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, SEPTEMBER 15, 1894. VOL. XIX.—NO. 38.

SOME DAY.

"Some day, somehow!" The hour is dead
When I looked into loving eyes,
And kissed the whispering lips that said
These words to me. And if the ties
Then made are broken; if the breast
Than warm with life, is pulseless now,
I still will think that God knows best,
And that we will meet some day, somehow!
Until that time I still will know
That wherever in Heavenly care
That pure and radiant soul may go,
My thoughts may follow. Everywhere
I'll hear that voice so low and sweet,
Just as I seem to hear it now;
I'll hear the fall of fairy feet,
I'll hear the words: "Some day, somehow!"
Upon the mantelpiece I see
The picture of a fair, sweet face,
And, though the lips are sealed, to me
They speak with more than tender grace.
I question not the mystic spell;
But hark! how clear the accents now!
'Tis not the language of farewell,
'Tis trusting love's "some day, somehow!"
And so I fondly hope 'twill be,
Not now, but some time; after life
Is finished and eternity
Dawns on the soul. The toil and strife
Of time once ended, then comes rest
Such as we do not dream of now;
And then will come to me the best
Of all, my love, some day, somehow!

—Minneapolis Journal.

'MANDY JANE PENSTOCK.

A Tale of Love and Love Charms in Pennsylvania.

One time when I was up in Pennsylvania Hemlock belt I was going from Overman's Hook to the Barley Run Cross Forks when I heard some one whistle off to one side of the road. Looking in that direction I saw a man peering cautiously from behind a big hemlock tree. He motioned for me to stop, and I did.

"Say," said the man in a suppressed voice, "kin ye see fur behind ye, down the road?"

The road was straight behind me for a mile, and I could see that far, I told the man.

"As nigh as ye kin make out, tha' hain't nothin' that looks like a tall woman in a red calliker dress an' a green sunbonnet nowheres betwixt you an' as far as ye kin see, is tha?" asked the man.

"No," said I, "there isn't."

"Ye hain't color blind, be ye?"

I wasn't.

"Then a woman in a red calliker dress an' a green sun bonnet wouldn't be liable to look to you like one in a yaller dress an' a blue sun bonnet, would she?"

She wouldn't.

"Tha hain't no raisin' o' dust nowheres that looks as if it mowt be riz by a woman in a red calliker dress an' a green sun bonnet comin' this way pooty fast, is tha?"

The road was entirely free from anything of that sort.

"Ye hain't noways nigh-sighted, be ye?"

Quite the contrary.

"Then if tha was a raisin' o' dust setch as that, not more'n a hundred yards down the road, ye wouldn't be liable to take it fer a haystack a mile away, would ye?"

Entirely out of the question.

The man came out from behind the tree, and with a big sigh of relief sat down on a stump.

"'Cause, ye see I'm a leetle anxious," he said, "fer if ye'd seen a woman with a red calliker dress and a green sunbonnet comin', or a-raisin' o' dust that looked as if it mowt be riz by a woman with a red calliker dress and a green sunbonnet, tha'd a ben 'Mandy Jane Penstock, an' I'd a had to take to the woods."

"What's the matter with 'Mandy Jane?" I asked.

The man mopped his face with his sleeve and fanned himself with his hat and said:

"Did ye ever have have a hankerin' fer a gal that didn't seem to keer to hanker fer ye?"

I didn't know that I ever had.

"Jis' keep yer eye on the road, Cap," said the man, "an' if ye see any of them signs o' Mandy Jane jis whistle, will ye?"

I said I would.

"Then I'll tell ye sumpin'. If ever ye take a shine to a gal an' she won't hanker, take a hoot owl's gizzard, dry it, an' grind it inter a powder. Then, unbeknownst to the gal, git some of it in her lemonade or sumpin' 'fore she drinks it, an' ye've jist as good as made four shillin' for the squire, for she can't never say 'No' agin, when ye ast her if she'll be yourn. Tha' hain't no red an' geeen loomin' up yit twixt you an' the horizon, nor no shakin' o' dust that mowt have red an' green inside of it, is tha?"

"Not yet."

"If ye'd ever know'd Sallie Magompers, over to the Hook, ye'd a hankered, I'll bet ye! I took to hankerin' fer Sallie more'n a year ago, but tha didn't seem to be no use. Sallie's jest turnin' twenty, now, and mebbe she hain't a caution fer pootiness! Pictur's hain't nowheres 'longside o' her. But somehow she fit shy o' me. So one day I says to myself: 'All right, my lady! If it's got to be left to hoot-owls,' I says, 'hoot-owls it'll be,' an' I went a gunnin' fer hoot-owls. But hoot-owls hain't so durn thick in these here woods, an' I gunned, an' I gunned fer pooty nigh a year 'fore I draw'd bead on one, an' you bet I was more'n tickled when I tumbled him offen his roost!

"'Gals that kin hanker an' won't hanker must be made to hanker!' I says, an' I hung the hoot-owl's gizzard up to dry.

