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 29, 1894. VOL. XIX.—NO. 40.

THE WAY TOWARD HEAVEN.

The skies and clouds that float in space,
First light, then shade our way,
When looking for the narrow paths
That lead to endless day,
Along the way toward Heaven.

Sometimes our feet are hedged about
With briars, thorns and weeds;
Sometimes the road is smoothly laid
With helpful words and deeds.
Along the way toward Heaven.

Up hill, at times, and down, in turn,
From vale to mountain height,
We often pass, with heavy hearts,
And oft with burdens light,
Along the way toward Heaven.

We watch and wait, with measured pace,
And mingled hopes and fears;
We joy and sorrow, sing and sigh,
We weep and dry our tears,
Along the way toward Heaven.

Oh! toiling man, if the race with thee
Be well and wisely run,
The battles boldly, bravely fought,
The end will be well, life's sun
Going down at the gate of Heaven.
—Clark W. Bryan, in Good Housekeeping.

A SPELLING MATCH.

Why Grandfather Was Awarded the Leather Medal.

"OH." I learned a brand new word to-day, such a funny one, "cried Joe, looking up from his school books to the members of the family who were gathered around the sitting-room table.

"Did you?" said Aunt Clara. "What was it? Can you spell it correctly?"

"Of course, that's what I mean. S-y-z-y-g-y, syzygy."

Clarence looked from his book and asked: "Do you know the definition of that wonderful word?"

"Yes, it's in our astronomy. 'The point of an orbit, as of the moon or a planet, of which it is in conjunction or opposition.'"

"I know a bigger word than that," put in cousin Will.

"Oh! I didn't mean it was so large, but unusual," said Joe. "Just think, the letters are all long but the first, and I suppose we could write a long one if we wanted to."

"What is your word, Will?" some one asked.

"Endecaphyllous. It is a botanical word. It means, having eleven leaflets."

"What spellers our boys are getting to be," laughingly remarked Aunt Clara. "Nell, you are going to let them get ahead of you? What wonderful word can you spell?"

"Nothing. We can't all be talented, you know, auntie. But I did hear bench spelled in a very unusual way at the entertainment the other evening—b-e-nch, bench."

"That reminds me of the way in which we spelled potato when we were girls," mother remarked to Aunt Clara. "Don't you remember?—put-one-o, put-two-o, put-three-o, put-four-o, put-five-o, put-six-o, put-seven-o, put-eight-o."

"Yes, and Constantinople, too," was the reply. "It was very silly, but all the children said it in our day. C-o-n a kizi con, a constanti, and n t upon a nople, and a Constantinople."

The boys roared. "Well, that was a way to spell," laughed Clarence.

"But not so queer as the way in which every school child reads preface," observed Nell.

"No, I suppose not. When I was in school I really thought that preface meant 'Peter Riley eats fish and catches eels,' and then backwards: 'Eels catch alligators, fish eat raw potatoes.' I wonder who made up that nonsense anyway."

Presently Clarence exclaimed: "Say, wouldn't it be fun to have a spelling match here to-morrow evening, just among ourselves, you know. We can each look for a long word, and see who can find the longest."

"All right," assented Will, "I suppose we can find them anywhere, in any paper or book?"

"Yes, if they have been printed," returned Aunt Clara, who was always ready to help the girls and boys with

GRANDFATHER LISTENED QUIETLY.

their play as well as with their work, "we will accept them."

Grandfather, who was sitting by the fire, had been listening quietly to the conversation. Now he seemed to be chuckling to himself over something, and when one of the folks remarked that none of them could expect to get ahead of Clarence on words, he smiled harder than before. But none of them noticed it. Grandfather was supposed to be asleep, and, therefore, not interested in what was going on.

The next evening it was apparent to the older members of the family that Will, Nell and Clarence had each found a very long and unusual word. They said nothing, but they looked important, and after father had spelled "chronogrammatical," the longest word he could find during a very busy day, and mother had given them "isothermobathic," and Aunt Clara "synclinoriedl," Nell spelled her word. It was this:

"S-e-n-i-c-a-t-e-g-o-r-i-c-a-l-m-a-t-i-c-a-l, sesquipedalegorcialmatical."

"And you really found that in print?" asked father.

"Yes," was the reply; "it was said to be the name of a pudding in a down-town restaurant."

