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, NOVEMBER 25, 1893. VOL. XVIII.—NO. 48.

THE QUIET MAN.

Why the Subject of Dueling Was Distasteful to Him.

"I've seen a good many strange things in my time, as you know, but I never yet told you about the strangest of them all; and I can promise you that it's a story worth hearing."

So spake Gen. R——, as we sat side by side in the veranda of his snug little house in one of the northwestern provinces of India, watching the sun sink behind the endless line of stately palm trees that stood ranged like plumed soldiers along the opposite bank of the river.

"Suppose you tell it me now, general," suggested I, guessing from the grave look on the old hero's weather-beaten face that the forthcoming story must have deeper interest than any of his ordinary campaigning anecdotes.

"I don't mind if I do," answered the veteran, "for although it is an affair that I have no great pleasure in looking back upon, it taught me a good lesson, if only I had the sense to profit by it.

"When I was quite a young fellow and hadn't long joined the army," he resumed after a pause, "I used to belong to a fashionable club in London, the members of which were just the sort of men you read about in Lever's novels—as wild as could be, always in some scrape or other, and spending their whole time in riding, shooting, gambling or fishing—all except one.

"That one was a small, quiet, pale-faced, gray-haired man, with a very sad, weary look, as if he had once been crushed by some great sorrow and had never been able to shake it off. He hardly ever spoke to anyone, and when he did it was in a voice as meek as his face. So, of course, we made great fun of him among ourselves, finding these quiet ways of his a very queer contrast to our own rackety, harum-scarum style, and we nicknamed him the 'Quietest Man in the Club,' though, indeed, we might just as well have called him the only quiet man in it.

"Well, one evening when the room was pretty full and our friend, the Quiet Man, was sitting, as usual, in the far corner, away from everybody else, we began to talk about dueling, a subject with which we were all tolerably familiar, for there was hardly a man among us who hadn't been 'out' once.

"'They did some tidy dueling in the old times,' said Lord H——, who was killed afterward in action. 'You remember how those six chums of Harry III. of France fought three to three till there was only one left alive out of the six.'

"'That was pretty fair, certainly,' cried Charlie Thornton, of the Guards; 'but, after all, it doesn't beat the great duel thirty years ago between Sir Harry Martingale and Col. Fortescue.'

"He had hardly spoken when up jumped the quiet man as if somebody had stuck a pin into him.

"'What on earth's the matter with him?' whispered Thornton. 'I never saw him like that before.'

"'But what was the story, then, Charlie?' asked another man. 'I've heard of Fortescue, of course, for he was the most famous duelist of his kind in all England, and I've heard of his fight with Martingale, too; but I don't think I've ever had any particulars, or at least none worth speaking of.'

"'I can give them to you, then,' answered Thornton; 'for my uncle was Martingale's second. I've heard him tell the story many a time, and he always said that although he had been in plenty of duels, he had never seen one like that, and never wanted to see it again. What they quarreled about I don't know, and I dare say they didn't know themselves; but my uncle used to say he knew by the look in their eyes when they took their places to fire that it could not end without blood, and it didn't. They fired twice, and every shot told; and then their seconds, seeing that both men were hard hit and bleeding fast, wanted to put an end to it. But Fortescue—who was one of those grim fellows who are always most dangerous toward the end of a fight—insisted upon a third shot. The third time, by some accident, Martingale fired a moment too soon, and gave him a bad wound in the side; but Fortescue pressed his hand to the wound to stop the bleeding, and then, almost bent double with pain though he was, he fired and brought down his man.'

"'Killed him?'

"'Rather—shot him slap through the heart. But it was his last duel, for from that day he was never heard of again; and people said he had either committed suicide or died of a broken heart.'

"'Well, I don't see why he need have done that, for, after all, it was a fair fight,' struck in Lord H——, who had been looking over the newspapers on the table; 'but if you talk of dueling, what do you say to this?

