes in the marriage customs in these days of churches, schools and missionary workers. Formerly the bride was purchased by the groom for ponies, cattle or groceries, the amount paid varying according to the purchaser's wealth, or the bride's worth or social standing, and now though they are married in accordance with the rites of the church of which they are members, we cannot say the morals have improved greatly or that they are truer to the marriage vows. In their religion they are earnest and reverent worshipers. At one agency we visited there are three denominational churches, supported mainly by the home missionary societies, each church presided over by a resident minister. The Episcopal, Presbyterian and Catholic churches have a large membership each. The Episcopal services seem to have more attractions for their rude natures than a less formal service.—Kate Carnes, in Chautauquan.

THE FUTURE OF PARAGUAY.

Distaste of the Population For Work an Obstacle to Progress.

As regards the future of Paraguay, there can be no doubt that the country has great natural resources, and that it could be immensely and rapidly developed by the introduction of European colonists. It is probable, too, that the English capitalists will in the near future manifest greater and greater interest in Paraguay, and that a part of the interest hitherto monopolized by the Argentine republic will be transferred from the discredited country to the new paradise in the interior, where the conditions in general are not unfavorable, as we have already seen. Furthermore, if we admit that progress is desirable, and that it is good for men to toil and earn their bread by the sweat of their brows, and abstraction being made of humane and sentimental considerations, it might be argued that the war almost of extermination which the Argentines and the Brazilians waged against the Paraguayans was a blessing for the country and for humanity, inasmuch as it destroyed thousands of useless creatures, and left the ground clear for new energy. The native element cannot be counted upon as an auxiliary in the amelioration of Paraguay. The Metis, the Guarani, and the other Indian races that form the actual population, together with a small criollo class, cannot be induced to work except under the hand of a despot like Lopez, or by an ingenious and paternal system of communism, such as the Jesuits established in the old colonial days in their misiones on the Alto Parana. After the expulsion of the Jesuits, it may be remembered, most of the Guarani Indians whom they had civilized and exploited retired to Paraguay, were their descendants have remained to the present day, but, of course, lost in the masses. These natives refuse to work in a regular manner.—Theodore Child, in Harper's Magazine.

Stylish Shoes.

Russet shoes and simple black Oxford ties will be the correct thing for country suits or with the early morning costume, while for afternoons the foot may have its choice in the way of suede ties and slippers, low shoes of red and blue morocco, narrow-pointed slippers with huge rosettes of ribbon, which may be varied at the pleasure of the wearer. Canary-colored, glazed low shoes, which, by the way, suggest the glass slipper that Cinderella lost at the eventful ball, are also seen, but the one objection to these is that they make the foot appear to a disadvantage. The latest evening slipper from Paris is white kid or suede, embroidered in gold silk or beads and having a high heel of gilt.—Chicago Post.

—"Come, Nellie, don't be a baby. Crying won't mend your doll." "Well, mamma, will laughing mend it?"

THE TAILOR AND HIS RIVAL.

A Duel With New Suits Between Determined Men.

There is a fashionable down-town tailor, not many blocks from the post office, who recently fought a duel—with clothes. He doesn't like to say much about it, but although it hurts his professional pride he is forced to admit that he was vanquished fairly by a man whose name he does not know. The contest lasted for only five weeks. It was watched with interest by the commuters who live in a small Jersey town and do business in New York.

This was the way in which it happened. The tailor is a fine figure of a man, and does not believe in some of those old saws about the blacksmith's horse going without shoes, and fashionable tailors wearing ready-made clothes. Indeed, this tailor prides himself on being one of the best dressed men in New York. For instance, he has a tie of different pattern for every day in the year. His clothes are of the latest style, though never extreme in cut, for he is a very swell tailor, and he detests "sporty" clothes.

Not long ago this same tailor rented a cottage for the summer in one of New Jersey's prettiest villages, possibly one of the Oranges. It need hardly be said that he became a commuter, and as such took in the other commuters who came in with him in the morning and went out on his train at night. He began to smoke a brier-wood pipe, because that is the distinctive mark of an Orange commuter. He didn't know many of the men by name, but he had a whist acquaintance with all of them. By all odds the best dressed man among them was the tailor.