"One o' these days, when I hear that 'Mandy Jane Penstock has passed over Jurdan, I'm goin' back to the Hook an' jest as like as not thump the life outen Sam Brazee. Sam an' me worked on the same loggin' job, an' after I bagged the owl I says to him one day:

"'Sam,' I says, 'me an' you won't bunk in together much longer,' I says.

"'How's that?' says Sam.

"'I'm goin'ter marry Sallie Magompers next week,' I says.

"'No!' says Sam, 'Sallie's give in, has she?'

"'Not yit,' I says, 'but she's goin' ter. I've poisoned a hoot-owl's gizzard,' I says. 'Put that yer eye down the road agin, Cap. If tha's anything mussin' of it up that 'll put ye in mind o' the inklin' I've giv ye o' 'Mandy Jane, gimme the wink an' I'll scoot."

The road was still clear.

"Sam looked s'prised a little when I told him 'bout havin' the owl's gizzard love powder, an' pooty soon he says:

"'Well,' he says, 'I'm goin'ter take Sallie to the picnic to-morrow, an' I s'pose tha'll be the last time I kin gallavant her anywheres, 'cordin' to that,' he says.

"'That's what it will, Sammy!' I say.

"'Mandy Jane Penstock mowt a been a stunner when she was a gal, fer all I know, but I don't jis' recomember when that was. She'll hef to think back a good ways if she recomembers it herself. But, leavin' out bone an' sinner, an' a pooty sharp nose, 'Mandy Jane don't cut much of a figger nowadays. She's consid'able sot in her ways, though, an' when she has sumpin' on her mind that she's goin'ter do she's goin'ter do it or things'll rumble.

"Sam Brazee he took Sallie to the picnic an' I was there with my hoot-owl's gizzard all ready. Sallie kittened consida'ble to Sam, an' it made me squirm to see her, I tell ye, but I says to myself: 'All right, my lady!' I says. 'But wait till the hoot-owl sings to ye!' I says. Bimeby I says to Sam an' Sallie:

"'Come over an' I'll treat ye,' I says. 'Come git some lemonade,' I says.

"An' they come along, an' I bought the lemonade, an' when Sallie wasn't lookin' I tumbled the owl's gizzard love powder inter her glass.

"'Oh!' she says. 'Yonder's 'Mandy Jane Penstock!' she says. 'Mandy must have a treat, too!' she says.

"So she calls 'Mandy Jane over, an' I orders a glass fer her. Now see what what Sallie done. She hands the glass that had the owl's gizzard in it over to 'Mandy Jane herself, an' 'fore I could stop her, 'Mandy Jane had gulped it down, love powder an' all! You're sure ye hain't color blind, Cap?"

"Positive."

"Nor nigh-sighted?"

"Not a bit."

"Ye don't see no more colors on the lan'scape, yet, than ye'd natur'ly 'spect orto be there, do ye?"

"No."

"An' the dust hain't actin' in a way that mowt fool ye into thinkin' it was only a hurricane a-comin'?"

"No."

"It'll go hard with Sam Brazee if it ever gits safe fer me to go back to the Hook ag'in! Soon as I see 'Mandy Jane gulp that lemonade an' owl's gizzard I give one cold shake an' started fer home to pack my trunk. This was only yisterday. When I came out ag'in there was 'Mandy Jane.

"'Asa,' says she, 'arter all these years,' says she, 'an' to think that you'm to be the one,' says she. 'I'll be ready to-morrow,' says she, 'an' me an' you'll go to the squire's. To-morrow at half-past nine!' says she.

"Say, Cap! I tumbled back in the house an' slammed the door an' went upstairs an' hid under the bed. Early this mornin' I crawled out an' snuck outen the house an' jist laid myself out an' dug fer liberty. As I raised the hill I turned an' looked back. There was 'Mandy Jane comin' on my trail like the woods afire! She's comin' yit! She's only stopped fer wind. Has she hove in sight yit?"

"Not yet."

"Then I'll take to the woods an' mebbe won't see no t'backer for a month, Cap, unless you gimme that plug o' your'n; an' when 'Mandy Jane ketches up with ye if ye'll only jist tell her—"

But I hadn't time to wait to hear what I was to tell 'Mandy Jane and drove on toward Barley Run Cross Forks.—N. Y. Sun.

OPEN TO ENGAGEMENT.

A Horrible Example of the Effects of Idleness.

"Mister," said the greasy wayfarer at the back door, plaintively, "can't you do somethin' fur a pore man?"

"My friend," replied the man of the house, "I am a poor man myself."

"I don't s'pose you know what it is to go all over the country huntin' work?"

"No."

