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 22, 1894. VOL. XIX.—NO. 39.

IN PASSING.

Through halls whose carved panels hold
A host of cherubim,
Up stairways wide I wandered on
Through curtained alcoves dim;
And ever as my footsteps came
By alcove, hall and stair,
A myriad mirrors started up
And caught my shadow there.

Sometimes my profile paled and sank
A smile upon my lips;
Sometimes a blur my features were,
Swift darkening to eclipse;
But following as these figures fled
Faint ghosts of grayish gleams—
I walked beside, as one who walks
Companioned in his dreams.

Oh! winding years that round my path
Like mirrors flash and pass,
Once, always, do you hold for me
The wraith within the glass;
Some night or day, some star or sun
(As what should say: "Beware!")
Reveals in your dead seasons' flight
My shadow passing there.
—Ernest McGaffey, in N. Y. Independent.

An Incident at Mackay.

By C. Overton.

WE were seated at the card-table in the officers' club-room, playing poker with the post-trader and drinking warm beer. The windows had all been thrown open to admit the night air, which, from radiation, becomes quickly freshened in dry climates, when skies are clear and the sun has set, and bathes the thick-walled, adobe buildings, tempering them and making them habitable, and, if closed in the early morning, seem cloisters of coolness—welcome refuge, after drill or duty done in the glare and pitiless heat of day. No other material known to architecture so well resists the penetrating ardor of untempered rays shed in southern summer by a cloudless sun; for adobe is of mother earth, the grand conservator of heat and cold, and, like her, makes stubborn resistance to changing temperature.

The walls of the building now seemed hot and exhaled through the room the expiring heat of day. Standing near them, hot air was breathed on the face like the slow, warm breath of a great animal sinking into silent sleep. The sun had set, and the dimness of twilight was creeping from the valley over the foot-hills and rising in shadowy cones of mountain purple up the pine-clad slopes beyond, spreading over forests that framed the base of frozen bastions, whose faded whiteness, seen in failing light, was that of snows a sunset had left: cold. The curtains and flanks of nature's grand redoubt were no longer visible, for the fugitive after-glow had faded into gray, and the sharp tracery of the divide was lost for want of light.

Through the open window we could see the sentry-lamps, just lighted, bordering the rectangle of the bare parade—steady, sultry and yellow, like the street-lamps of a foreign town. Around each, as far as the illumination extended, lay a disk of yellow where the white parade had taken up the tone of light that fell upon it. Certainly in each disk lay a circular shadow, cast by the base of the lamp. On the side of the general bar-room a light near the door of the traders' store illuminated the compound as far as the troop corral, where a stable-guard paced the gravel in his rounds past the heavy gates, challenging and admitting mounted parties returning from duty or from pass.

It was shortly after dinner, and, being yet warm, the game had not grown hilarious. Davis, our post-surgeon, had not joined in the play. That afternoon he had been shooting fool quail on the mesquite flat up the Gila; he was late at mess, so had missed the arrival of the week's mail, this being Friday, and, still in shooting-jacket, was seated at the reading-table, looking over news contained in latest New York papers, now ten days old, and opening his letters.

"I thought I heard firing toward Mackay," David had walked across the room and was standing near an open window. He spoke quietly to the trader's clerk, still giving the alert attention of one uncertain that he had heard a sound.

Mackay was an adobe village adjoining the garrison, where soldiers became intoxicated and were then robbed, for the territorial laws were getting severe and it was not wise to roll men sober.

Several shots fired in quick succession confirmed the doctor's opinion; there was a pause in the poker game, a shuffling back of chairs, and some one said: "Remember, Jones, it was your ante," as we joined the surgeon at the window.

The shooting had ceased, and in the village we could now hear the barking of dogs, the hurrying of feet, and the sound of an unshod horse galloping over soft earth on the flat leading up to the post. A moment later the horse was halted under the sentry's challenge at the corral, and a cowboy, clad as on *rodeo*, came into the general log and asked for the post-surgeon, saying, as Davis entered: "Doc, there's bad a scrap at the Harmony, and need you and undertaker." He spoke with the short, quick breath of one who has hastened.

"The undertaking can wait," said Davis; "but I'll go down at once. Ride around to the hospital and tell the orderly to bring my operating case and handcloth to the Harmony. I'll wait for you over the way."

