The 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, APRIL 23, 1892. VOL. XVII.—NO. 17.

MY BONNIE LADDIE.

My [illegible] laddie said to me
(Oh! but [illegible] bonnie lad was he)—
"Come, lass, and sit by me awhile,
And cheer me with your winsome smile."
I sat beside my laddie there
(Oh! but the day it was so fair),
I talked and smiled with him whose love
Was worth to me all hearts above.

He praised my eyes, he praised my hair,
He begged that I his home would share.
"I'll be your shepherd—you, my sheep,
And safe from harm your life I'll keep."
So sang my bonnie lad to me!
So cheerily my lad sang he.
And I—I listened with a smile,
My heart o'erfull for words the while

My bonnie laddie went away
(Oh! but the snows were deep that day),
My laddie, who my life would keep,
Were he my shepherd—I, his sheep—
Went down the hill at duty's call,
And perished in the deep snow-fall.
But in the fold above is he,
Safe there to watch and wait for me.

—Happy Hours.

MY FOOLISH JEALOUSY.

It Led Me to Doubt a True and Loving Husband.

"We've been married just a twelve-month come next Friday, haven't we, Jennie?"

"Just a twelvemonth, John!"

He was standing in the doorway, my handsome young husband, his dinner basket on his arm, his honest eyes all aglow with love and delight.

"Just a twelvemonth, and now I've got baby as well as wife. Oh, Jennie, girlie, I'm the happiest man alive! Come here and kiss me before I go, and tell me what you would like me to give you on the anniversary of our wedding day?"

"What's the use," I said, as I received his kiss; "you know you haven't an extra dollar to spare."

"So I do; but we'll play at make-believe, as the children do. What would you like to have, provided you could have it? Speak out, girlie!"

I laughed, and fell to thinking.

"Let me see. There's so many things I want, John, 'tis hard to decide; but I think I'll take that dress pattern of brown silk, that we looked at down at Wilson's the other day."

"All right, and what for baby?"

"Oh, a christening robe, of course."

My husband's brown eyes danced.

"Pour Jennie," he said, "I'm afraid you'll not get 'em, unless we keep up our game of make-believe. By-by; take good care of Blossom."

And, with another kiss for us both, he was gone.

I got baby to sleep, and fell to work, cleaning my kitchen and baking tarts. We could not afford to keep a servant, John's wages being small, and I had all the housework on my hands; but I did not mind it at all. I loved my husband, and he loved me, and a happier couple did not live.

In the midst of my busy work, in comes Miss Dorcas Dent, an old friend of my mother's. An old maid, too, was Miss Dorcas, a great scoffer at matrimony, and at mankind in general.

"So you're hard at it, Jennie," she said, sitting down, and throwing back her bonnet-strings, "and drudging yourself to death, and that child on your hands, too! Such a trim, handsome lass as you used to be, and look at you now! A poor, fagged slattern! What a fool ye were to marry, Jennie! Weren't ye, now?"

"No, indeed, Miss Dorcas; I'd do the same thing over again to-morrow."

"Pah! Such simpletons as you lasses are. Well, you'll open your eyes to the truth soon enough. Working your hands to the bone, and spoiling your good looks, as if any man that ever had breath was worth it. I say, why don't John supply a hired girl?"

"He can't afford it, Miss Dorcas."

"Can't he? Maybe not. Has to squander too much on his own pleasures, does he?"

"No, indeed," I answered, indignantly; "John never squanders a penny."

Miss Dorcas shook her ample sides with sarcastic laughter.

"Never squanders a penny!" she repeated; "and never stays out at night, either, or goes gallivanting round the town with other women, and you be at home darning his stockings? Don't tell me about them, Jennie—these good husbands—I know them. I haven't two eyes for nothing. Didn't I see John only night 'fore last walking down town, and another woman beside him?"

"John?" I gasped—"my John? Oh, you must be mistaken."

"I never mistake. 'Twas your John."

"And who was the woman?"

"Can't tell. Didn't see her face."

When John came home to supper I determined to ask him, but a feeling of shame kept me silent while we were at table, and the minute he was done he arose and took down his hat.

"Why, John," I asked, "are you going out again? And it is raining, too."

"So it is; but I must go to-night, Jennie."

"What for, John?"

His eyes fell, and he turned from me in evident confusion.

