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 19, 1894. VOL. XIX.—NO. 21.

FOUR DOGS.

I.

The han'somest dog I ever see
(Said Crooks, with a knowing leer)
Was one the general lent to me,
An' said he was good for deer.
Now everything proceeded right
So long as you kep' the fool in sight
But all at once perhaps he'd see
A red-tailed squirrel agin a tree,
Or maybe a mother bird distressed
For fear some fellow would find her nest;
An' once a rabbit family meek,
A-playin' the game of hide-an'-seek,
Or often a wavin' bush or limb
Would seem for to make a dive at him;
Whatever would thus appear
He'd start right off for it, crazy quick,
The same as a two foot lunatic:
His mind would probably lose its grip
Concernin' the object of the trip;
An' he'd come home, some time that day,
A-lookin' as if to try to say:
"You're all of ye eq'al queer!"

II.

The savagest dog I ever see
(Said Snooks, with a thoughtful air)
Was one the governor lent to me,
And said he was good for bear.
An' he was an interestin' sight,
A-gettin' the other dogs to fight:
He'd boldly draw 'em up t' the game,
An'hurl anathemas on the same;
They'd follow him strai'ght, an' own the corn,
That he was a regular leader born;
But when the bear would open his jaws,
An' make a parenth'sis of his paws,
This dog stepped back with merciful smile,
An' let the other ones lead awhile.
But still he would skirmish near,
An' yell, blaspheme, an' tear aroun'
The outer parts of the battle groun';
An' pass his comrades, wounded red,
To worry the animal when 'twas dead:
Then, spick an' span as a dog could be,
He'd say, with a wag and a wink at me:
"I've human natur' to spare!"

III.

The foolest dog I ever see
(Said Crooks—same afternoon)
Was one the coroner traded me,
An' said he was good for 'coon.
An' he was a cur of fair appear,
An' carried the blood for a fine career;
But e'en a'most every other night,
As soon as the moon would bob in sight,
He'd chase it off in elegant style,
For somethin' less than a hundred mile;
He'd keep a-goin', an' never stop,
Until he was all prepared to drop;
But if, by chance, he could stay it down,
He'd think he had run it out of town.
An' next day, not too soon,
All covered over with conscious shame,
Because he'd failed to bag his game,
He'd sneak it home with a lengthened jaw,
As if he had married a mother-in-law;
Yet seemed to be sayin', I had a whim,
To them who tried for to laugh at him:
"You're all of you got your moon!"

IV.

The homeliest dog I ever see
(Said Spooks, with an air of thought)
Was one the minister gave to me.
An' said he was good for naught.
But somehow 'r other, day by day,
He struck his gait, an' he made his way;
He j'ined the family, one by one,
But didn't perform as the pampered son;
He carried a cheerful tail an' face,
But wasn't des'rous to embrace;
He didn't go sniffin' along our track,
But al'ays was glad to see us back;
He helped at huntin' an' loved the fun,
But al'ays knowed who carried the gun;
He schemed an' worked an' fought
To keep the thievers from our abode,
But never would superintend the road;
He managed to be our love an' pride;
An' when that fellow fell down an' died,
He had a buryin' such as men
Gets give to 'em only now an' then:
For honesty can't be bought!
—Will Carleton, in Harper's Magazine.

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YOUNG BARCLAY has disappeared and left me, Tsu Yan, a little Japanese wax cherub, to guard his desolate quarters from my perch on the chandelier.

Ah, how different it all is from the old days when he used to laugh and talk to me and call me his guardian angel! He loved me then for her sake, for she gave me to him, you know. And now to desert me like this! Chingan! it is too bad!

I feared something of this kind would happen, though, when he discovered that she did not really love him; but, dear me, why could he not have found some one to take her place, instead of vanishing in this ridiculous way?

It was not my fault that he was sold out. I could only quiver with indignation when, after his disappearance, that disagreeable old uncle announced his intention of selling all of young Barclay's things at auction. That old uncle! How I hate him—he never did like my master.

Oh! that terrible auction—I shall never forget it! Sprinkled among the motley crowd of buyers, were a few of young Barclay's friends who knew him in the old days when she first gave me to him. They bought a few trifles to help preserve his memory; for, in spite of his youth and wildness, young Barclay had some good and true friends.