""Another Dueling Tragedy in Paris. The notorious Prussian bully and duelist, Armand de Villeneuve, has just added another wreath to his blood-stained laurels, the new victim being Chevalier Henri de Polignac, a fine young fellow of twenty-three, the only son of a widowed mother. Some strong expressions of disgust used by the chevalier with reference to one of De Villeneuve's former duels having come to the latter's ears, he sought out De Polignac and insulted him so grossly as to render a meeting inevitable. The chevalier having fired first and missed, De Villeneuve called out to him: 'Look to the second buttonhole of your coat!' and sent a bullet through the spot indicated into the breast of his opponent, who expired half an hour later in great agony. His mother is said to be broken-hearted at his death. How much longer, we wonder, will this savage be allowed to offer these human sacrifices to his own inordinate vanity?'"

"Just then I happened to look up and saw the Quiet Man rise slowly from the chair with a face so changed that it startled me almost as much as if I had seen him disappear bodily, and another man rise up in his stead. I had once seen an oil painting abroad in which an avenging angel was hurling lightnings upon Sodom and Gomorrah, and that is just how that man looked at that moment. He glanced at his watch and then came across the room and went quickly out.

"The next night, and the next, and the next after that, the Quiet Man didn't appear at the club, and we all began to wonder what could have become of him. But when I came in on the fourth evening there he was, though he looked—as it seemed to me—rather paler and feebler than usual.

"'Here's news for you, Fred,' called out Charlie Thornton. 'That rascally French duelist, De Villeneuve, has met his match at last; and Dr. Lansett, of the ——th Bengal native infantry, who saw the whole affair, is just going to tell us all about it.'

"'Well, this is how it happened,' began the doctor. 'In passing through Paris I stopped to visit my old friend, Col. De Malet, and he and I were strolling through the Tuileries gardens when suddenly a murmur ran through the crowd: 'Here comes De Villeneuve!' Then the throng parted, and I had just time to catch a glimpse of the bully's tall figure and long black mustache when a man stepped forth from the crowd and said something to him, and then suddenly dealt him a blow.

"'Then there was a rush and clamor of voices and everybody came crowding round so that I couldn't see anything; but presently De Malet came up to me and said: "Lansett, we shall want you in this affair, although I'm afraid that you won't have a chance of showing your surgery, for De Villeneuve never wounds without killing."

"'Just then the crowd opened and I saw, to my amazement, that this man who had insulted and defied the most terrible fighter in all France was a slim little fellow, with a pale, meager face.

"'"As I am the challenged party, I have the right to choose weapons," we heard him say, quite coolly, "and I choose swords."

"'"Are you mad!" cried De Malet, seizing his arm; "don't you know De Villeneuve's the deadliest swordsman in Europe? Choose pistols—give yourself a chance!"

"'"Pistols may miss—swords can't," answered the stranger in a tone of such savage determination that every one who heard him—even De Villeneuve himself, furious though he was—gave a kind of shudder. "I had vowed never to fight again, save with a man who deserved to die; but you have deserved it well by your cold-blooded murders, and die you shall!"

"'Where both sides were so eager to fight, there was no need of much preparation. They met that evening, Col. de Malet being the stranger's second, and another French officer acting for De Villeneuve.

"'As a rule, De Villeneuve was as cool on the ground as if he had been at a picnic, but at this time he was as wild and fierce as a tiger, partly, no doubt, from having been insulted before so many of his admirers, but also because he had found out that the stranger was an Englishman, and he hated everything English like poison. But more terrible than all his fury was the cold, stern, pitiless calmness of the Englishman's face, as if he felt certain of his man.

"'They fought for some time without a scratch on either side, and then suddenly the Englishman stumbled forward, exposing his left side. Quick as lightning the Frenchman's point darted in, and instantly the other's shirt was all crimson with blood, but the moment he felt the steel pierce him he made a thrust with all his might, and buried his sword up to the hilt in De Villeneuve's body. Then I understood that he had deliberately laid himself open to his opponent's weapon in order to make sure of killing him; so he had, for De Villeneuve never spoke again.'

"Just as the doctor said this, down fell a chair with a great crash, and looking up we saw the Quiet Man trying to slip past us to the door. Dr. Lansett sprang up and caught him by both hands.

