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, JUNE 30, 1894. VOL. XIX.—NO. 27.

THE OLD SPITE LANE.

The Spite Lane runs along the line 'twixt Slocum's farm and ours,
A narrow space between each fence where nothing grows but flowers.
The relic of a silly feud that smoldered many years,
That caused harsh words between the men and roused our mothers' fears;
A country quarrel long ago, a quarrel firm and set,
Here where lives are narrow and people *won't* forget.
We children keep the quarrel not, although its mark is plain,
For there between our meadows green still runs the old Spite Lane.

Sometimes when father sits about, at peace with all the world,
The country paper on his knee, the smoke wreaths 'bout him curled,
I drop a hint on foolish spites that run to cruel ends,
And how much nicer it would be if *neighbors* all were friends.
He'll snap out: "No! I'll fight it out! Them Slocums can't beat *me!*"
But he ain't as hearty in it now as what he used to be;
When 'cross the line he'd shake his fist and fairly almost swear,
While ol' man Slocum with his men would holler: "Jest you dare!"
But then, those times, I think, are gone; they'll never come again—
And some bright day we'll tear away the silly old Spite Lane.

For, often in the eventide, when at the pasture bars
The cowbells tinkle in the dusk beneath the summer stars,
Sweet Laura Slocum steals away to meet me once again—
No angry words can *then* be heard across the old Spite Lane.
Old feuds, old hates, old quarrels harsh, young hearts can end them thus,
The fences mark a lovers' lane just wide enough for us.
The Spite Lane runs along the line 'twixt Slocum's farm and ours;
It marks a path of sullen wrath—but naught grows there save flowers!

—Roy L. McCardell, in Puck.

A PLOT SPOILED.

Why Mr. Willoughby Didn't Get a Wished for Loan.

The sun had just dipped behind the steely surface of the frozen river; the chill of coming twilight sent a tremulous shiver through the woods, tinkling the icicles like a string of fairy bells as it went.

"Good, seasonable weather," thought Squire Merriford, as he came out to look at the big thermometer that always hung, summer and winter, beside the porch door. "Halloo, Steele! Is that you?"

"Yes, squire, it is I," said Milford Steele. "Is Josephine at home?"

"She's at home, but—the fact is—she's pretty considerably engaged just at present."

"That means, I suppose, that Leslie Willoughby is calling?"

Squire Merriford made no direct answer, but stared hard at the thermometer.

"Perhaps," went on the merciless catechist, "you could let me have the money you promised toward the church debt this evening? There is a vestry meeting the day after to-morrow, and—"

The squire coughed dubiously.

"Well, the fact is," said he, "it ain't convenient just at present. The church'll have to wait. I'm makin' arrangements to let out all the cash I can spare now on bond and mortgage. A man don't get such an opportunity every day, Steele, you know."

"I should think not," said Steele, dryly. "Nine per cent. seems like a very nice little arrangement, but suppose the question of usury is raised?"

"It won't be," said the squire, confidently. "It's between friends, you know."

"I need not ask who this liberal-hearted friend is," said Mr. Steele; "Mr. Willoughby, of course."

"Suppose it is!" cried the squire testily; "what then?"

"Mr. Merriford," said Steele, earnestly, "you are an older man than I am, yet I cannot forbear from entreating you to pause and reflect before you invest your whole property in such an unsafe speculation as this. What do you know about this Leslie Willoughby?"

"I know he's Chief Justice Chapman's nephew."

"He says so."

"And he owns four thousand acres of land out west."

"According to his own account."

"And he might be a member of congress if he chose."

"Rather improbable that."

"And he owns a lot o' property in the upper part of the city of New York."

"Pardon me, but I do not credit all this. I sincerely believe that he is deceiving both you and your daughter."

The squire grew very red in the face.

"I wasn't born yesterday, and it ain't for you to set up to dictate to me. And if Josephine fancies him more'n she does you—"

"She is quite welcome to her preference," sharply interrupted Steele. "Good evening, Mr. Merriford."

He walked quickly away down the snowy road, the blood boiling in his veins. He loved Josephine Merriford heartily—he respected the good-hearted old squire, but just now he felt that he was almost banished from their counsels.

"If I could but prove all that I suspect," murmured he to himself as he crossed the little bridge that spanned a brawling rivulet.

A hand fell on his shoulder at the same instant.

"Hallo, Sprowle! I'm punctual to the second, you see."

Steele stared round, without immediately answering to this unexpected greeting.

"Well, then, Mr. Leslie Willoughby, Esq., if you like that better," cried the stranger, with a burst of laughter. "Have you raised that sum of money yet? That's what I want to know. Because old Samuels is getting crusty, and— The deuce!"

Just at that moment, looking full into his face, the stranger discovered his mistake.

