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, MAY 12, 1894. VOL. XIX.—NO. 20.

A BLUE SILK PARTY BAG.

How Miss Thankful Hope Figured in a Romance.

It seemed to be one of the ironies of fate that her name should have been Miss Thankful Hope. Strangers smiled instinctively at the name when they first met her. For to them there was so little in her narrow life to be thankful for, and nothing to hope for. And yet to those of the limited number who grew to know Miss Thankful, the name was after all quite appropriate.

At number 404 Summerset avenue, the second-rate boarding-house, where she lived in room 14, second floor back, Miss Thankful was accepted year after year as one of the belongings of the place; much as the hot water bags, for extra cold nights, and the dessert every Wednesday and Sunday were accepted. Settled facts of the house of so long standing that they were never questioned.

She was a faded looking little woman of forty-five, whose plain face was only redeemed by a pair of smiling brown eyes. She was a day seamstress, and made enough to pay her board, and usually to keep herself suitably clothed.

It was a standing joke among the other boarders that no matter how disagreeable the day, Miss Thankful could always find something pleasant to be said about it. And no matter how unprepossessing the last new boarder, Miss Thankful's kind heart was sure to discover some excuse.

Other boarders came and went—"transients," Mrs. Simmons called them—but Miss Thankful stayed on.

For thirteen years she had been an inmate of the house, until now she felt that no place would be home to her but the tiny twelve by twelve room, where she had spent her evenings and her Sunday afternoons for so many years.

She had watched Florence, Mrs. Simmon's young daughter, grow up into womanhood; and had shared her timid confidences and opinions about the different young men of the house. Confidences which Florence would never have thought of telling her practical mother. There was something about Miss Thankful which invited confidence, and the two were warm friends.

It was a dull February evening; a slight snow was falling, and Miss Thankful hurried along toward home in the early dusk. The windows were lighted up, and presented a tempting array of millinery, dry goods, flowers and confectionery.

But Miss Thankful did not notice any of them until she turned into Bond street, and there she walked slower, coming to a standstill at last in front of Cooper & Cooper's large dry-goods house.

She smiled as she looked in at the window. "Yes," she said, softly, "it's there yet; I made sure it would be sold. So cheap, too; only a dollar and a half." She was gazing at a blue satin party bag, lined with delicate pink. One of those dainty French affairs which always catch a woman's eye, if she has any soul for pleasing effects.

"I can't afford a new dress this year. That three weeks I was sick last month put that out of the question, and so it does seem as if I could buy that bag if I want to. Only it would be silly—downright silly!" and she sighed.

"I never had anything as pretty as that. Maybe that's why I seem to have so set my heart on it. Even my dresses have always been brown or black; they last better."

"I've had a kind of a brown and black life, anyway. But there now, that sounds complainin', and I've no cause to complain. The Lord's been good to me and prospered me right along."

"Good evening, Miss Thankful," said a cheerful voice at her side. "Right nice window. Our trimmer beats any in town. Lots of pretty things, too," he added, with the pardonable pride of a head clerk.

"Good evening, Mr. Jones," answered Miss Thankful. "Yes, I was just looking in at all the goods. I"—she hesitated—"was just noticing that blue satin bag, over there in the corner—see?"

"Oh, yes, that party bag; pretty thing, and cheap, too. I know a good piece of satin when I see it. Funny it was not sold to-day—will be to-morrow, likely."

Miss Thankful felt her desire to possess the bag increasing.

"On your way home? Let me take your umbrella," and they walked on together.

Miss Thankful had a decided liking for this one of the boarders. Partly because he never forgot to show her the same courtesy that he would show to Florence or any younger woman. And this is very gratifying to a woman who has no claim to youth or beauty.

He was a timid young man, with a colorless mustache and drab hair, who talked with a jerk, but Miss Thankful always liked him.

When they reached the boarding-house, she went very thoughtfully up to her room. Mr. Jones had discoursed most of the way upon the amiable qualities Florence possessed, all of which remarks she had heartily seconded. When she had lighted the gas she sat down with the thoughtful expression still on her face.

