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, OCTOBER 6, 1894. VOL. XIX.—NO. 41.

HOW I LOVE HER.

How I love her none may say
In what sweet and varied way—
Loving her this way and that;
For a ribbon on her hat—
For her soft cheek's crimson dyes—
For a trick of her blue eyes!
How I love her none may say,
Yet I love her all the day!

How I love her none may know;
Who can say why roses grow?
How, where'er it breathes and blows,
Still the rough wind loves the rose?
For her lips, so honey sweet,
For the falling of her feet—
Who shall all my love declare?
Yet I love her all the year!

How I love her none may say;
In the winter, in the May—
In all seasons, dark or bright,
Love by day and love by night!
For her glance, her smile; the more
Presence of her there and here!
In my sighing, in my song,
Still I love her all life long!
—F. L. Stanton, in Atlanta Constitution.

THE NEW YORK ALPS.

A New Jersey Man's View of the City in 1920.

It was a sultry morning in August, 1920; having an idle day in New York, I had inveigled a friend into showing me its marvelous sights.

"I hope you've brought an overcoat," he said, to my amazement, as we started out. "You will need it," he added, moping his forehead. As he spoke we turned into a narrow street running north and south. Here a breeze struck our faces as cool as if it blew from the ferny depths of a canyon. The light was twilight, and looking up I saw that we were walled in by gigantic buildings. Far above, between their black sides, ran a silver ribbon of sky.

"We are now entering the range of the New York Alps," he exclaimed.

"But what is the reason for this sudden change in the weather?" I asked, fearing to contract pneumonia before I could button my coat.

"Why, the sun rises at eleven and sets at two in this street. It is called Crevasse alley. This building on the right is Jungfrau, the other Juggernaut. Both are snow-capped." He then began to stare so hard at Jungfrau that I thought he must be trying to discover a mortgage on it, but one glance at his face assured me that I was wrong. He was weeping. "That is my old homestead," he sighed.

I looked at him amazed. "What a perfectly enormous family there must have been!"

"Only three children," he replied, puzzled at my surprise. "Oh, I see," he laughed; "you thought we occupied the whole building. No, indeed; there were forty-five other families under the same roof. My homestead is the two extreme northeast windows of the tenth floor. See, one of them has a jar of milk on it." Then followed an eloquent silence which I dared not break. "I tell you, Tom," he at length continued, "it stirs all the poetry in my being to see my old home again. What fond memories cling to that window!"

I found myself instinctively looking up for the memories. Just then a peddler accosted us.

"Looking for your old homestead?" he asked. "Hire one of my fine telescopes."

My companion drew himself up stiffly. "My family were first settlers, and our windows can be seen with the naked eye. You see, my father," he continued to me, "owned a very valuable layer of air three hundred and fifty feet above the building. I was not old enough then to advise him, so he sold out. But it was a mistake. New York air is getting more valuable every day."

I thought it a kindness to check unhappy reminiscences, so I said: "But how can the memory of such a cooped-up life be grateful? What fun, for instance, can a boy have in such a place?"

"Oh, it was possible in those days to reach the sidewalk during the course of a morning, and there we played like rowdies. To be sure, we were cramped in many ways. We were like the elephant in the conundrum—we couldn't climb a tree; then the rules of the flat admitted no domestic animals—neither dogs, chickens nor horses."

"That was hard."

"Yes; still I love the old spot."

As we talked we threaded our way through Ravine street and Gulley way, always in the cool shadow of buildings whose tops were lost in the clouds. I was thinking the while of the sweet, idle fields of my New Jersey farm, and I asked: "Is there not ground enough, that people should take to building castles in the air?"

"Is it possible, men, that you do not understand the wonderful advantage of those buildings?"

"Frankly, no; and, moreover, I've been racking my brain to discover why they are painted in stripes."

"The particular building before you is called the Refrigerator," he explained. "And those stripes are the isothermal lines representing its summer climate—red being torrid; green, temperate; white, approaching arctic. Well, I'd no idea you knew so little of the world; you must have been living in New Jersey." Then, seeing my confusion, he said: "In that case you need a change of air. Let us ascend the Refrigerator. It only takes a day and a half."

"A day and a half!" I gasped. "And you sleep in the elevator?"

"Why, yes. There are Pullman sleepers attached. But don't say elevators, man; that's old American. They're called translators now. Come, it's sweltering here, and once there we'll have peaches for tea and toboggan slides after. I know some delightful people, too—the first families of the Refrigerator, who claim to have come up in the first translator."

The plan was alluring, I agreed, and in an hour we were on board the translator, speeding upward.

The first stations were hot, noisy slams, and, as I am rich and poverty annoys me, I paid no attention to them. It grew more interesting in the afternoon, when we struck October weather, and as we neared a station the conductor called out: "Thirty minutes for shopping."

Upon my looking puzzled my friend said: "We'll need to stop and buy warmer clothing." I was beginning to lose the power of being surprised, so I made no exclamation when we alighted upon an indoors street lined with stores. The inhabitants were brisk, and there was a general air of gayety and a great display of fashion.