My heart was very heavy, as, one by one, my old comrades were put up and sold. Among the first to go was my chum, the skull tobacco jar. His teeth

TSU YAN, A LITTLE JAPANESE WAX CHERUB.

rattled in his fleshless jaws with dismay as an old Hebrew curiosity dealer clutched him eagerly.

Toward the end, she came in, accompanied by her maid. "Ah! She has not forgotten," thought I. "She will save me from these despoilers."

Yet, fear seized upon me, for the sale was almost over, and no one had noticed me, dangling aimlessly from the chandelier. What if I should be overlooked?

Terror gave me strength. Straining at the thread which held me, I broke it and fell plump upon the bald head of the auctioneer beneath me.

"See! ladies and gentlemen," he cried, picking me up and holding me on high, "a messenger straight from the Celestial kingdom. What am I offered for this remarkably healthy specimen of a Japanese angel?"

Some one bid a dollar. "Fie upon such a bid!" said the auctioneer. "Why, the memories stored in this comical little head, of past scenes enacted here below him in these jolly bachelor quarters, are alone worth five times that sum!"

If he but knew! That sad night, for instance, after young Barclay had seen her for the last time! Yes, the memories were worth more—to some people.

"Ten dollars!" she exclaimed.

"Evidently she wants it," whispered Wraggles to his friend. "Such a bid for a common little wax figure like that!"

The brute! I never did like Wraggles.

No one bid against her, and I was soon in her muff being tenderly carried home—to my first home.

Straight to her room she went, and, locking the door behind her, took me in her hands and looked sadly into my eyes.

"Tsu Yan," she whispered, "I am so sorry! I think I really did love him, after all; but he was so foolish and in

AND HOLDING ME ON HIGH.

such a hurry. He should have waited and given me time. But he has gone now—no one knows where—and I am the cause!"

She raised me to her lips and kissed the little shaven spot on top of my head. As she did so a tear fell down upon my cheek. Oh, that tear! It trickled down deep into my heart, which closed about it and guarded it as the dearest pearl ever brought to light. Yes, she wept—wept for poor young Barclay, for herself, for his love and for the consequences.

Some one knocked. Hastily drying her eyes and thrusting me out of sight, she opened the door.

'Twas the maid with a card—the card of that other man.

She came back to the room, and for a long time gazed pensively out of the window into the street below, where the other man's trap was being led to and fro. With a sigh she left the window and slowly walked downstairs to the drawing room.

In an hour she returned, and coming straight to where I lay, took me in her hands and again looked fixedly into my eyes. But this time her eyes were dry. They were no longer the "damp violets" young Barclay used to call them; for they were hard and defiant; yet, withal, I thought I saw a touch of sadness.

"Tsu Yan," she said, abruptly, "good—good-by!" and, going to her secretary, she took out a little ebony box, which she unlocked, and then, horror of horrors, placed me within it and turned the key!

I do not like it in this box. It is very dark and stupid. Besides, there is a withered rose in here whose thorns are very sharp. The thorns prick me often. I do not think the rose likes me, because, I suppose, I come from the land where its rival, the chrysanthemum, grows.

I know that she is not happy, for only last night I heard her from my gloomy prison sob herself to sleep.

Ah! it is better, I think, to be a little Japanese angel in a black box than a silly mortal in love!

ROYALTY ON RUNNERS.

The Grand Display Made by the Mad King of Bavaria.

The unhappy Ludwig of Bavaria, who was drowned some years ago, was the first king of modern times who made a business of reviving the splendid trappings of royalty used in olden times on so extensive a scale. With him everything in the line of furnishings had to be gilt, or of the most precious material obtainable for the purpose. His passion for erecting fantastic castles and villas made him a bankrupt, and these buildings are now used for show purposes only.

Some of the finest specimens of this sort of decoration built by the order of King Ludwig are the various carriages and sleighs designed for the king's use on state occasions. Among them is a sleigh which attracts the attention of all lovers of the picturesque. It is a very gorgeous means of conveyance, rich with precious metals, splendid furs, and all the modern improvements money can command.