"I wonder," she said, "I do just wonder. But he would never under the shining sun have the courage to tell her," and she smiled.

"Mr. Jones; a name I do abominate! and Florence so pretty—and him with those colorless eyes, and that washed out hair! But then, he is just as kind as he can be, and I make no doubt would be a good provider."

The next night when Miss Thankful came into her room, she turned on both the gas jets—an unheard-of extravagance; she carried a small parcel done up in tissue paper, and before she stopped to take off her bonnet, she went over to the bed and untied the package. It was the blue satin party bag.

"It's a lot prettier than it was at the store," she said, smiling at it where it lay spread out on the white cover, in all the arrogance of assured beauty.

"Those pink rosettes are lovely; I'm silly as I can be, I know that well enough! That's why I asked Mr. Jones not to speak of my getting it. Maybe next summer I can have a lawn with a little blue sprig in it. This would go beautifully with that. I don't think I'm too old for a lawn on a hot day; and I'm just glad I got it—so there!" Then she wrapped up the bag and put it away in her trunk.

After supper Florence came up to visit her, and Miss Thankful was tempted to tell her all about it. But she was full of her own plans, and the bag was not mentioned.

"There is to be a party to-morrow evening at Mary Moor's. It's the 14th, you know," said Florence, happily. "I am going, and wear my blue cloth dress; I've worn it a lot, Miss Thankful, but mother says I may have a new sash that will freshen it up. But, oh! I wish, I do wish I could have a party bag that I saw down in Cooper's window. It was light blue, and lined with pink—such a beauty! I wish you had seen it. I can't have anything but the sash, though, and so there is no use in wishing."

"I did see it," said Miss Thankful, "and it was pretty. I sorter wished for it myself."

Florence laughed. "Oh, of course, you would not want it, but if you had seen it twenty years ago you might have," she said, with the serene thoughtlessness of youth.

Miss Thankful grew silent.

"Mr. Jones has asked me to go to evening service twice lately," she went on presently.

"I think he is about the best-looking young man here, don't you, Miss Thankful? He never talks much, but I suppose he thinks a great deal. I used to think he disliked me, he stammered so whenever I spoke to him; but I guess it was just because he didn't feel acquainted." And then followed a recital of Mr. Jones' sayings.

After she had gone Miss Thankful sat for a long, long time in front of the grate, with sad, dreamy eyes fixed on the fire. She was going over in her mind a time twenty-five years before.

"He was nothing like Mr. Jones," she said.

"He was good looking, and so tall; but he was just as timid, and I acted as careless and as indifferent as I knew how. Girls are foolish creatures. He never got up courage to tell me. And then we moved away, and that was all. No other man ever looked at me, and I can't say as I wanted them to."

She undressed slowly. She felt old. This looking back at one's youth has a tendency to make one feel old, if it lies twenty-five years behind one.

When she was all ready for bed she opened the trunk and took out the party bag.

She opened the door and listened. Everything was still in the dim hall. Florence's room was only a few doors away. Miss Thankful slipped noiselessly along, and when she reached the door she hung the ribbon over the knob, and as softly stole back.

She had put no card in the bag—there was no need. Florence would know who sent it. And then she went to bed and to sleep.

The next morning Florence knocked at the door, almost before Miss Thankful was dressed, and came in with a flushed, happy face.

"O Miss Thankful!" she cried, "I have had the loveliest gift; what do you think, that blue satin party bag!"

"Of course Mr. Jones sent it. I asked him last night if it was sold yet and he grew just as red and stammered so; I know why now. Mother says I may keep it and I wrote him a letter of thanks this morning and put it under his plate. That was the easiest way of thanking him. He is having an early breakfast now, so I thought I would wait and go down with you this time." And she fluttered about the room in happy excitement.

Meanwhile Mr. Jones was in a very uncertain and puzzled state of bliss. The note had thanked him for his beautiful gift, but neglected to tell what the gift was.

He left the house without being able to get a glimpse of Florence.

