# 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 7, 1894. VOL. XIX.—NO. 15.


## AT THE CRADLE.

How still he sleeps! The morning sunlight falls
Upon his downy head. A song-bird calls
Without the window; young, rejoicing leaves,
That garland the new spring, a checkered shade
Upon the pillow throw, but his bright head is laid
In sunlight only: each soft cheek receives
The radiant kiss. One loving ray
Lies lightly on his parted lips where play
The frolic graces of a baby's dream.
These sporting curls have caught another gleam;
A golden gift it leaves in every tress.
God bless my baby: every sweet caress
That leaves a clinging joy about my heart,
Each loving hope—a loving fear in part—
Each whispered prayer, his little bed beside,
Each fond exulting pulse of mother's pride,
All he has brought of peace and guileless joy
Return in blessings on my darling boy.

—Carrie Stern, in Babyhood.

## A LITTLE DIPLOMACY.

### It Was Worth More Than Bluff to a Revenue Collector.

Some years ago I received a tempoary appointment in the internal revenue department, and was assigned to the duty of looking up violations of the law in regard to manufactured tobacco. All reported irregularities were referred to me for investigation. I was telegraphed by the collector at Nashville, upon one occasion, to go to Shelbyville immediately and take action in a case where a manufacturer, J. H. Ladd, had been using canceled revenue stamps.

When I arrived, I found Capt. Norville, the district deputy, awaiting me with a posse of half a dozen men. Ladd lived twelve or thirteen miles from Shelbyville, in the richest section of the county. I explained to Norville that there was no necessity of going that night as Ladd could not remove his property if he were disposed to do so; that we would start before day in order to make the trip, effect the seizure and return that night. I learned the following from him: He had come up with two of Ladd's wagons a couple of days before in an adjoining county laden with plug tobacco put up in boxes varying in weight from twenty-five to one hundred pounds each; that the stamps on them had been reused; that he had gone the next day with a deputy United States marshal to seize the factory; that when he arrived old man Ladd was not at home and the factory was locked. He had gone to the dwelling for the keys, when Mrs. Ladd told a servant to look for them. She, in the meantime, stepped out into the yard and rang the farm bell as vigorously as if the building was on fire. In a few moments three of Ladd's sons and a hired man rushed to the house as fast as their horses could carry them—they had been plowing—Mrs. Ladd met them at the gate, and, he supposed, explained the situation. They came into the house, a large two-story frame with L, and in a moment into the room where he was sitting, waiting for the girl to find the keys, armed with shotguns.

Mrs. Ladd then abused the officer for everything she could think of, and ordered him to leave and not to stand on the order of going; that if he did not she would have him and the deputy killed and thrown into the hogpen, where they ought to be. The old man did not stand well in the collector's office, and when Norville returned and reported the situation by telegraph I was ordered to the scene. I told him to secure a carriage that would accommodate three besides the driver, and an hour before day we were en route over a fine turnpike road. When we got in front of the house I saw two men go in from one side, and noticed several faces at the window, two of them females. I ordered the driver to go directly to the factory almost in the rear of the dwelling and at a corner of the garden fence. Leaving the party in the hack I returned to the house, entering by what I afterwards ascertained to be the rear door of the kitchen. An elderly white woman and a negro girl were in the room, washing the dishes and cleaning up after breakfast. I asked politely if this was Mrs. Ladd. She jerked out a "yes." I approached and extended my hand, assuring her I was very glad to see her, and giving my name. I was so friendly, greeted her so cordially, that she was nonplussed for a moment. When I asked if Mr. Ladd was in she answered "yes" in a more pleasant tone, at the same time pointing to a door leading to the main building.

I opened it and walked in, and there sat four men and a fourteen-year-old boy, all except the old man having a double-barrel shotgun lying across his lap. I approached the old man and said:

"This is Mr. Ladd, I presume?"

"Yes, that is my name."

I gave him mine.

"These are your sons, I presume?"

"Some of them."

Turning to the one nearest me I said: "Your name?"

"James."

"Well, James, how do you do? I am glad to see you. You favor your father. Eye and forehead exactly."