"'You here?' he cried. 'Let me congratulate you upon having punished, as he deserved, the most cold-hearted cutthroat in existence. I trust your wound does not pain you much?'

"'What?' we all shouted, 'was it he who killed De Villeneuve?'

"'Indeed it was,' answered the doctor, 'and it was the pluckiest thing I ever saw.'

"We all jumped from our chairs and came crowding around the hero, setting up a cheer that made the air ring, but he looked at us so sadly and darkly that it made the shout die upon our lips.

"'Ah, lads! lads!' said he, in a tone of deep dejection, 'for heaven's sake don't praise a man for having shed blood and destroyed life. I killed that ruffian as I would have killed a wild beast, to save those whom he would have slaughtered; but God help the man who shall take a human life merely to gratify his own pride and anger! If you wish to know what happiness a successful duelist enjoys, look at me. Do you remember that story which Capt. Thornton told here the other night about the duel in which Col. Fortescue, the "famous duellist," as you called him, killed Sir Henry Martingale?'

"'To be sure,' answered Charlie Thornton, looking rather scared; 'but what of it?'

"'I was once Col. Fortescue,' was the answer."—Saturday Review and Republic.

Plenty to Do.

He had just returned from a more or less fashionable resort where he had left his wife and daughters. Meeting one of his friends on the street, he exchanged greetings, and casually observed that he had that morning got back from S——.

"How is it up there?" asked the friend.

"First rate," was the reply.

"Much to do there?"

"Not for me; but my wife and daughters are kept pretty busy."

"What doing? Driving?"

"Oh no; dressing for meals."—Harper's Magazine.

WOMAN AND HOME.

WILD MORNING GLORY.

A Handsome Figure for a Quilt and How to Form It.

One of the most beautiful designs for a quilt that I ever saw is the wild morning glory, originated by myself, and a sketch of which I send you. Directions given are for one square, twelve of which with a six-inch border make a quilt. The ground is composed of five pieces; one piece of white, 12x12 inches; one piece of yellow, 6x12 inches; one piece of red, 2x18 inches, and two pieces of blue, 2x18 inches. Sew the ground together, putting a red strip between two blue ones. Sew a yellow piece at bottom where the leaves are, and a white one where the morning glory is; then sew all together, the yellow piece toward you, and

WILD MORNING GLORY QUILT.

red and blue strips to the right. The red strip forms a pole for the vine. The vine, leaves and flower cups are of green, and the flowers and buds of red and blue.

To make the flower take a blue piece, 6x8 inches; fold it four double; round off the corner so as to make an oval; cut five strips of red, and sew on as shown in sketch. Cut a piece of red about 3 inches square. Sew an oval, letting it lap over the red piece; then cut flower cup and sew on, letting it lap on red piece also.

For the buds cut pieces of blue the shape of an incandescent lamp, and sew red stripes on. Cut flower cups and sew on, letting the cup overlap the buds. Cut six pieces of vine, and sew on red strip as indicated; then cut and sew on flower stem and leaves. Cut a piece, 18x18 inches, of white for a lining, put cotton batting in and quilt by the piece. All the work on this quilt can be done on any ordinary sewing machine. Make machine tension very tight when quilting, to give an embossed appearance to the flowers.—Mrs. R. W. J. Stewart, in Household Qu

HOUSEHOLD NOTES.

BREAD crumbs cleanse silk gowns.

GLOVES can be cleaned at home by rubbing with gasoline.

CORKS warmed in oil make excellent substitutes for glass stoppers.

THE fumes of a brimstone match will remove berry stains from the fingers.

MILK, applied once a week with a soft cloth, freshens and preserves boots and shoes.

A LUMP of camphor in your clothes-press will keep steel ornaments from tarnishing.

WEAK spots in a black silk waist may be strengthened by "sticking" court plaster underneath.

YOU can drive nails into hard wood without bending them if you dip them first in lard.

LIGHT scorch marks may be removed by simply moistening them with water and laying in the sun.

A NICKEL'S worth of whiting and a bottle of ammonia will keep silver forks, spoons and other table ware always bright and shining.