"We've now entered the green feathers," said my friend; "the summer resorts of the 'upper ten.' In fact, the social scale runs up and down this building like a thermometer, and one often hears the elite described as a seventy-degree family."

"At least at one end of the scale they live on 0," I added.

"The next region is a queer contrast," he continued, as the translator again sped upwards. "The apartments are inexpensive, for clouds hang continually about the windows. The community is composed almost entirely of poets and artists, for they love to live in the clouds, you know."

I was much disappointed to see that, as our route lay through a dark shaft, we could see nothing of the scenery. The room was artificially lighted, and I only felt with horror that we were still flying upward.

"Aren't we almost up to heaven?" I asked, finally.

"No," lauged my friend. "But this is our last stop. We are now on the roof of the Arctic flats," he explained as we alighted. "This is mild winter climate."

I observed many bazars where furs, skates and blankets were for sale, and Christmas trees were standing everywhere. There had been a light fall of snow, and children were coasting merrily down a slanting roof; there were even a few sleighs. I noticed shadows shifting over us continually, and looking up I saw air-ships flying in every direction.

"You will be surprised to hear," said my friend, "that many never leave these regions during their lifetime, which accounts for the fair northern type of the inhabitants. I have an aunt living here whom I've never seen. She was naturally frigid and preferred living in these flats. We call her Aunt Arctic, and often talk of fitting out an expedition to discover her."

"Had you any idea," I interrupted, "that it was half-past ten o'clock. It's perfectly light!"

"Oh, that's because we're so near the stars. You'll find out that all the astronomers live here. They tell us that there are indications that Mars is leaving her orbit to avoid the smoke from the chimneys of our high buildings."

"I don't doubt it. I should think on a soft summer evening one might even hear the music of the spheres here."

"You may laugh," he rejoined, "but queer things have happened. It's an actual fact that after the World building was completed one of Jupiter's moons deserted him and took to revolving around its dome. Astronomers were wild with excitement. But one night it disappeared, having discovered, I suppose, that the World was not exactly a heavenly body."

Just then we were attracted by a great crowd under a lightning-rod.

"Why, you see," explained a man, "we had a friget last night; a star got stuck on our lightning-rod."

"You don't mean it?"

"A fact, sir. After an hour of agony on our part, during which we played the hose on it, it wiggled itself clear and rolled off."

"How strange it all is!" I murmured as we walked on. "In my geography days I used to consider the Rocky mountains high, but after seeing the New York buildings I shall never again presume to think so. I understand now a sentence in my daughter's lesson which puzzled us both. It said 'The New York glacier rises in the New York Alps, takes a downward course, and empties into the West side sewer.'"

"Oh, yes; that starts in the north gutter of the Iceberg flats."

As it was getting late we descended to the summer resorts, where we had decided to remain a time in preference to the Arctic region; for, as my friend said, "Living was too high up there."—Caro Lloyd, in Leslie's Weekly.

Bred Small Chickens.

"Talkin' about chickens," said the oldest inhabitant, "I used ter tek a great interest in fancy poultry."

"Get some big uns?"

"Nope. I bred 'em fur small."

"You allus was the contrariest man in this section."

"Well, it was my notion. I kep' gettin' 'em smaller an' smaller tell they wus no bigger'n reed birds. Them wus fine eatin', I tell ye."

"Mus' have laid mighty little eggs."

"The eggs wus whut I wus after. Why, sir, I finally got things down to whur the hens laid eggs no bigger'n hailstones."

And the auditor snorted indignantly and remarked that there was sech a thing as contrariness makin' a man totally unfit fur mixin' in society.—Washington Star.

The Doctor's Rash Promise.

This is a true tale, and it points a moral. A physician of this city had treated a certain gentleman and was asked the question: "How much do I owe you?"

"Three dollars," said the physician.

But when the patient drew forth a ten dollar gold piece the healer looked chapfallen, and asked, anxiously: "Have you no change?"

"No," was the answer. "Only this and two nickels."

"Then give me the two nickels," said the physician, "for if I take the gold I shall be seven dollars out."

The unhappy man had rashly promised his wife that all the gold taken in by him in the discharge of his calling should be his wife's perquisite.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

A Genuine Hero.

A party of young men were telling what they would do were they wrecked far out to sea, and left buffeting the waves without a plank to assist them.

Each one gave his opinion except Paddy Murphy, who after being asked for his, replied:

"Bedad, ye cowardly set of spalpeens, ye'd all be after savin' yerselves, an' not tryin' to save another. Why, it's Paddy Murphy that would swim ashore an' save himself, and thin come back an' thry to save another!"—Toledo Blade.

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."—Toledo Blade.

Praiseworthy.

"How do you like your new watch-dog?"