"I am not Leslie Willoughby," said Steele composedly, "but I can tell you where he is. Just at present he is making love to Squire Merriford's daughter, and trying to induce the old man to lend him money."

"That won't do, you know!" cried the man, who was evidently a little the worse for liquor. "Nohow you can fix it, that won't do. No lovemaking! 'Cause he's married to my sister Eliza, Peter Sprowle is! I don't blame him for not livin' with Eliza—she's got a temper like vinegar; but he ha'n't no business to make love to another girl—not while I'm around."

"You have arrived just in time then. Perhaps you wouldn't mind letting the young lady know that your friend is already married."

"I'd just like to put a spoke in Pete Sprowle's wheel! I believe in honor among thieves; but I'm hanged if I don't think Pete means to do me this time."

Josephine Merriford was a very pretty girl, cherry cheeked and dimpled, with innocent hazel-dark eyes and a red, laughing mouth; and the fire-light made a fair picture of her as she sat by the great, old-fashioned hearthstone, with Leslie Willoughby suspiciously close to her.

"It's easily done," coaxed Mr. Willoughby, stroking his long, waxed mustache. "Just to step down to the nearest parson's—and, whew! we're off to New York, man and wife, by the evening train."

"But poor papa, Mr. Willoughby!"

"He won't mind, once it's over. I can easily telegraph to him from New York. By Jove, won't that meddling old beau of yours—Steele is his name, isn't it?—stare?"

And Leslie Willoughby indulged in a hearty laugh at the idea; but Josephine colored, and then grew pale.

"Don't Leslie," she replied: "Milford Steele has always been a good and true friend to me."

"I dare say, I dare say. Well, Josie, just you get your father to advance that one hundred dollars and we'll give 'em all the slip. We'll take the eight train—"

"No, you won't—not if *I* know it," interrupted a gruff voice. "For my sister Eliza, your lawful wedded wife, Pete Sprowle, you know—she ain't neither dead nor divorced. And you're no more Justice Chapman's nephew than I'm stepfather to Queen Victoria—and your name ain't Willoughby—and you're a confounded scoundrel and a villain, Pete Sprowle—that's what you be."

And Leslie Willoughby, struggling to his feet with a face of wrath and confusion, found himself face to face with his respected brother-in-law and coplotter and Milford Steele.

"Slanderer! this is your work!" gasped he, aiming a blind blow at the latter.

"And I am proud of it," declared Steele; "or, rather, I shall be, when I've kicked you out of this house."

Word and deed were simultaneous, and in another second Josephine and Steele were alone in the room.

"Oh, Milford!" she faltered, "can this be true? or am I dreaming?"

"It is true, Josie, that you are saved—that yonder miscreant is a married man, as well as an unprincipled adventurer."

"Dear Milford, how can I ever thank you?" she murmured, lifting her soft brown eyes to his face.

"I will tell you, Josie—one of these days."

Squire Merriford could hardly believe his own ears when he heard the tale.

"I came precious near being an old fool," observed he sagely, and there was some truth in his remark.—Chicago Mail.

DIZZIED BY SUCCESS.

Ludicrous Antics of a Great Man Upon a London Street.

James Hinton, the celebrated aurist and essayist, was one of those men who are absolutely oblivious to the impression made upon the world by their own eccentricities of demeanor. He was an odd little man. As some one once said of him: "There never lived a man with a whiter soul, a warmer heart or a shriller voice." He wrote a book that set the world talking, and also leaped at once into a fine medical practice. One day J. C. Jeaffreson was walking along a London street, when he heard his own name uttered in a high treble. He says:

"Turning quickly round, I saw a little, fragile man dancing about the pavement in high excitement, to the considerable inconvenience of wayfarers. It was James Hinton. Jumping up to me, he shook my hand, with convulsive tugs, as he ejaculated:

"'I am so very glad, so inexpressibly glad to see you! I have so often wished to see you and tell you all that has happened!'

"Having, by this time, shaken my hand with more than sufficient cordiality, he stepped back a few paces and, in doing so, blundered against a stout lady, and knocked a small boy down into the gutter. After viewing me in the right perspective, he danced up to me again, and then danced before me, ejaculating in the highest notes of his shrill voice:

"'I am so delighted to see you! There is so much for us to talk about! So many things have happened that I want to tell you about! Do you know, I am a successful man, a very successful man? I became a success all in a minute. Isn't it ludicrous? You never expected me to be a successful man. No one thought it in the least degree possible that I should be a success. No one! no one! no one! no one! See! that's my carriage! Those are my horses! Is it not absurd? Do, my dear fellow, say it is absurd that I should drive about London in my own carriage!'

"Having thus, in complete innocence, entertained a London crowd by his antics, he stepped into the wonderful carriage and drove away, beaming."

Understood English Well Enough.