GUM arabic and gum tragacanth, in equal parts dissolved in hot water, make the best and most convenient mucilage you can keep in the house.

A CREAM-WHITE jacket of cloth trimmed as the wearer may see fit, to make it appropriate for the use for which it is designed, is called the Eulalia.

IF a little cornstarch is put into the salt for the table it will keep it from lumping, and the pretty little shakers will not have so hard a scolding in damp weather.

GREASE may be taken out of carpets by covering the spot with powdered French chalk, laying a soft brown paper over the chalk and covering with a warm iron.

IF one wishes to cool a hot dish in a hurry, it will be found that if the dish be placed in a vessel full of cold, salty water it will cool more rapidly than if it stood in water free from salt.

NICE SEWING BASKET.

A Charming Novelty When Properly Made and Ornamented.

The large, round Japanese basket illustrated may be either bronzed or left the natural color. It is lined with a strip of soft silk as long as the largest circumference of the basket. It should be wide enough so that when the lower edge is gathered to fit the

bottom and the lining is tacked in place the upper edge will project far enough beyond the top of the basket to form a cover, allowing for the amount turned down to form a casing for the two gathering strings. The basket is ornamented on opposite sides with bows and ribbons matching the lining in color.—N. Y. World.

LAUNDERING CURTAINS.

Work That Requires Great Care and Considerable Patience.

Clear white and cream or ecru curtains must be washed separately, to get the best results. Shake out the dust thoroughly and put in a warm, strong suds, made of pearline, or any good laundry soap, and soft water, laying in first those that are the least soiled. If they are old and tender, pat and squeeze carefully with the hands, but if strong they can be rubbed lightly on the board. Tears should be carefully darned before wetting the articles. Holes may be neatly mended by appliqueing under them bits of blond lace, using very fine white thread. Now run the curtains through the wringer into clean water, changing this and repeating the wringing several times, until clear; put all in a pillow case, or muslin bag, and scald in clean, hot suds. Be particular to use soft water throughout, or to soften the water with ammonia or borax, as hard water contains lime, which yellows and shrinks the thread. If you wish them white, blue in two waters, and use a little blue, also, in the thin, clear starch. If they are to be cream or ecru, get some yellow ochre, which dissolves readily in warm water, and add a little of it to the starch, to give the desired tinge. After starching, run them several times through the wringer, to get them as dry as possible. Tack a couple of sheets securely and smoothly to the floor of an unused room, and pin your curtains down carefully to the sheets, putting a pin through each scallop, and seeing that they are absolutely without crease or wrinkle. Two curtains of the same size may be pinned one on top of the other. If the weather be mild, open doors and windows, and the curtains will dry in a single night.—Edna Lee, in American Agriculturist.

TO CLEAN DRESSES.

Follow Directions Here Given and You Will Not Be Disappointed.

Get five cents' worth of soap bark from the druggist (about a teacupful). For one dress take half of it and steep in about one quart of boiling water for about half an hour or more, then strain through a cloth.

For a silk dress, while the liquid is warm take piece of white flannel and dip into it at intervals, and rub the silk or satin with it until it seems cleansed. When done, pull the material straight and hang it to dry. Do not iron either the silk or satin. If the dress is very much soiled, use clear water for silk, or it will not stiffen up well.

For a woolen dress, dip the part to be cleansed, or the whole of it, if needed, into the liquor. This can be rinsed in the same after washing, or in clean, warm water. If very dirty, put the dress to soak in a tub in the liquid with more water added before cleaning or washing. The woolen goods should be pressed until quite dry.

Water in which potatoes have been boiled will cleanse delicate-colored woolen or worsted goods. The dress should be wet all over. Use no soap. Rinse in clear, warm water. Press while still damp. This will not injure the most delicate colors.

Best Number at a Dinner Party.