I inquired the name of every one, shook hands with each, complimented each. Here I stopped, when the old man said:

"Stranger, since you have got acquainted with all the boys, there is two more you ought to know. One is my wife and the other my daughter.

"Marinda, Marinda, you and Zoa come in here," he called.

I explained that I had met his wife, and a most charming lady she was, but Marinda came in and I was formally introduced to her, and shook hands with her again, and complimented her on her manly boys. Then the daughter came in, who was indeed a modest, sweet girl of sixteen. I could read in the face of every one of them: "What does all this mean?" After I had talked awhile about the weather and crops, I asked Mr. Ladd to step into an adjoining room with me, as I wished to talk to him privately.

"Oh! no, not any, if you please. If you have any business with me blurt out. This family has no secrets."

I then told him that I had heard that he had had some trouble with Capt. Norville, that I was very sorry to hear it, and had been sent down to investigate the matter. The old lady put an oar in the lock at this moment, and I begged her to allow me to finish. She closed her mouth with a snap and folded her hands across her lap in a gentle spirit of resignation. I impressed upon Ladd that he was dealing with the United States government, that he had an interesting family and a farm worth thirty thousand dollars; that he could not afford to resist the government. I had only brought Capt. Norville and the deputy marshal with me, but that if he intended to resist I would return and secure a force that would execute the law. I explained that Capt. Norville had been very clever. He had authority to have arrested his two sons and seized the two wagons and teams, worth all of six hundred dollars.

The old man said: "Squire, you're a slick one. Do your do. I reckon we can't help ourselves, but if you had 'ave come with a crowd we had made up our mind to clean you up off the face of the earth."

He sent his son with me and we made an invoice of his stock, machinery, etc. I locked the door, and, accompanied by the two officers, returned to the house. The entire party scowled at Norville, but never said a word. The guns had been deposited in the parlor on a six hundred dollar piano, as I subsequently ascertained.

I asked if he would act as custodian of the property. This surprised him. I asked if he could make a bond in double the value of the property I had seized, conditioned upon its being forthcoming upon the order of the United States court.

"What?" he said, "leave my own property with me?"

I explained that the property seized belonged to Ladd & Sons, and that I would leave it with Ladd, Sr. I knew enough about the business to know that he had a large stock on hand partially worked up that must be finished. I gave him authority to do this. This arrangement virtually left things as they were, only he could make no sales. He signed the papers and was evidently in a fine humor. I then notified him that the marshal had a search warrant, and he and Mr. Norville would have to search the house for unstamped tobacco. He jumped up, started to Norville, who was sitting on the opposite side of the fireplace, and said he would die before the scoundrel should make search. Norville had his forty-four in his grip sack in his lap, with his hand on it ready to use. The marshal was so indiscreet as to draw his, while the boys started toward the parlor. I knew there was no danger of the officers shooting the old man. I followed them in in time to see them get their guns from the top of the piano. Hastily closing the door and putting my back against it, I asked them if they were fools.

"Suppose," said I, "you kill these two men and myself as to that, can you kill all the men in the nation?"

"But," said the oldest, "we will not have our father insulted."

I ordered them to put their guns back and pledged them that their father should not be insulted.

"But they shall not search this house."

"Then you are going to resist the law. You are going to force me to summon a posse, arrest you all, search the house, tear up your factory and ruin your father. That's your game, is it? Put your guns down, quit acting the fool, and you and I will make the search and Norville will remain where he is."

This compromise was accepted. I searched the house, found some unstamped tobacco and left.

When court came on the matter was compromised by the old gentleman's paying all the costs, a small fine and promising to be more circumspect in the future. It was afterward ascertained that Capt. Norville, being a countryman and an old friend, Mr. Ladd thought he ought not to have enforced the law against him.—Globe-Democrat.

## SHORT-LIVED MARITAL JOY.

### A Woman Who Wanted the Man Who Married Her to Unmarry Her.

A young Polish woman, whose maiden name is as unpronounceable as her married name, which is Katerouwske, appeared at the Camden city hall one morning and asked City Clerk Varney for a divorce. She declared that her husband had basely deceived her and that further union with him was a marital impossibility.

"How long have you been married, madam?" inquired the clerk.