"Well—you see—don't ask me, Jennie. I've promised to go, that's all; but I sha'n't have to go again, maybe."

My foolish, jealous heart rose in my throat, and I stood hurt and silent.

John kissed me and kissed baby in her crib. Then he took off his coat and threw it on a chair.

"If you don't feel too tired, little wife, you might fasten in that sleeve-lining. I'll wear my thick coat to-night."

He was gone, and after clearing away our small table I sat down to think, and I soon made myself miserable enough.

At last I thought of John's coat and picked it up to mend it. It was his best coat, which he had only taken for common wear a few days before. Brushing off the dust, I heard the rustle of paper in the breast pocket.

Is there a wife loyal enough, unfeminine enough, to refrain from prying into the secrets of her husband's pockets when she has a chance?

I drew the rustling paper forth. It was a note—a dainty, three-cornered affair, with a rosebud on the broken seal. I looked at the direction: "John Danton," my own husband's name, written in fine feminine characters.

A sharp pang pierced my heart, a mist dimmed my eyes. What woman was this who dared to write to my husband? I must know. I had a right to know. I tore open the tiny sheet.

"MY DEAREST JOHN: Do not fail to come to-night. I am alone, and I shall look for you—"

I could not read another word. A blindness like that of death filmed my eyes, a faint, horrible sickness crept over me. Miss Dorcas had told me the truth. John was untrue to me. And I had loved him so!

I crushed the fatal note into my pocket and caught up my coat and hat.

"Come, baby," I sobbed, driven out of my senses for the minute by my terrible pain, "we will go. When he comes he shall discover that we are gone."

I took up the little one, and wrapped her in a heavy shawl; then we left our cheerful fireside, and set forth through the pelting rain.

"Why, what in the name of wonder has brought you out to-night, Jennie?" cried my father, when we entered the sitting-room. "And you've brought the child, too! What's up?"

I shrank down beside my mother, and began to sob out my misery, my head upon her breast.

"John untrue?" repeated father. "Is that what you're driving at? Oh, bosh, Jennie; you're jealous, that's all. I don't believe a word of it. A truer, better man than John don't breathe."

I drew forth the crumpled note, and held it toward him.

"He's out every night," I sobbed; "and—and I found that in his pocket."

Father pulled his spectacles over his nose, and opened the note. A minute, perhaps, he peered at it curiously, and then he exploded with laughter.

"Oh, Jennie, Jennie, what a sell!" he cried. "What a precious little fool you are! Take this note, and look at it again. Did you never see it before?"

I took the note and looked at it, wondering what he could mean. The name at the bottom of the tinted sheet caught my eye for the first time. I grew hot with shame from head to foot. The letter was my own, written to John by my own hand in the days of our courtship. I fell upon mother's bosom, and burst into tears.

"Come, Jennie, take up the child, and I'll go home with you," said my father. "Now, don't you feel cheap?"

I did not; I only felt supremely happy.

Home we trudged through the dark and rain. John met us at the door.

"Why, here you are, Jennie," he cried. "You've given me a terrible fright. I was just locking up to come in search of you."

"She's not worth the trouble, John," put in my father, and then and there he blurted out the whole story.

"Forgive me, John," I whispered.

He bent down and kissed me.

"Nothing to forgive, Jennie. The fact is, I'm rather pleased to see you care so much about me. Sorry to have made you suffer, though. I was wrong; I should have explained before, but you see, Jennie, I wanted to surprise you. But we'll have it all out to-night. I've been doing a little extra work, you see. I wanted the money to buy the anniversary gifts, and here they are. To-morrow's the day, but to-night will do as well."

He put them in my lap, the glossy brown silk, that I had coveted, the embroidered muslin for baby's robe. I looked up with brimming eyes.

"Oh, John, how good you are. But let my happiness be perfect. Miss Dorcas says she saw you walking with—"

"Yes, she did," he interrupted, "with old Mrs. Grimes. I built her greenhouse; that was the extra work, Jennie."

Father laughed and buttoned up his coat.

"You're a good-natured husband, John," he said. "She deserves a sound scolding for being such a little goose—"

"But I'll not scold her," said my husband, with his dear hand on my head, "and I'll never keep another secret from her. Between married hearts there should never be concealments."

"Good-night, Jennie," said father; "I'm sorry for you. I'm sure you feel cheap."