Then it was Will's turn. He spelled: "T-e-a-n-s-m-a-g-n-i-f-i-c-a-b-a-n-d-a-n-j-a-l-i-t-y, transmagnificabandanjality."

"The meaning, sir?" demanded Aunt Clara.

"I found it at the head of a circular. I presume it meant take notice, or something of that kind."

Clarence seemed eager to begin. He was sure he had the longest word. He had found it in a newspaper, and it was the name of a man, or supposed to be. Here it is:

"H-a-n-s-v-o-n-d-e-r-n-i-c-k-e-l-e-r-v-o-n-f-u-s-s-e-n-g-z-i-l-l-i-c-a-n-h-a-u-s-e-n, Hansvondernickelervonfustengzillicanhausen."

There was a hearty applause when Clarence had finished, and Aunt Clara, going to a closet, brought out a very large medal with the words, "Champion Speller," printed on it. Just as she was about to hang it on the boy's neck, grandfather surprised them all by crying out: "Look here, you haven't given me my chance. Don't you know I used to be the boss speller of the west? There was one word that few of them could get around their tongues, or get their tongues around, I should say. I believe I remember it yet. Would you like to hear that?"

"Of course," they all exclaimed.

"Haven't any objection to compound words, I suppose?"

"No, not if they have been in print," said mother.

"Well, then, this is all right. It's been in western papers more times than I can count. Now, here it is, and I always spell it before I pronounce it. That is, I pronounce each syllable alone as I spell it."

They all settled down, grandfather cleared his throat and then started in:

"A is an a; b-o-m bom, is a bom, is an abom; i is an i, is abomi, is an abomi; n-a na is a na, is an ina, is a bomina, is an abomina; b-l-e ble is a ble, is a nable, is an inable, is a bominable, is an abominable; b-u-m bum is a bum, is a blebum, is a nablebum, is an inablebum, is a bominablebum, is an abominablebum; b-l-e ble is a ble, is a bumble, is a blebumble, is a

SHE WAS ABOUT TO HANG IT ON THE BOY'S NECK.

nablebumble, is an inablebumble, is a bominablebumble, is an abominablebumble; b-e-e bee is a bee, is a blebee, is a bumblebee, is a blebumblebee, is a nablebumblebee, is an inablebumblebee, is a bominablebumblebee, is an abominablebumblebee; w-i-t-h with is a with, is a beewith, is a blebeewith, is a bumblebeewith, is a blebumblebeewith, is a nablebumblebeewith, is an inablebumblebeewith, is a bominablebumblebeewith, is an abominablebumblebeewith; i-t-s its is an its, is a withits, is a beewithits, is a blebeewithits, is a bumblebeewithits, is a blebumblebeewithits, is a nablebumbleewithits, is an inablebumblebeewithits, is a bominablebumblebeewithits is an abominablebumblebeewithits; t-a-i-l tail is a tail, is an itstail, is a withitstail, is a beewithitstail, is a blebeewithitstail is a bumblebeewithitstail, is a blebumblebeewithitstail is a nabumblebeewithitstail, is an inablebumblebeewithitstail, is a bominablebeewithitstail, is an abominablebumblebeewithitstail; c-u-t is a cut, is a tail cut, is an itstailcut, is a withitstailcut, is a beewithitstailcut, is a blebeewithitstailcut, is a bumblebeewithitstailcut, is a blebumblebeewithitstailcut, is a nablebumbleewithitstailcut, is an inablebumblebeewithitstailcut, is an a bominablebumblebeewithitstailcut, is an abominablebumblebeewithitstailcut; o-f-f off is an off, is a cutoff, is a tailcutoff, is an itstailcutoff, is a withitstailcutoff, is a beewithitstailcutoff, is a blebeewithitstailcutof, is a bumblebeewithitstailcutoff, is a blebumblebeewithitstailcutoff, is a nablebumblebeewithitstailcutoff, is an inablebumblebeewithitstailcutoff, is a bominablebumblebeewithitstailcutoff, is an abominable-bumble-bee-with-its-tail-cut-off."

I presume it it hardly necessary to mention that amid shouts of laughter grandfather was awarded the leather medal.—S. Jennie Smith, in American Agriculturist.

A Cheap Trip.

The raw drummer from Toledo ambled down to the wharf and walked on to a boat as if he owned it. Then he appeared before the man at the office window and displayed himself.

"I want to get a ticket to Cleveland," he said, pulling out his wad.