"Since yesterday," came the answer.

"What has occurred to disturb your nuptial joy?"

"Why, my husband told me he had one thousand dollars in bank, owned any quantity of real estate and was going to let me live in clover. I found on getting home that if there was any clover pasture for me I'd have to find it myself. His stories of bank accounts are fables, pure and simple, while the real estate yarn is a hollow mockery."

Mrs. Katerouwske was very indignant when told she could not get a divorce outside the chancery court, which would not grant such a document for the reasons detailed by her.

"Humph!" she ejaculated, as she left the hall, "it's very funny that the man that married me can't unmarry me."—Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.

—Mendelssohn began to compose in his twelfth year, and so methodical were his habits even then that the manuscript volumes containing his own scores of his works are in an unbroken series until his death. There are forty-four of these great volumes, all written by his own hand and now preserved in the imperial library in Berlin.

—Schubert was precocious. He learned to play both piano and violin at five years of age and was put under the care of the village organist, who soon said: "I can teach him nothing. Whenever I wished to give him something fresh, he knew it already." Schubert wrote over twelve hundred songs and an enormous quantity of other music.

## THOUGHT HE WAS A BOXER.

### But Circumstances Proved That He Was in Error.

The pastor of one of the West Side churches in this city is a man of splendid physique, coupled with benevolent aspect.

He is not only a solidly-built man, but he has a magnificent muscular development, and he walks with the quick elastic step of an athlete. In his younger days he familiarized himself with the use of all kinds of athletic apparatus.

Not far from the minister's residence is a small barber shop whose proprietor prides himself on his pugilistic ability; at least he did so until a short time ago. It was his custom to talk about pugilism and his personal prowess.

The minister walked into the barber shop the other day and had his hair trimmed.

While doing so he noticed a set of boxing gloves lying in open view. When he got out of the chair he picked up one of the gloves, slipped it on and looked at it proudly a moment, smote the palm of his other hand smartly, and said to the barber:

"Are you a boxer?"

"Well," responded the barber, "there are very few of them outside of the professionals that I can't keep away from me."

There was the ring of assured ability in the barber's voice.

"Perhaps," said he eagerly, "you would like to try me. Did you ever have them on?"

The minister didn't answer the question, but he quietly slipped on the other glove.

The barber put on the other pair.

"Put up your hands," said he to the minister, and the minister obediently threw himself into position.

Then the barber began to dance about in a most bewildering way. He backed and filled, feinted, jumped hither and thither, working his arms, limbering up his muscles, all in the most approved way, and calculated to strike terror into any but a very stout heart.

"Now look at me," the barber seemed to say, as he went into action.

Out shot his hand straight for the ministerial nose, when lo—

Biff! Biff again!

The barber was away back against a partition, which bent with the force with which he went against it.

A moment and his antagonist was upon his again. Left and right, upon eyes, nose, mouth and jaw, the minister landed. The barber never struck a blow.

"Enough! Enough!" he cried.

"I thought you were a boxer," said the minister.

"I thought I was," said the barber.

The minister slipped out of the gloves and into his clerical coat and went on his way.

"See that man?" said the barber afterward as he looked out and saw the minister. "Say, he's a parson, but he's a match for Corbett any day."—Buffalo Commercial.

## A DEATH-DEALING CRAWLER.

### He Could Imitate the Walk of a Crawfish as Well as That of a Tarantula.

"Put your eye on me, young feller, and don't monkey with fate!" said a big man with a face full of black whiskers and his trousers in his boots, as he came into the Red Ghost gulch cafe, where the dapper little bartender happened to be alone. "I'm a death-dealing crawler, I am! I'm a crawlin' t'rantuly from the Syeery foothills an' thar's hair on my claws a foot long! I've got two rows o' fangs, nineteen fangs to the row, an' every fang loaded with a pint o' p'ison, jist a-waitin' to be socked into the first feller-bein', human or Injin, that I shove 'em up ag'inst! I'm a crawler from the foothills an' I'm a-crawlin' right fer you, and thar ain't nothin' that can stop me but rum! Set it out, quicker'n a jack rabbit kin go two foot, young feller, or I'll spill enough p'ison in you to lay out a bull tribe o' Digger Injins, from the head buck down to the papoose! Put your eye on me, and don't monkey with fate, for I'm a death-dealin' crawler, I am, an' I'm crawlin' right for you, an' thar ain't nothin' kin stop me but rum! You hear me!"