I only felt unutterably happy.—Emma Garrison Jones, in N. Y. Weekly.

RABBITS HAVE FAMILIES.

That Is the Reason Why Australia Is So Very Unhappy.

The fecundity of the rabbit is amazing, and his invasion of remote districts swift and mysterious. Careful estimates show that, under favorable conditions, a pair of Australian rabbits will produce six litters a year, averaging five individuals each. As the offspring themselves begin breeding at the age of six months, it is shown that, at this rate, the original pair might be responsible in five years for a progeny of over twenty million! That the original score which were brought to the country have propagated after some such ratio, no one can doubt who has seen the enormous hordes that now devastate the land in certain districts. In all but the remoter sections, however, the rabbits are now fairly under control; one rabbiter with a pack of dogs supervises stations where one hundred were employed ten years ago, and with ordinary vigilance the squatters have little to fear. Millions of the animals have been killed by fencing in the water-holes and dams during a dry season, whereby they died of thirst, and lay in enormous piles against the obstructions they have frantically and vainly striven to climb, and poisoned grain and fruit have killed myriads more. A fortune of £25,000, offered by the New South Wales government, still awaits the man who can invent some means of general destruction.—Scribner's.

Out of Date.

Mrs. Bangup—What a horribly old-fashioned woman that Mrs. Motherhood is!

Mr. Bangup—You told me she always wore the latest Paris fashions.

Mrs. Bangup—Yes; she does. But she goes out riding everyday with a last year's baby.—Puck.

NOT SO GREEN AS HE LOOKED.

How a Boy Outwitted the Famous Irish Highwayman.

Redmond O'Hanlon, the most noted of the Irish brigands, after distinguishing himself through the most daring deeds, met his vanquisher at last in a shop-keeper's apprentice.

This youth's master, having to receive a good round sum of money in Newry, was afraid to risk an encounter with Redmond or some of his gang on his return to Dundee, his native town.

In his perplexity his apprentice, sixteen years of age, offered his services, which after some hesitation were accepted.

The youth, in the words of Mr. Cosgrove, author of the "Irish Rogues and Rapparees," went to the field and brought home an old vicious screw (much of the same humor with Sir Teague O'Reagan's war horse, on which he rode out to meet Duke Schomberg after the surrender of Charlemont), that when any other came up to meet him on the road he always strove to bite or kick him, by which means he commonly kept the road to himself.

As he wended on his way he was overtaken by a well dressed gentleman, with whom he freely entered into discourse, making no secret of his business or of his expectation of being about the same place on his return to-morrow with one hundred pounds in his possession.

"I wonder," said his fellow-traveler, "you are so free in your communications with strangers; how can you tell but that I may be Redmond O'Hanlon or one of his gang?"

"O, O!" said the boy, bursting out laughing, "such a nice-looking gentleman as you to be a robber! Do you think I haven't eyes?"

"Well, at all events, I advise you to be more discreet. Redmond is famous at disguises, and will pin you if he gets wind of your business. Here's a crown for you to drink my health, but keep a bridle on your tongue."

The grateful youth, sobering at once, made the promise.

And even as the boy expected, the gentleman overtook him as he was returning next day, and conversation was resumed.

"Well, my boy, I suppose from your looks you have not met with any bad company, and your money is safe?"

"Indeed it is, sir; many thanks for your good advice."

"How are you carrying it?"

"In two ends of this thick wallet."

"Dear me! I would like to feel the weight of it out of curiosity," and he approached, but the horse lashed out, and he was obliged to keep his distance.

"Throw over that wallet," he said, rather sternly for such a nice-looking gentleman.

"O, sir, honey, sure you wouldn't rob me! What would the master say?"

"I don't know, but this is what I say: If you don't surrender it at once I will send a bullet through you, and another through your garran."

"I promised my master not to let myself be robbed till I was in danger of my life. Here is the money, but you must take the trouble of crossing the ditch for it."

So saying, he heaved the bag across the slough that bordered the road and the hedge beyond it into the next field. This annoyed the highwayman, but, judging the prize worth the trouble, he dismounted, scrambled over the dike and fence higher up, and laid hands on the bag.

Hearing a clatter he raised his head and, looking over the fence, saw the innocent youth making the road to Dundalk short on his own (Redmond's) good steed, and the vicious beast prancing about on the road and longing for some one to let fly at.