The clerk got on to him in a minute.

"All right, sir," he said.

"How much is it?" asked the drummer.

"Well, it will be about forty dollars."

The drummer almost fainted.

"Forty dollars," he shrieked.

"That's what I said, sir."

"It's outrageous. A friend of mine told me the fare was only three dollars."

"That's what it is on the regular boats," murmured the clerk, "but you see this boat is going to make a three weeks' trip up the lakes first, and really, sir, forty dollars is dirt cheap. Here's your stateroom, sir; No. 47." But the Toledo man wasn't there to take the key when he handed it out to him.—Detroit Free Press.

Snap Judgments.

Only a fool fishes with a gold hook.

Custom is oftentimes an ignoramus grown old.

"Love me little, love me long," and remind me of it occasionally.

"Put yourself in his place," but don't expect to stay there forever.

To kick the man who kicks your dog is no satisfaction to the dog.

There are many good women who make bad wives, and vice versa.—Madeline Orvis, in Judge.

—"John," said the poet's wife, "another of your poems has appeared." "Well?" he replied. "Oh, nothing; only I was thinking how well 'sonnet' rhymes with new bonnet.'" "Yes, that's so; and so does 'stanza' rhyme with 'bonanza,' but it ain't one by a whole lot."—Indianapolis Journal.

—Over one-half of the vapor in the atmosphere is within six thousand feet of the surface of the earth.

FARM AND GARDEN.

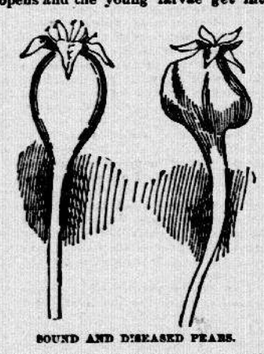
THE PEAR MIDGE.

Damage Done by This Pest and How to Hold It in Check.

The pear midge is one of the insects which has been introduced into the United States within recent years and is causing a good deal of injury in the eastern states, so that Bulletin No. 99 of the New Jersey station should be of much assistance to fruit-growers in that section, as well as in other localities where pear growing is extensively carried on.

The adult insect or fly is described as much resembling a diminutive mosquito. It makes its appearance very early in the season, before the pear blossoms open. The female deposits her eggs in the latter by piercing the petals or the calyx. The midge larvæ live on the substance of the pear tissue, destroying the seed and checking the growth of the fruit, which decays and drops in early summer. Our illustration shows a sound young pear and one deformed by the pear midge larvæ.

The great difficulty encountered in fighting this insect lies in the fact that there is no period at which it is within reach of ordinary insecticides. The eggs are laid in the bud before it opens and the young larvæ get into



SOUND AND DISEASED PEARS.

the heart of the fruit before it is fully formed. The adult fly does not feed and is hence beyond our reach. It is only after the injury is done that the insect goes underground and within reach of destructive agencies.

As a preventive measure it is recommended that the trees be examined as soon as the pears are well set, and that every nivested or suspected pear be picked off and completely destroyed, while if an orchard is generally infested the following practice is recommended.

Cultivate as usual or, if the orchard is in grass or clover, plow under after June 15 as soon as may be. Top-dress with kainit 1,000 pounds to the acre, to benefit trees as well as to kill the insects. As soon as proper, say early in August, sow crimson clover. This will use up the potash not required by the fruit trees, and will store nitrogen as well as occupy the ground. Early the following spring turn their sod under as deeply as may be proper. It should be done before the pear buds are developed in order to head off and destroy any midges then in the pupa state near the surface of the soil. This practice is, at the same time, the best for the benefit of the orchard.

ADVICE FOR HAYMAKERS.

THE hay loader is a great saver of labor, yet on many of the smaller farms it may not be good policy to purchase one.

WHEN timothy is wanted for the seed allow it to get well ripened; then cut with self-binder and treat much as you would wheat.

IF the hay is to be shocked, rake it in large windrows, and avoid twisting as much as possible in handling. Treated this way it is easier to load and there is less trouble in making a good stack.

IT is best to start the mower in the morning after the dew is gone. If the hay is cut while still wet, especially if dew is very heavy, the effect will be somewhat like that of a light shower.

WHERE there is considerable clover mixed with hay it will pay to use a tedder, especially during rainy weather where it is desirable to get it into the barn or stack as quickly as possible after cutting.