Some of the Brick Church young men discarded plush ties, after they had known him for two weeks, and the Montclair circle of young men's whist commuters put aside their Prince Albert coats for business wear. Then it was that the rival appeared. None of the other commuters knew him nor has any of them yet discovered his identity. He was undoubtedly a well dressed man. On the morning that he first made his appearance he sized up the tailor and the tailor sized him up. The other commuters agreed that honors were even. Each man looked at the other in that critical way that is popularly supposed to be the exclusive right of women. No words were spoken but the challenge had been passed and accepted. The next morning the tailor appeared with the same suit of clothes, but with a new tie and a new cane. The rival scored the first point, for he wore a different suit from the one of the day before, and it was every bit as swagger in appearance. He was conscious of his superiority, and as he looked at the tailor there was just a suspicion of a get-on-to-my-clothes snicker around his eyes. The tailor felt hurt. It was the first rebuff he had received for many months. When he reached New York he ordered his cutter to map out half a dozen new suits of clothes for him from the best material in the shop.

Then his pleasure in anticipating his rival's crushing defeat was increased by the visit of a young Wall street broker, who liked to wear many suits in a summer of good cut, but whose income was of the three-suits-a-season style. Fortunately the broker and the tailor wore clothes of the same size. The tailor struck a bargain with the broker by which the latter agreed to take his clothes that he wore in the duel at half price. The broker protected himself later by selling these same clothes to his clerk at a still greater reduction. Then the tailor felt that he had his rival at his mercy. The contest began in earnest. Every two or three days the rival wore a new suit of clothes, and the tailor met him with a suit equally new. The commuters became so interested in this deadly struggle that they gave up whist and took to poker, because it did not demand such close attention. The tailor began to feel a certain amount of respect mixed with his hatred for his rival. He tried to discover his name and business. No one knew it, and the rival was known as "the other well-dressed man."

At the end of five weeks the tailor devoted a few minutes to a mathematical calculation. His dead loss on the clothes that he had entered in the contest was five hundred and fifty dollars. The broker told him he was going too fast and he could take no more of the tailor's clothes. The rival seemed to be as fresh as when he started, and when the weather became warmer he blossomed like a tropical plant. He was already several suits ahead of the tailor, and in the matter of ties and other minor details of his dress his display would have made a swell outfitter green with envy. The tailor thought it all over. He could never face that club of commuters again if he weakened. If he didn't weaken bankruptcy stared him in the face. It was the most critical crisis that he had ever faced. He solved it by giving up the lease of his cottage and moving to Brooklyn for the summer. The commuters missed the tailor, and in a few days the rival, finding that Brick Church was not inclined to enter the competition, dropped out of sight.

"Who that man was and where he got his clothes I don't know," said the tailor one day, "but he is made of the right stuff. I don't think I shall take a vacation this year; it is so easy to run down to the beach from New York when you feel like it."—N. Y. Sun.

—In olden times if a person accused of a crime refused to plead he was condemned to the "forte peine et dure." He was stripped, taken into a dungeon, and laid on the floor, with a sharp stone under his back. On him was laid a door, whereon were piled heavy weights, as much as he could bear and more. The first day three morsels of bad bread were given to him, the second day three draughts of stagnant water, and so until he died. If a prisoner was convicted his estates were confiscated; to prevent this confiscation many prisoners suffered this punishment. In this country a man, called to plead to an indictment of witchcraft, stood mute, and is said to have been pressed to death at Salem, Mass., in 1692.

PERSONAL AND IMPERSONAL.

—During that three-months' night up in Greenland Mrs. Peary does not propose to sleep all the time. She will mount specimens, read, and also lead the musicals, which will be a famous feature of the trip, for every member of the Peary party plays a different musical instrument.

—Queen Natalie lately sent several very fine wreaths of laurel and evergreen, with bunches of white flowers, for the adornment of the graves of those who fell in the disorders resulting from her enforced expulsion; but the police refused permission to deposit them on the fresh tombs.

—In admitting the exceptional superiority of certain long words in forcibly expressing an idea, Herbert Spencer suggests that one cause of their advantage may be that a long word allows the hearer's consciousness to dwell upon the quality predicated a longer time than when a short word is used to express the same idea.