Seated behind its high glass windows, enveloped in stately robes, the half-crazy monarch used to ride over the dangerous passes of the Alps before daylight. His horses wore a string of small electric lights on their collars. Electric lights were also fastened to the helmets and caps of the cavalrymen that galloped in front of the sleigh.

"The mad king is coming," the poor peasants used to say, for they had learned to expect him on any extremely dark night, if the moon were not shining.—Harper's Young People.

—"Hicks and Mabel went skating last week, and had a terrible fall over an embankment." "Dear me! Anything broken?" "Yes. Their engagement."—Harper's Bazar.

—George is Greek and means husbandman. The name is popular today, not only in Greece and the Balkan states, but also in Russia and England.

KING ARTHUR NO MYTH.

A High Officer Among the Britons During the Roman Occupation.

When Geoffrey of Monmouth wrote his history of the Britons he wrote it like a classical epic, but with the inspiration of French chivalry and legend. Thus Caxton had little difficulty in making acceptable Sir Thomas Malory's translation of the Arthurian legends as they had been written in France. His edition was published in 1485, with a preface in which he says that the nine most celebrated men in the world are three pagans, three Jews and three Christians, the pagans being Hector of Troy, Alexander the Great and Julius Cæsar; the Jews, Joshua, David and Judas Maccabæus; and the Christians, Charlemagne, Godfrey of Bouillon, and King Arthur. He says that many men believe "there was no such Arthur, and that all such books as be made of him be but feigned and fables, by cause that some chronicles make of him no mention nor remember him no thing nor of his knights."

But the skepticism of the time of Caxton, which continued until the end of the eighteenth century, is not at present scientific. The moderns do not doubt that King Arthur existed. He was a superior officer of the Britons, whose rank was known in the time of Roman rule as "Comes Britannæ." He moved about in Britain as Agricola or Severus would have done. His position naturally entailed the association with his name of heroic legends. Malory's originals were romances written in French, which he translated literally, but reduced in length. The stories were based on Breton folklore which came from Great Britain and was transmitted through the Normans in the eastern portion of Brittany. The entire Arthurian legend, as used by Malory, is Breton, but the great legend is Welsh. John Rhys, who writes the preface to this new edition, is persuaded that Malory, whose birthplace is as unknown as that of Homer, was a Welshman. Malory made of the Arthurian legend the Iliad of English prose literature, and used many of Homer's set phrases. His knights, when they leaped to the ground, invariably "avoided" their horses. The strokes they dealt were "sad," and there are keen touches of feeling in every incident. His style is admirable. Tennyson, in the parting of Arthur and Guenever, did not express more pathos than Malory in the parting of Guenever and Launcelot.—N. Y. Times.

"TEXAS JACK" RUN DOWN.

The Budding Bandit, Masked and Heavily Armed, Protested His Innocence.

"Texas Jack" was locked up in the Seventh district station house, Philadelphia, the other night. The desperate character had been captured by Officer Stone, and the latter, new on the force, was as proud of his capture as a hen is of her first egg. Stone was patrolling his beat at Third and Green streets when he noticed a suspicious-looking figure crawl over a back fence on Green street. The figure on the fence wore heavy boots, into which were tucked embroidered velvet trousers. A short velvet coat, a wide sombrero and a belt, with gleaming revolver and knife, completed the costume. The face was covered by a thick mask. The figur jumped down to the pavement and was quickly caught in the firm grasp of Officer Stone.

"Here, unhand me, cur!" shouted the captive. "Know you not that I am Texas Jack?" Stone's heart beat faster as he realized the importance of his capture and he hastened his pace considerably. He dragged his prisoner before Sergeant Brown, at the station-house, and said, laconically: "Texas Jack—suspicion of robbery." "Take off your mask," ordered the sergeant, sternly. The prisoner promptly obeyed and displayed the tear-wet face of an overgrown boy. "I didn't do notin', mister, honest," he said. "I was just climbin' over our fence so mother wouldn't see me. I want to turn out with the Merry Men New Year club."

The sergeant thought it best to lock him up, and Texas Jack began to cry. About midnight the great scout's mamma came and took him home."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

CORRECTING AN ERROR.

Bad Mathematics Results Disastrously Even for Sharp Beggars.