[illegible] to the village, distant a few [illegible] yards and comprising a double row of square adobe flats along the Calle Audea, an unpaved street lined with *acequias*, now dry, but containing a few Lombardy poplars whose pivotal leaves were too languid for flutter, so still was the night air. There were no lights in the streets, still in the most of houses they had [illegible] as soon as the firing [illegible] that remained shone through windows opened to admit the air and fell in rectangular patches on the bare adobe footpath between the buildings and the *acequia*. These desultory illuminations made the rest of the street seem dark, though, from the splendid starlight, summer nights in Arizona are never really so.

We were guided to the Harmony by the tramp of feet and the sound of voices at the lower end of the street, and as we walked toward it and entered the darkened space which succeeded the illumination from a solitary window, we stumbled over what, on examination, proved to be the body of a man, lying where he had stumbled over the edge of the *acequia* in crossing the street. We turned him over, and Davis, on examination, found that he was dead, being shot through the base of the neck. We left him lying where we found him and hurried on to the Harmony, which, together with the portion of the street directly in front of it, must, when we got there, have contained every inhabitant of the village, even to the last Chinaman and dog.

Davis forced his way through the outer crowd that jammed the entrance to the door; those recognizing his person tried to fall back and admit him. I followed Davis, and finally found myself inside the Harmony—a bar, gambling house and concert hall combined, and consisting of a single, large, rectangular adobe room, dimly lighted by a few dirty bracket reflector lamps, whose sickly flames seemed sinking for want of oxygen in the oppressive alcoholic air. The tarnished reflectors were set level so that the limiting shadows from the base of the lamps almost covered the floor, leaving the lower angles of the room in feeble, uncertain half-light.

Lying quietly on a faro table was a gambler, shot through the lungs. The blood welled profusely from a bullet-hole in his side and trickled into an increasing pool, which was now overspreading the "lay out" like a last mocking, sanguinary wager, offered ironically by one who had already accepted the terms of death.

To the left stood a rancher, leaning against the bar, holding with his right hand his left forearm, which was badly shattered below the wrist.

In the dimly-lighted corner most remote from the door, seated on a piano-stool, was a young girl, sobbing violently, as if in pain or in great grief. In her despair, she had thrown herself forward on to the piano and buried her fair but dissipated face in a mass of brown hair, drawn from nude shoulders it had served to drape, and now confined only by her white, bare arms, which rested on the white, bare keys. Her physical abandonment was as utter as her moral hopelessness seemed complete.

After stanching the hemorrhage of the man shot through the lungs, Davis turned his attention to the girl. Laying his hand gently on her bare shoulder, which was trembling accompaniment to her violent, intermittent sobs, Davis asked her where she was hurt. She sobbed in reply that she did not

SHE LEANED HEAVILY ON THE PIANO.

know. Then he made examination and found that she was not hurt, but that a stray shot from the direction of the gaming-table had struck the keyboard of the piano, ripping up some of the keys beneath her fingers while she was playing. She was unnerved with fright, hysteria accompanying it.

Then the doctor bound up the rancher's shattered wrist, after removing some splintered fragments. The full extent of the shooting now being known and having been discussed, the crowd began to thin away.

When the surgeon's work was finished, a venerable frontiersman, who had greatly assisted Davis in dressing the wounded, spoke to the crowd that still remained, saying, solemnly and slowly: "Well, gentlemen, this 'ere scrap has taught me one thing."

"What was that, Uncle Jerry?" asked a chorus of bystanders.

"Uncle Jerry" pulled himself up to his full frontier height, and, after a pause long enough to prepare us for a speech oracular in patriarchal wisdom, replied:

"It has taught me, gentlemen, never to decline a drink."

He had been watching the poker-game, and just after he had risen from his seat and had started to the bar at Tom Collins' invitation to drink, the ball had opened and the bullet which finally lodged in the piano-keys passed through the back of his then vacant chair.—C. Overton, in San Francisco Argonaut.

A BLUNDER ALL ROUND.

WIFE (looking over bill)—"Do you remember, my dear, how many trout you caught when fishing last Saturday?"
HUSBAND—"There were just twelve of 'em—all beauties! Why?"
WIFE—"The fishmonger has made a mistake. He only charges for half a dozen."

The Remarkable Part.

Johnnie—Mamma, wasn't it George Washington that couldn't tell a lie?

Mother—Yes, my child.

"What else did he do?"

"He fought against the French and Indians, he was a great engineer, he led the American armies in the revolution, he conquered the British, he became president of the United States, he did more for the freedom of the world than any man who ever lived, and he was first in war, first in peace and first in the hearts of his countrymen."

(After a long breath)—"Gosh, mamma, ain't it funny that he could do all those hard things and couldn't do such an easy little thing as telling a lie?"—Detroit Free Press.