At noon there was another tiny white missive under his door. But this, much to his disappointment, proved to be from Miss Thankful.

"DEAR MR. JONES: Florence thinks you sent that satin bag; it would be dreadful for her to know differently, after thanking you for it. For her sake, please do not ever tell her that you did not. Your friend,

"THANKFUL HOPE."

Mr. Jones studied this note with smiling eyes.

"For her sake," that clause gave him a quick thrill of pleasure. She would be sorry to find out then that it was not his gift.

He must answer Florence's note, and this was the result of half a dozen attempts.

"DEAR MISS FLORENCE: That bag could not hold the valentine I would like to give you if I dared.

"It is the biggest and homeliest valentine a young lady ever got. If you care to have me tell you about it, please carry the blue satin bag when you come down to dinner.

"ERASTUS JONES."

He could hear Florence singing in her room, and he called the bell boy, and sent the note to her.

"There now," he said, when this had been accomplished; "if it had not been for Miss Thankful, I would never have had the grit to have sent that. And what's more, I believe Miss Thankful knew it. Bless her!

"If Florence does have that blue thing on her arm, I'll give Miss Thankful the very best black cloth dress that Cooper & Cooper have in the store."

And Miss Thankful got the dress.—Anna D. Gray, in Interior.

—"Paw, is there any difference between a cold and a influenzy?" "If the doctor calls it a cold the bill is about four dollars. If he calls it influenza it's about eighteen dollars. The difference is fourteen dollars, my son."

—Her Kindness.—Father—"Why do you let that young man pay you such long calls?" Daughter—"Because, papa, everybody says he can't pay anything else, and I want to encourage him."—Detroit Free Press.

THE SURE ROAD TO SUCCESS.

Agriculture the One Line of Industry That Is Not Overcrowded.

"Not less than ninety-five per cent. of our farmers make a success of farming." Those are the words of an Iowa farmer who spoke before the Iowa senate committee on agriculture. Statistics show very convincingly that in business pursuits only five per cent. of those who undertake the different lines are successful. There is, then, a vast difference between farming and other kinds of business so far as a surety of achieving success is concerned. There is so large a difference that comparison should convince more persons that to till the soil is practically the sure road to success, and consequently the best. The late extreme depression in business has hardly been felt by the farmers, and even where it was manifest to them it was noticed in its effect on the surplus which was to be put aside as savings—not being noticed so far as the enjoyment of necessities and comforts were concerned. On this one particular point the farmers stand so far in advance of strugglers in other ventures that comparison is almost impossible. The difference between absolute safety and possible want is too much to put into language. Figures can never compute it. Artists can not paint it. It must be felt to be appreciated, and to feel that sense of surety is to enjoy more of life than even the abundantly successful business adventurer can feel in the height of inflation. The words of the Iowa farmer my seem overdrawn, but even if they are by seventy or eighty per cent. there would still be a heavy balance in favor of farming. The conclusion is easy that agriculture is the one line of industry not overcrowded, which, in fact, can not be overdone in this country within the life of any person now living. It will take years to strike a balance between ninety-five and five per cent. so that farming will be on a par with mercantile pursuits as to uncertainty. As a matter of fact, that time need never be expected. Mean while every effort put forth to keep young men on the farms or to get families out of the towns on to the farms is in the interest of permanent national prosperity, to say nothing of personal comforts and safety. Every day the tide is turning toward the rural districts. The prices of farms will gradually go up as the demand for such homes increases. That has always been the effect following a financial depression. The value of suitable stock for beginning farming operations will also rise as the popularity of farming grows upon the people. The necessity for immediate action can be easily recognized under the existing circumstances. The prophecy will hardly be doubted that there will be ten, if not fifty, per cent. less "abandoned farms" in New Hampshire at the end of this year than on this date. If that be true the financial difficulties will not have come upon the people in vain.—Manchester Union.

EMBALMED IN AMBER.

How Vegetable Forms Have Been Preserved Through the Ages.