"The trouble with me," said the pilgrim, wiping his perspiring brow with the remains of what had once been a handkerchief, "is nervus. I can't do heavy work. If you was to ask me to hoe in the garden to pay fur my breakfus' I couldn't do it. I won't deceive you, mister. I just couldn't do it. But I'm willin' to do light work. I won't stand back fur no man alive when it comes to light work. An' if you've got any easy job that I can do comfortable like, so as to stimulate my appetite 'thout weak'nin' my nerves—"

"I have told you, my friend," interrupted the man of the house, "that I am a poor man. I sympathize with you, but I am not able to do anything to help you, and I certainly don't know of any light work you could do. I am a lecturer and I make only a bare living."

"Would you mind tellin' me what you lecture about?"

"No. The subject of the lecture I am delivering this season is 'The Industrial Crisis.'"

"Mister," said the caller, eagerly, "don't you want a feller to travel with you as a horrible example of the effects of idleness?"—Chicago Tribune.

OBJECTED TO CHILDREN.

How Some Flat Hunters Found One in a Landlord.

"Perhaps you would like to be landlord of a flat," said the man who had been talking real estate, "and think you had obtained desirable tenants, and were hugging yourself over the delightful knowledge that whatever other landlords had to endure, there would be no children in your flats. I rented to a couple the other day, and as usual asked if the family consisted of adults only.

"'Oh, yes,' chirped the young woman, 'and we don't want any children in the building—that is why we are willing to pay your price.'

"The man didn't say anything, but I thought he looked queer.

"'Any boarders?' I asked.

"'Hardly,' said he, 'in a six-room flat.'

"Still I thought there was something back of it.

"'Pets?'

"No, neither dog, cat, canary nor parrot. They took the flat, and her widowed sister came from Nebraska with five boys to visit them. That was a year ago, and they are visiting them yet, and in consequence all the other flats remain empty. A tornado would be silence compared to the racket those boys make."—Detroit Free Press.

What Could Do It.

To wound a man's pride has often been found to be the most dangerous thing one can do. The feeling of the greater part of humanity is represented by the reply of a Gascon officer to Charles VII., who asked if anything could detach him from the king's service. "No, sire—not even the offer of three kingdoms like yours; but, yes, sire—one single affront."—Youth's Companion.

EUGENE V. DEBS, PRESIDENT AMERICAN RAILWAY UNION.

The director of the great boycott against the railways of America is a young man. He was born in Terre Haute, Ind., in 1855. Began his career in paint shops of Vandalia railway, afterward rising to the position of fireman. Later he became grand secretary-treasurer of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen and editor of the Locomotive Firemen's Magazine. In 1884 he was elected to the Indiana state legislature by the democrats. In 1879 he was city clerk of Terre Haute. In 1893 he organized the American Railway union, of which he has since been president.

NEW YEAR IN PERSIA.

Revolting Sights Seen by a Traveler at Teheran.

Religious Fanaticism Carried to a Point Almost Beyond Belief—History of the Festival and the Great Oriental Passion Play.

[Special Letter.]

In Persia, as well as in the other Mohammedan countries, the calendar year begins with the month of Moharrem. That falls, however, in different seasons, each year other than in the preceding one. The first ten days of Moharrem are kept sacred, and among the Sheeites, the sect to which the Persians belong, the tenth day is the greatest holiday of all. For on that day, according to Islam, Allah drove Adam and Eve out of paradise, Noah left his ark, and the slaughter of Kerbelah took place. The last-mentioned event, at least, really occurred on that day in the year 61 of the Moslem era, and during it Hussein, the son of Ali, whom the Sheeites regard as the rightful caliph and successor of Mohammed, was cruelly murdered and mutilated, his head being subsequently taken to Cairo, where it is even to-day immured in one of the columns of the Mosque of Hussein and Hassan, the chief temple of the Sheeites in Africa. As the whole fanatism within the Moslem church dates from the death of that young man, and since the Sheeites look upon Hussein as a holy martyr and upon his father, Ali, as the founder of their religion, the tenth day of Moharrem is what Good Friday is with the Christians. Everywhere throughout that part of the world where Sheeites exist in large numbers, the tenth of Moharrem is, therefore, kept with strange ceremonies. In Persia there are theatrical representations of the martyrdom of Hussein and Hassan on that day, as well as weird and awful street processions. I witnessed the performance in the Royal theater in Teheran—in reality, though, not a theater, but an amphitheater, resembling somewhat the ancient Roman circus.

These performances are even more realistic and impressive than the Oberammergau Passion play, to which, in some respects, they bear a striking resemblance. The few female parts are taken by young, smooth-faced boys, who are attired in feminine apparel and all of the actors are volunteers, it being held a great honor to participate. Audiences of from ten thousand to thirty thousand are not seldom on such occasions, and as the play, when performed in its entirety, lasts several days, it is not an unalloyed pleasure, in view of a broiling sun overhead and the lack of comfortable accommodations, to witness it. The costumes used throughout are historically correct and of the costliest kind. That is also true of the weapons, armors, etc., even unto the magnificent horses that play a part in the drama which is slowly unfolding and which ends in the slaying of Hussein and the wild and desperate wailing over his death.