AS A general rule timothy hay cut when about half through blooming is most desirable for all purposes. The leaves and stalks then contain the most digestible matter, seed does not shatter, and there is little waste in feeding.

AFTER the hay is partially dried, put it into small shocks and let it there dry out completely. Cured in this way it retains a green color and is much more readily eaten. The object is to cure with the least possible exposure to the sun.—Orange Judd Farmer.

Providing Food for Plants.

There is perhaps no part of the farmer's work so deeply shrouded in mystery, and therefore so little understood, as that which relates to the selection and application of manures. Yet it is generally acknowledged that in point of importance the question involved in this connection is unsurpassed. Manuring land is simply another term for providing food for the plants that may be sown thereon. The principle is the same as that observed in the feeding of animals; the difference is merely in detail. Animals we feed direct, plants we furnish through the refining agency of the soil. But in both cases we have first of all to ascertain the chief requirements of the "consumer," or what is practically the same thing, the special class of article it favors and responds to most liberally. The feeding of animals, however, complicated as it is, is even a simpler matter than is the feeding of crop.—Colman's Rural World.

How Bees Make Their Cells.

Bee comb or "beeswax," the material of which the honey cells in the beehives are composed, is a wax produced by a system of chemistry carried on in the "wax pockets" which are located in the abdomen of all working bees. It is a peculiar substance, and is said to be analagous to the fats of of higher animals. Originally it was supposed that this wax was taken up in an almost pure state from the flowers by the bees, but recent experiment carried on by the leading botanists and chemists of the world conclusively proves that the bee is capable of elaborating his peculiar wax, although confined to a diet purely saccharine in its nature.

MARKETING HONEY.

Points to Be Considered in Rendering Combs Attractive.

The finer grades of comb honey will perhaps always remain a luxury and progressive beekeepers will continue to produce it in the most attractive form possible. Most apiarists recognize that it is the beautiful appearance of a section of honey, more than anything else, that helps to sell it. Although some produce it for their own use or to give to their friends, they find great satisfaction in having it just as nice as it can be. In order to have it so furnish the hives with bright new sections holding not over one pound each and filled with foundation. Of sections beekeepers have full control, and if they fail to use the best they themselves and not the bees are to blame. Over the honey filled in by the bees they have not so much control, and often after the most careful planning, snow-white sections are found filled with honey-dew almost as black as ink. To get my ideal of section honey, separators must be used, says a writer in American Bee Journal. They should be as wide as the sections, and no part of the outside must be exposed to the travel of the bees. Foundation in full sheets is almost indispensable to get the bees to attach the comb to the section bottom. When all is well done, and the beautiful white-capped honey in new white sections is taken from the hive the apiarist wonders whether anything else can be done to make the product more attractive. Many attempt to make it so in various ways. I have seen honey on the market in sections which were painted a bright red, others which were stained a cherry red, or mahogany color. However, this seemed to add little to its appearance. It rather indicated that something was covered up, the honey had a queer look, and if the sections were new and clean, the paint and stain were only a detriment. Others try to gain the desired result by placing the producers's trade mark or name upon each section in bright red ink by means of a rubber stamp. This not only serves to advertise the producer, but slightly enhances the appearance of the product if the work is neatly done.

As to the shipping cases hold these sections, it is not so important about paint and stain. I have seen cases painted a black walnut color, that really looked quite neat, and the white edges of sections, and delicate comb honey, looked very attractive through the glass. I should prefer to ship my honey in cases painted black, rather than have them stained or dirty. But even when applied to shipping cases, it is very doubtful if anything can be gained by paint—nothing seems so neat and bright as new, planed boards. The whiter the wood the better it pleases me for sections, even though the comb is capped yellow, or even dark. Somehow it lends a charm of neatness, which can be secured in no other way.

WHITE HOLLAND TURKEYS.

Description of a Breed Which Is Entitled to Greater Popularity.

White Holland turkeys rank next in weight to the bronze. They are highly esteemed, as they make a nice appearance when dressed. They have a lighter

WHITE HOLLAND TURKEY COCK.

colored skin, with a pinkish tinge, which is very attractive. The flesh is white and juicy.

White Hollands have clear white plumage, though during summer, like other white fowls, they become more or less yellow. The bills and feet are a yellowish color. They are good layers and excellent mothers, generally mating quite early. They are not considered so hardy as the bronze and some other varieties and not so commonly seen.