In many museums may be seen, in the most perfect style of preservation in amber, fossilized remains of plants and animals. The science of Egypt in its highest development did not succeed in discovering a method of embalming so perfect as the simple process taking place in nature. A tree exudes a gummy resinous matter in a liquid state. An insect accidentally lights in it and is caught. The exudation continues and envelops it completely, preserving the most minute details of its structure. In the course of time the resin becomes a fossil, and is known as amber. The history of the fossil insects is largely indebted to the fly in amber. And to the preserving properties of amber we owe, likewise, our knowledge of some of the more minute details of ancient plant structure.

The coasts of the Baltic are, and have been from the days of the Phœnician traders, the great source of the amber commerce. It occurs in rolled fragments, strata known to geologists as oligocene. These are tertiary rocks of a date a little more recent then those of the London basin and equivalent to the younger tertiary series of the Isle of Wight. The fragments of fossil resin were washed down by the rivers from the pine forests of the district along with sediments and vegetable debris. In them are found most perfectly-preserved remains of the most delicate tissues of the vegetation of the period, as well as of insect life. Fragments of leaves, twigs, buds and flowers, with sepals, petals, stamens and pistil still in place, occur. Pollen grains have likewise been found. A recent genus, deutzia, has been recognized by its characteristic stamens; the valves of the anthers of cinnamomum are seen in others. In one specimen the pendant catkin of a species of oak is seen as distinctly through the clear amber as if it were a fresh flower.

And besides the insect and plant remains thus sealed up in the amber, stray relics of the higher fauna of the forest have also been met with. Fragments of hair and feathers have been caught in the sticky resin and preserved. Among others, a woodpecker and squirrel have been recognized in the Baltic amber.—Gentlemen's Magazine.

The Cadet's Cutaways.

Several days ago there was an examination in Washington for revenue marine cadets, and in the list of questions was: "Where is Cape Finisterre?" What answer was generally given is known only to the examiners, but one bright youth expressed himself on the spot to a man near him.

"Aha," he said, very cutely, "they are running catch questions in on us, are they? Well, it's a good thing I know a little French. Finisterre is Land's End, and anybody knows Land's End is in England," and he put down the answer in good faith and got a mark accordingly.—Detroit Free Press.

THE FARMING WORLD.

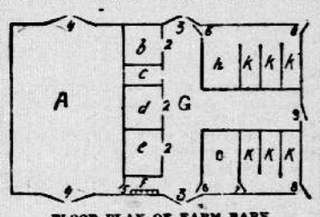
A CONVENIENT BARN.

Handy, Substantial and Within the Reach of Most Farmers.

I have used the barn represented in the accompanying illustration for a number of years and find it very convenient. The illustration shows the elevation and general plan of the structure. It is 36x64 feet, with 20-foot corner posts. The roof has 14 feet

A FARM BARN.

pitch and the dormers are each 20 feet wide and 8 feet high. The eight-sided and round-topped cupola is 8 feet high and 6 feet in diameter. The building is weatherboarded with drop siding and covered with steel roofing. The mangers and stall partitions are made of hard wood. The stalls, driveway and feedway are floored with a 2-foot thickness of dirt and ashes. In the ground plan, shown in the lower part of the illustration, A is a wagon and buggy shed. It is also used as a barn floor



FLOOR PLAN OF FARM BARN.

from which the hay is taken up by means of a large fork. G is the driveway at right angles to which is the feedway running between the stalls; *k k k* on each side of the feedway are single stalls; *h* is a double stall and *o* a box stall; *b c d* and *e* are bins for grain; *f* is a stairway leading to the mow. The hay is thrown down into the center of the feedway, where it is near the stalls.—Orange Judd Farmer.

HINTS FOR HORSEMEN.

THE true color of the Percheron is a dapple gray.

NEVER allow a horse to stand on fermenting litter.

DON'T forget to blanket your horse every time a stop is made.

COLTS need exercise of some kind if they are to be kept in good health.

CULTIVATE the intelligence of your horse. It will add greatly to his value.

MORE than twenty-one thousand horses are consumed for food by the people of Paris every year.