As this performance is the only kind of theatrical entertainment in vogue among the Mohammedans, it is interesting to note some of its peculiarities. The story of the play is told, either in a singsong tone by a single narrator who employs poetic diction in his task, or else its burden is further elaborated and carried on at times by a chorus of from twenty to fifty. Thus the childhood, the joys and adventures of the two brothers Hassan and Hussein, with incidental mention of their father, the Caliph Ali, are poetically presented, often in words of great beauty and tenderness.

When it comes to the point where Hassan is killed at the behest of the usurping caliph and Hussein flees with a handful of faithful followers into the Syrian desert and at last is overtaken by a large force of Arabs sent out by the caliph, and the final struggle takes place, during which Hussein is stabbed to death on his horse, but later on crawls on his hands and knees to a shady spot under a palm tree, suffering the pangs of thirst and the blood running from his frightful wounds, the intensity of feeling among the audience always waxes to a dangerous point. Their religious fanaticism, much stronger than with the less excitable Turks, who are Sunnites, often reaches the point of frenzy. The actor representing Hussein invariably stabs and mutilates himself, so that all may see the blood spurting forth from his wounds, and many in the audience emulate his example, while during the fierce melee which is supposed to mean the massacre of Kerbelah, deaths and severe injuries due to the too realistic use of their curved sabers and Khandjars (large daggers) occur invariably at the larger performances in the important towns. To all this is added the piercing wail of the veiled women in the audience, and the weeping and sobbing of the multitude, who cry out in a veritable access of sorrow and fury.

"Ali! Ali! Allah! Poor Hussein! Poor Hassan! Could I but help thee! All the black murdering infidels! Ai, ai, ai!"

It was not safe for non-Moslems to attend those performances up to recently, and it is not safe for a Turk or any other Sunnite to be present at them even to-day, for there was no telling whether the fanatical frenzy of this throng, wrought up to the highest pitch, might not break out at any time against the descendants of the men who had slain their idol, Hussein, and it must be remembered that Ali is held by the Persians as great a prophet, or greater, than Mohammed himself.

The street processions on the tenth of Moharrem are even more awful and repellant, and these are held not in Persia alone, but in all other countries and cities where Persians and other Sheeites are numerically strong, in Constantinople, in Cairo, in Alexandria, in Damascus, in Tiflis, in Baku, in Candahar, Cabul and elsewhere. They have a uniform character. They usually start from a mosque which bears the name of the two martyrs or in which some relic attributed to them is preserved. In the procession are blue and white robed mokahs, dervishes and hadjees (pilgrims), and these intone all the length of the way a sorrowful hymn in praise of the martyrs, bearing torches all the while, for the procession always occurs at night. Then follow guardians of the mosque, fanatics of some fraternity or another, and police and soldiers on horseback who take care the way is kept open by slashing right and left with clubs or sabers.

But the most exciting section of the whole procession is that made up of the fakirs and of those others who voluntarily portray the sufferings and wounds of the two martyrs. These men, rendered frantic by hasheesh and for the time almost incapable of feeling pain, inflict the most horrible injuries and mutilations on themselves, right in the face of the awe-struck crowds that are lining the way. They walk—or reel rather—in a sort of lock-step, grasping each other by their tunics or other garments, while with the right hand they cut and slash each other with their curved daggers, burn themselves with torches, enlarge their wounds with their fingers, and accompany all this with a frightful hymn of praise, screeched or bellowed at the top of their voices. Some of these fanatics run about with the upper parts of their bodies perfectly naked, the perspiration rolling off of them, while they apply incessantly the terrible whip of rhinoceros hide to their bare flesh, fetching livid welts at every blow. Over all and everything floats the awful chorus of this wailing song and the deafening roll of drum, tom-tom and gong. Many of them open veins on neck or arms, purposely or accidentally, and bleed to death.

The Christian fanaticism of the middle ages, I must confess, the wanderings and self-mutilation of the Flagellants and the sects who deemed it glory to God to torture and kill themselves, had always been rather unintelligible to me, I confess. I understood it after seeing similar scenes in the orient even at this late day.

WOLF VON SCHIERBRAND.

Nothing in the Assignment.

An old-time newspaper man was assigned to see a purser of a coasting vessel and get a good story. He reached the boat a short time before the sailing hour, and the purser at once began to fill him up with good grog. When the newspaper man got out of his grog trance he was way out on the ocean. Eventually he wound up in Savannah. A year from the day he started out he walked into the newspaper office on Park row, and, rushing up to the city editor all out of breath, he exclaimed: "Say, there was nothing in that assignment you gave me."—N. Y. Journal.

Story of an Honest Lawyer.

It is always refreshing to learn of lawyers who will not undertake an unjust cause. Of Judge Ira Perley, his biographer says: "He believed in the justice of his client's cause; he would not enlist in it otherwise." At one time a sharper tried to retain him, and was smoothing over his crooked conduct as well as he knew how, when the judge astonished him by exclaiming:

"I think you have acted like an infernal scoundrel, sir!"