He was enraged for being so taken in, but much more when he found two ends of the precious wallet containing nothing more valuable than the copper half-pence of the time.

After many escapades from armed foes and from prisons, O'Hanlon was treacherously killed by his own foster brother for the sake of the reward—an almost unprecedented crime in this country.—Boston Globe.

FAITHFUL IN DEATH.

A Recently Unearthed Story of the Revolutionary War.

Away up in the mountainous regions of Pennsylvania a relic of revolutionary times has recently been found, which bears out the old saying that "truth is stranger than fiction." The story seems almost incredible, but Mr. Potts, superintendent of one of the extensive granite quarries there, vouches for its authenticity, and he is represented as a man of undoubted veracity.

While opening a new quarry at falls of French creek, in a very wild section of country, a cave was discovered, and in it the exploring party came across a skeleton. Thinking that a murder had been committed in some place near by, the men began to look around for evidences of the crime, but instead of the weapons of death they expected to find, they discovered close by the ghastly skeleton a green glass bottle, that had evidently fallen from the bony fingers after they had grown cold and lifeless. Mr. Potts carried the bottle home with him that evening, and when he opened it he found a paper, faded and discolored with time. The writing upon the yellow paper was still quite legible, and was addressed to Miss Virginia Randolph, of Richmond, Va. The name signed at the close of the letter was Arthur L. Carrington, of the same place. From what was written Mr. Potts learned that the young man had been with Washington at Valley Forge in 1778, and that he had been one of a party sent out upon a foraging expedition to the neighborhood of falls of French creek. In some way the British had cut him off from the army, and while his men took refuge with friends he had tried to conceal himself in the cave, where he had often hidden before. The entrance to the cave had once been marked by a huge rock right over the opening—a rock so ponderous that it could never have been removed by hand. The fleeing patriot took shelter inside, and had scarcely done so when the enemy came rushing by and fired several shots after his retreating men. The concussion must have destroyed the balance of the stone above the entrance, for it fell and held the writer a prisoner for life. A single ray of sunlight streamed through the opening at the top of the stone, and this was all that brightened the poor fellow's prison. The writer goes on to say that many weary hours passed away before he fully realized that his prison must be his grave. With the fever burning in his veins, and with reason almost dethroned, he wrote the letter that he hoped would in some way reach its destination, and give to the world the knowledge of his sad fate. In this letter he spoke most pathetically of the sorrow in store for his brother, and ends up in this way: "God is good and merciful to let you seem to be near me at this hour. I feel that you are praying for me now at this very moment. I know it is so, my beloved Virginia. I cannot say farewell—it is not farewell—to love like ours. This agony will soon be over, and I will be free. I will be waiting for you in the land beyond—a land where there are no separations. Virginia, my best beloved, I am almost there, and something tells me that I will not have to wait long for your coming." The paper is dated May 20, 1778.

Impressed with the strange discovery, Mr. Potts wrote to a friend in Richmond asking if she knew anything about the circumstance. In reply the lady informed him that her own grandmother's maiden name had been Randolph, and that in the old burying-ground, near her house, was a monument with this inscription: "Died, from a broken heart, on the 1st of March, 1780, Virginia Randolph, aged twenty-one years and nine days. Faithful until death."

This friend also sent Mr. Potts two old letters written one hundred and twelve years ago to Alice Peyton by Rachel Randolph, a sister of Virginia's, in which reference is made to young Carrington's mysterious disappearance, and to her sister's great disappointment and approaching death.

The bones of Carrington were placed in a neat coffin, and forwarded to Richmond, where after so many, many years they found a resting place by the side of the mound that a century before had been made over the loved form of his dear Virginia.—Virginia Miller, in Christian at Work.

IMPROVING THE RACE.

Man Could Wonderfully Advance Were He So Inclined.

If men could be disciplined, physically and mentally, by an order of beings as superior to themselves as they are to the horse, there is no telling at what a pitch of perfection the race might arrive. But man, being "lord of himself, a fearful heritage," and governed rather more by his passions than his reason, does not improve as fast as might be wished. Some writers say he degenerates, and it may be reasonably questioned whether he is as strong, as long-lived, as virtuous, or as happy as in the pastoral age.