A North-sider of a musical turn of mind was starting down town recently when the strains of a hand organ played by an Italian across the street reached his ear. He recognized the music as a popular aria from "Semiramide." The harmony was perfect and the impresario at the crank was conducting the performance with excellent judgment as to tempo.

Startled at hearing music of such a class from the much abused hand organ the North side citizen stopped and listened. The organist finished the aria, made some change in the interior adjustment of the machine and started it again. The selection this time was from "Lohengrin," and the performance was equally good.

When the music ceased the listener crossed the street, took a coin from his pocket, gave it to the organ grinder, and said:

"Do you understand English?"

"Yeh," replied the impresario, pocketing the coin and grinning delightedly.

"Then I want you to play that last piece again."

The organist grasped the handle of his machine, turned it with renewed vigor, and the suffering atmosphere for blocks around vibrated with the agonizing strains of "After the Ball."—Chicago Tribune.

—During the most of the sixteenth century the English people called the Bible the Bibliotheca, or the Library, this word being limited in its application to the Scriptural writings.

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—Among the words recognized by the latest American dictionary are; electrocute, abusee, academise, graciosity, accusably and enhansive.

—New York City spends $4,000,000 on policemen, as against $3,400,000 on school-teachers. It is now proposed to increase the salaries of policemen.

—The first free public school ever established in the world was at Dorchester, Mass., in 1639. The site of the school is to be marked by an enduring monument.

—Mrs. Gottheil, wife of Prof. Richard Gottheil, of Columbia college, New York, has been decorated by the French minister of foreign affairs with the title of officer of the French academy for her services in founding the Franco-Jewish schools.

—The Jewish law ordered that the grain fields should not be gleaned, and that the wheat in the corners of the fences or walls should not be gathered, in order that something might be left for the poor. No farmer might forbid poor persons from entering his fields and gleaning after the reapers.

—The Baptists of England will add 100 to their army of missionaries now at work among the heathen. This is made possible by the $600,000 fund gathered during the "centennial year." A deputation of leading men is now visiting the Baptist churches of England to sound a call through them for the men and women for missionaries.

—In New York the total attendance taken at all forms of religious worship amounts to about 900,000 in a total population of 1,800,000, including the sick, the disabled, infants, octogenarians and persons in public institutions. There are more Methodists than Baptists in New York, more Presbyterians than Methodists, more Catholics than Presbyterians.

—"Gen." Booth of the Salvation army announces his purpose of making a campaign of four months' duration in the United States and Canada. He wants the army to raise a fund of $250,000 this year to celebrate his "fiftieth year of Christian life," and proposes that an international jubilee congress be held in London next July. He will use the money, if he gets it, to further the work of the army.

—The Delaware Historical society has charged itself with the pious task of marking the site of the old Crane Hook church below the mouth of the Christiana, not far from Wilmington. This church was the predecessor of old Swedes church, and the latter will soon be two hundred year old. It is a charming old structure, with a graveyard of much historic interest. The society cherishes a relic from the wall of the Crane Hook church, but the site of the building is now marked by only the stump of an old buttonwood tree.

—The Protestant Episcopal church almanac for 1894 says that during the last year 327 men were ordained to the ministry, a gain of 36 over the previous year. The number of communicants is given as 566,812, an increase of 17,957. The grand total of contributions was $13,885,757.50, being an increase of $320,711.19. This would indicate that in some respects the Episcopal church has been making fairly satisfactory progress during the last year.

—The annual catalogue of the Yale divinity school announces some important changes. Rev. William K. Blackman, B. D., Ph. D., Yale, '80, will succeed Dr. Fairbanks as professor of Christian ethics, while the latter will lecture on "The History of Philosophy of Religion." Several new courses will be added this year, some to be conducted by Prof. Blackman. These latter will chiefly embrace the study of anarchy, socialism, civil-service reform, the wage system and other branches of economic science.

COLD WEATHER.

Just One Instance of What Winter Is in the State of Maine.

A number of us were sitting close behind the depot register, trying to be as comfortable as possible: and to make ourselves heard above the wild, weird howl of the December wind.

"A very disagreable day," said an eastern Virginia man, "but I think I've seen it colder in the moun"——

"Colder?" sneered the Maine lumberman; "if we had this weather up our way we'd sleep out doors."

"Pretty cold winters, have you?"

"Cold? Why, men, last winter I was standin' at the door of our shanty, when a fine buck came along, chased by a big an' pow'ful houn'. Agin the law to chase with dogs? Yes, but a good dog outruns the law"——

"But what of the deer and dog?"

"Gimme time. Well, sir, that buck had been skirtin' the lower side of the hill, an' came to the crossing nigh my shanty. As I opened the door he made a shigh an' a pow'ful leap, the houn' springin' into the air at the same time. At this moment, when both were in the air, the cold wave coming over the hill struck 'em"——

"And threw them over?"