"Bet your life I hear you!" said the bartender, coming from behind the bar. "You're a blessin' in disguise, you are. I've been pinin' away for want o' t'rantuly juice, and I'll just tap a pint or two o' yours for luck. You're a death-dealin' crawler, are you? Well, now, crawl right on and shoot your p'ison!"

"You bet I'm a death-dealin' crawler!" said the long-haired tarantula from the foothills, backing toward the door. "But I ain't no hog! I'm a crawlin' crawfish as well as a crawlin' t'rantuly, an' I reckon I've got time to give the crawfish act a chance!"

And the venomous terror backed out of the door so quick that the bung-starter missed him by a foot.—N. Y Sun.

### That Old Chestnut.

"I wonder why it is," began the girl with the inquiring mind—"I wonder why it is that somebody is always resurrecting that old 'Shall-women-propose?' question. Who wants to propose? That's what I'd like to know. When things get to that point I want to go to some desert island and stay there for the rest of my earthly career."

Now the social philosopher, who was present, had decided not a moment before that she was positively too tired to open her mouth. But she couldn't resist speaking her mind when such an interesting subject was under discussion.

"As for women proposing," she said, "it might not be such an impracticable plan after all. How often have we heard about the man who danced attendance to a girl for years and years before he could get up his courage sufficiently to ask her to marry him?"

"You don't hear about that sort of men these days," said the girl with the inquiring mind. "Besides, think how very unromantic it would be to propose to a man."—Chicago Record.

## THE RECEPTION ROOM.

### Effective and Inexpensive Draperies for the Windows.

"No, I am not going to get any new window curtains," said a lady who was noted for the daintiness of her house decorations. "I have been looking over my treasures, and made a most delightful discovery. I found a very large counterpane of darned net that I am going to cut up to drape the bow-windows in my reception room. It is a beautiful piece of work, and by dividing it in half and adding a small piece to it, I shall have an abundance of material. It is long enough to drape over the pole and make a sort of top finish. The drapery is edged with lace of the same round mesh as the material, and the curtains will require no further trimming. Inside of these I shall put sash curtains of fine plain net run on brass rods. These, with the exception of the Holland shades, will be all of the decoration I want. I intend, during my leisure moments, to make an exceptionally pretty and elaborate set of sash-curtains of fine net darned in pattern to match the draperies, but as this will be a work of time I shall put up the plain net for the present. Custom may decree what it pleases, but I, for one, very much prefer a simple, conservative style that I can always keep and that is not affected by the changes or caprices of fashion. There are few things that more plainly indicate the character of the inmates of the dwelling than the arragement and care of the windows, and few portions of the house are susceptible of more tasteful handling.

"To secure the best results, it is by no means necessary to have expensive or elaborate window-dressing. For many years, such a thing as home-made window-curtains were scarcely thought of, but since the decorative spirit has become general, and women are learning how to make all sorts of really useful and elegant draperies, much more individuality can be assured than when one must rely entirely upon the professional furnisher or take whatever the stores happen to offer. Raw materials are not expensive these days, and there are always odd hours and moments where one can put a few stitches into a handsome piece of work, and by and by have something very creditable to show for it.

"Among the most interesting undertakings in this line is that of a lady who is making a portelle in embroidery on a foundation of silk home-spun. Among the heirlooms in her cedar-chest were some old-time crewel embroideries in grape leaf and vine pattern. The material on which these were wrought had become almost worn out and were put away because it was not safe to handle them in their dilapidated state. The home-spun was put on a stretcher and the embroideries were carefully basted on, appliqued down and the old material cut away. New veining and an occasional stitch through the leaves and stalks made the attachment sufficiently close, and then the entire pattern was satin stitched upon the new backing.

"As draperies for a reception-room, they are among the most artistic of amateur productions, and my lady has more than once been importuned to tell where she got such lovely curtains. There is great pleasure in making something with a distinctive character, and only those who have wrought with patience and skill some of those art-embroideries out of ancestral possessions, who know the delight there is in having them."—N. Y Ledger.