As a comfortable citizen was going home about nine o'clock in the evening, he was accosted by a tramp.

"Please, sir," said the needy one, "give me some money to buy bread. I have not had anything to eat for two days."

"That's a long time between meals, isn't it?" he smiled, and forked over a quarter.

About the same hour the next evening, the same tramp, not recognizing him, struck him again.

"Please, sir," he said. "give me some money to buy bread? I have not had anything to eat for two days."

"Three days, don't you mean?" responded the citizen.

"No, sir; I'm telling the truth; its two days."

"But you are mistaken," persisted the citizen. "You told me last night that it was two days then, and another day has been added since. Of course, you wouldn't lie about it, but all of us are liable to mistakes, and I merely wish to call your attention to it in passing. Good evening," and he sailed away, leaving the beggar with a case of astonishment in aggravated form, and nothing to cure it within sight.—Detroit Free Press.

A Little Overdone.

Struggling Pastor—Where are my slippers?

Wife—The last pair you had were so worn out that I had to throw them away.

"Haven't I any more?"

"No, the people have not been sending slippers for several years."

"Humph! These comic papers ought to be suppressed."—N. Y. Weekly.

TAMING OF THE COWBOY.

He Answered the Matrimonial Advertisement of an Eastern Widow.

"I've drove a team of ten mules, judge, an' I've punched cattle all the way from Texas to Manitoba," said a broad-shouldered, well-knit man with gray hair and a gray mustache, addressing Judge Gutmann. "I've stood up before a Texas norther and a Dakota blizzard. I've gone over the 'Bad Lands' in the dead o' summer. I've lived in the saddle for seventy-two hours at a stretch. I've broke bronchos and I've drunk Kansas whisky. I've done everything rough that a cow puncher had to do, but a year with that woman comes nearer being ten years in tophet than anything I know of."

"Tell me all about it," said the judge.

"It was this way, judge," said the man. "I'm from the plains. I was a 'cow 'puncher'—a cowboy, you know. Life was pretty dull with us. We used to fill up once in a great while, an' ride through town on our ponies, shootin' our Winchesters in the air—once in awhile puttin' a hole through a window pane or a plate-glass window—an' lead the mounted police a lively chase—just for the fun of it, judge—no harm intended. Then once in awhile we'd get in a saloon an' put out the lights an' spill enough lead to make a mile of water pipes. But it was dull, judge, compared to life in Albany.

"We're not as dumb a lot o' men as they picture us, judge. There wasn't a man among us that couldn't read, an' we'd all seen somethin' of the world. Some of us was pretty hard, I'll admit. But as a rule we never killed a man unless we had to. An' full o' fight as we mights be, judge, an' rough and tough, we never stole anything. An' we never stuffed ballot-boxes.

"We weren't a dumb lot, judge. We had active brains an' we used to get pretty tired sittin' 'round the big fireplace. A man can't be contented drinkin' whisky an' shootin' an' spittin' tobacco juice an' blowin' smoke an' swappin' stories, judge. He's got to do somethin' else. He's got to feed his brain. Well, to keep things a movin' we used to read the Police Gazette an' Century. There was another paper we got at the ranch, too. It was the Matrimonial Weekly. Women was scarce in our country an' we used to like to keep in with them. One night one o' the boys read an advertisement that said that a widow with two children and a little money would like to get married. 'I'm not so rich that I can afford not to work, an' I'm not too proud to keep boarders,' it read.

"'Town of the Dutch!' sez I, when the boy readin' it said she lived in Albany.

"'Town of the Irish,' sez one of the boys. 'Keep away from it, Bill.'

"That's my name, judge, Bill—Bill Brownell.

"Well, I wrote, an' it ended in me comin' to Albany with two hundred dollars an' a trunk full o' clothes an' silverware. We was married. The day after we was married I lent her the money an' the silverware.

Then the trouble begun. She made me make the beds, judge. Think of it! A man that had slept for years on a blanket laid on the ground—no feathers but the snowflakes an' no lamps except the moon an' stars—a man that had slept many a night in the saddle an' many a week by the side of a camp-fire—a man like that makin' beds.

"Then she made me wipe the dishes an' warsh the clothes. It was tough, judge, but I didn't have a cent an' couldn't get work, so I did it.