The white Holland is much larger than the common white turkey, with which it should not be confounded. It traces its origin to the Netherlands and Belgium and is sometimes termed the Flemish. Its feathers are very valuable, as they possess the softness of the down of the geese.

Dampness in Poultry Houses.

When a poultry house is lined with tarred paper it is frequently the case that the house is damp. This is due to several causes, among them being that new lumber gives off more or less moisture, and tarred paper condenses the moisture of the room. When the house is thoroughly seasoned this may not happen. The doors and windows should be kept open during the day, and during cold weather a lump of stone lime should be placed in the corner of the room to absorb the moisture. It is not due to the exhalations from the birds, but rather to the dampness of the atmosphere, which is condensed by the cold tarred paper. Ordinary building paper does not condense the moisture. The damp boards will also give off considerable moisture in the room, which will be condensed and precipitated on the colder tarred paper.

Fertilizers on Wheat.

Scarcely any of our surplus, our wheat exports, ever grow by the aid of fertilizers. It is not long since western wheat growers regarded fertilization as useless. It may be some time before the aid of fertilizers is invoked for wheat growing west of the Mississippi. The Wisconsin experiment station has for two years been conducting experiments with fertilizers on wheat and the average results of various kinds and qualities show an increase of about thirty per cent. in yield. The unfertilized area produced a little less than fourteen bushels, which is not far from the usual average for that section. Scientific agriculture is slowly advancing westward.—Country Gentleman.

VIOLENT DEATHS.

How European Countries Compare with Us in This Respect.

Various texts are accepted among students and thinkers in proof of high civilization, some favoring the ratio of illiteracy, some the high average of the rate of wages, some the surplus savings appliable to purchases of luxury, some the national expenditures for education, some the volume of mercantile transactions, and others, again, the artistic development of the various countries. But one uniform, supreme, and unchangeable test of civilization is furnished in the estimate put upon human life, and probably there is, after all, no better, fairer and more satisfactory test.

One may take, in their order, suicides, homicides, accidents and executions to arrive at an accurate conclusion on this point. In respect of suicides, Denmark, among civilized countries, stands at the head, or more properly at the foot, of the list with an annual rate of 23 per 100,000 inhabitants. Australia follows with 21, Switzerland with 20, France with 15, Germany with 14, Sweden with 8, Belgium with 7, England with 7, Hungary 5, Scotland 4, Italy 3, Holland 3, United States 3, Russia 2, Ireland 1 and Spain 1.

In the record of homicides the annual average is higher in the kingdom of Italy than elsewhere, being 294 to 10,000 deaths, a very high figure. Spain follows with 238, the United States with 215, Switzerland with 138, Ireland and Australia with 88 each, France and Russia with 80 each, Sweden with 75, England with 72 and Germany 64.

It is a somewhat interesting fact that the ratio of suicides to the population is highest in those countries in which murders are few, and lowest in those countries in which murders are many. It would seem as if those inclined to take their own lives were reluctant to seek the lives of others, and those who were reckless in their estimate of the value of the lives of others were scrupulous in protecting and preserving their own.

The extension of machinery for manufacturing purposes and the rapid utilization of electricity for motive power and for purposes of illumination has largely increased in all progressive countries the ratio of accidents. At the present time these are the average ratios of the number of accidental deaths to 10,000 annual deaths from all causes in the countries named: England and Scotland, 30; Ireland, 18; France, 15; Germany, 16; Russia, 6; Austria, 10; Italy, 5; Switzerland, 28; Spain, 7, Denmark, 12, and the United States, 40.

To the number of passengers carried the ratio of railroad accidents is greatest in the United States, and other countries thus follow in the order named: Russia, Italy, Spain, France, Germany, Belgium, England and Switzerland.

The accidents attributable to contact, in any form, with the electric current, are most numerous in the United States, and public experience in this regard is very similar to what first followed the introduction of steam as a power of traction. With improvements, suggested by the practical operation of railroads and by utilizing new agencies as safeguards, the number of railroad accidents has been substantially decreased of late years, just as the present high rate of accidents from overhead wires will, probably, a few years hence, be much less than it is now.

There is much variance between the figures of executions officially supplied by some governments and the actual number of executions, some governments adding the return of lynchings and others giving only figures derived from court martialships.