## FORMER DRAGONS.

### Resemblance of Modern Reptiles to Extinct Creatures.

It must be admitted that the pterodactyls were somewhat dragon-like, especially the larger species; for, though most were of moderate size, not exceeding that of a crow or flying fox, and some even no larger than sparrows, yet the largest attained a spread of wing of more than four fathoms. These wings, though like those of the bats in being expansions of the skin extending to the limbs, differed from them somewhat in detail.

In the bat we have a free thumb and four immensely-lengthened fingers; in the pterodactyl the fingers were free from the wing membrane, except that corresponding to our little finger. This in the volant reptile was the largest of all—a long, tapering, jointed rod of bone—and the main support of the wing, which was a long and narrow one, something like that of a swallow in outline. As the pterodactyl's hind limbs, like those of the bat, are weak and more or less involved in the wing membrane, it is extremely unlikely that it could sit up and perch or walk like a bird, as some have suggested; its terrestrial or arboreal promenades, therefore, more probably took the form of a batlike crawl on all fours. Its head, however, was more like a bird's than a bat's, having a long snout, armed with teeth, or a beak, or both, and large eyes.

Feeding on insects, and probably also on fish, the pterodactyls must have borne some resemblance, when on the wing, to the terns, or sea swallows, of our own day, with their large heads and long, narrow wings. Whether, as they wheeled and swooped over a shoal of fish driven to the surface of the sea by the rush of the great reptilian whales of the period, they indulged in the vocal performances of the modern sea bird, is, of course, only a matter for speculation. Probably they were more gifted with voice than our modern reptiles.—Chambers' Journal.

—The uninformed would often mistake the cheapest amber when made up into commercial forms for the most expensive. Many long and beautifully clear pipe stems are made from amber chips, the waste product of amber carving. These are melted and molded into shapes that are seldom or never seen in the costly-carved amber. These molded amber articles are extremely durable, and it is difficult to see why they should not be esteemed by practical persons as valuable as carved amber.

## HOME HINTS AND HELPS.

—Stale Cake Pudding: Place slices of dry cake in a well-buttered pudding dish and pour over them a boiled custard, which need not be quite as thick as when made to eat alone. Set aside and let stand for three hours. Spread jelly over the top, or, if preferred, use only yolks of eggs for the custard and save the whites for a merringue. Serve cold.—Ohio Farmer.

—Cabbage Salad: White cabbage makes a cheap and good salad. Use the firm, white heads only; a quarter is enough for a small family. Shred very fine, mix with it some mince, boiled potatoes and cover with the French dressing two hours before serving. If the cabbage is not tender, shred and cover with boiling water about fifteen minutes, drain and dress. — Boston Globe.

—For lobster sandwiches chop the meat of a lobster very fine, and season it with pepper and salt. Make a thick cream sauce with half a cup of cream, two tablespoonfuls of flour, and a tablespoonful of butter, stirring these ingredients over the fire until perfectly smooth. Add the chopped lobster, and set the mixture away to cool. Spread between slices of brown bread.—Christian at Work.

—Chicken Baked with Rice: A chicken of uncertain age that has been simmered until tender may be jointed, seasoning each joint with pepper, salt and a suspicion of mace; lay some slices of bacon in the bottom of a dish, place the chicken on top; strew over a minced onion, pour a cup of the stock in which it was boiled over all, fill in the dish with boiled rice, put on a tin or china cover and bake one hour.—Country Gentleman.

—Celery Soup: Boil a head of celery (some of the stalks not suitable for the table may be used) in a pint, or more, of water for forty-five minutes. Boil a few slices of onion in a pint and a half of milk; mix one tablespoonful of flour with a little cold milk and add to the boiling milk. Cook ten minutes. Mash celery in the water in which it was boiled and stir into the milk. Add butter, salt and pepper to taste. Strain and serve at once.—Housekeeper.