A well-known and popular diner out as popular with one sex as the other, was asked what he considered to be the best number for a dinner party. His characteristic reply was: "Two; or if not, four, three of them being ladies." He then conceded that eight was the outside limit diners should reach. It offered advantages all round, socially and domestically speaking. Socially, because the eight guests could be chosen to form a perfect octave as regards knowledge of each other, reciprocity of tastes, personal regard and the rest; domestically, because the household staff would be equal to the demands made upon it, and no outside element need be introduced to disturb the precision and order of the whole.—St. Louis Republic.

Lotion for Painful Swellings.

No matter in what disease they may occur, or what their cause may be, the heat and pain of inflammations and swellings can almost be miraculously subdued by the following lotion. Mothers and housekeepers should note that this is included in their list of handy household remedies: One-half ounce of sugar of lead, one-half gallon of water and one-half pint of alcohol should be thoroughly mixed together, and kept in a stone jug ready for use. When it is to be used shake well, then saturate cloths with it, and lay over the affected parts. When they become dry and warm, simply moisten them with a small quantity of the lotion. This truly "acts like a charm."

Hickory Nut Cookies.

A very simple recipe for hickory nut cookies is to take one pound of sugar, one-half pound of butter, two eggs, one pint of hickory nut meat chopped fine and some flour. Cream the butter and sugar together, add the eggs and hickory nuts, and then mix in enough flour to make the dough stiff enough to roll out. Sprinkle each cooky with granulated sugar and bake in a moderately quick oven. Hickory nuts can be used the same as cocoanut in icing and filling for layer cakes, if the meats be pounded into a paste.

Awkward.

Crummer—I always hate to go to a party at Murdison's.

Gilleland—So do I. Mrs. Murdison works so hard to make people feel at ease that she makes everybody uncomfortable.—Truth.

As to Hands.

Large hands give great attention to detail; small hands to the general effect; small hands plan, large hands execute.

Plainness in Table Linen.

Plain cloths, like a heavy satin cover in their damask sheen, are much affected now on fashionable dinner tables.

USEFUL AND SUGGESTIVE.

—Boiled Okra.—Take your tender pods of okra, and boil in salt water for twenty minutes. Drain, pour over a teacup of cream, add a tablespoonful of butter, season with pepper, and let simmer five minutes. Serve hot.—Harper's Bazar.

—Tomato Ketchup.—Twelve ripe tomatoes, peeled; two large onions, four green peppers, chopped fine; two tablespoonfuls of salt, two of brown sugar, two of ginger, one of cinnamon, one of mustard, a nutmeg, grated; four cupfuls of vinegar. Boil all together till thoroughly cooked (about three hours), stirring frequently. Bottle while hot.—N. Y. Ledger.

—Hash.—Chop the hash fine and season well then bake in the oven in a deep dish. When nearly done break over it two or three eggs, broken carefully so the yolks remain whole. Sprinkle with a dash of pepper, salt and bits of butter. Replace in the oven until the eggs are set hard enough to cut through. Serve with small squares of toast.—Farm, Field and Fireside.

—Redgred, the National Danish Dish. You must take three pints of the juice of currants, raspberries, or cherries, and two pints of water. Add to this as much sugar as you please, and a small piece of vanilla. Put it all on the fire, and when it boils add fourteen or sixteen ounces of ground rice, sago-meal, or starch-meal. Now it must boil for ten or twelve minutes, and be slowly stirred. Afterward it is poured on large plates, or into forms, bowls, or teacups, which previously have been well wetted inside with cold water, that the redgred may easily be turned out of the form when it is cool. It is served with cream and sugar.—N. Y. Times.

—Peppermints.—Put on to boil one and one-half cupfuls of granulated sugar and one-half cupful of water, cooked until it will just gather together in cold water; it must not be cooked until it can be gathered into a soft ball like the foadant. When cooked to the right degree add four heaping teaspoonfuls of confectioner's sugar; if it seems too stiff to drop put directly over the fire and heat it up again. Just before pouring out add six drops of oil of peppermint. Turn out in shape, using a funnel and a long-handled wooden stopper, lifting the stopper high enough to allow the mixture to flow into the right size. Different kinds may be made by using different flavorings and colorings.—N. Y. Observer.