"Yesterday we busted up the partnership, judge. I made up my mind to walk back to Dakota an' tell the boys that I'd been played for a sucker. They'd stake me to a pony an' I'd be happy again. When I came to leave she wouldn't give me any other pants nor my silverware. I want to get them an' leave New York forever."

The judge told Court Officer McKiernan to bring Mrs. Brownell to court, and this morning she appeared before the judge.

"Now, why don't you give the man his pants?" asked Judge Gutmann.

"Because I won't give them to him. That's why," snapped Mrs. Brownell.

"But you don't wear those trousers," said the judge.

"No, but she'd like to," said Brownell.

"You give him his pants and save yourself trouble," said the judge.

"All right," said Mrs. Brownell.

"How about the spoons?" asked the ex-cowboy.

Mrs. Brownell insisted that her husband had given them to her, and refused to return them.

"I can't make this court a collection agency," said the judge. "You take that to some other court."

"How about my picture?" asked Brownell.

"You'll not get it," said his wife.

"What do you want with his picture in the house if you don't want him?" asked Judge Gutmann.

"I don't know," replied his wife. "He can have it if he'll came after it."

The cowboy left the court-room happy. His wife left, too. But she wasn't happy.—Albany Journal.

Her Idea.

Briggs—I was up in the country on Sunday visiting my grandmother, and about four o'clock in the afternoon I got rather tired, so I asked if there wasn't anything I could do to amuse myself, and what do you suppose the old lady said?

Griggs—I haven't the least idea.

Briggs—"Why, Henry," said she, "I should think you would take a walk in the graveyard."—Brooklyn Life.

—Mr. M. D. Conway has discovered a long-forgotten or overlooked writing of Thomas Paine, just one hundred years old, in which occurs the following sentence worthy to be included among the familiar quotations of that great liberator: "Freedom for ourselves is merely happiness; it becomes virtue when we seek to enable others to enjoy it."

BIGGEST TREE IN THE WORLD.

A Petrified Trunk in Northwestern Nevada Said to Be 600 Feet in Length.

The largest tree in the world lies broken and petrified at the end of a defile in northwestern Nevada. Its dimensions are so great that those who know of its existence hesitate to tell the story because they hardly expect to be believed, but there is sufficient evidence to give the tale credit, improbable though it may seem. This tree makes the monarchs of the Mariposa grove seem like impostors, and compared to "the tallest pine grown on Norwegian hills to be the mast of some great admiral is but a wand." As for the story of its discovery, it was thus told by "Dad" Lynn, of Fresno, and supported by other equally well-known people:

"Back in 1860 a company of about forty-five left Red Bluff to prospect the unknown country beyond Honey lake and Surprise valley. There were in the party lawyers, butchers and shoemakers, but we were one-sided on one point; each individual felt positive that this was the turning point of his existence, and that bright, shining gold in unlimited quantities would reward the rather unpleasant jaunt. The Indians—we called them Bannacks—were at that time raising hair, and very many sudden moves were at times necessary in order to get rid of their unwelcome attentions. Finding but little gold in this section we traveled toward Baker county, Ore., through a country entirely denuded of timber, except a few dwarf cottonwoods along the waterways. Close to the Baker county line we came to an opening in the rocks about wide enough for our wagons to go through, and on either side loomed precipices five hundred and six hundred feet high. The crevasse was about fifteen miles long, and at its end, just to the right of the trail, we found a number of petrified tree stumps of different heights and sizes.

"In their midst on the ground lay a monster tree, somewhat imbedded in the soil. It was completely petrified, and from the clean-cut fractures of the trunk seemed to have fallen after its petrifaction. At its butt this tree was sixty feet in diameter. We measured its length with a tape line. It was just six hundred and sixty-six feet long. No limbs remained, but in the trunk were clefts where apparently limbs had broken off. Amberlike beads of petrified pitch or gum adhered to the sides of the trunk for a distance of one hundred feet or more. Where the huge trunk was broken squarely off the center seemed transparent and the growth marks showed in beautiful concentric rings. Its natural appearance was handsomer than any dressed marble or mosaic I ever have seen, and we all expressed the opinion that it would make a wonderfully beautiful floor and interior finish for some grand building.—San Francisco Examiner.