The Soldier Was a Diplomatist.

A good story of the duke of Wellington is told. After one of the battles in Spain he invited a young officer who had exhibited conspicuous bravery to dine with him in his tent. Riding by some short while afterward, the duke overheard the young man exultingly proclaim:

"I am going to dine with Wellington to-night."

"You might vouchsafe me the prefix of 'Mr.' at least, Capt. ——," remarked the duke, dryly.

"Not at all, my lord," retorted the unabashed youth; "I should not speak of Mr. Cæsar, or Mr. Alexander, so why should I talk of Mr. Wellington?"—Sheffield Telegraph.

A Wise Scarecrow.

"I say," said the tramp to the scarecrow, "let's swap clothes."

"Not I," said the scarecrow. "Fact is, it would never do."

"Why not?" said the tramp.

"Well, the crows, seeing me, are scared. They think I'll run after 'em. But if they thought I was like you they'd know I'd rather fall asleep. I tell you, old man, crows know a thing or two. They judge by appearances."—Harper's Young People.

Collecting Statistics.

A northern gentleman asked an old negro, who was the driver of a cart to which was attached a venerable mule: "How old is the mule, my colored friend?"

"He am like yerself, boss, pretty well on in life."

"But how many years?"

"Same as you, boss, only two."—Alex Sweet, in Texas Siftings.

And He Had Nothing to Say.

Husband—Now, I think this is going too far. You promised me you would countermand your order for that dress.

Wife—I wrote that very day.

"But here is the dress and the bill for it—enough to bankrupt me, almost. How do you explain that?"

"I gave you the letter, and suppose you forgot to post it, as usual."—Answers.

A Thorough Confession.

"Herbert," she said, "tell me one thing, and tell me truthfully. Were you ever intoxicated?"

"Well," replied the young man, "I was air-tight once."

"What do you mean?"

"I had a tooth pulled and took laughing gas."—Washington Star.

Too Modest.

Jack Ford—Did you read Dixon's letters to the girl who sued him for breach of promise? He said: "Never, never can I express in weak, paltry words all my love for you, my beautiful darling!"

Tom De Witt—Well, the jury thought he expressed twenty-five thousand dollars' worth, anyway.—N. Y. World.

Better Not Wait for It.

Some day the skies will brighten—
Some day the rainbow lighten
Like a glory 'round the tempest's cloudy brow;
Some day will flowers be springing—
Some day the glad birds singing;
But you'd better keep your business moving now!
—Atlanta Constitution.

A Splendid Success.

"How is the doctor getting on with your wife's case?"

"Best in the world; seems almost too good to be true."

"What was the trouble?"

"She had completely lost her voice, and he is certain he can never restore it."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Same All the Time.

Mrs. Bingo—Mrs. Binger's husband has a government position, and she is simply delighted.

Bingo—Pay well?

Mrs. Bingo—Not so much that, but she says she never knew so much of him before in her life.—Boston Life.

The Invitation.

[illegible]

A SHORT WAY OUT OF IT.

"Papa—But why do [illegible] unnecessary pain?" asked the barber.

"No," replied the victim; "by holding my breath and clinching my teeth I think I shall be able to endure it without taking any more gas."

Silence reigned thereafter.—N. Y. Advertiser.

A Sufficient Reason.

The admission of a stranger, who had moved into the vicinity but recently, into full membership in the church bothered Deacon Johnson very much. He disliked the man, and felt quite convinced he was not worthy to become a member, but he could make no definite charge against him. When the church session had the man's application under consideration, the deacon protested against his admission. When pressed to give his reasons, he said: "Wal, pahson, de fac' ob de mattah is I feels dat he's a wolf in sheep's clothing."

"Dat's a hebby chadge, Brudder Johnsing," said the parson. "Wy do yo t'ink so?"

"I dun'no', but it 'pears to me he don't bleat jest like de rest ob de flock."—Harper's Magazine.

An Observant Youth.

It was Bobbie's mother's birthday—her thirtieth, some said, though there were others who were disposed to credit her with three or four years more. Bobbie, too, had his ideas on the subject apparently, for at breakfast he said:

"How old are you, mamma?"

"Oh, nineteen or twenty," was the answer.

"Humph!" said Bobbie. "Seems to me you're growin' backwards."—Harper's Magazine.

The Cause.

"Attend your church," the rector cries,
To church each fair one goes.
The old go there to close their eyes,
The young to eye their clothes.
—Truth.

A CONFESSION OF FAITH.