—Mashed Potato: Peel, quarter and boil about three pints of potatoes; drain thoroughly, and shake for a few minutes in an open doorway to make them mealy. Mash them well, and mix with them two ounces of butter, two yolks of eggs, salt, pepper and salt enough to make them of a proper thickness. Set on the fire for two or three minutes, stirring constantly, and serve hot. When on the dish smooth them with the back of a knife or scallop them according to fancy.—Boston Budget.

—Best Potato Salad: Potato salad as usually served is not a thing of beauty. Nor is it exactly a joy to every digestion. The secret of the perfect one lies in using freshly-boiled potatoes. This seems heresy, for why does potato salad exist save to use left-over potatoes? Nevertheless, boil your potatoes in their jackets, and let them partly cool before peeling if you want your salad to be eaten with keen enjoyment and no aftermath of indigestion. Use lemon juice with this salad; and potatoes being floury, and therefore absorbent, use three times the quantity of lemon juice. If convenient use a scatter of cherril, chives, etc., chopped fine. If not, a soupcon of onion minced to mere juice.—Detroit Free Press.

## GRACEFUL FURNITURE.

### The Light and Pretty Effect of Bamboo Pieces in Almost Any Room.

It is small wonder that bamboo furniture not only holds favor, but gains in popularity. It is graceful in appearance, beautiful in design and exquisitely finished.

The manufactured articles are characterized by lightness and durability, and include lovely tables, newspaper racks, hat stands, cabinets, flower stands, writing tables, chairs, ornamental screens, brackets and other useful and ornamental pieces. They are finished in lacquer and in gilt, and in enamel.

We saw a room the other day that was fitted up with "rush effects"—anyhow, that is what the woman said was her intention when she planned the furnishing and then made the demonstration. The floor is covered with very fine matting, so closely woven that it has the appearance of straw cloth, the color being a plain yellow. Upon this matting are placed two rugs woven in red shades. There is a bamboo lounge in one corner, standing bias-ways, with a cushion of red plush and pillows with pale yellow and red covers. The bamboo cabinet shows yellow drapery, embroidered in red, and the bamboo book-stand and brackets are decorated with red ribbons and pale yellow silk scarfs. Around the room is a dado in split bamboo. The window drapery is cream Swiss, the sill being finished with a bamboo rack.

These bamboo pieces are used with other styles of furniture and in parlors, libraries, bedrooms and other apartments.—N. Y. World.

### Some Polite Forms.

A lady never extends her hand to a man whose acquaintance she is making. She may or may not shake hands with a lady who is introduced, but she must not give her hand to a strange man. A low bow is the elegant form of salutation. A cultivated woman will not shake hands with any man, no matter how long she is acquainted with him, unless she respects and admires him. A gentleman never extends his hand to a lady first. To do so would be presumptuous and subject him to a snubbing. A man shows his breeding the way he eats his dinner; a woman shows her breeding the way she receives people.—N. Y. Post.

—"Queer about Jaglets having to go a policeman to take him home last night. Everything was all turned round to him." "Drunk, eh?" "Jupiter, no! He was perfectly sober; that was the trouble."—Inter-Ocean.

## SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—The Chicago Christian Endeavor society supports a day school in India.

—About 60,000 crowns were realized by the Salvation Army in Sweden as the result of denial week.

—Japan has 11,190 Presbyterians, 70,760 Congregationalists, 7,089 Methodists, 4,366 Episcopalians, 1,765 Baptists and 368 in other churches—a total of 36,000 adult Christians.

—The four most prominent non-conformist churches in all London are Mr. Spurgeon's among the Baptists, Westminster chapel and Dr. Parker's among the Congregationalists, and Regent Square among the Presbyterians.

—In this time of breaking records a prominent place should be given to the rectorship of Berlin university. The present rector has at last been compeled to order a new official mantle, the one he has worn until now having lasted one hundred and ninety-two years. The cost will be six hundred dollars, but in view of the long service of its predecessor there will scarcely be opposition.

—The city council at Atlanta, Ga., has elected ex-Gov. Joseph E. Brown a member of the city board of education, with the idea that his name shall appear on the roll as long as he lives. He is in ill-health and unable to take active part in the management of the schools, but it was due to his efforts mainly that the public school system was established in the city, and his election is in greateful acknowledgment of that fact.