—It is said that this season the men at Bar Harbor carry dress to even more extreme fashion than do the women. They array themselves in tennis suits of bright and giddy color, and parade the Tow Path in caps of every shade and shape, while the gorgeous ties and unique canes they affect are more "conspic" than any toilets the women have exhibited.

—Carl Schurz has great, gaunt hands, but they are very artistic in performance and more delicate than the touch of a woman when they wander over the ivory keys of the piano. There is probably no amateur pianist in the country equally gifted with the German college professor, who, after a few years in this country, became a member of a president's cabinet.

—The most unhappy period of marriage, according to French divorce statistics, is for the period extending from the fifth to the tenth year. After that the figures drop rapidly. Only twenty-eight per cent. of couples seek divorce between their tenth and twentieth years of union. Only one pair in a hundred seeks to cut the knot after the period over thirty and under forty years.

—A Rhode Island man is having a serious time keeping track of his meals. He maintains that his first meal was his breakfast, and that his subsequent dinners, suppers and breakfasts should follow in order. Thus, when he has missed a dinner and supper on one day, the first meal of the following day was his dinner and the noonday meal his supper. His reckoning seems a little odd to his neighbors, but he is sure he is right.

—Salvini comes to the support of the emotionalists, who hold that an actor ought to experience all the feelings of the character which he represents. He says of Coquelin, who holds the other view, that he has always found him wanting in passion—an artist of the head rather than of the heart. "An artist must feel," he says, "but he must at the same time have his feeling under control. In the case of a true artist we ought to find slight variations in every representation no matter how often he has played the part. The man whose acting never varies always remains something of an automaton, no matter how great or beautiful his original conception of the role may be."

"A LITTLE NONSENSE."

—"Do you shave yourself all the time?" asked the barber. "No, I stop occasionally for meals," said Jimpian, savagely.—Truth.

—"What is the use? We can't make the car go any faster." "I feel as though I had been in it a week." "What's that?" "Why, I just heard the conductor tell that man he'd been on this car three years."—Philadelphia Times.

—Plenty of Visitors.—Hyman.—"Your neighbors don't seem to call on you very often, Crawford." Crawford—"Oh, yes, they do. Six bill collectors and a deputy sheriff have been here already this morning."—Saturday Evening Herald.

—An Eye to Economy.—"If you must know, ma'am," said the doctor, "your husband won't live twenty-four hours." "Goodness gracious!" ejaculated the heart-broken woman, "and here you've gone and prescribed medicine enough for five days."—Philadelphia Times.

—He Was a Specialist.—Miss Mabel (to young M. D.)—"And what particular branch of the profession do you practice chiefly, Dr. Shinyseam?" Dr. Shinyseam (a little sadly)—"At present, Miss Mabel, I am making a specialty of vaccination cases."—N. Y. Times.

—A certain elderly lady in the audience at the commencement exercises caused a ripple of amusement in her immediate vicinity. Reading the names of the graduating class, which, as usual, were in Latin, she exclaimed in a stage whisper to her friend: "Why, I didn't know they were all foreigners."—Lewiston Journal.

—A Name to Conjure With.—"Could you publish a volume of poems for me?" "Certainly, sir," answered the publisher, "but the terms will depend upon whether your name is well known or not." "Oh, my name is one of the best known in the country." "And you so young? Pray honor me with it, sir." "My name is Smith."—Fliegende Blaetter.

—"How did your revival over at Apache Gulch pan out?" "Well," answered the Arizona evangelist, "it wasn't exactly a success. At the third meeting I happened to say that I believed Apache Gulch was the wickedest place of its size on earth. After that my words fell flat. It was the first time the town had ever been rated as first-class in anything, and they didn't care to lose the distinction."—Indianapolis Journal.

—It is related of the late Dr. Hodge, of the Princeton Theological seminary, that he once asked a student for the definition of eternity. The student, after some hesitation, replied that he used to know the definition, but had forgotten it. "Oh, my, my, my!" exclaimed Dr. Hodge, bringing his hand down forcibly upon the table, "what a calamity! The only man in the universe that ever knew what eternity is has forgotten."—Morning Star.