Miss Frank—I believe in woman's rights.

Jack Cleverton—Then you think every woman should have a vote?

Miss Frank—No; but I think every woman should have a voter.—Scribner's Magazine.

A Rapid Transit.

"How long did it take you to cross the ocean?" asked Gus De Smith of a very aristocratic young lady from Europe.

"I was seven days on the water."

"Seven days? Why, when my brother went across it took him eight days."

"Probably your brother went over in the steerage. I was first-cabin passenger," she replied, proudly.—Tammany Times.

The Secret Safe.

"And you ask me to marry you!" exclaimed the proud beauty, scornfully. "You! Hiram Jinks, I would not for the world have any of my friends know you have subjected me to this humiliation!" "Then we'll not say anything about it, Miss Rocksey," said Hiram, looking about for his hat. "Great Scott! You can't feel any more sneakin' over it than I do."—Chicago Tribune.

Getting There by Degrees.

Little Boy—Papa, won't you get me a nice round stick to roll hoop with?

Papa—Of course.

"And won't you buy me a hoop to roll?"

"Y-e-s."

"That will be lovely. Then you will have to buy me a bicycle so that I can keep up with the hoop."—Good News.

Rapid Shorthanders.

Gazzam—Graffik is a smart stenographer. He can take one hundred and twenty words a minute.

Maddox—So can I.

Gazzam—But Graffik can read his shorthand writing.—Judge.

By Marriage.

Indignant Citizen—What claim have you got on me? I never saw or heard of you before.

Applicant (for a loan)—I'm a sort of relative, sir. I married your second cousin's divorced wife.—Chicago Tribune.

Not Quite Barbarous.

Boatwick—And is it true that you Chicagoans eat with your knives?

Hogbogle—Why, of course we do! Do think we eat with our fingers like savages? Truth!

A Satisfactory Answer.

Mike—How far is it to Hoboken, sor?

Bill—Who do you want to see in Hoboken?

Mike—Mesilf befoor noight, sor.—Judge.

Perplexity.

He stood on the steps at midnight,
With wibbledy wabbledy knees,
And wondered and wondered and wondered
Where the blamed keyhole could be.
—Buffalo Courier.

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—There are 500,000 Presbyterians in Australia.

—Dr. Schele De Vere is still in active service as professor of modern languages in the university of Virginia. He is seventy-four years of age and has held the present place for fifty years.

—Gen. F. A. Shoup, who was chief of artillery of the confederate army at Shiloh, and afterwards served at Gen. Hood's chief of staff, is now a member of the faculty of the University of the South, at Suwanee, Tenn.

—A movement has been begun to present a well-bound copy of the Bible in Japanese to each one of the 60,000 native physicians in Japan. It is proposed that these Bibles shall be given by the medical men of America and England.

—Miss Mary Garrett, of Baltimore, has founded a European fellowship scholarship of a value of five hundred dollars a year and five graduate scholarships worth two hundred dollars a year at Bryn Mawr college, Pennsylvania.

—Dr. Karl Blind informs the students of Oxford that their annual custom of bringing in a boar's head to their Christmas banquet is a survival of the sacrificial banquet the old Vikings used to hold in honor of Freye, the Norse sun god.

—Jean Inglelow spends her winters in the south of France, where she has a cottage overlooking the Mediterranean. Her London house is in Kensington, and stands with its crown of ivy in the midst of a spacious garden half hidden among trees.

—Rev. Joshua V. Himes, aged ninety years, and said to be the oldest Episcopal clergyman in the United States, assisted the Battle Creek (Mich.) church the other day in its celebration of its fiftieth anniversary. He is still in excellent health, and his voice is firm and resonant.

—Rev. Mr. Murdoch, a Methodist minister of Rome, Ga., has been deprived of his pastorate by his bishop because he is the editor of a paper. His newspaper is said to be reputable and honest, and only the bishop's notion that newspapers and ministerial duties don't mix crused Murdoch's dismissal from his church.

—There was an income in the Educational society of the Methodist church of Canada during the last 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.

—It is said that Dr. Moxom, of Springfield, has two hearers who come every Sunday from Boston, a distance of about one hundred miles, to listen to the sermon. Dr. Moxom evidently has an attractive power of unusual range, and the example of these two hearers might well be laid to heart by the host of people who live under the eaves of churches, but never enter them.

—The Churchman speaks of St. Paul's Cathedral, London, as an edifice in which all classes of people may hear the greatest of English preachers. The great cathedral of the English metropolis has so many substantial claims on the regard of all English-speaking people that it is a pity to put forth a claim for it that might conceivably be untrue. If the greatest of English preachers happened to be a dissenter, as might easily be the case, he could not be heard in St. Paul's.