"What? No, gentlemen, that buck and hound were jist friz right there in mid-air. They never kim down from that leap. I chopped the dog down and thawed him out, but he wan't no good for huntin' after that"——

"But the buck?" said the Virginian, wiping tears from his eyes.

"The buck! He stuck thar, friz in the air till the sun kim out next day an' dropped him."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Reindeer in Lapland.

The number of reindeer owned by a Laplander in Sweden varies to a considerable degree. The poor may have from 50 to 200 reindeer, those better off from 300 to 700, and the rich Laplanders will keep 1,000 and even 5,000 reindeer. There is some difficulty in collecting statistics on the number of reindeer, as the Laplanders are sometimes unwilling or unable to give any correct statement. According to the latest statistics the number of reindeer in Sweden would amount to 196,220, of which 52,550 were in the province of Jemland, 40,500 in the province of Vesterbotten and 203,170 in the province of Norbotten.—Chicago Herald.

Asking the Impossible.

Mistress—Our style of living is very simple. For breakfast, at this season, we usually have buckwheat cakes, and—"

New Girl—And I'm to bake 'em fast as you want 'em?

"Certainly."

"Is one of you children boys?"

"One is a boy."

"Healthy?"

"Yes, indeed."

"I don't want the place. Good-day, mum."—Good News.

WILD-GOOSE SHOOTING.

Shrewdness and Keenness Which Often Baffle the Hunter.

The man who originated the saying "silly as a goose" can not have been a sportsman. His experience of geese had evidently been confined to the degenerate specimens of the barnyard. The wild goose is a bird of a different feather. "Silly" is the last word one would think of applying to this wariest, keenest-eyed, shrewdest of fowls. The man who can outwit him and bring him to bag may justly claim to be a past master in the art of Nimrod; while he who fails may at least console himself with the thought that he does not lack for company. To be outwitted by a bird is not flattering, but few who have hunted the wild goose have missed this wholesome experience.

But the sportsman who learns a lesson from each failure will presently be able to turn the tables on the fowl, recalling that he laughs best who laughs last. The laugh will never be all on one side, however, for the craftiest sportsman will find an occasional goose whose cunning matches his own; some fine old centurion honker whose senses penetrate blinds and disguises as if by divination. It is really nothing so occult, however; it is merely trained observation and logical reasoning—strange faculties, perhaps, to ascribe to a bird, but he has them none the less. The goose is not naturally a timid bird. Only through sad experience has he become wary and suspicious. When first introduced to man he is guileless and confiding. Even at this late day, members of the tribe in outlying districts of the northwest, are still utterly unsophisticated. In the early fall large flocks may be approached at will on horseback, and the Indians dash through the flocks on their ponies, killing the birds with short clubs or trampling them underfoot. When the survivors have learned this trick, the hunters approach them behind trained bullocks, and mow swaths in the ranks with heavy guns. But soon the birds learn to fear cattle as well as horses, and, indeed, to shun every object behind which a man might possibly be concealed. And it has been demonstrated that this acquired knowledge is communicated to the inexperienced birds; so that presently veterans and novitiates alike are shy and suspicious, as the eastern sportsman always finds them.—Harper's Weekly.

BE SURE OF THESE WORDS.

"Reeking," "Desiccated" and "Lurid" May Not Mean What You Think.

The old dictionary sell about "transpire" and "perspire" is still worked with so much assiduity as to lead one to suppose that there is none other to be had. But there are others quite as good. Take three words "Reeking," "desiccated," and "lurid," and ask your friends what they understand by them.

"Reeking?" one will say. "Why, reeking means dripping with moisture, soaked with wet."

Another will say that it means "slippery, slimy; as with filth." "Reeking with filth. Having a pungent, unpleasant odor."

If you can get a bet that the word does not mean anything of the kind, take it. It is sure money. If he won't bet you'll have almost as much pleasure in noting his surprise when you tell him that "reeking" means "smoking, steaming." A chimney can reek, or a new pipe can reek. When a horse reeks with moisture, it is because its flanks smoke and steam. Jean Igelow writes:

No flame did flash or fair blue reek
Rose up to show me his place

That is the surest catch-word of the three. "Desiccated" is pretty good, though. Nine out of every ten will instantly say that the word means: "Chopped up into little bits. Smashed up in pieces." In this word, as in "reeking," the process of change from the real meaning can be traced. Anything very wet would reek in frosty weather, so the wetness was assumed to be the real characteristic of reek. Pretty much the only article in common use to which the adjective "desiccated" is applied is cocoanut prepared for use in cakes and pies. It is chopped up in small bits. But it is chopped up that it may be thoroughly dried, and "thoroughly dried" is the only proper meaning.