In the United states capital punishment is inflicted in nearly every state under the authority of the sheriff of the particular county in which the crime, for which it is the penalty, was committed. There are four thousand counties in the United States, and consequently four thousand sheriffs, exclusive of the self-constituted mobs of masked individuals who in certain districts of the south and west usurp, from time to time, the sheriff's duties and prerogatives.

The United States government acquires jurisdiction in very few capital cases, the number including crimes committed in the District of Columbia or any of the territories, on the high seas in American vessels, in military encampments, or among the Indians.

In several European countries capital punishment has been explicitly repealed by law, and the same is true of three states in this country. No accurate figures, therefore, can be given on the subject of executions, except such as are based upon the number of murders, punishment for which is highest in France and England and lowest in Italy and the United States.

But the fact is not to be forgotten that the proportion of foreign-born residents is greater in the United States than in any European country, and that the number of foreign born criminals in the United States is abnormally large, and tends unjustly to augment in nearly every case the ratio of the United States.

If from the figures given an equation could be established it would be found that human life is held in highest estimate in France, followed by the eastern part of the United States, England, Germany, Holland, Ireland and Norway, in the order named.—N. Y. Sun.

In Putting Down Carpets.

When putting down carpets in rooms that are much used it is a good plan to spread newspapers over the floors, then take clean straw and scatter it evenly over the papers, and then put your carpets down. It will let the dust through on the paper, and clouds of dust will not follow the broom on sweeping day. The carpet will last longer with this lining than with any other, and when you take them up you will find the dust lodged on the paper, and if carefully removed to the rubbish pile, you will avoid filling your lungs with poisonous dust, as but little will be found on sweeping the floors. In putting down carpets in sparerooms, where they are not likely to be taken up very often, it is an excellent plan to scatter smoking tobacco over the paper to guard against moths and the buffalo bug. This is a sure preventive against the attacks of moths, and carpets may be safely left down in spareroomes for a number of years.—Chicago News.

—Customer (in restaurant)—"Isn't it strange, waiter, that I should find so many flies in the soup?" Waiter—"Well, no, sir, not so very remarkable considering the time of year. Now if you should find 'em in the soup about Christmas time it would be different."—King's Jester.

AN EGYPTIAN OSTRICH FARM.

A Business for the Desert—Eggs Hatched by Two Methods.

Near the site of the ancient city of Heliopolis, in Egypt, is an ostrich farm. No tree or green thing is near—nothing but a sandy desert, through which we rode on donkey back because the sand is deep and hot and fatiguing to the feet.

The farm is just a piece of the desert in the shape of a circle inclosed by a high wall. A young man, who wore a yellow gown and red cap and spoke French, came from a courtway to sell us tickets and show us round.

We found that in the middle of the great circle there was a smaller one, and that between the two, divided from one another by brick walls, were the yards where the ostriches lived. Each yard had its little brook of muddy water and its corner for food—fresh clover.

The rest was an expanse of sand large enough for the birds to have a race whenever they chose to exercise their long legs. They came running to the gates to look at us, and snapped at our fingers rather crossly, we thought, when we ventured to put a hand through the bars.

Those in the first yard were ten years old. They were so very large, their plumes so black and glossy, and their necks, which were covered with white hairs, were so brilliantly red that we concluded they must be extremely grand and handsome for ostriches; we could not help thinking them ugly compared with other birds.

Their long necks are bare of feathers; their eyes are too large and staring to be pretty, and as for their feet, they haven't three nicely shaped front claws like Mme. Biddy at home, but instead two thick, clumsy toes—a big and a little one. When they ran they seemed to pitch forward on their awkward legs. So, on the whole, we could not call them graceful.

But then, we did not see them at their best. They were not born to be cooped up in a yard and stared at by strangers standing close beside them. They are birds of the desert, and should be seen in the home they love, skimming along the glossy sands with the swiftness and lightness of air, their long plumes waving in the breeze. Then they are fine.

It is the same with the camel. Viewed closely he is the ugliest creature in the world, but when you see him from a distance, as, laden with sugar cane, he traverses the green fields on the Nile delta, or when you watch him as he rushes into Assouan bearing his rider upon his back, then you find that he really makes a pretty picture, simply because you see him where he belongs.

Not all the ostriches were black. Some were gray, with necks of like color. These were the females, and we thought their necks prettier than their brothers, because of the softer effect of the same coloring of hair and skin.