CARE should be taken that the stable floors are dry and level, so that horses can stand upon them without discomfort.

GLANDERS is on the increase in this country, and it is suggested that owners be careful where and how their horses drink.

MANY persons who are willing to pay a fair price for a horse stay away from the sales because they think the prices will be too high.

A FATAL lung disease has appeared among horses all through northern Wyoming. Those that do not die are rendered worthless.

AMONG the horses imported from the stables of the czar of Russia is Krakus, an animal that has trotted a quarter of a mile in thirty seconds.

SKIM milk is excellent for developing growing colts. If given at the right time, it will often settle the question of profit or loss with the horse.

A HORSE can be readily taught to like milk by using it to moisten ground food or by adding it to water in gradually increasing quantities for several days.

The Potson Works Admirably.

The chancellor of the state university of Kansas in his recent report on the results of his scheme for exterminating chinch bugs by turning loose among them bugs infected with a dangerous and contagious disease shows that in two-thirds of the cases the plan worked to admiration. Last year he sent out 7,500 packages of diseased bugs to various farmers, who turned them loose on their farms. He says that the only difficulty in the way of the entire extermination of the pests is that many of the farmers of the state will not take the trouble to use the remedy, and so a farm from which the chinch bugs are cleaned out is soon overrun with them again from the neighboring farms.

Straight Ditches the Best.

In tiling a slough or marshy place on the farm where there is an abundance of willows and other trees it is best to make the ditches straight, as the tiles can be made to fit together much more closely. If the joints are not reasonably tight, the roots of the trees will enter and cause clogging. Where the roots are very thick it is sometimes necessary to lay the joints in water-lime cement. Most of the tile manufactured is sufficiently porous to admit the entrance of water if the joints are tightly closed. The same precaution is necessary where tile drains cross or run near hedgerows.

Bogus Honey in Germany.

The Horticultural Times, England, is responsible for the following: "A substitute for honey has been introduced in Germany under the name of sugar honey, and consists of inverted sugar, water, minute amounts of mineral substances and free acid. It has the characteristic taste and odor of bee honey. An examination shows that the artificial product is both chemically and physically a perfect substitute for bee honey. As the article can be produced at a lower price than honey, the only product left to the bee grower is the beeswax."

TRAP FOR SKUNKS.

A Simple Yet Efficacious Device for the Poultry Yard.

One of our subscribers complains that the great enemies to his success in chickens are the skunk and rat. He says that he has suffered so much from this source that he writes for some method of trapping the "varmints." The barrel trap may be used for skunks with success.

The barrel may be used in several ways for entrapping animals. To catch the skunk, bore two holes with a gimlet in the center of the bottom, and with a string tie to the spot a piece of meat. Set the barrel at an incline, as illustrated, so that the animal may get into it. When the skunk reaches the bottom, the barrel turns upright and the game is secured. For entrapping rats, take a barrel head a little smaller than the barrel; across the center of the head screw or nail a stick half an inch square, projecting an inch each side. Round the parts which project, then cut notches in the top of the bar-

SKUNK AND RAT TRAP.

rel for these to fall into, so that the head will be suspended in proper shape, but touch the staves nowhere. If it is not a perfect balance, add a little weight to one side to make it so. Tie cheese to each side, then set an inclined plank so that the rats can run up to the end of it and jump down upon the balanced head to get the bait. Of course the rat goes into the cavity be low, and the head swings back into place for the next.

In addition to the barrel trap before given, the skunk, when infesting the neighborhood of a chicken coop, may be taken by means of the steel trap. Shut the coop so tight that the chickens cannot get out, then set the trap on the ground six or eight inches in front. The skunk is not a suspicious animal and will blunder into the trap when prying around for a supper. Generally they will not emit their odor, and if shot through the spine before molesting, may be removed without leaving their scent.—Farmers' Voice.

Care of the Horse's Feet.