THIRTY FEET OF SHARK.

The Finny Monster Which Has for Years Terrorized California Fishermen.

Antonio Nicolas, a fisherman with headquarters at San Francisco, has organized a party with the object of killing a shark thirty feet long, which has for years been the terror of fishermen plying their trade about Point Reyes. For forty years "Black Jack," as they call the great shark, has ravaged the vicinity of Point Reyes, watching for human blood. He is of the man-eating species, and occasionally gets an appetizer in the shape of bits of fisher flesh. There are many of the ordinary size in Acapulca, and it is said that San Diego is occasionally visited by them. But "Black Jack" towers above them all with ferocious majesty. He was first seen in the early fifties by the pioneer fishermen, and somewhere in the sixties he gobbled a Neapolitan who was upset just off the rocks by the surf. Since then he has had his ominous cognomen, and has been regarded as an object of menacing fury.

A few weeks ago a "tenderfoot" fisherman happened to let his feet dangle over the side of the boat, when suddenly there was a swift rush in the waves, the unfortunate man lost part of his toes and a large bit of rubber boot. Every two or three years in the past a man has lost a leg or a hand through carelessness of this sort, and this was by no means the first time. Whenever a boat seeks the comparative shelter which a bend in the shore near the main point affords "Black Jack" is sure to heave in sight and lurk about until his greed is either satisfied or disappointed. But "Black Jack" does not confine his attentions to this point alone, for frequently he races up as far as Russian gulch or even Timber cove. When a schooner was wrecked five years ago at the former place the monster reveled in the disaster, and two of the bodies that were washed ashore had been deprived of arms and legs and even a head—all of which crimes were laid at the door of the big shark. At Timber cove, on a quiet day, when the currents are waving the long kelp to and fro lazily, the ugly, shining, black fin of "Jack" may be discerned from the high bluff above, scattering stray seals in terror to their hiding places. — San Francisco Examiner.

A Give Away.

She—Kate practically sold herself when she married old Lord Broadacres. She was deeply in love with Jack Harduppe at the time.

He—You mean she sold his lordship.

She—Oh! no; she told him everything.

He—Oh! then, she gave herself away. —Hallo.

—An advertisement of a feeding-bottle, for infants, recommends that "when baby is done drinking, it must be unscrewed and laid in a cool place under a tap. If the baby does not thrive on fresh milk it should be boiled." Poor things! We mean the babies, but many such bottles are also, and these directions surely are.

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

—In the western deserts a spot of ground becomes excessively heated, causing the air above to descend. This produces an influx of the atmosphere from all sides, but unequally, the result being a gyratory motion and a sand-storm.

—M. Zola is one of the kind of men who do not know when they are beaten. Though he has been rejected six times by the French academy, and by votes that have made the successive rejections contemptuous, he will strive again for the honor.

—Queen Victoria is said never to lose her temper with her inferiors; but her servants know that household arrangements must go as by clockwork or the royal lady speedily knows the reason why. As a rule, she calls them by their Christian names and encourages them to speak freely.

—James B. Scott, who has just died in Pittsburgh, was honorably identified with the business, educational and religious life of that city. When the news of the Johnstown disaster came, in 1889, he left a sick bed for the scene of the flood, and he was at once made the chairman of the relief committee.

—Signor Crispi, the Italian premier, was for some years an exile in England, and it is said has preserved some British traits of character, among them that of coldness and indifference. His home, in a place near the famous Piazza de Spagna, has beautiful apartments, but they are neither rich nor magnificent.

—Galusha A. Grow, when he took his seat in the house, found there only two members with whom he served before—Holman, of Indiana, and Sickles, of New York—and only one man in either senate or house who was serving when his first term began in 1851—Senator Harris, who was then in the house.

—Ex-Lord Abbot Otani Kesho, head of the Buddhist priests in Japan, died January 17. Ten thousand mourners attended the funeral, including the members of the imperial family, the peers, and the leading officials of the government. The scene presented was one of surpassing magnificence. The remains were cremated.