After looking into several yards occupied by the full-grown birds, we made the acquaintance of the younger members of the family. Those which were six months old had no curly plumes, and the males and females were dressed quite alike in straight feathers, a mixture of brown and muddy white.

They looked awkward and shy. Those only six weeks old were prettier; for their legs and necks were shorter and the necks were covered with down in stripes of dark and light.

But the really cunning ones had picked their way out of the shell only five days before we saw them. About as large as small geese, they were all downy and soft and speckled, and had upon their chubby necks the same pretty stripes as those a little older.

At our appearance they huddled together at a safe distance, just as little folks do when a stranger comes, and looked at us with wondering eyes.

The eggs of this farm are hatched by two different methods. By the natural way the birds sit on them as they lie in the sand, just as the hen does her eggs, only, with the ostrich, it is the male bird who sits upon them. The mamma only relieves him now and then. Some of these eggs we saw in a corner of one of the yards. The bird had left them for a moment.

The other way is to keep them in boxes heated by warm water. They are kept in a warm room, into which we went after we had seen the birds, and we were shown the boxes, each with a thermometer in its water tank. Then we were taken to another room, where feathers and eggs were offered for sale. We wanted very much to bring an egg away with us, but we did not know how to get it safely home.

Do you know an ostrich egg? A little rounder than a hen's egg, creamy white, and as large—well, about as large as the head of your baby sister.

Lastly we mounted a stairway, which led us to the top of the farm house. Thence—for it stands within the inner circle of the wall—we could look over the farm about us; then upon the desert and Heliopolis, and farther still to where the minarets of Cairo stood out against the western sky.

The sun had sunk to rest, and the wonderful Egyptian afterglow had come. It is a living light of gold and orange, sometimes deepening into red, which comes, you don't know from where, lingers a little and vanishes as mysterious as it appears.

Against it on this evening, as it glowed and burned in the west, we saw the domes and the slender minarets of Cairo, dark and clear, each line as distinct as if cut out with the sharpest penknife. Even as we looked the radiance faded and gave place to a pale gray, in which all outlines were lost.

The ostriches lay down in the sand and hid their heads for sleep. The moon, scarce noticed before, looked gently down upon us from high in the heavens. All around was still. Only our attendants chattered and laughed as we rode back to the station.—Brooklyn Standard-Union.

—The Hoodoo Business.—"When I was libbin' in ole Virginny dar was an ole called woman what hoodooed folks," said Uncle Moses to a group of colored listeners on Austin avenue. "What did she do to them?" "She prayed dat day all should die, an' shore enuff lots of 'em died." "When did she hoodoo 'em?" "Lemme see. She made dem an' predictions fifty-six years ago, and ter day dere's hardly one ob dem niggers she hoodooed on top of de green earf."—Texas Siftings.

—A Safe Rule.—Guest—"So you always want pay in advance now, baggage or no baggage?" Hotel Clerk—"Yes. You see, a great deal of money has been lost lately by hotels burning down."—Arkansaw Traveler.

THE IMPERTINENT BABOON AND THE ATHLETIC CROCODILE.

An Editor Insulted.

Editors have to put up with all manner of taunts and insults. Not so long ago, at a social gathering, a Dallas lady said to a young man who is connected with a local paper:

"You ought to belong to a church choir."

"But I can't sing. What put the idea of my belonging to a choir into your head?"

"O nothing, except that I was reading the other day that a San Francisco church proposes to introduce harp music into the choir, and there is not much difference, you know, between a harp and a lyre, so I thought I'd just make the suggestion."—Alex Sweet, in Texas Siftings.

As a Tear-Starter.

"Father," said the sweet girl graduate, "do you think it is right to make fun of commencement essays?"

"I do not, my daughter," replied the middle-aged parent, hastily shoving back into the private drawer of his writing-desk a faded and time-stained manuscript tied with a blue ribbon. "The commencement essay, my child, is a thing to weep over and—and—to swear at."—Chicago Tribune.

An Amiable Example.

As she took a seat in the car she inadvertently deposited her heavy market basket on the toes of the passenger next to her. He winched but made no outcry.

"Excuse me," she said. "I ought to have looked what I was about."

"Oh, it's no matter, madam," he replied. "I don't mind a little sociability."—Judge.

WHY HE FAILED.

First Agent—Failed utterly in Philadelphia. Couldn't sell two gross of blotters in the whole city.

Second Agent—What's the matter? Don't they use blotters there?