—Bearnaise.—This is the American edition of that most delightful souvenir of the mountain home of Henry of Navarre. It is simply a most unapproachable addition to broiled and some kinds of baked fish or to a broiled steak. Put in a little saucepan two tablespoonfuls of minced, tender onions (Spanish, Bermuda or white onions, or, when they are in season, shallots), with four tablespoonfuls of white wine vinegar; simmer until reduced to one-half; add two tablespoonfuls of good roast beef gravy (unthickened), stock or beef extract; drop in two egg-yolks and stir until the sauce thickens; remove to the side of the fire and add, a bit at a time, four ounces of good butter, dropping in a little water as the sauce becomes too thick. Finish with finely minced parsley, tarragon and chervil, or with the first alone if you have not the others, and season to taste with red pepper.—Country Gentleman.

Laundry Hints.

Shirts, cuffs, collars—anything, in fact—that needs to be stiffened and polished—should be washed perfectly clean and allowed to dry thoroughly before they are starched. Let them soak before washing in blood-warm water long enough to thoroughly soften the old starch. Take care not to bend the stiff parts sharply back or forth until gentle rubbing has made them pliable, for stiff-starched linen is almost as frangible as cardboard, even when new and sound of fiber. Especially is it so with fine qualities used for dress shirts. When shirts are ready for the line be sure to hang them on it properly—that is, with the shoulders lightly laid over it, the bosom hanging smooth and straight between. If a shirt bosom dries dragging slantwise the several thicknesses pulling about, no after effort will achieve quite the proper smoothness and solidity. With cuffs and collars it is much the same. Snap them out straight and hang them so that warp and woof pull true.—Detroit Free Press.

The Prevailing Colors.

The most conspicuous shades among the new colors are blue and brown, though green will not lose its standing in the new goods. There are at least six or seven new shades of brown, all more or less of the yellowish order, the deepest of them being but little darker than chestnut. Of the blues the very dark shades are falling somewhat into disfavor with the extremely fashionable, probably on account of the almost universal popularity of navy blue serge, and the shades most shown are of that indeterminate kind which suggest tinges of green or gray.—Chicago Tribune.

A Neat Sweeping Cap.

To make a sweeping cap, take a circle of cambric or silesia eighteen inches in diameter. Make a casing an inch from the edge and run in a piece of thin elastic. Draw up to fit the head and fasten. The edge may be pinked all around or bound with a contrasting color. Aside from wearing this when sweeping, use it when cooking or baking; also when taking care of butter. Its advantages are manifest and its daintiness detracts nothing from the handsome appearance of the wearer.—American Agriculturist.

—"This literary business," said Hardmoney to his son, "is a very nice thing, and I am willing to encourage you all I can to help you in that direction. As for myself, I never wrote anything worth reading." "Pardon me, father, if I disagree with you," said the son, "for I have known you to write some very clever things." "Where?" "In your checkbook."

LONDON'S DOG THIEVES.

Headquarters at Which These Gentry Nightly Congregate.

Once in my life I consorted with professional dog thieves, says a writer. I wish it to be distinctly understood that I never stole a dog, although I am free to confess that I have been tempted, and I have told the story of how on one occasion a dog stole me. But to return to my thieves. In the northern part of London, which you will reach by passing through Fetter and Leather lanes, continuing past the quaint Italian quarter with its cathedral, the interior of which is beautiful, although the building is but crude externally, you will find yourself in close proximity to the rendezvous of the London dog thieves. Near by is a place called Hockings-in-the-Hole. It is well named, being situated in a decided hollow in one of the worst quarters of the great city. Those in search of a fine, creepy feeling should visit it after nightfall, as I did. I then found myself in the bar of a small, old-style public house of very doubtful character, or perhaps I shall express myself better if I say that its character was not at all doubted. I was eyed curiously by the loungers as I took some refreshment at the bar. I then quietly gave the countersign in accordance with the instructions with which I had armed myself. The powful and heavy-necked publican changed his demeanor at once, and ushered me through a side door and up a creaky, tortuous and dark staircase. At this period the creepy feeling was at its best—or worst. A door opened and we entered a long room, the ceiling of which was very low. Yellow gas jets flickered here and there.