"Lurid" is a word little better known. Ask a man what color lurid is and he may answer correctly, but the chances are that he will say "red, flaming, orange or bright yellow." Of course, lurid means smoky or dull color. London fog is lurid; thick, suffocating smoke is lurid. Lurid and livid are almost synonymous. "Lurid flames" are flames almost choked with smoke. A lurid sunset is not a brilliant one, but one dull and gray and cheerless.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

CHEERFUL STEPHEN GIKLIM.

A Man of Remarkable Humor, Who Lived in Storkville Centre.

"I think that perhaps the most cheerful man I ever knew," said Col. Calliper, "was my friend Stephen Giklim, of Storkville Centre, Vt. He always took a cheerful view of things; and he had a sense of humor that oftentimes enabled him to extract fun from situations in which others found only gloom. Indeed his sense of humor was rather keener than one would desire, for sometimes it sprung things on him most unexpectedly. It went skirmishing on its own account, and reached humorous conclusions with great suddenness before Stephen had caught up. When his mind came along his sense of humor would jump out with some idea so funny that Stephen would have to laugh in spite of himself.

"Of course this was a defect in Stephen's composition, and he knew it. You might have thought that as he grew older increasing years and cares would tame him somewhat and blunt his sense of humor, but they didn't. His years increased, to be sure; he couldn't help that, but his cares did not, for he wouldn't let 'em. His sense of humor was as abounding as ever; it would greet him sometimes with a smile which seemed to say: 'What! We grow old? Well?' And then they'd both laugh as they walked along together.

"Stephen's sense of humor cost him some friends and made him some trouble; it made him laugh sometimes at most inopportune moments. He was himself as much disturbed by this as anybody, but not for long, for he was so buoyant that nothing could keep him down. He passed through life a sturdy, prosperous man, whose perfect enjoyment was marred only by an excess of happiness."—N. Y. Sun.

LIONS HAVE THEIR PETS.

An Animal Trainer Tells of Rats in a Cage With the King of Beasts.

An animal-trainer who was exhibiting his cage of lions in New York recently, said: "I never saw a lion kill a rat or a mouse, and I have had many of the little animals put in the cage with my five lions. My attention was first drawn to this when I was on my way from London to Batavia, in Java, on the ship Rotundo. I had my five lions with me, and one day I saw Leo, my favorite lion, lying down and holding between his paws very loosely a monster ship rat. I thought perhaps that the cat instinct in the lion had made him catch it, and that he would probably play with it awhile, then eat it, and so I watched. Imagine, however my surprise when I saw him loosen the rat, and the rat made no attempt to get away, but run up and over his gigantic paws and play with him. We were a long time making the trip, and every day this ship's rat went into Leo's cage, and the two played together as gently as two children. I made several attempts to capture the rat, hoping that perhaps I might take it ashore with me, but I could not succeed, and old Leo did not like at all my attempting to interfere with his pet. There was another instance subsequent to this where Leo had a pet rat, which makes me believe that the lion has a real fondness for the rodent. It was in 1881 in Calcutta. We were playing at the Maiden, and when I went in to see my pets one morning I saw that Leo had found another rat for a pet. My five lions were all together, but this rat would play only with Leo. There were many other rats in the place, but the other lions would not look at them. In Hamburg I once knew a case of a sick tiger to whom it was deemed necessary to give some fresh, warm blood to tone up his system, and to further this end a live rabbit was put in the cage with the tiger. The tiger played with the rabbit for days before he would touch it. He finally killed and ate it.

"Now, there is another peculiar thing about lions, and that is that they will not eat the flesh of a fowl. You might tempt them with a canvasback duck or the daintiest squab, but they would refuse it. This is a scientific fact. I have tried it many times. I remember once having a swan which had broken its wing. We killed it, dressed it carefully and threw it into the cage of the lions, but they would not touch it, and it finally had to be taken out and thrown away. I have repeatedly put pigeons alive into the cage, just to see what they would do. I have thrown grain down among the lions, and the pigeons have actually got down and hopped around the big brutes, even hopping on their backs, the lions making no attempt to disturb them, even seeming to enjoy their companionship.

"Now, there is something strange about this which is rather difficult to explain. To my mind, it argues that a lion is not brutal in his instincts. Savage, he undoubtedly is. Fierce at all times, but fierce with justice. I believe every one of my lions has a conscience; I known every one of them knows the difference between right and wrong; they know their wondrous power and are charitable. They would never attempt to injure something which in no way could do them harm. The study of a lion, his habits, character and capabilities, is one of the most interesting I know. It offers a field as yet comparatively unknown, but the more one goes into it, the more time one takes to find out just what a lion is, the more he is convinced that he has rightly been named the king of beasts."—N. Y. Tribune.

MARBLE MOSAIC.

An Economical Use for the Chippings of the Quarry.