What a pity it is that we cannot be "cultivated" like the quadrupeds we ride—paired with due reference to our "points," intellectual and muscular, and that our descendants cannot be improved from generation to generation, like those of racers and trotters. The thing might be done beyond doubt if we would all agree to mate philosophical principles and train ourselves in all respects as carefully as we train our steeds. Many philanthropists have proposed this plan of improving the species, but, somehow, it does not *take*. Our sentiments are in the way, and they are ridiculously capricious. We insist on following our individual likes and dislikes, without regard to the best interests of the genus. We are free agents, and scorn to be controlled except by our feelings, our appetites, and a little—now and then—by our conventional consciences.

These last, we are sorry to say, don't reverence the abstract proprieties as they ought. We care little for the status of posterity, and like to take comfort as we go along. Mortification of the flesh, persisted in for centuries, would be an incalculable blessing to the people of a thousand years hence; but, selfish wretches that we are, seven-eighths of us prefer a short life and a merry one, for our own gratification, to a philosophical life for the benefit of whom it might concern in the future.—N. Y. Ledger.

FORCED ACCOMPLISHMENTS.

Branches That Are Taught Without Regard to Fitness.

There are few things in which more time and money are wasted than in the study of music. Regardless of the question whether the child has or has not any marked taste for this pursuit, it is forced to sit for hours and practice scales, exercises and runs, until the poor little thing becomes so weary that it naturally abhors even the idea of music. As a matter of course, when it is grown up, it gives up the music and turns its attention in some other direction. This, then, is largely a waste of time and money, either of which could, no doubt, be put to some excellent use if proper discretion were shown in the child's education. It is a mistake to force the study of any absolute unessential. The common branches of school-study may be insisted upon, because they are imperatively necessary to the child's convenience and prosperity; but under no circumstances should merely ornamental branches or accomplishments be taught to a child who shows a decided distaste for them. There are a thousand things to which a child's attention can be turned, which will be far more profitable, and which, even though there be no enthusiasm in the matter, it will pay better to inculcate even by steady and persistent effort.—N. Y. Ledger.

"It is all wight," said the young man who is studying Anglomania, "for a fellow to woll up his twousahs whenevah it is sunshiny heah and wainy in London, but what is he to do when it is wainy heah and sunshiny in London?"—Washington Star.

OF GENERAL INTEREST.

—If all the locomotives in the United States were coupled together they would make a train of solid iron and steel over 300 miles long. Add the passenger cars and we would have 300 miles more of wood and iron; this would give us a gigantic passenger train 600 miles in length, counting both engines and cars.

—During the year 1891 there were surveyed at the port of Bangor 15,945,963 feet of dry pine, 7,168,808 feet of green pine, 118,205,741 feet of spruce, and 23,664,844 feet of hemlock, juniper, cedar, etc.—a total of 164,985,356 feet. This is 14,000,000 less than in 1890, and 5,000,000 less than in 1889. The greatest falling off was in spruce and pine, and the decline was chiefly due to the demoralization of the New York market.

—The first fore-runner of the typewriter in the United States was a machine invented in 1843, for those who were unable to use the pen and pencil. The name "type-writer" was first given to the machine invented by three men of Milwaukee, Wis., which embodied the principles of the present machine in a crude manner. Since 1843 there have been issued in this country 850 patents for writing machines, 750 of which have been granted since 1880.

—Among birds that have the power of imitation the parrot is supposed to talk the best; but, as a matter of fact, its voice is decidedly inferior to that of the mynah, a species of starling, of which there are examples at the London zoological gardens. Curiously enough the male bird speaks in a high, clear tone, like that of a child, while the female has a gruff voice. The mynahs are fond of showing off their vocal powers to visitors to the gardens.

—Stain and Cromwell, who were sentenced to the Maine state prison for life for the murder of Cashier Barron of the Dexter bank, have not lost a day's work since they entered the prison. Lowell, the Lewiston murderer, receives a liberal pension, which he spends for luxuries that are allowed. He has a special brand of cigars, manufactured in Rockland. Chandler, who is serving a sentence for forgery, is the prison organist, and he has composed a stack of music, some of which he intends to publish after his release.

—One of the most persistent beggars in Portland, Me., is a collie dog which is very fond of doughnuts. The collie, in company with his mistress, visited a bakery one day last fall, and, perceiving some doughnuts in a show case, he sat down and pleaded, by means of short, sharp barks, for a treat. The clerk generously fed the smart dog, but now he wishes that he hadn't, for every day since the collie has appeared to beg for more doughnuts. If the shop door is closed he will wait outside until some one opens it, and then dodge in and get his regular free lunch.