A curious sight met my gaze. The room was full of men, three-fourths of whom held dogs of every degree. The men were mostly of an uncouth description, clothed in great part in corduroy, surmounted with the conventional caps that are worn by the London costermonger. They resemble in general appearance the touts and welchers of the English race tracks. Most of them smoked short pipes. The dogs yelped and whined amid the general hum of conversation that came through the amber haze. My appearance excited no comment, and for this reason: It is quite a common thing for "swells with sporting blood in them" to drop in upon these gentry and pick up a good dog at a nominal price. The morality of the proceeding is very questionable, but the fact remains. Gin, the favorite drink with the low class of London, was brought in a jug and served in small wine glasses. I accepted the hospitality of my friends, the thieves, as I saw at once that it was expected. Then I conversed with various members of the party concerning the points of the canines in their possession. They took my presence there as a matter of course and talked with perfect candor. Had I been able to forget the company I was in, I might truthfully record that I spent a pleasant half hour at Hockings-in-the-Hole.

These men are not all thieves. Some of them are dog brokers, who sell dogs for others or pick up a bargain to sell again. None of them openly admit that they are professional thieves, although, of course, it is understood perfectly. They "find" lost dogs or else they are commissioned to sell a dog that belongs to a "friend." Not a small part of their income is obtained through receiving rewards offered for lost dogs which they have been fortunate enough to "find." During my visit to them their demeanor was perfect. They might have been an assemblage of farmers at a cattle show.—Donahoe's Magazine.

SHIFTING THE RESPONSIBILITY.

Husbands Who Are Unwilling to Assume the Home Cares.

When the young married couple take up their residence in a boarding-house, it is not unusual for the husband to say, "Oh, well, we went to boarding because my wife didn't like to keep house."

While this may be true in many cases, there are many more when this desire is simply the reflection of the ideas expressed by the man in the case, either before marriage or after it.

Men are quite as unwilling to assume the responsibility of housekeeping as women, and it is scarcely fair to put upon the feminine side of the house whatever blame may attach to a style of living that is the subject of no little sharp criticism. Keeping up an establishment requires a great deal of prudence, good judgment, economy and self-denial, unless in exceptional cases where means are abundant and where there is some person of experience who is able and willing to step in and shoulder the burden of household management.

As a rule, the young man when he marries has made but few definite plans for the maintenance of a family. He may have saved up some money, but his ideas of a home have not, as a rule, crystalized into anything like a definite purpose; and with the not unnatural dread of added responsibilities, he suggests boarding or consents to it with very little urging.

After a while, the question of keeping house is agitated and some steps are taken toward securing a home. During all this time the home might have been growing by easy stages had the young couple been so minded. It is the duty of every young man to put away something every year with the set object of one day securing for himself and his family the home without which life to many people seems scarcely worth living. If the amount of money spent in the few years of boarding were judiciously invested in one of the many practical ways now open to prudent people, homes would be more plentiful than they are now, and the cottage, the individual fireside and the ideal and idealized home would be within the reach of every person of average intelligence and industry.—N. Y. Ledger.

—How d' Chadler discover that drinking hot water would cure headache? "By drinking coffee at his boarding-house continually."—Inter Ocean.

RELIGIOUS AND EDUCTIONAL.

—Let the penitent be ever mourning, and in his tears let him every rejoice.—St. Augustine.

—Allegheny college, Meadville, has recently elected to its presidency Rev. W. H. Crawford, of Chicago.

—Nothing shall be too hard which God hath promised, and yet by faith and prayers are fit to receive.—Baxter.

—There are, according to the statistics, 12,000,000 Sunday school scholars and teachers in the United States.

—One indulged sin may so cloud the sky that it spreads a mist, so that to see what God is doing is impossible.—J. Newton, M. A.

—Biddle university has received as a bequest from the late Mrs. Laura Carter, of Geneva, N. Y., the sum of $10,000 for a new dormitory to be commenced about September 1.