The feet fail generally, first, chiefly because of shoeing. To be preserved in good order the feet should be hard and kept on a soft floor. Did you farmers ever realize what it was to take your horse to the blacksmith to practically put him out of your own supervision and put him in possession of a man uneducated to the use, anatomy and physiology of the horse's foot? Think of it. Think of the horse, too, hammering along over the mile course in from 2:04 to 2:30, carrying from 1,000 to 1,500 pounds and hammering that weight on the small bones in and about the foot. It is a weight that the strongest steel could not stand. Consider the structure of the foot. Within an inch of the toe courses a large vein through which blood constantly flows, and yet the blacksmith slaps his piece of hot iron on the foot and drives in from six to ten nails.—Farm and Home.

Building Up a Flock of Sheep.

On a farm one of the cheapest as well as one of the best ways of building up a flock of sheep is to select the best of the ewes and breed to full blood ram of a good breed—one that is best adapted to your locality and the purpose for which you are keeping sheep. Keep on selecting the ewes, selecting a new ram every two years in order to infuse new blood. There is five times as much profit in mutton as in the fleece. A sheep may be fed for one-seventh of the food that an ox requires, and will make a growth of nearly three-quarters of a pound a day for the first 28 days of its life, when it becomes excellent mutton. For 600 days it will make nearly half a pound a day. Such sheep will net six cents a pound at the farm; but such sheep, too, having a large carcass, will have a large fleece in proportion.—Colman's Rural World.

How to Catch a Fowl.

Few persons know how to secure a fowl to advantage. Never seize a fowl by the tail, if a fine bird, nor touch the back, but grasp both legs at once with a firm, tight, quick hold, and then raise free from the ground or perch and hang the body down clear of any obstacle. This method does not ruffle the plumage or turn a feather, which, in a fine bird, must be avoided. When the web of the feathers is once broken it can never be united again, and where much handled this often occurs, giving to the bird a ragged appearance. It is the source of much annoyance to a nice, clean, smooth bird to have the plumage ruffled. Their bodily covering is regarded with the utmost care, and the luster and beauty of it indicate the health and strength of the fowl.—Kansas Farmer.

Making More Lean Meat.

The Irishman's notion that he could make a streak of fat and a streak of lean in his pig by stuffing one day and starving the next seems to prevail yet among certain farmers. They starve their pigs through the early part of their life after weaning, and then on a poor frame at the age of a year or eighteen months they pile on all the fat they can by feeding corn. Pork so made must cost more than it can be sold for. Thrifty growth from the beginning, with milk and wheat middlings as the main feed, will keep pigs always fit to kill, and yet having always a due proportion of lean meat. It is the kind of feed that is responsible for the character of the flesh it produces.—Colman's Rural World.

A DISPOSITION to eat feathers can be checked by giving mangel wurtzels, raw potatoes, cabbage, apples and steamed rowen hay.

DRY clover moistened with warm water and cut up fine forms an excellent winter feed for poultry.

HOUSEHOLD CHAT.

A Few Timely Words of Advice About Nursing the Sick.

Some people who are untiring in their care and watchfulness while a patient is very sick, relax their vigilance so soon as they are considered 'out of danger."

They are like a teamster who, having "scotched" the wheels of his wagon up a steep grade, pulls away the blocks before he is fairly "on the level;" the load slips back, and the work has all to be done over again.

A sick person must be well-advanced in the "plateau of convalescence," before the nurse's care lessens. They must be guarded against themselves, as well as against others, and their strength should never be estimated by their ambition.

It is very natural for one who has been shut in from seeing and hearing what is going on in their small world to over-exert themselves in their anxiety to "catch up" again.

On the other hand, the good friends and neighbors who have submitted gracefully to the "no admittance" sign while there was danger, think when a person is able to sit up: "Surely I may go in and see them; I won't stay too long, or talk too much, or do anything to hurt them."

And one, perhapz might not; but if Mrs. A. goes in, she is sure to tell Mrs. B. when she sees her, and if Mrs. B. is not admitted she feels hurt, and if she is admitted Mrs. C., D., E. and all the rest troop in after her, and the patient has a relapse which no one can account for.