"Is there any charge for that opinion?"

"Yes, sir; five dollars!"

Some Bees.

How the hum of a bee will make us jump and run! Yet we need not be disturbed, for not all bees can sting; some bees are perfectly harmless. But if they are harmless, they are not as useful, for it has been discovered that the honey of the stingless bee is not as sweet or as wholesome as that of the stinging bee.—Outlook.

Appropriate Uniform.

Wife (in a fashionable store)—I wonder why all these saleladies are dressed in black?

Husband—I suppose because business is dead.—Judge.

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—The Salvation Army, under Major Clibborn, is accomplishing great things in South America. The major proposes opening in Chili.

—Women have flocked in such numbers to hear Prof. Froude's lectures on Erasmus at Oxford that the men graduates and undergraduates were fairly crowded out.

—The chief justice of the supreme court of Japan is a Christian, and engages actively in Christian work in Tokyo, where he lives. He is president of the Tokyo Y. M. C. A.

—The senate of Dublin university has agreed to confer the degree of LL.D. upon Lord Charles Russell, of England; Bishop Stevens, of Ohio, and Bishop Walker, of Dakota.

—The Episcopal church reports for its mission in Brazil four presbyters, four catechists, four candidates for orders, ninety communicants, 205 in the Sunday-schools, sixty-five in the parochial schools, and contributions amounting to 2,224 milreis.

—There was an income in the Educational society of the Methodist church of Canada during the past year of over $19,000. There are eleven educational institutions under its direction. The aggregate attendance of students at the several colleges is about 2,000. Of these 200 are students of theology preparing for the ministry.

—The amount received by the American Sunday-School union for carrying on their work during the last year was $120,158, against $109,238 for the previous year. There have been in the field 138 men employed. As one result of their labors 1,785 new Sunday-schools were organized, having 68,273 teachers and scholars; 439 were reorganized, and aid was given to existing schools 8,363 times.

—The following figures in reference to the Sunday schools in this country and in the world were given at the recent meeting of the International Sunday School committee: Number of schools in the United States 121,977; officers and teachers, 1,303,254; scholars 9,688,506; total 11,113,557. In the whole world there are: Schools, 224,563; officers and teachers, 2,239,738; scholars, 20,268,923; total, 22,732,224.

—The United Presbyterian church has the present year one more synod and two more presbyteries than it had last year. There are 833 ministers, an increase of 23; 70 students in theology, a gain of 4; 939 congregations, which is 4 more than last year; and 115,272 members, which is a net gain of a little over 4,000. There are 1,096 Sunday schools, with 101,667 scholars. The total contributions of the church were $1,506,064.

—The most trustworthy figures make the Church of England adherents in Wales and Monmouthshire 117,900, or 5.6 per cent. of the population. The Nonconformists, not including Unitarians, Scotch Presbyterians, Plymouth Brethern, Quakers, Salvationists and several other bodies, number 387,571, or 21.8 per cent. of the whole population. Of the whole number of communicants the English church has 23.4 per cent. and the great Nonconforming bodies 76.6 per cent.—Boston Watchman.

—Vassar graduated seventy-one students this year, to sixteen of whom honors were awarded. From the honor students six were chosen by the faculty as commencement speakers. The graduating gowns at Vassar are always pure white and without gloves. Those who listened were delighted with the clear and natural delivery of the speakers. President Taylor announced that the year had been an easy one financially, notwithstanding the general distress. The endowment funds have paid a good income, and much of the debt accumulated last year had been liquidated.

COMMERCIAL VALUE OF CATS.

Usefulness of the Felines on Board a Ship at Sea.

"I do not think that it is generally known," said a resident of Philadelphia, recently, that cats have a peculiar commercial importance in certain lines of trade. In certain parts of the country marine insurance does not cover damage done to the cargo by the depredations of rats, but if the owner of the cargo thus damaged can prove that the ship was not furnished with a cat he can recover compensation from the owner of the ship. Then, again, a ship that is found under certain circumstances without a living creature on board is considered a derelict, and according to certain conditions is forfeited. It has not unfrequently occurred, after all the crew have been lost, or the ship otherwise abandoned, that a live canary, domestic fowl, but most frequently a cat, being found on board, has saved the vessel from being condemned as a derelict. Consequently ship owners, considering the cat's proverbial tenacity of life, as well as its presence being a bar to claims of damage by rats, always take care not to send a ship to sea without having a cat on board."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Measuring a Millionth of a Degree.

Prof. Langley, of the Smithsonian institution has brought his bolometer to a state of high perfection. This instrument, in theory extremely simple, is a fine wire, through which electricity is kept flowing. The resistance of the wire varies with the temperature, and hence the strength of the current also varies. By measuring the current therefore the temperature of the wire can be ascertained. As is well known, Prof. Langley has explored the invisible regions of the solar spectrum with this device, proving by it that in them, as well as in the luminous portions, fine absorption lines exist. In this and other fields it has easily taken a place as one of the most valuable of existing instruments. In the latest and most delicate form the wire is 1-500-inch wide and 1-5,000-inch thick, and a difference of temperature amounting to 1-1,000,000 degree centigrade can be perceived.—Detroit Free Press.