—It was largely the fashion in the sixteenth, seventeenth and eighteenth centuries with ladies of wealth to have their watches richly incrusted with precious stones. A lady's watch made toward the end of the reign of Queen Elizabeth had a gold case set with two hundred turquoise stones arranged in eight concentric circles with a single one in the middle. On the upper portion of the case was a Tudor rose of crimson and green in translucent enamel, and on the margin crimson and blue leaves and fruit in enamel. The balance wheel was protected by a gilt cock.

—About thirty years ago Moses Starling and others put two small flocks of sheep on Monhegan, a bleak and rocky island off the entrance to Penobscot bay, believing that sheep could take care of themselves almost anywhere. Since then the flocks have increased to an aggregate of two hundred and fifty head, running wild and receiving no attention whatever. Once a year men have gone to the island, driven the sheep into a pen and sheared them and marked the lambs. The sheep are now owned by half a dozen persons, some of whom have not seen the stock for twenty years.

—Some great hunting was done in the closing days of the late hunting season in Maine. A party of Boston sportsmen, with A. B. Douglass, of Eustis, as guide, chased a ten-year-old moose for eighteen days, when one of the party shot him. The animal weighed about 700 pounds and carried splendid antlers. Two monster bull moose were brought into Sebec station a few days after Christmas, having been killed near Nahmakanta lake by Benjamin Woodward and Horace Dore, of Atkinson. One of the heads, with antlers, weighed 89½ pounds, the other 87½ pounds, and the larger antlers had a spread of 4 feet 1 inch.

THE FIRST COUPON.

How a Working Girl Can Use Part of Her Ticket to Destruction.

When a working girl allows the faithful performance of her work to fall behind her devotion to dress she has used the first coupon on her ticket to destruction. The hand of Providence may interpose before the brakeman calls the last station, but nothing short of such intervention can save. If you must come to this big city to earn your living seek first the companionship of Christian people. By Christian people I do not mean church members necessarily, but all such as have lofty standards and strive to live up to them. Earnest, clean-hearted, pure-lived people are the best Christian people and make the best comrades. Never be ashamed to stand for your principles. If you have been brought up to say your prayers before retiring do not be turned from the practice by the laughter of fools. Be as brave as the little hero in "Tom Brown's Schooldays," who dared to stand by his colors in the face of a swarm of tormenting boys. Be courteous always; a gentlewoman can always be detected under shabby clothes, and a lady through the stress of ever so gruesome poverty by the well-bred affability of their manners. The shop girl who cultivates a languid and indifferent style of deportment would never be a lady of the right stamp although you hung every hair of her head with diamonds and dressed her in Worth costumes.—Amber, in Chicago Herald.

PERSONAL AND IMPERSONAL.

—An Atchison county (Kan.) farmer assisted a woman financially in getting a divorce with the intention of marrying her himself. But she married the farm hand and the farmer has been informed by a lawyer that he cannot recover his money.

—Last year there were twenty-three surviving widows of revolutionary soldiers, and several of these have since died. The oldest of those now alive are Nancy Raines, of Carter Furnace, Tenn., aged 100, and Ann Maria Young, of Easton, Pa., who is in her 101st year.

—A. C. Courtney, of Clay county, Mo., says his wife has spun more thread, woven more yards of cloth, dropped more corn, piled more hazel brush and burnt it, bound more bundles of grain, loaded more wagons with the same, and sat more babies on a board while out at work than any woman now living on earth.

—Capt. J. Wall Wilson, of New York city, is one of the two surviving officers of Kane's pioneer Arctic expedition. He lost one toe as a result of the privations he underwent, and had an attack of scurvy, but suffered no other injuries. He is said to be a well-preserved gentleman, delighting in reminiscences of the expedition.

—The progress of death was uniquely reported by the dying Dr. Richet to his son, a professor of physiology, and his physician. As his end approached he carefully described to them every perceptible sensation. At the moment when they observed unmistakable signs of immediate dissolution he surprised them by saying: "You see I am dying."