As a striking instance of the modern ingenuity that gathers up everything that nothing be lost, and turns it to some account, the tranformation of marble fragments into things of beauty may be cited as conspicuous. Formerly tons of chippings of the finest marble were thought of no better use than to make roads or marble dust. Now the little fragments are brought even from the far famous quarries of Carrara, and are reunited in a solid mass to form household ornaments, parts of buildings, mantels, monuments, etc.

In a large brick structure in one of the small cities of the sound is the factory of the company engaged in the marble mosaic business. As one enters he sees barrels full of marble of all colors, the fragments being of various sizes, from that of a pea to that of an egg or larger. The smaller sizes are already reduced enough to form the mosaic, but the larger ones are crumbled by powerful machines, then carefully screened so as to get an even grade of the size desired. The particles are then mixed with a composition of cement and other materials, and the mass is molded while soft in the desired shapes. Lying about one sees various molds for table tops, brackets, urns, mantels, cornices, paper weights, etc. When the mosaic has hardened it is smoothed and polished like solid marble and takes a mirror-like finish.—N. Y. Tribune.

Freaks of Southern Sand Storms.

Strange freaks are played by wind-blown sands in the New Mexico river valleys and mountain canyons. In the canyons one may see cliffs and natural stone pillars cut into fantastic forms by the natural sand blasts formed by the winds sucking up and down these narrow passes. In broad river valleys, the Rio Grande especially, great areas of sand hills are seen tossed up like giant waves of a sea. These shift their position slowly, travelling in the direction of the prevailing winds, until they scatter on the plain or encounter some obstruction, such as a mountain side, against which they heap. Not only valuable lands, but towns may be buried in this invading element. Thus along the Pecos river, at distances from twenty to forty miles below the town of Eddy, in southeastern New Mexico, there are five old deserted pueblos or villages built by ancient agricultural Indians, which, it is estimated, once contained a population of from ten thousand to fifteen thousand people. Now the villages are nearly buried in sand blown from the hills that bound the valley. Vestiges of a canal to these towns have been discovered leading from a canyon near by which once furnished water, but is now filled with sand.—N. Y. Sun.

—In the case of a telegraphers' strike it is just a little doubtful who would hold the key to the situation.—Buffalo Courier.

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

—When Theodore Parker visited Carlyle in 1843 he found the two brothers, Thomas and John, drinking hot whisky punch together. Carlyle praised the young poet Tennyson to the American, defending him from the reproach of daintiness and shouting out: "Ow, he drinks his glass of grog with the rest of us!"

—Mrs. Potter Palmer, of Chicago, has a penchant for Mexican and duchesse laces. She probably owns one of the finest assortments of these delicate embroideries in the world. Mrs. Isaac Catlin, the wife of the general, has a special charity fad. She loves to dispense clothing and food to the needy youth of Brooklyn.

—George Meredith rejoices in a profusion of hair which falls in artistic negligee round his classically-chiseled face, and he looks younger than his years, which are sixty-two. Oscar Wilde had described his style as "chaos illumined by brilliant flashes of lightning," and, save by the inner cult, no one really cares for his books.

—Most of the droll stories attributed to Abraham Lincoln are supposed to be apocryphal, but Robert Bonner makes public a letter he received years ago from Henry Ward Beecher, in which the Plymouth pastor says concerning a visit to Lincoln: "Abraham told me three stories, two of which I forget and the other won't bear telling."

—Miss Elizabeth Bullock, who died in Salem, Mass., recently, at the age of seventy-seven, had not left her house for more than forty years. Miss Bullock was engaged to be married to a young man of Salem. Just before the marriage was to take place the young man broke the engagement and departed for the west. This was more than forty years ago. Miss Bullock declared she would never leave her home again alive, and kept her word.

—Mr. Gladstone since his retirement has received many hundreds of tributes from admirers all over the United Kingdom, and the gifts are still pouring in. He has received several dozen walking canes and umbrellas. A number of admirers clubbed together and sent him a handsome arm-chair, and many more pretentious presents have come to him. The tributes have been entirely spontaneous, no suggestion of such a thing having been made in the newspapers until their number became notable.

—Grenville S. Redmond, of San Francisco, has just taken second rank at the famous Julian academy of arts, in Paris. Redmond, who is only twenty-two years of age, is a deaf-mute, and his career has already been a remarkable one. In 1879 he became an inmate of the institution for the deaf, dumb and blind at Berkeley, Cal. He at once showed phenomenal ability as an artist, and during the last three years he has been a student at the art school in San Francisco, his expenses being borne by the Berkeley institution.