—Col. Albert A. Pope will soon issue a volume containing a list of all the errors in school books. They number thousands, and it is said that some of the publishers whose books are hardest hit are fighting hard to prevent any further publication of the facts, fearing that their business will be injured. The list of errors which has been transmitted to one school-book publishing house aggregates over eleven hundred.

—It is reported that the general council of the university of Edinburgh has under consideration the question of abolishing theological faculties in Scottish universities and confining their function to examinations and the granting of degrees to such outside colleges as may, by special act of parliament, be affiliated with the universities. This plan has already been approved by the sub-committee of the general council, and if adopted it will place the dissenting colleges on the same basis of those of the established church.

—Probably the only copy extant of the act of parliament of 1649, during Cromwell's reign, incorporating and characterizing the Society for Instituting the Propagation of the Gospel Among the Indians of New England, is in the possession of the Presbyterian board of missions, and is on exhibition in New York. None of the persons named in the act are known in history, but the society did much good work in New England, not only among the Indians, but also among the whites. It is reported to have been the first missionary society to send agents to America.

## PERSIAN CLIFF DWELLERS.

### The Primitive Abodes of a Race of Barbarians.

The approach to Shiraz is a succession of surprises. The town, a compact and yellow mass of crowded dwellings, appears to rise abruptly and close at hand above the level plain which we are crossing. All at once a profound ravine opens in front of us, and perched high up on the summit of the yellow cliffs on the other side are the houses which we saw from the plain. Descending steeply to the pebbly floor of this ravine, which is an ancient river-bed, we turn to the left and ride along under the perpendicular ledge. There are filthy pools along the bottom of it, and black slimy stains descend the rocky wall from the rickety wooden balconies and projecting windows of the town above us. If the people overhead are dying of cholera they are surely very quiet about it, and there is no sign of life at any of the windows. We come to the chapar khaneh (inn) on the other side of the ravine. It is locked up, and a little further on the ravine opens on to a broad river, which we cross by a bridge, and enter an imposing caravansary of the time of Shah Abbas.

In this way we avoid entering the town. The river is bordered on both sides by vertical cliffs, and from the gate of the caravansary, looking back across the bridge, we get the most striking view of Yezdikhast. The long ledge on which it stands is pierced by many caves and openings along the top, and from a distance it is difficult to make out just where the town begins, where the caves become windows and doors. They are accentuated in many places, by jutting windows and crazy-looking balconies propped by sticks, at a great height above the stream below. This long rock ends in a thin wedge where the ravine on the other side enters the river-bed. Separated at the other end from the main range of cliffs by a species of drawbridge, it can easily be made as inaccessible as a vulture's nest perched on a crag, and the dark streaks which stain the cliffs below heighten the resemblance to a roosting-place of those scavengers of the desert.—Edwin Lord Weeks, in Harper's Magazine.

### Avarice Rebuked.

It is not safe to tipsy of the waiters in one of the most frequented restaurants with anything less than a quarter, as a well-dressed guest found out one day last week.

"Here is a dime for you," he said, holding out a coin.

Waiter (examining the coin critically)—Thank you, sir, but I hope you will excuse me.

Guest—Excuse you for what?

"Excuse me for mistaking you for a gentleman up to the very moment, sir, that you gave me the beggarly ten cents."—Texas Siftings.

## PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

—Louise Chandler Moulton said to a late interviewer: "How many books have I written altogether? I hardly know. The work nearest to my heart, however, is my verse. It is the inevitable part—that which expresses the real me."

—Mr. Ruskin does not like bicycles. "I not only object," he says, "but I am prepared to spend all my best bad language in reprobation of bi, tri, and four, five, six or seven cycles, and every other contrivance and invention for superseding human feet on God's ground."

—It was Henry W. Paine, the eminent Boston lawyer who died the other day, that made to a chief justice who interrupted his argument with the remark, "Mr. Paine you know that this is not law," the quiet reply, "it was law until your honor spoke," and proceeded complacently with his argument.

—Gen. Lew Wallace is at work on a fourth novel, the material for which he has been quietly collecting for several years. He has been taking life easy since he completed "The Prince of India" last summer. Gen. Wallace refuses to say with what age or people he will deal in his new work, nor will he even say when he expects to have it finished.