Made It Worse.

Mrs. De Bride was entertaining callers. After they left she remarked to her husband:

"I hope they didn't see my walking shoes lying there; they would think me very untidy if they did."

"Oh, if they saw them, they probably thought they were mine," answered her husband, in a consoling tone. And she hasn't spoken to him since.—Detroit Free Press.

Differing Visions.

Mrs. Carson—The emancipated woman is a woman who sees things as they are.

Mr. Nolses—Yes: and she drives her husband to seeing things double.—Puck.

WOMEN'S QUEER WAYS.

A Shopper Who Came Near Being a Buyer, But Managed to Escape.

Over the ribbon counter of a big store hung one festoon bright enough in color to attract the roving eye of one of New York's luxurious matrons. The morning was sultry, and the busy clerks were too tired and cross to answer leisurely questions with their usual suavity, but the matron was interested and not to be put off by snappy replies.

After a prolonged gaze at the bright-hued ribbon, she drawled, in a most provokingly-unhurried way:

"Name of that?"

"Name! Mean name of the color?"

"Yes."

"Phlox."

Another prolonged gaze, during which the energetic young woman behind the counter waited upon one or two more decided customers, deftly measuring off yards of ribbon. Then came again the provoking drawl:

"Think that is wide enough for a collar and belt?"

"Crush collar and belt?"

"Yes, crush collar."

"That is about the width."

A long pause, devoted to contemplation.

"Three-quarters enough?"

"Yes, if you have a rosette."

"More for ends?"

"Takes a yard if you have ends."

Period of silent cogitation.

"What's the price?"

The black-eyed clerk, who was not "divinely tall," strained her arm in a vain effort to catch the roll which hung just beyond her reach, and a friendly voice from a neighboring counter cried, "Forty-five cents."

"Forty-five cents, madam," repeated the saleswoman in a tone calculated to suppress further inquiry.

Madame was unconscious of offense, and took more time for consideration.

"Think a narrower width would do?"

An expressive shrug, followed by "Yes, if you like 'em narrower."

"Well, give me a yard of that."

"Sold at the center counter, further down, madam. Nothing but narrow, fancy ribbons sold here."

This was too good a chance to be lost by the shopper. She cheerfully walked the other way in search of more information.—N. Y. Times.

HORSES AS BAIT.

The Catching of Leeches in the Lake of Popolias.

The human brutes in American cities who occasionally are brought to justice by local societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals are angels compared with the leech fishers of Greece. Old, worn-out horses are bought by them for a song in the Greek cities and villages, and are used as living bait for the swarms of leeches that infest the mud lakes of Attica and Boeotia. Great masses of these bloodsuckers cling to the helpless animal, their operations generally exhausting the victim in less than an hour. As soon as the horse is able to move again he is subjected to the same slow, killing process, until he finally succumbs.

And this in an age of Christian culture and enlightenment, when reformers and champions of love and mercy to man and beast are deafening the world with their cries of progress and theories of moral evolution. In the lake of Popolias during the summer months the fishermen manage to earn in this way about twenty francs per day. Here the annual catch is an enormous one, much greater than in the famous leech marshes of Essegg, in Slavonia.

In other countries, and especially in the United States, leeches are procured and reared in a more humane manner. In a leech farm near Newton, L. I., for instance, there are large breeding tanks or ponds, each one and a half acres in extent and three feet or more in depth. The bottom is composed of clay and margins of peat. The cocoons are deposited in the soft peat from June onward, the chief enemies being muskrats, water-rats and water-screws, which dig the cocoons out of the peat. The adult leeches are fed every six months on fresh blood placed in linen bags suspended in the water. Leeches which have thus been filled with blood make good breeders.

Leeches, like many other annelids, can be kept alive for several years without food in vessels of pure water.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

CURIOUS STORM PHENOMENA.

How Birds Are Stripped and Trees Rent to Pieces.

Among the most astonishing effects of whirlwinds must be reckoned the well-supported facts that, on their cessation, birds exposed to them have been found stripped of their feathers, and people with every shred of clothing torn from them. These effects can not possibly be ascribed to the wind. The force necessary would have sufficed to transport the objects away bodily.

Numerous similar occurrences were observed in France in the tornadoes which prevailed there three years ago, and these were gradually brought under investigation. Over the whole region affected, trees were found rent in a manner which could not possibly have resulted from the wind. These were, first, oaks split down the center for a length of twenty to twenty-five feet; second, poplars and beeches, for lengths of from six to twelve feet, were shivered into sticks of uniform thickness (for example, a beech tree, sixteen inches diameter, was split into more than five hundred sticks a centimeter thick, two centimeters broad and three and one-half centimeters long); third, firs and other resinous trees had their stems cut clean through, leaving almost even surfaces.