—In Germany the work of a great author may be suppressed. One of its courts not long ago ruled that science is free, but the aggressive young emperor, in the interests of his religion, takes it upon himself to overrule that high status of literary freedom by declaring one of Prof. Haeckel's late essays unsalable. His "Monism, a Scientist's Confession of Faith," is now "police forbidden" in his own country—where it ran through five editions in five months.

—Mr. Henry Vizetelly, one of the pioneers of illustrated journalism, and a well-known English publisher, died on the first day of this year from the effects of an illness which could be directly traced to his imprisonment for publishing an English translation of Zola's novels—and yet Zola himself, when visiting England lately, was grandly feted and almost worshiped as a great writer. The standards of literary work, and its limitations, are yet very hazy.

HUMOROUS.

—"This rich relative of yours, is he a distant relative?" "Yes, extremely distant, since he became rich."—N. Y. Press.

—Agnes—"Well, I want a husband who is easily pleased." Maud—"Don't worry, dear; that's the kind you'll get."—Tit-Bits.

—Longshot—"Do you consider horseshoes an emblem of luck?" Placer—"Yes, when they are on the winning horse."—N. Y. Times.

—Accommodating.—Hardleigh—"Do you let your wife have her own way?" Haftoo—"Certainly; and most of mine."—Detroit Free Press.

—"How did you feel when Miss Million refused you?" "Terribly—as though I had been sentenced to hard labor for life."—N. Y. Ledger.

—What a beautiful thing is thought, said she;
A boon it is to myself and Jim.
I sit and think he is thinking of me
And he sits and thinks I am thinking of him.

—A puzzled Irishman, examining the contents of his pocket, blurted out: "Begorra, now ol'm in a foine fix; oi don't know which is me prescripshun, and which me laundhry check!"

—When the bills for gas and electric glow
A man month after month has paid,
He's pretty apt, I think, to know
About the charge of the light brigade.
—Buffalo Courier.

—"Dear me!" cried the nurse. "The baby has swallowed my railway ticket. What shall I do?" "Go and buy another right away," returned the mother. "I'm not going to have the baby punched."—Harper's Bazar.

—W.—"Do you believe it is bad luck to open an umbrella in the house?" S.—"Well, I should say so. I opened one the other day and the owner happened to be there and recognized it."—Philadelphia Record.

—Mr. Grogan (telling the story of the argument)—"An' I had to sthand there lukin' at him, shmoilin' th' best Oi cud, an' all the toime I was so mad Oi was grittin' me teeth behind me boick."—Indianapolis Journal.

—A Reminder.—Porter—"Dear Herr Baron, would you be so kind as to put it down in writing that you haven't given me a tip this time, else my wife will think I've gone and spent it in drink."—Remscheider General-Anzeiger.

—Tommy—"I say, Mr. Yabsley, sister Laura said at the table this morning that she thought you had the prettiest mustache she ever saw." Yabsley—"You oughtn't to tell things you hear at the table, Tommy." Tommy—"But she is going to give me a penny for telling you."—Tit-Bits.

—Mrs. Von Blumer—"Let me congratulate you on your engagement, my dear. He is so charming that I am really beginning to regret now that my Clara felt she ought to refuse him." Miss Twickenham—"You mustn't blame her, my dear Mrs. Von Blumer. She was much younger than she is now."—Brooklyn Life.

SOLSVILLE MIRACLE.

Restoration of Philander Hyde from Paralysis.

Helpless and Bed-Ridden—His Recovery from This Pitiable Condition—A Remarkable Narrative.

[From the Syracuse Standard.]

During the past few months there have appeared in the columns of the *Standard* the particulars of a number of cures so remarkable as to justify the term miraculous. These cases were investigated and vouched for by the *Albany Journal*, the *Detroit News*, *Albany Express* and other papers whose reputation is a guarantee that the facts were as stated. Different schools of medicine and some of the brightest lights in the profession had treated these cases, unsuccessfully; and their recovery later on, therefore, and its means, have created a profound sensation throughout the country.