—A telegram was sent from Chicago to a St. Paul man announcing the death of his brother. The telegram was never received, and the sorrowing survivor therefore sues the Western Union Co. for $2,000 damages, as a salve for his lacerated feelings, because, as he asserts in his complaint, he "was deprived of the satisfaction and pleasure of seeing his said brother and being present at the funeral."

—Alice Fletcher, whose name is so prominently connected with the world's fair and the Indian question, is one of the few women who have met the red man on his native heath and lived the life of a child of the forest. Miss Fletcher slept in tepees, ate her dinner out of one dish with the rest of the family, dressed in skins and studied the Indian problem so thoroughly under these conditions that she solved it and is only waiting for the public to adopt her solution.

—One of the charges brought against his wife by a man in Beaver, Pa., in a suit for divorce, was her rude and unladylike way of serving him with fried eggs. On a Sunday morning, while she was preparing breakfast, and he was getting ready for church, they had some verbal disagreement, and she emphasized her remarks by throwing a dish of fried eggs at him. This treatment made him hopping mad, and his comments upon her conduct so angered her that she avowed her determination to hereafter let him have them raw in the shell.

—Two negroes have attained to judgeships in British colonies. One, Joseph Benner Maxwell, is chief judicial officer at the Gambia, in Africa, and oddly enough he has written a work upon the negro question in which he speaks with apparent horror of the most striking outward peculiarities of his race, and urges as the only method of elevating the negro of the future miscegenation with other races. The other negro is Judge Sir W. C. Reeves, chief justice of Barbadoes, in the British West Indies. He presides over the supreme court, and there are in the island seven police magistrates of subordinate jurisdiction.

"A LITTLE NONSENSE."

—Rosalie—"Mr. Trotter proposed to me last night." Her Mother—"Well, what did you tell him?" Rosalie—"I was so rattled I don't know what I said, but I think I accepted him."—Epoch.

—George's Ardor.—Belle—"George says he loves the ground I tread upon." Blanche—"That's unfortunate, for your father will be certain to insist on your moving right after the wedding."—N. Y. Herald.

—"Is this man charged with profanity?" asked the judge. "I don't think he is, yer honor," replied the policeman. "He may have been, but Oi think most av it must have escaped by this time."—Washington Star.

—In the Boarding-house.—Mr. Boarder (facetiously)—"I couldn't get more than a week on this old trunk, could I?" Mrs. Skantration (grimly)—"Not here, young man; but by letting it out of the window you can be guaranteed six months."—Once a Week.

—An Unlucky Experiment.—Smith—"Did you reply to one of those personal advertisements?" Brown—"Yes, I once answered one from a 'lady who pined for congenial companionship.'" Smith—"With what result?" Brown—"She turned out to be Mrs. Brown."—Brooklyn Life.

—Mrs. Go Hard—"Did you see that gown of new gray-green stuff worn by Mrs. Golightly? She said it cost $30 a yard. What material could it have been at such a price?" Mrs. Malapropos—"Oh, I don't know. There are so many of these textile fabrications."—Cloak Review.

—Stranger—"What's the matter? Where are all these men running to?" Citizen—"These gentlemen are politicians. They are now hurrying to find a newspaper reporter in whom to confide the secrets which they do not consider themselves able to keep unaided."—Boston Transcript.

—Not All of Them Smart.—Banjer (to boy)—"Take this dress suit up to Wangle and give him this note. He will give you a five-dollar bill, which you will fetch back to me. (Boy goes and returns.) Well, did you get that five-dollar bill?" Boy—"No, sir. He said to tell you he couldn't spare it very well to-day, sir." Banjer—"Then why in thunder didn't you fetch back the suit?" Boy—"I couldn't very well, sir. He put it on before he read the note."

HOUSEHOLD BREVITIES.

—Cocoanut Cookies.—One and one-half cups of sugar, one-half cup butter, one-half cup sweet milk, one egg, one-half cup of cocoanut, one tea-spoonful of baking powder, flour to roll.—Home.

—To Prevent Moths.—A large sponge saturated with turpentine and thrown into trunks and packing boxes twice a year will keep garments packed in them free from moths. Remove all clothing, shutting the sponge in two or three days. Clothing to be packed for a length of time must be thoroughly brushed and beaten. The odor of the turpentine will not be perceptible in the clothing.—Dramatic News.