These phenomena, and others of kindred nature, can be ascribed only to electricity. How else could we explain the case of two casks standing alongside each other, one of which, the filled one, was completely destroyed (exploded), while the other, the empty one, remained uninjured?—N. Y. Advertiser.

Our Aristocracy.

Miss Snobberly (who has just written a letter)—Ma, is a once-cent stamp enough for this letter.

Old Mrs. Snobberly (proudly)—Put on a two-cent stamp, my daughter, or people will say that the Snobberlys are not people of the right stamp.—Texas Siftings.

Victims of Injustice.

Nurse—Sure, ma'am, the twins have been making a fuss all day, ma'am.

Mrs. Olive Branch—What about?

Nurse—It's because they can't have a birthday apiece, like the Smith children next door. They think they have been cheated.—Indianapolis Journal.

CRAZED BY HIS LUCK.

A Drop in Stocks That Made Sixty-Three Thousand Dollars and a Lunatic.

It was a broker's office.

The droning announcements of the young man with the chalk; intervals filled with conversation that soon assumed anything but a business character. Would you believe it? The broker and his customers were involved in a labyrinthian argument relative to the nature of the deity, and this was succeeded by abstruse speculations on the probable consequence of an irresistible force coming in contact with an immovable mass.

It's a fascinating topic—at least we found it so—and I cheerfully recommend it for trial when conversation flags around the cracker box in the corner grocery or when you can't get a fourth hand for whist in the club. The discussion was switched back to the market by an occurrence that partook of the tragic, an episode that left a ghastly impression on me, if not on all.

The door opened, and in walked a man who was laughing and fairly glowing with merriment. His laughter was infectious, but I was the only man who smiled. The others turned uneasily in their chairs, and stared out of the windows and began to read the newspapers.

"Good morning, ha! ha! Charley, ha! ha!" giggled the newcomer; "how, huh! huh! huh! how's U. P., ha! ha! this morning? ha! ha!" and he went on in a mild paroxysm of cachinnation.

"He's struck it lucky," I thought, and, as I remarked before, I could not help smiling and feeling glad with him. Not so the broker. With a troubled look he took the joyous man by the hand, spoke to him in a low tone, and led him out, the latter continuing to bubble and sputter like an overwrought tea-kettle. Presently the broker re-entered, shook his head, and sighed.

"That poor chap gives me the shivers," he said; "I wish he would keep out of here." Then he went on to explain to me what was familiar to all his regular visitors. "That man," he said, "was a speculator. He had never made much in any deal and was generally on the losing side. A few years ago he came in just before the opening and put up one thousand dollars, all he had, to sell U. P. It stood at one twenty-four. He left the room with a kind of desperate air, saying if U. P. rose a point and wiped him out he should never speculate again, for the thousand was the last he had. Well, sir, on that day U. P. went down in the most sensational way on record; not an eighth at a time, or by jumps of a point, but by ten points at a lick, and when it stopped it was down to sixty. Every point meant one thousand dollars for that man.

"Toward the close of business he came in. He hadn't been watching the market during the day, and he couldn't understand it when he looked at the board. We had to get around and explain things to him as if he were a child. When I finally gave him a check for sixty-three thousand dollars he began to laugh. He laughed when he deposited the check at his bank, and he hasn't stopped laughing yet."

It was comforting to know that this unfortunate, turned crazy by good luck, netted enough by his prosperous venture to keep him and his family in good circumstances during his life.—Chicago Times.

BALDNESS AND BRAINS.

Scarcity of Hair Not a Sure Indication of Intellectual Vigor.

It is commonly believed that absence of hair outside a skull indicates the presence of intellect within. Perhaps no one would go so far as to say that every baldheaded man is clever; but most people certainly think that clever and learned men are often bald. Evidence of this belief abounds in art and literature, and in the converse of everyday life. The typical savant is represented with a cranium like a billiard ball, save for a graceful fringe of snowy hair disposed all around at the level of the ears or thereabouts; while the man of action, the hero, the warrior is allowed, by way of contrast, to keep his hair on as long as he pleases, both in time and space. The ulterior causes of baldness are obscure, but the immediate process is no doubt a degeneration of the hair bulbs, which is due to failure of nutrition, and implies impaired vitality or a loss of vigor. The point needs no argument, though plenty of medical evidence could be brought to support it, if necessary. It is universally recognized that an abundance of hair gives a look of youth and vigor, baldness one of age and decay.