The *Standard* has published the above accounts for what they were worth, and are happily able to supplement same to-day by an equally striking case near home. The case is over in Madison county, at Solsville, and the subject is Mr. Philander Hyde, who told the reporter the following:

"I will be 70 in September. I was born in Brookfield, Madison county, where all my life was spent until recently, when, becoming helpless, I came to live with my daughter here. My life occupation has been that of a farmer. I was always well and rugged until two years ago last winter, when I had the grip. When it left me I had a sensation of numbness in my legs, which gradually grew to be stiff at the joints and very painful. I felt the stiffness in my feet first, and the pain and the stiffness extended to my knees and to my hip joints, and to the bowels and stomach, and prevented digestion. To move the bowels I was compelled to take great quantities of castor oil.

"While I was in this condition, cold feelings would begin in my feet and streak up my legs to my back and would follow the whole length of my back bone. I could not sleep, I had no appetite, I become helpless. While in this condition I was treated by a number of prominent physicians. They did me no good. I soon became perfectly helpless and lost all power of motion even in my bed."

"The physicians consulted pronounced father's case creeping paralysis," said Mr. and Mrs. Johnson, "and when we brought him home he had to be carried all the way in a bed. The doctors said they could only relieve the pain, and for the purpose he took a pint of whiskey a day for three months, and morphine in great quantities. When he began taking Pink Pills we stopped giving him morphine or any other medicine, and cut off all stimulants. In ten days after father began taking the pills, he could get out of bed and walk without assistance, and has continued to improve until now he walks about the house and the streets by the aid of a cane only."

"Yes," said Mr. Hyde, "and the pain has gone out of my back and the numbness out of my legs. I have no more chills, my digestion is good, and I have an excellent appetite." And then, after a pause, "But, ah, me, I am an old man; I have seen my best days, and cannot hope to recover my old vigor as a younger man might, but I am so thankful to have the use of my limbs and to be relieved of those dreadful pains."

Others in Solsville are taking Pink Pills, notably the mother of Abel Curtis, who is using them with satisfactory effect for rheumatism, and Mrs. Lippitt, wife of ex-Senator Lippitt, is using them with much benefit for nervous debility.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain in a condensed form all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood, and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effects of la grippe, palpitation of the heart, and that tired feeling resulting from nervous prostration; all diseases resulting from vitiated humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, irregularities and all forms of weakness. In men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork or excesses of whatever nature.

These Pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y., and Brockville, Ont., and are sold only in boxes bearing the firm's trade-mark and wrapper at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2.50, and are never sold in bulk or by the dozen or hundred.

"How is your son getting along in college?" asked Farmer Cornstassel's neighbor. "Purty well in some ways. I don't know how he's doin' in his studies. But from his last photograph I jedge he's discovered a hair tonic that'll make his fortune."—Washington Star.

Signs of Spring.

If that tired feeling, the forerunner of Spring, has told you that your system needs strengthening, do not take medicine, but go at once to Hot Springs, Va. The waters act like magic. The hotels are strictly first class, the scenery sublime, and the $150,000 bath house is unsurpassed in the world, every known description of baths being administered.

Take the F. F. V. Limited, over the C. & O. R'y at Cincinnati at night, and reach Hot Springs the next morning. For pamphlet address C. B. Ryan, A. G. P. A., C. & O. R'y, Cincinnati, Ohio.

"You say she has a limited divorce. Then, of course, she didn't obtain it in South Dakota." "What makes you so sure?" "There's no limit to divorces there."—Buffalo Courier.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh That Contain Mercury,

as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally, and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free.

☞ Sold by Druggists, price 75c. per bottle.
Hall's Family Pills, 25 cents.

A PERSISTENT ONE.—Briscoe—"Jaysmith is a regular vocalist." Bunting—"Nonsense." Briscoe—"It's so. He's always singing his own praises."

Frightful Phantoms

Haunt the dreams of the sufferer from indigestion. What should the nightmare-ridden dyspeptic do when waking with a start, the sweat oozing from the pores, sleep for the remainder of the night seems unattainable! Swallow a wineglassful of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which, if taken before going to bed, would have insured repose. Use the Bitters for nervousness, dyspepsia, rheumatism, malaria.

SOME people imagine that they cannot have a walk-over without trampling their rivals under foot.—Dallas News.

Best of All

To cleanse the system in a gentle and truly beneficial manner, when the Springtime comes, use the true and perfect remedy, Syrup of Figs. One bottle will answer for all the family and costs only 50 cents; the large size $1. Try it and be pleased. Manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only.