—The Moslems believe in the existence of "seven great hot hells" bearing the names of Sohannam, Latha, Hutamah, Sa'ir, Sakar, Jehim and al-Kariah. The first is to be the endless abode of the Dahriyah, a sect which denies the creation; the second for Manichees and Arabs; the third for Brahmans; the fourth for the Jews; the fifth for Christians, and the sixth for the Magians. The seventh, the "great, great, hot, hot hell," is to be reserved for liars and hypocrites.

GETTING IT MIXED.

He Wanted Something Which They Didn't Keep in Stock.

There was a sign over the music store which read: "Banjo and other musical clubs supplied." One day a man with a strange look in his eye came in and approached the clerk nervously.

"Do you," he asked, with a half look at the sign, "supply banjo clubs."

"Yes, sir," responded the clerk. "What can I do for you?"

"I want one," said the customer, with a snap, "and I want it big and hard."

"I beg your pardon," replied the clerk, observing with anxiety the strange look of his visitor.

"I said I wanted one," repeated the man, "and I want it big and hard."

"I don't understand you, sir," stammered the clerk, backing off.

"Don't understand?" exclaimed the customer. "That's plain enough. You say you supply banjo clubs and I say I want one."

"But, sir," began the clerk.

"Let up on that," growled the man, getting ugly. "What I want is a banjo club, and I want it now. There's a fellow roomin' next to me that is learnin' to play on one of the confounded things, and I want a club that will fit the case to a nicety, and see what I can do toward havin' it my way for awhile. Do you follow?"

And the clerk felt a keen relief in following.—Detroit Free Press.

Etiquette of Girls.

It is a lady's place to recognize a gentleman first, as it depends on her whether the acquaintance continues or not.

In entering a room the gentleman always follows the young lady.

Always rise for an older person.

The young lady always seats herself first before any gentleman will do so.

In making introductions the young man is always presented to the girl, never the other way round.

Never introduce any young man to your girl friends without first asking their permission, and then say: "Miss D., I want to present (or introduce) Mr. A. to you."

It is sufficient to acknowledge an introduction by a simple bow, unless there is some special reason for more cordial form in an introduction in a ball room.—Philadelphia Times.

Too True.

Visitor—How can you stand being stared at by crowds of people every day.

Gentled Girl (resignedly)—Well, it was trying at first; but this sort of thing soon hardens one.—Puck.

STRANGE SELF-DECEIT.

What a Morbid Love for the Sensational Sometimes Leads To.

A morbid love of the sensational sometimes leads young people, more especially young women, into strange paths. Many extraordinary instances are on record of the singular manner in which they have imposed upon relatives and friends, representing themselves as suffering from a baffling malady in some cases, in others as the victims of injustice or persecution.

A case of the latter kind was that of the Canadian girl, said to be persecuted by the receipt of scurrilous anonymous letters. The whole population was roused into sympathy and indignation, and she herself was driven finally into her grave, amid the lamentations of the community, by her malevolent and undiscoverable accuser. Afterward, an examination of her papers and letters revealed the fact that she herself had been the unknown writer. It would seem remarkable that one should be one's enemy to such an extent as to commit suicide by self-persecution in this manner. Yet psychologists know that such cases are not infrequent.

A recent illustration of that is afforded by the story of a spinster milliner, who not only wrote herself persecuting letters, but actually set fire and destroyed some of her personal effects in her little shop, in order to satisfy her morbid craving for the sympathy and attention of the community in which she lived.

Some years ago Portsmouth was treated to a rather more striking example of caprice, when a young woman of good family carried out for a year or two a most extraordinary system of deception. She asserted that while traveling she had become acquainted with a young American of enormous wealth. They became attached to each other, corresponded and were engaged. Every week or so she received letters and cablegrams from her imaginary lover, and these she would read to, and talk over with, her many friends. The wedding day was actually set, when a cablegram announced the death of her expected swain. The bride seemed overwhelmed with grief, but her friends became suspicious, and an investigation, quietly carried on, revealed the fact that letters and messages originated with herself, and no lover had ever existed.—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

LAST WORDS.

Scraps of Conversation Caught From a Departing Steamer.

"If anything happens to that dog, I'll do some tall talking, and don't you forget it."

"Never expect to see her again. Tell her so if you like."

"No danger of forgetting you.' (Throws kisses.)