There is no rule to be followed, however, in this matter, for while one person thrives on "company" and enjoys two or three callers a day, another tires with one, or even with too much conversation among members of her own family. It is a case where previous experience and good judgment must rule.

A convalescent needs food often, when they hardly know what they want; or when they refuse it fearing to make extra trouble for the nurse; that is something to learn; to discriminate between such times, and those other times when the mere mention of food sickens them.

It is not necessary to keep a patient on a diet of "sweet slops" as a certain invalid tapioca, oat-meal, gelatine and other like preparations to be eaten with sweetened cream. Any wholesome food, well-cooked and not too hearty for a digestion that can not be aided to any extent by exercise, is suitable for a convalescent, and no doubt every householder knows how to suit the taste of her particular "sick folk" in this respect; but whatever is given them, it must be daintily served, and, if it is supposed to be eaten hot, have it piping hot when you carry it to them; it will cool fast enough after they commence eating, and if their appetite is not very good, a "smut on dish or napkin, or a stickiness on the handle of fork or spoon will spoil the nicest cookery for them; and it will be the same if they have to wait, even so few minutes over the time when they expect, and should have, their meal.

This will seem "finicky" to a hearty person, by whom such trifles would never be noticed, but to an invalid, one whose vigor is barely equal to the task of living, and whose whole interest centers in this food, as the means of giving back his strength, mole-hills are mountains, and a delayed lunch a matter of importance.

Nursing is largely a labor of love, or should be; for the most skillful of trained nurses can not do for us what one of "our own," prompted by love and a desire to help us can do.

Remember that; be patient with their fretfulness; bear with their whims, make them think the care you take of them is no care, but a pleasure; keep a cheerful face before them and have always a cheery ring in your voice; it can be done if you really try, and will have a better effect on your invalid than all the stereotyped words of encouragement to be thought of; and may success attend your efforts.—Toledo Blade.

She Knew.

"Samantha," said Mr. Chugwater, "do you know where my hat is?"

"Your hat, Josiah," answered Mrs. Chugwater, "is in the corner over there by the bookcase where you tossed it when you came home last night. One of your gloves is on the piano just where you laid it, and the other is in your overcoat pocket. The overcoat is hanging on a chair in the back parlor exactly as you left it. Your slippers are under the lounge where you threw them when you put on your shoes. One of them has no heel and the other has a hole worn through the sole and——"

"Samantha," growled Mr. Chugwater, gathering up his hat and overcoat and moving toward the door, "you'd get along just as well if you were not quite so knowledgeous."—Chicago Tribune.

Money Saved Is Money Earned.

Mrs. Winks—I'd just like to know why those Minkses have so much more money than we have.

Mr. Winks—Mrs. Minks was born on Christmas day, and married on Christmas day, so that the three celebrations come at once. Think of the pile Mr. Minks has saved on presents to her.—N. Y. Weekly.

—Manager Daniel Frohman was visited not long ago by a number of temperance women, who wanted him to cut out a convivial scene in a play then running at his theater. When he told them he would be glad to accommodate them, but to cut the scene would ruin the play and cost him a large sum of money, they looked him in the face and said that they knew that, but that they were not trying to save plays but to save souls.

—The gem can not be polished without friction, nor man perfected without trials.—Chinese Proverb.

—A hide-splitter in Persia can make, in busy seasons, thirty-two cents a day.

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

—The French chemists are experimenting with cold, and in a recent test it was shown that a dog would die at ninety-eight degrees below zero, while a snail could live to one hundred and ten degrees below.

—The simplest way to tell iron from steel is to pour on the metal a drop of nitric acid, and allow it to act for one minute. On rinsing with water a grayish-white stain will be seen if the metal is iron; a black one if it is steel.

—Henrik Ibsen, the Norwegian author, carries a small mirror and comb, and from time to time he glances at his hair, and if any part of it appears to be in place he forthwith combs it into the disorder that imparts to pictures of him that scared expression.