—Only in looking Heavenward, not in looking earthward, does what we can call union, mutual love, society begin to be possible.—Carlyle.

—Light is not obtained by searching, but by submitting. You can never find God by searching. You must come like a child; you are not asked to understand, only to accept and believe.—Haslam.

—The devil tempteth not unbelievers and sinners, whom he hath already secured possession of; but faithful and religious devout persons he in various ways tempteth and disquieteth.—Thos. a Kempis.

—In one of the towns of Connecticut the public archives show that a motion was made and adopted by the school trustees within two generations past that "it is the sense of this meeting that it would be a misuse of public funds to teach girls the back part of the arithmetic."

—In the Ohio Wesleyan university Prof. W. G. Hormell, who has recently been taking graduate work at Harvard university, has been elected to the chair of physics, and Rev. R. T. Stevenson, after a course of study at Boston university and in Europe, has been elected to the chair of history.

—The wheel is turning and Mohammedans are sending missionaries right into the heart of Christendom, as Christians have long gone into the midst of Islam. A Moslem missionary has taken up his abode in Liverpool, Eng., and has secured several converts. A Moslem institute is also open there every day for prayers.

—Four hundred and eighty-five missionaries are on the staff of the London City Mission. French, German, Spaniards and other foreigners are employed to reach certain classes. The receipts were $252,985 last year. During the same period 69,000 meetings were held, and over 3,500,000 visits were made.—Missionary Review.

—The trustees of Bangor Theological seminary have resolved to establish a distinctively biblical course of study as an elective. The course will be open at the beginning of the fall term. The special object of the course is to give adequate instruction in English studies to those who are not prepared for the regular course in Hebrew and Greek. It will be distinct from the classical course during junior year; but in middle and senior years the studies will be mostly those of the regular course as given in the catalogue.

WIT AND WISDOM.

—Every man with a bright son believes in heredity.—Atchison Globe.

—The best backing any man ever had is his own backbone.—Galveston News.

—When truth goes to battle it always fights in the front rank.—Ram's Horn.

—The milk business is one in which both men and measures are essential.—Buffalo Courier.

—Pride is better than envy, but a man may get along without either.—Cleveland Plaindealer.

—A man never has so much use for his watch as when listening to a long sermon.—Atchison Globe.

—A correspondent asks: "How can I get a copious flow of language?" Try stepping on a tack.—Texas Siftings.

—There are two things in the world upon which there have never been any improvement—the wheelbarrow and kissing.—Hardware.

—"Whisky never effects my brain," observed a bibulous actor. "No, but it goes to your head, though," was the reply.—Somerville Journal.

—Kentucky had another shower of fish the other day. It is a strange state where the fish have to go to the clouds for water.—Boston Transcript.

—An editor's excuse for discontinuing the publication of his paper was that everybody else stopped the paper, and so he thought he would.—Tidbits.

—One of the differences between a bicycle and a unicycle is that the wheelbarrow is much the harder of the two to push.—Somerville Journal.

—Gobble—Don't you like the laundryman I recommended to you? Stone—No. Cobble—What's the trouble? Stone—He's just my size.—Vogue.

—An enterprising hosier has announced a new button, which he calls the Old Maid's Wedding. Why? Because it never comes off.—Tid-Bits.

—He Felt Sore.—"How beautiful Miss Clabberton looks to-night, Pelham! She is certainly the cream of our set." "Yes," sighed Pelham; "the cream that sours on a lover very easily."—Judge.

—Watts—Higginbottom is always boasting of his ancestry since he made his little strike. I wonder what his ancestry really is? Potts—English, Irish and plebeian, I should guess.—Indianapolis Journal.

Risky.—Sallow Passenger—Don't you think there is always some (puff) risk in riding (puff) in a smoking car? Red-faced Passenger—I do sir. There is no telling (phew!) when the man sitting next to you may light a cigarette. [Moves three seats forward.]—Chicago Tribune.

Powerful.

Wife—While you were away, my dear, the baby pulled the folding-bed down on him.

Husband—Was the little fellow hurt?

Wife—Oh, no. He raised it almost immediately with his voice.—Judge.