"Don't neglect taking that tonic every day, Mary."

"I'll get my teeth fixed in London if I get time."

"My Irish point lace is in the lower drawer of the bureau in the left-hand corner and wrapped in chamois skin and tied with a blue ribbon."

"Let me know if I'm blackballed."

"Don't keep the child exposed there in the damp air. Call your carriage. I'm going below before we start."

"Joe, don't send any of my letters up to the house, and all marked 'personal' lock up in the safe."

"Keep this to remember me by—throwing bouquet of flowers.

"I've busted seven of my kodak plates."

"And you'll re-e-e-e-mem-ba-a-ar ME!"

"I expect to stay in my stateroom the whole time. Fare thee well."

"Adieu! Adieu!"

"Go up and see the family once in a while, Ned."

"Put that hundred on Clifford, no matter what tips you get. I know my little book."

"I wish this old thing would start."

"Those boys are not to go swimming unless Frank goes with them. Understand?"

"If I get stranded you will hear from me, old man."—N. Y. Mail and Express.

Old Age and Hard Work.

Old people make a great mistake when they give up work. Many men who have made a competency in business and feel entitled to retire from active work, find themselves declining in health and becoming prematurely old for want of occupation. In most aged persons the vital functions continue in active exercise under normal conditions; but if the regularity and moderation of business life are departed from trouble will surely follow. On the other hand, the Lancet held that "if in any direction it is allowable for competitors in the race of life to dispense with self-control, it would appear that they may, to a great extent, use this liberty with respect to physical and mental exertion." In other words, we must not eat too much, or drink too much, but we can study hard and take plenty of exercise not only without harm, but with the best results, and if old people wish to live out all the days they should find plenty to do both for mind and body.—London Lancet.

Three Unsuccessful Euphemisms.

"Wood's Hole," was the original name of a place on the coast of Massachusetts. When it became a fashionable watering place the name was changed to Wood's "Holl," as being more genteel, although meaningless. The national government has just revived the first name officially, and the genteel folk are indignant, as others of their ilk were when the government refused to change the name of New York's dangerous waterway "Hell Gate" to the idiotic "Hurl Gate." This Miss Nancy delicacy recalls the Vermont purist who replaced a vigorous apostrophe of Byron, beginning "O God!" with what he thought the more refined "O Gosh!"—Boston Pilot.

Applying His Vocabulary.

"Dere's a fine word," said Plodding Pete, as he laid down the piece of paper that had been wrapped around a ham sandwich. "Dat's a fine word, 'procrastinate.' What does it mean?"

"It means ter put off."

"Does it? An' ter think of me bein' procrastinated fum six trains this week. Well, well!"—Washington Star.

Half-Way There.

Mamma—You'll soon catch up to Tommy Larkins, won't you, Johnnie?

Johnnie—Sh'd think I would! I can more 'n half lick him now.—Judge.

Not To Be Found.

Cora—This is a dreadful place. I haven't seen a man yet.

Madge—It's as bad as looking under the bed for one.—Judge.

HOME HINTS AND HELPS.

—Currant Ice: One pint currant juice; one quart water; one cup sugar. Stir until the sugar is dissolved, strain and freeze.—Harper's Bazar.

—Pepper Sauce: One pint of large or mango pepper chopped, one quart of chopped cabbage, and enough of mixed spices to flavor. Scald enough vinegar to cover. Put in cans or bottles.—Woman's Home Journal.

—Pineapple Cake: Three cups sugar, one cup butter, five eggs, three and a half cups of flour, one-half cup cold water and two teaspoonfuls baking-powder. Bake in layers, spread each layer with icing, then cover with grated or finely-chopped pineapple.—Prairie Farmer.

—Veal Chops a la Mayonnaise: Put eight veal chops in a flat saucepan, moisten them with a little high stock, add a little salt, pepper and nutmeg, and simmer gently for an hour, after which take them out and put them on ice until very cold. Serve them in a circle with whatever jelly remains, and in the center a sauce mayonnaise.—Good Housekeeping.

—Cherry Pie: Cherry pie should not have an under crust, but an inch-wide strip of paste should be placed around the side of the pie plate. Put in a layer of cherries, then a tablespoonful of fine bread or cracker crumbs and two tablespoonfuls of sugar. Continue until the plate is full, then cover with a rich crust, sift one tablespoonful of powdered sugar over the top, and bake.—Country Gentleman.