—Queen Victoria has reigned longer than any other ruler in the world, having ascended the throne in 1837. Next to her in point of time are Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria and Frederick, the grand duke of Baden. The youngest crowned heads are the little queen of the Netherlands, who is thirteen, and the king of Spain, who is seven and a half years old.

—Dr. Ludwig Behrendt, for many years editor-in-chief of the "Berliner Tageblatt," died in the German capital recently. He was born in Magdeburg, and after graduation from the university began his life-work as one of the editors of the "Magdeburger Zeitung." He was a writer of force and a poet whose verse is full of feeling. His translation of Horace is considered one of the best in the German language.

—Matthew Henry's commentary on the Bible was written for the common people, and in the slang of the day. In commenting on Judges ix., he says: "We are here told by what acts Abimeleck got into the saddle. He hired for his service all the scum and scoundrels of the country. Jotham was really a fine gentleman. The Sechemites were the first to kick him off. They said all the ill they could of him in their table talk. They drank health to his confusion."

—In 1751 Thomas Gray published, at the modest price of sixpence per copy, "An Elegy Wrote in a Country Church Yard." One of these original sixpenny pamphlets, uncut, was recently sold for seventy-four pounds. A first edition of "The Vicar of Wakefield" fetched fifty-four pounds, and Grimm's German Stories thirty-three pounds ten shillings. A copy of Tennyson's poems, issued as the joint production of the laureate and Hallam, which it seems probable belonged to the latter, realized sixteen pounds ten shillings; Coverdale's Bible, thirty-one pounds, and another more imperfect copy twenty pounds ten shillings; Report of the Challenger Expedition, forty-eight pounds; first edition of Wordsworth's Descriptive Sketches in Verse, twenty-six pounds; two proof sheets of "St. Roman's Well," with corrections and additions by the author, twenty-one pounds, and the original autograph of Burns' "Queen Mary's Lament," thirty-five pounds ten shillings.

## HUMOROUS.

—Don't let the grass grow under your feet. The cows can't get at it there.—Atlanta Constitution.

—Buddy-Boy — "Mamma, Bridget called me 'the broth of a boy.' Does she mean I've been in the soup?"—Harper's Young People.

—Edith—"Have you noticed how mannish Nell is growing?" "No. What does she do?" "Never chews up her pencils."—Inter-Ocean.

—"Why did your novel fail, Penman?" "Can't say, exactly; publisher thinks it was owing to its having a plot and satisfactory ending."—Vogue.

—Collingwood — "Say, Tillinghas, didn't you tell me that Miss Elderkin was an artist?" Tillinghast—"No; I said she was a work of art."—Detroit Free Press.

—Artist—"Your portrait will be finished in a few days." "Throw it away and begin a new one. I have just been raised to the rank of a baron."—Fliegende Blatter.

—"The poet has left his wife and flown with the grass widow." "So I hear." "How do you account for that." "There is no accounting for the flights of genius.—N. Y. Press.

—Retail and Wholesale.—Young Lady—"How much does it cost to have a tooth taken out?" Dentist—"One florin, miss; but by the dozen, it comes cheaper."—De Amsterdammer.

—"Oh," she cried, "if I could only see myself as others see me!" "It wouldn't do," said he. "It would make you too conceited." And then she smiled upon him all the rest of the evening.

—Female Friendship.—Maud—"The photographer has not done you justice, dear." Marie—"How nice of you to say so, dearest!" Maud—"No; he has shown more mercy than justice."—Puck.

—"Oh, I say, Smithers, why are gas meters like the Arabs?" "Don't know. Jonesy. Because every man's hand is against them?" "No. Because they evidently silently steal away."—N. Y. Recorder.

—Dayton—"I thought you gave up swearing at New Year's." Peterson—"So I did." Dayton—"What caused you to start again." Peterson—"Writing '94 instead of '94 on my letters."—N. Y. Herald.

—Footman—"Say, Jeems, what would we do if we found a pocketbook with $20,000 that the boss had left in the carriage?" Coachman—"Do? We wouldn't do nothing at all. We'd live on our income."—Texas Siftings.