This single feature will make a man of seventy appear stronger than many a man of fifty. Everyone will admit this with respect to physical vigor, but not of mental. Yet the two necessarily go together to a great extent and this is where the popular mistake comes in. What is vigor? It does not lie in muscular strength, as many may suppose, but in a sound condition of the whole machine and its several parts, and more particularly of the nervous centers in the brain, which move, control and regulate all the rest. Loss of vigor means a corresponding impairment of brain power; and though the higher centers, the seat of intellect, may not suffer obviously at first, they eventually do so. Other things being equal, the sounder a man is all through the better instrument he makes for the performance of mental no less than physical work; and when his hair begins to go it is a sign that he is not so sound as he used to be or might be. True, he may have gained in knowledge and experience, and may so far be a better man intellectually than he was before; but he is not so good a man as he would be if he had kept his vigor while acquiring his knowledge. Of two men, equal in mental ability, the one who retains the more vigor possesses in a corresponding measure the greater intellectual potency, whether it takes the form of superior energy in the present or a more prolonged period of activity—that is to say, a green old age. This seems to be the correct view on physiological grounds; and surely it is borne out by experience.—St. James Gazette.

Had No Use for It.

"You can't sell one of those signs in there," said the jeweler to the agent who had some mottoes. "This is my busy day."

"Why not?" asked the agent.

"Because the man in that store doesn't advertise."—Judge.

—The first book to have its leaves numbered was Esop's Fables, printed by Caxton in 1484.

HOME HINTS AND HELPS.

—To cure face pimples eschew very salt, rich or greasy food, and take a dose of magnesia occasionally. Also wash the face three or four times a day with diluted cologne water.

—Chili Sauce—Uncooked: Twelve tomatoes, four onions, four ripe peppers and two green peppers; chop all very fine; add one ounce ground cinnamon, one-fourth ounce white mustered seed, one-half cup brown sugar and good clover vinegar sufficient to moisten. Good, try it.—Farm, Field and Fireside.

—Beets: A delicious way of serving beets is to boil tender and slip the skins off in the usual way, slice thinly and pour over them a dressing made as follows: Place a cupful of vinegar to boil; add two tablespoonfuls of sugar; a lump of butter; salt and pepper; when it boils add a teaspoonful of flour wet in a little milk; let it boil up once; pour over the beets and serve hot.—Ohio Farmer.

—Scalloped Fish: Any cold fish, one egg, milk, one large blade of pounded mace, one tablespoonful of anchovy or walnut sauce, pepper and salt to taste, breadcrumbs and butter. Pick the fish carefully from the bones, and moisten with milk and egg; add the other ingredients, and place in a deep dish or scallop shells; spread over with breadcrumbs, butter the top, and brown before the fire; when quite hot, serve.—Farm, Field and Fireside.

—Cream of Asparagus: Put two ounces of butter and three tablespoons of flour into a saucepan. Moisten with three pints of water and one quart of milk. Add one good bunch of asparagus. Make a bouquet of four branches of well-washed parsley, one of soup celery, with one blade of bay leaf and one sprig of thyme in the center. Tie closely together. Boil thoroughly, and strain through a sieve. Return to the kettle, stir one tablespoon of flour and a small piece of butter into the soup, and serve with asparagus tops or croutons.—Housekeeper.

—A luncheon dainty that makes a very pretty company entree is called Dresden baskets. Stamp out some medium-sized rounds of bread about half an inch thick, with a cutter, and very carefully make a little hollow—not a hole—in the center of each; dip them into milk, then brush over with beaten egg, sprinkle thickly with fine crumbs, and fry in boiling fat until evenly browned; drain on paper and fill with lobster prepared according to the directions given below; it is a pretty thing to have a little piece of the feeler form the handles of the baskets. For the filling cut up some pieces of lobster into small dice; put them into a saucepan with a gill of thick white sauce; add a lump of butter, a few drops of lemon juice, and season with cayenne, salt and nutmeg. Simmer gently for a quarter of an hour.

AN INDISPENSABLE ADJUNCT.

The Necessity of Using Salt with the Food We Eat.

The question is often raised to what extent we should make use of salt with our food.

In all ordinary cases, at least, the matter may be left to the individual appetite. Any slight excess of salt is easily cared for by the system, while a craving for a small amount with the food is perfectly normal, and under no circumstances harmful.

Indeed, although we take at all times more salt as seasoning than is absolutely needed in the body, such is the necessity of its presence that food prepared without salt is hardly to be considered nutritious.

Common salt—sodium chloride—is, perhaps, on the whole, one of the most important inorganic substances in the body; so important in fact, that it can be said that there are no tissues or fluids in the body in which it does not occur. The average human body contains from eight to ten ounces.

The part which salt plays in the human economy is in dissolving much of the nutrition which is supplied to the body, and facilitating its absorption and distribution to the tissues.

The connection between the action of salt and that of the various tissues and fluids is so intimate, in other words, the presence of salt is so necessary to the vitality of the various parts of the body, that life would soon come to an end if it were withdrawn entirely.

A substance to which so much influence is ascribed might naturally be supposed to have some virtue as a medicine. Such virtue has at different times been attributed to it by some authorities.

For example, it was supposed, since the acid in the gastric juice was found to be derived from sodium chloride, that the addition of a greater supply of common salt would be of benefit in cases of indigestion due to a weakened state of the gastric ju