—Lobster Salad: Cut or chop the meat of two lobsters into pieces about half an inch square. Arrange in a neat pile on the dish. The coral and tomalley may be placed on top, or served on a separate dish—but not mixed in with the meat. Garnish the whole with lettuce and the small claws, or slices of hard-boiled egg. Serve with mayonnaise dressing.—Ladies' Home Journal.

—Delicate Pudding: One pint of milk, one ounce of gelatine, one-half pound of sugar, six eggs, one quart of whipped cream. Put the milk and gelatine in double boiler and let them come to a boil. Beat the sugar and yolks together and stir in the milk. When cold stir in the whipped cream, and lastly the whites of the eggs beaten to a stiff froth. Pour into molds that have been wet with cold water and put on the ice to harden.—Boston Budget.

—Graham Bread: Two cups of wheat flour, four cups of Graham flour, two cups of warm milk, one cake of compressed yeast, half-cup of molasses, two teaspoons of salt, one teaspoon of soda, dissolved in the water. Make as stiff as can be stirred with a spoon. Let it rise over night. In the morning beat it a little, form in one or two loaves, put in pans, and when it rises again bake one hour in a moderate oven.—Christian Inquirer.

SUMMER TOILET HINTS.

Costumes Which Look Neat and Cool When Stylishly Made Up.

Some lucky fairy—lucky for womankind—was influencing Dame Fashion when she issued the law that waists and skirts need no longer be made of the same material.

To women with small incomes the present style of having two or three skirts to wear with a single waist is a boon, enabling her to look trim and even fashionably dressed by the outlay of very little money.

There are all kinds of bodices, from simple linen, percale or wash goods of any description to the elaborate silk or brocade for evening or theater wear.

During the summer wash goods will predominate over elaborate and heavy materials, but even for these there are several styles to choose from.

Smart women anxious always to look "very fit," have their waists made by professional shirt makers, contending that only by this means can they secure the proper fit and set of the collar and neck; but I have seen any quantity of ready-made shirts that fitted extremely well.

The simplest of gingham or cheap cottons, also cotton duck made with three plaits front and back, with turn-over collar and cuffs, I have seen sold as low as fifty-eight cents. The more expensive ones have no plaits, are gathered slightly over the shoulders to allow sufficient fullness across the bust. As a rule, the collars and cuffs are stiffly laundered, the rest of the shirt being left soft and pliable.

Some fussy waists are made with fichus which fold over the bust and have the ends tucked in at the belt. For some inexplicable reason this style is not so effective, and is only becoming to a few women.

The coolest and prettiest, to my mind, are those of English cheviots and striped linens made with stiff shirt front or a yoke, from which the material is fulled in at the waist line. The sleeves should be large and finished with a cuff at the wrist. Though all white cheviots are worn they lack the distinctness of the colored goods, and there is a kind of linen shirt waist, pale buff, relieved with a tiny line of white, that always looks cool and comfortable. With this sort of shirt waist black satin ties are correct. Some wear the narrow four-in-hands, but they are rather behind the age.

Turn-down collars are decidedly more fashionable this year than the standing ones, though both are worn.—Chicago Journal.

Home Millinery.

If you once learn to tie a bow, you will have no difficulty in trimming a hat. It takes practice, however, and it is well to practice upon some old piece of lining silk or old ribbons. The Virot bow, as it is called, requires a piece of bias silk one yard long and three-eighths wide; the edges are turned in and blind-stitched, making it double, and the two ends are sewed together so that it becomes a circle. Then fold it in four loops, two on either side, the upper ones a trifle longer than the lower ones, and the lower edges of all the loops drawn tighter than the upper edges. Holding the loops in place with the fingers the left loops are turned over the right ones and tied into a tight knot. This makes a knot in the center and confines the bow without sewing. Fasten it to the hat with a fancy buckle and stick pins. To make an Alsatian bow, take five-eighths of a yard of ribbon, six inches wide. Crease the ribbon in a small plait down the center, lay it in two long loops, leaving a three-inch end wrong side out from the last loop; wind this over the center of the loops and sew it down the back. A well-made bow takes away the amateur look from a home-trimmed hat.—American Agriculturist.

A BIG JACK-POT.

Over Which the Judge Bought the Colonel a Costly Lunch.

There was a big jack-pot, with all its glowing beauty of red and white and blue chips, reposing in the center of the table. It had been made for twenty-five dollars for a starter, and each of the five players had sweetened four times with a $5 chip before there came a pair of jacks wherewith to split it open.