First Agent—Never. They wait for the page to dry.—Brooklyn Life.

SIMPLY PREPOSTEROUS.

Mabel (aged fourteen)—Mr. Doolittle proposed to me last night.

Florence (same age)—What did you do?

Mabel—O, I merely laughed at him. The idea of a twenty-four-year-old boy talking about love!—Truth.

A Chicago Drawing-Room.

"Who is that man to whom Mrs. Muchwed is speaking? She seems to know him very well. Is he a connection?"

"A distant one. She was, I believe, his second wife."—Brooklyn Life.

Hard to Please.

Mother—Why do you so object to having your photograph taken?

Little Son—Oh, they always pinch me up and twist me around until I get mad, and then they tell me to look pleasant.—Good News.

Doubtful Praise.

Miss Mullens—I overheard Miss Willing say that you would make an excellent wife.

Miss Kildruff—That's just like her spitefulness!

"Spitefulness? How so?"

"Didn't you ever hear the proverb that the plainest women make the best wives?"—Town Topics.

So His Wife Does It.

In that pretty brown cottage across the way
Dwells poor little Anthony Hardon.
Where beside is no footide he fishes all day,
For he hasn't the strength, he is sorry to say,
To do any work in the garden.
—Chicago Tribune.

Wanted Them to Enjoy Life, Too.

Little Mabel (one of a family of seven) recently went to visit an aunt, where she evidently had a very good time. The morning after her return she was unusually silent at breakfast, and noticing her pre-occupation her mother inquired: "Well, Mabel, what are you thinking about?"

To which the little maid replied with a sigh of deep satisfaction: "Oh, I'm so glad that my children will have plenty of aunties and uncles!"—Judge.

A Treasure.

Mr. Hardsense—You have no accomplishments, Miss Bildings?

Miss Bildings—No.

Mr. Hardsense—And you have never been taught how to cook at a fashionable cooking school?

Miss Bildings—Never.

Mr. Hardsense (with energy)—Will you be my wife?—Chicago Record.

Always Right.

Old M. D.—What did your patient die of?

Young M. D.—Don't know what it was.

Old M. D.—Never confess your ignorance. In case of doubt call it heart failure.—Arkansaw Traveler.

A New Definition.

"What does electrocution mean?" asked Miss Five Years.

"Electrocution means death by electricity." (This was whispered as it is reading.) "Then," she answered, "electrocution must mean being talked to death."—N. Y. Advertiser.

His Experience.

"Papa, did you ever see a king?"

"Yes, my son."

"Did you, really? My! How did you feel when you saw him? What did you do, pa?"

"I didn't do anything, my son—the other man had aces."—N. Y. World.

When Needed.

Husband (preparing to go to the club)—You kick at everything I do. You used to say I was the light of your life.

Wife—So you are yet. That's the reason I don't want you to go out at night.—Puck.

Enjoying a Joke.

Jimson—I just tell you, you can't find a man anywhere who enjoys a good joke better than I do.

Friend—Guess that's so. I have heard you tell the same joke forty times, and laugh at it every time.—N. Y. Weekly.

What It Was.

"Don't weep, my dear; there is one great consolation."

"Yes, I know there is. I have had a great many to tell me that black became me more than anything else."—Atlanta Constitution.

How Prima Donnas Are Made.

"Miss Twilkins has gone to Italy to cultivate her voice."

"Dear me! I didn't know she could afford it."

"The neighbors subscribed the money."—Answers.

STUDIO TALK.

Stump—I've just come from the academy; Smear has sold his head.

Dryer—What did he get for it?

Stump—Two fifty.

Dryer—All it's worth. There's nothing in it.—Scribner's Magazine.

The Height of Courtesy.

Bingo—Is that friend of yours from Kentucky going to be here to-night to see our fireworks?

Mrs. Bingo—I expect him, my dear.

Bingo—Then I guess I would better leave those snakes out of the programme.—Life.

Unconscious Betrayal.

(Elderly maid and her best young man tete-a-tete; enter young brother.)

Miss Sears—Well, Bobby, what do you want?

Bobby—Crack this nut for me; I'll do as much for you when I have false teeth.—N. Y. World.

So Thankful.

Dude—I wish I were a mind reader, Miss Ella.

Ella—Why?

Dude—Because then I should know what you think of me.

Ella—Thank your lucky stars that you're not thus gifted.—Truth.