—A friend of the late R. M. Ballantyne, the well-known author of boys' books of adventure, says he always got material from first hands. His first story, "The Young Fur Traders," he wrote after spending six years in the wilderness of North America. He went to Algiers and wrote "The Pirate City;" he spent a couple of weeks on the North sea with the deep sea fishermen, and wrote "The Young Trawler;" he sat up for a fortnight or so with the London firemen, and went out in costume to a fire almost every night, and then produced "Lighting the Flames" and "Life in the Red Brigade." Again, Ballantyne lived a couple of weeks in the Bell Rock lighthouse, and the result was "The Lighthouse;" he spent a similar period on the lightship off the Goodwin Sands, and wrote "The Floating Light;" and he went down the deepest of the tin mines, and the sequel was "Deep Down; A Tale of the Cornish Mines."

HUMOROUS.

—"The place was robbed last night." "Indeed! What was taken?" "Nearly everything. In fact, the only thing not disturbed was the watchman."—Tit-Bits.

—He (exhibiting sketch)—"It's the best thing I ever did." She (sympathetically)—"Oh, well, you musn't let that discourage you."—Boston Home Journal.

—Harry—"Mamma, who was the inventor of the cotton-gin?" Mamma (sternly)—"I don't know, my son. Nor do I take any interest in liquor or liquor-drinking."—Pittsburgh Bulletin.

—Mrs. Brown (nudging Mr. Brown, who snores with his mouth open)—"William, you'd make less noise if you'd keep your mouth shut." Mr. Brown (only half awake)—"So'd you."—Life.

—Tom—"I like your new house. What a charming vista one gets, through these parlors into the library." Kitty—"Yes; but my brother says I'll never have any luck until the portiers are up."—Life.

—Wife—"My milliner was here today to see you, and I told her you were out." Husband—"What did she say?" Wife—"She said that [illegible] she had seen you you would be out still more."—N. Y. World.

—Miss Fadley—"Are you fond of flowers, Mr. Slimcash?" Mr. Slimcash—"I don't know, really." Miss Fadley—"Dear me! Why not?" Mr. Slimcash—"I haven't noticed the price of them."—Inter-Ocean.

—His Occupation. — Senator—"Did you say your friend had a place in Washington?" Politician — "Yes." Senator—"By the day or job?" Politician—"Oh, by the job; he's a lobbyist."—Detroit Free Press.

—When the Jewish proverbial philosopher wrote: As vinegar to the teeth and smoke to the eyes is the sluggard to them that send him—he was by anticipation describing the American messenger-boy.—Chicago Interior.

—The Prince's Tutor—"And now we come to the Emperor Caligula. What does your Royal Highness know of him?" The prince is silent. Tutor—"Quite right, sir. The less said about such a monster the better!"—To-day.

—Excited Lady (on the beach)—"Why isn't something done for the ship in distress? Why don't some of you—" Coastguard (hurriedly)—"We have sent the crew a line to come a-shore, mum." Excited Lady—"Good gracious! Were they waiting for a formal invitation?"

—"I am going to make a great hit with my next novel," said the golden-haired authoress, "and don't you forget it." "What's the plot?" "Oh, I don't really know, yet, but there are to be four chapters devoted to the sufferings of the hero from appendicitis."—Indianapolis Journal.

A Hard Slap.

Lawyer—You were there, weren't you?

Witness—Yes.

Lawyer—And you saw it?

Witness—Yes.

Lawyer—And you can't swear to what you saw in front of you?

Witness—No.

Lawyer—Look straight at me.

Witness—Yes.

Lawyer—Can you swear you see a man in front of you?

Witness—No.—Hallo.

Adapting Themselves to Circumstances.

Little Boy—I stayed in the parlor all last evening when Mr. Squeezem was callin' on sister, just as you told me.

Mother—That's a good boy; and here is the candy I promised you. Did you get tired?

Little Boy—Oh, no. We played blind man's buff, and it would have been lots of fun only I was 'it' nearly all the time.—Good News.

Bereavement.

Our days are long and dreary,
Since Mary went away;
We sigh and grow aweary;
We're pining day by day.
We dream at morn and even
Of days when she was here,
When life was worth the livin',
And we were full of cheer.
But now our days are dreary
Since Mary up and went,
For little wifey's cooking—
It isn't worth a cent.

—Detroit Tribune.

VERY MUCH INTERESTED.

Jones—Oh, what a very charming baby! I have always taken such an interest in very young children. A—how old is it?

Mother (with pride)—Only just eleven weeks.

Jones—Really! A—and is it your youngest?—Brooklyn Life.

Solitude Preferred.

"Leave me now, Lobelia," said Mr. McSwat, passing his hand nervously across his forehead. "I wish to be alone for the next hour or two."

"What is the matter, Billiger?" inquired Mrs. McSwat, with some anxiety.

"I have got to consult a railway guide!" groaned the unhappy man.—Chicago Tribune.

Limits of Street-Car Service.

Upton (looking from his office window)—Phew! What a storm! The walking will be terribly bad by the time I start home.

Friend—I thought the street cars passed your house.

Upton—Y-e-s, but they never run when the walking is bad.—N. Y. Weekly.

Accommodating.