After the fourth deal the colonel picked up his hand carelessly and glanced at the corners of the cards. He smiled a little and said, softly: "I'll bust that for fifty." The next man passed out. So did the next and the next, and the next. The judge, who was the last to have a say, had looked at his cards carefully, and an expression of supreme disgust had settled on his face. He held the cards by the corner and made an involuntary motion as if to throw them into the discard.

The colonel's hands twitched nervously. It looked as if it would be a case of showing brothers and raking in the rich stake. The judge made another motion as if he were inclined to throw up his hands. Then the colonel said: "What are you going to do, judge?"

The judge went through his hand again. The expression of disgust deepened. "Ain't afraid to play, are you?" inquired the colonel, tauntingly.

"No," replied the judge, slowly. "I guess I'll see what you are doing this on, anyhow," and he made good the fifty-dollar opening bet.

They drew cards. The colonel took two and the judge, after much deliberation, decided that one was about all he wanted. The colonel but another fifty-dollar chip and the judge saw him and raised him five dollars. The colonel came back with another fifty-dollar raise, and the judge laid his hand down on the table, pulled out a roll of bills and counted off three hundred dollars. "I'll tilt that two hundred and fifty dollars," he remarked calmly. The colonel grasped. He looked at his hand and then at the great pile of chips and money in the middle of the table. He rustled around and got two hundred and fifty dollars together and said weakly: "Well, I'll call you."

The judge picked his hand up and spread it out on the table. He had four threes.

The colonel gasped and showed up three queens. "Why, you robber," he said, "you had 'em all the time."

"Yes," assented the judge.

"And you made a couple of motions as if you were going to throw them up."

"My boy," replied the judge solemnly, as he stowed away the wad of bills. "I think it would be a good thing for you to go to some night-school where there is a complete course in that noble game known as draw-poker."—Buffalo Express.

THE SASSAFRAS.

One of the Interesting Trees Native in the Northern States.

The sassafras is one of the most interesting trees of the forests of eastern North America. The last survivor of a race which at an early period of the earth's history was common to the two hemispheres, it is the only tree in a large and important family of plants which has been able to maintain itself in a region of severe winter cold. The structure of the flowers, like those of other plants of the laurel family, to which the sassafras belongs, is curious and not easily explained with reference to special adaptation to special ends; while the extraordinary virtues which were credited to this tree for nearly two centuries after its discovery have thrown a certain glamour of romance about its history.

For nearly two centuries the reputation of sassafras was maintained, and many medical treatises have extolled its virtues, although now it is generally recognized as simply a mild aromatic stimulant; recently the thick pith of the young branches has been found to yield a mucilage useful to oculists, as it can be combined with alcohol and subacetate of lead without causing their precipitation. The oil of sassafras, obtained from the wood and roots by distillation, is useful to perfume soap and other articles, although synthetical oils now replace it for most ordinary purposes, and perhaps after all the most useful product of the sassafras tree is the yellow powder prepared from the leaves by the Choctaw Indians of Louisiana, used to give peculiar flavor and consistency to gumbo file, one of the best productions of the creole kitchen. The sassafras is one of the common trees of our eastern forests, and is found from the shores of Massachusetts bay to central Florida, with a western range which extends beyond the Mississippi, reaching its greatest size in southern Arkansas and the Indian territory, where individuals, fully eighty feet tall, with trunks six or seven feet in diameter, are occasionally seen. Usually, however, it attains more modest proportions, and trees exceeding a height of forty or fifty feet are not common; and in the north the sassafras is usually even smaller, and is often shrubby in its manner of growth.

The sassafras is a common native tree, and so is usually neglected by those who plant parks and gardens in the United States. No hardy tree, however, is more beautiful at every season of the year, or better worth cultivating in the northern states. Its fragrant leaves and branches, its delicate inflorescence and showy fruit, its immunity from the disfiguring attacks of insects and disease, and the peculiar charm of the autumn colors of its foliage makes it a beautiful object, and its relation to the camphor and other valuable trees of the tropics make it interesting.—Garden and Forest.

Another Wise Father.

Anxious Mother—I am so afraid little Johnny is going to be worldly and frivolous. He was wishing to-day that he was a prince.

Father—What does he know about princes?

"He was looking at a picture of one."

"What sort of a picture?"

"It was some prince or other with a dog by his side."

"I see what's the matter. I'll get him a dog."—Good News.

In the Mother State.

The family was discussing the use of cotton in rhegmatism, when the teacher, who boarded with them, spoke up:

"Yes, cotton is very effectual if you bind the limb with it. And they say the cotton just as it is sheared from the sheep is best."

She does not know yet why a smile went around the table.—Indianapolis Sentinel.