—Salmon Soup.—Put a pound of fresh or a pound of canned salmon in a sauce-pan, cover with boiling water, boil very gently for ten minutes, then strain; remove the bones and skin, press through the colander, add a pint of boiling milk and the same of veal or chicken broth, thicken with two even tablespoonsful of sifted flour, blended with a tablespoonful of butter; add salt and pepper to taste. Stir all together until it thickens and serve.—N. Y. World.

—Sometimes simple old-fashioned remedies are as efficacious as serious drugs. A cure in use for years for catarrhal colds and mild bronchial affections in a certain household is to inhale the fumes of singed mullen leaves. Scatter the leaves on a hot shovel or stove lid and breathe in the smoke which will arise. In all ordinary cases it will bring speedy relief. In the family referred to, the mullen is gathered in the late summer and dried, but the Shaker pressed mullen to be had at any druggist's is as good.—N. Y. Times.

—Cheese Straws.—Put into a basin two ounces each of finely-grated cheese (any kind), fresh butter and sifted flour, add a seasoning of pounded mace, cayenne and salt, mix thoroughly and form a stiff paste with beaten eggs. Roll out this paste just as thin as possible, then cut part of it into strips or straws, about four inches long and not more than one-half inch wide and stamp out the remainder in rings an inch in diameter. Place both straws and rings on a greased baking tin and bake for a few moments in a brisk oven until just delicately colored. When done place as many straws in each ring as convenient.—Boston Herald.

—Potato salad is the simplest and easiest of salads. Chop any amount of potatoes or slice them, sprinkle a layer of potatoes with minced onion, add a layer of hard-boiled egg, if you have plenty of eggs; omit it if you have not. Make a mayonnaise dressing, and spread over each layer of potatoes. If you wish, capers and olives may be added. It is quite a go-as-you-please salad, and all potato salad is good, but some potato salad is better than others. Stuffed potatoes are in general merely potato puff made out of the insides of baked potatoes, instead of out of boiled potatoes, and then replaced in the skins. The tops are sometimes varnished with egg, sometimes not; sometimes dusted with bread crumbs, sometimes brushed with melted butter, and in most cases are replaced in the oven to heat and brown before serving. It is well to cut off one end of the potato before baking, in order that it stand in the pan after stuffing.—Boston Budget.

CHILDREN'S EYES.

Some Precautions in Youth Will Prevent Trouble Later On.

The constantly increasing near-sightedness among school children, and the very general need and use of glasses, ought to suggest to us whether or not we are sufficiently careful of the conditions affecting the eyes of the young. Do we see to it that the books they read and those they study are of a clear and large type, requiring no straining or forcing of the vision; and do we encourage a large and open script for their handwriting? Do we see to it that our school houses are built with a view to the falling of the light in the right way for the children's safety? Do we have the lights at home so regulated that no blaze shall produce blindness and no dimness make sight difficult? Do we make sure that the child holds his book at the distance which gives a correct focus, that he holds his body properly in relation to his book or work, that he looks off frequently, thus changing the character of the demand on the eye, and that he is not allowed to continue long in any effort requiring the too intent use of his eyes? Do we keep ourselves on the lookout, too, for the first indication of feebleness or strain, in order that artificial aids may be resorted to in season to prevent any possible evil? That precaution in all these directions is wise is evident from the fact, if we look for it, that in those living what might be called the natural life—that is, without books or fine work—there is very little trouble with the eyes where the conditions of good bodily health otherwise are maintained. Of course, where there are unclean methods of life, like those in crowded Oriental cities, ophthalmia of various degrees is to be expected; but the free roamer of the desert, the dweller of the forest, the sailor on the sea, they who oxygenate the blood in constant currents of fresh air, and live wild lives that train the eyesight upon far distances, have little or no trouble with their eyesight. The eyeless fish of dark underground lakes are a perpetual example of atrophy that takes place through non-use of an organ; but just as fatal atrophy can result from its over-use—that is, from undue strain and effort—and too much attention cannot be given to the prevention of such possibilities. We may hate to put glasses on the fair free faces of children, but their future comfort is of more importance than the pride of our eyes in them; and it may be a burden to give the constant oversight that the prevention requires in other directions, but as we chose to assume that burden in the beginning, we have no right to shirk one of its responsibilities, and there is none of the physical responsibilities of more weight than the care of their eyes.—Harper's Bazar.