The guest at the hotel table had been kicking about the food until he got tired and then he commenced on the weather.

"Don't you have any change of seasons here?" he inquired of the waiter.

"Yes, sir," was the prompt reply. "If you don't like pepper you can try salt."—Detroit Free Press.

In Somber Hues.

The name of the maiden was Gray,
And the name of the youth was Brown.
But when he had tremblingly said his say
Do you think the fair damsel turned Brown?
Nay, nay.
She heartlessly turned him down.

—Chicago Tribune.

A Characteristic Souvenir.

"Gladys—When I go west next week I'll leave you my pet chameleon as a souvenir.

Gwendolen—Oh, thanks! That will be just lovely! He will remind me of you constantly. They change their complexions so often, you know!—Puck.

True to Nature.

Bustle—What do you think of my latest picture?

Palette—Isn't that cow in the foreground a little bit rocky?

Bustle—Oh, I don't know. This is a morning scene, and the cow has been out all night.—N. Y. World.

The Age of Adulteration.

Customer—Here is your sugar back. I don't want it.

Grocer—What's the matter with it?

Customer—Too much sand for table use and not quite enough for building purposes.—Alex Sweet, in Texas Siftings.

JOKE FROM PHILADELPHIA.

A coolness between friends.—Texas Siftings.

All a Matter of Comparison.

A good thing said by Thomas Bailey Aldrich is going the rounds of the Boston drawing rooms. Some one told him the other day that a certain well-known and exceedingly mannish bluestocking called him effeminate.

"So I am," quickly replied Aldrich, "compared to her."—Town Topics.

She Sees the Papers.

Millie—Mamma, I didn't know that Mrs. Sloper had been sick. What has she been cured of?

Mother—What do you mean by such a question, dear?

Millie—Why, here's her picture in the paper.—Harper's Young People.

Obviously Unsophisticated.

"Why do you think Ameeye is not a man of experience?"

"Because last night he asked me if she didn't think that a certain other girl was pretty."—Chicago [illegible].

PLEASURE DEFERRED.

Johnnie—Mister Hayrick, kin Sam cum an' go a-fishin' wid me?

Mr. Hayrick—All right, Johnnie; jes' as soon as he waters ther hoss an' feeds ther pigs an' drives ther cows ter pasture an' takes er bag o' corn ter ther mill an' cleans ther wagon an' splits some wood.—Judge.

Taking Great Chances.

"What makes you look so uncomfortable?" said one young writer to another.

"I'm thinking about what I shall put in my next article."

"Thinking?"

"Yes."

"Good gracious, man! You mustn't do that. You'll spoil your style."—Washington Star.

Downing an Adage.

Father—You don't seem to believe in the adage "business before pleasure."

Son—Of course I don't.

Father—You ought to; it's an excellent one.

Son—Aw, pop, come off. Doesn't a fellow always court a girl a long time before he goes to see her father?—Detroit Free Press.

Advantages of Matrimony.

Friend—Did you lose anything in the Bustall bank?

Depositor—Not a penny.

"Well! well! If you knew the thing was going wrong, why didn't you say so?"

"I didn't know. I had to go off on business, so I left my wife some blank checks. Then she went shopping."—Tid-Bits.

A Wise Costume.

Little Dot—I fink I know why mamma puts pants on boys.

Mother—Well, why?

Little Dot—'Cause boys is always bad, and has to be 'panked often, and dresses would be in the way.—Good News.

No Friend of His.

"Mr. Dolan, did yez iver ate a lobshter?"

"Niver; an' Oi niver will. It's meself that'll not associatate wid an animal that takes off grane an' puts on red."—Washington Star.

HE QUIT AT THAT.

Fresh Drummer (who got on at last station)—You will pardon my speaking to you; but when I see a pretty woman all alone, I always interest myself. And you know we drummers are hard to beat.

Pretty Young Woman (coolly)—Oh, I don't know! My husband, who will be back as soon as he finishes his cigar, had no trouble beating the other two who tried to flirt with me.—Puck.

An Interesting Question.

Tom — How many intimate girl friends have you?

Kitty—Oh, I couldn't say.

Tom—How many have you that you kiss?

Kitty—I don't know. How many have *you?*—Brooklyn Life.

Landlord and Tenant.

"I give you notice to leave on the first," said a Harlem landlord to a tenant who had not paid his rent for several months.

"Don't do that," said the tenant. "I'd rather have you raise the rent on me."—Texas Siftings.

SPARE RIBS AND CABBAGE.

—Life.

A Puzzler.

Mr. Justwed—These eggs are a little too hard, dear.

Mrs. Justwed—Yes, dear John; I know it. But they boiled for more than an hour and yet they would not get soft.—Judge.

[illegible]

He used to be [illegible]
But now he does not [illegible]
Friends [illegible]
And [illegible]