—Archduke Eugene of Austria, who was a year ago a candidate for the archbishopric of Olmutz—which went to a cardinal who has taken his parents, Jewish peasants, to live with him in his palace—has accepted the command of an infantry brigade stationed at Olmutz.

—Bret Harte, although past fifty and in poor health, is a very handsome man. His face retains an appearance of youth, while his hair is silvery white. He has a slender figure and an erect and graceful carriage. He is a clubman and much sought after in society, but goes out infrequently.

—William Watson, the English poet, has entirely recovered from his recent attack of insanity, and is writing once more with all his accustomed grace and charm. His new poems, among which are some very powerful sonnets, will soon be published in the London papers, and have already been copyrighted in America.

—The first President Harrison, the "Tippecanoe" of historic fame, left many descendants, two of whom live in Washington. They are named Reynolds, and they have in their possession a big hair-cloth armchair that was given to "Tippecanoe" by the ladies of Indiana. It is very uncomfortable, as there are great raised flowers, done in worsteds, and an American eagle in beaded work.

—Recently-published pictures of Paderewski show that his remarkable hirsute development was not congenial. At least, in the portraits of him at the ages of three and ten there are no indications of an extraordinary growth of hair; in fact, at those ages his hair was straight and short, but by the time he reached eighteen his head had begun to assume the appearance that is now familiar to the music-loving public.

—W. Martin Conway, who is lecturing at the Royal institution, in London, on his recent explorations in the Himalayas, has traversed more ground in those perilous regions than any other explorer. Although his journeyings there have covered over three thousand miles, he says that the portion of country which he explored, compared with the mountainous region that has not yet been touched, is as the size of a postage stamp to a large quarto page.

—Galusha A. Grow, just elected congressman-at-large from Pennsylvania, is one of the most interesting living links connecting the present with the past. When he entered politics Lincoln and Sherman were country lawyers, Grant an obscure captain on the Pacific coast, and Garfield a mule-driver on the Ohio canal. He saw Clay and Webster in their old age and Sumner and Everett in their prime. Mr. Grow will be seventy-one next August.

HUMOROUS.

—He—"Darling, do you know what a beautiful face you have?" She—"What are looking-glasses for, Charley?"—Boston Transcript.

—"I suppose Count Bogus has been accustomed to having everything of the best about him?" "Of course, dear; you see he was head waiter in one of the leading hotels for years."—Inter-Ocean.

—Tramp—"You are very kind in givin' me the dinner, sir!" Citizen—"Never mind, my poor man—I don't want any return."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

—"Why do you think you will make your boy an orator?" "Because he has a loud voice." "But a loud voice is not oratory." "It is considered so."—N. Y. Press.

—"Well," said the operator to the market, "how do you feel?" "Bully," replied the market. "Alas," cried the operator, "this is more than I can bear."—Indianapolis Journal.

—"I made a fool of myself again yesterday," said Cholly in tones of contrition. "Really?" said Cholly's sister. "You are becoming very unnecessarily energetic."—Washington Star.

—A Definition.—Sands—"He may be worth a million, but he is about the windiest old blowhard I ever saw." Brix—"Yes, a sort of a million-air in motion."—Detroit Free Press.

—French Friendship—"Are you going to the opera to-night?" asked a Parisian. "No; we had tickets, but we were afraid of bombs, and we gave them to some dear friends of ours."—Hallo.

—Jillson says that with all due respect for the old proverb, when the average servant-girl gets through with a piece of valuable bric-a-brac it is generally to late too mend.—Buffalo Courier.

—"It is all very well for the minister to preach from the text 'Remember Lot's Wife,'" said an overworked, discouraged matron, "but I wish he would now give us an encouraging sermon upon the wife's lot."—Lowell Courier.

—She'd Been There.—A couple of ladies were looking into the window of a picture store on Woodward avenue at a fine painting. "What does it represent?" asked one, scanning it closely. "A Venetian scene," answered her friend. "Excuse me, madam, but you're wrong," spoke up a floridly-dressed woman with the air of a connoisseur; "that's a scene in Venice. I know, because I've been there."—Detroit Free Press.