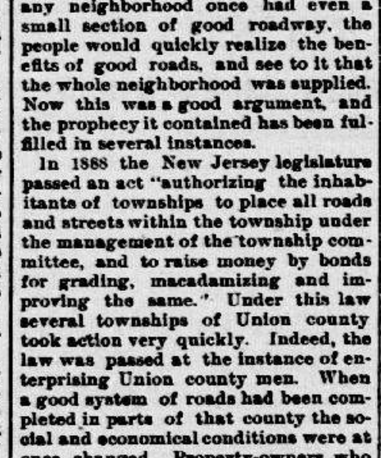
Bragg—He's first-class. The least little noise attracts his notice, and instead of barking like most dogs he just crawls under the bed.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

AGRICULTURAL HINTS.

ROAD IMPROVEMENT.

What Wise Legislation Has Done for the State of New Jersey.

The road question, writes John Gilmer Speed, in Harper's Weekly, is a very old one, and was agitated by both Washington and Hamilton in the early days of the republic. And it has continued to be an important question ever since, though at times it has seemed, so far as the general public knew or cared, much more dead than alive. When the national government had about been committed to the policy of improving the highways, as postal and military roads, the railway came into being, and for something like a generation and a half we heard nothing about the common roads. The iron tracks and the steam engine filled full the minds of the people, and the common roads, that seemed on the eve of a rescue from the neglect of the local authorities, were forgotten, and were suffered to remain in a worse neglect than before. But the extension of the railroads has emphasized the importance of good roads, for now time is of more value than it formerly was, and every intelligent tiller of the soil knows how all-important it is to have his products in the market at the right moment. The recent awakening to the importance of better roads is not due, however, to the farmers themselves. Unurged they would probably have slept on for another generation, but the bicycle-riders of the country became active and vigilant road inspectors and critics. We owe to these men and women a debt of gratitude for their outspoken and ceaseless denunciation of the miserable highways which are the rule in this country. The farmers at first did not take kindly to this criticism, and legislators from purely agricultural sections were either merry or angry at what they considered the interference of mere



LOADED WAGON ON MACADAM ROAD, AT JUNCTION WITH ORDINARY DIRT ROAD.

sportsmen. But the bicycle-riders spoke words of wisdom and truth, and these in time found lodgement in the minds of the men who were at first inclined to scoff. The great argument that has always been used to encourage practical action has been that if any neighborhood once had even a small section of good roadway, the people would quickly realize the benefits of good roads, and see to it that the whole neighborhood was supplied. Now this was a good argument, and the prophecy it contained has been fulfilled in several instances.

In 1888 the New Jersey legislature passed an act "authorizing the inhabitants of townships to place all roads and streets within the township under the management of the township committee, and to raise money by bonds for grading, macadamizing and improving the same." Under this law several townships of Union county took action very quickly. Indeed, the law was passed at the instance of enterprising Union county men. When a good system of roads had been completed in parts of that county the social and economical conditions were at once changed. Property-owners who could not find purchasers for lands that were then unprofitable were now unwilling to sell at prices fifty and one hundred per cent. larger than those at which the lands had gone begging. Building sites were in great demand for country places for city men, and the farmers were happy in an unaccustomed prosperity. The example of Union county was followed in that immediate part of the state, but now a more liberal law with state aid has for a time put a stop to this kind of improvement by townships. But in another part of the state there has been a more striking and more interesting instance of how much better roads will be demanded so soon as the people know what better roads are.

Moorestown, in Chester township of Burlington county, is about ten miles from Philadelphia. It is a Quaker neighborhood, and the Friends are a notably conservative body of men. The section is admirably adapted to the growth of vegetables and small fruits, and the excellent markets in Philadelphia are to a great extent supplied from there. The soil is sandy where it is not clayey, and sometimes it is both. Till within three years past the country roads have been as bad as roads could be. In summer and autumn they were more than fetlock deep in a heavy dust through which wagons were drawn with toilsome weariness; in the winter and spring many of these roads were almost impassable, and the farmer who sent a loaded wagon away entered upon as hazardous a venture as the merchant who despatched ships to unknown seas. When the team would return was only a matter of conjecture, and if the load weighed two tons, four horses were needed to drag it through the sand and mire, and even then the wagons often stuck. The conservative people of Moorestown several years ago lost patience with some of these bad and dangerous pieces of road, and the township of Chester appropriated $1,500 to macadamize such places. The township of Cinnaminson, adjoining, did likewise, and during the summer several little stretches of good stone road were laid. For the first time in their lives many of the people of the neighborhood saw a piece of good road. It is true there were turnpikes in the township coated with gravel, and one or two with a rubble-stone pavement on them, but these were not good good roads at all except when compared with the sandy roads before mentioned. Now there was an immediate demand for stone roads in all the chief highways of the township. Under the law of 1888 the township voted to issue bonds for $40,000, and to spend this money for macadamized roads. This was done the next year, and for this sum the township secured twelve miles of roadway nine feet wide. This was at a cost of a trifle over $3,300 a mile. It is true that the grading to be done was not heavy, but then again the stone had to be brought a great distance. Where grading is heavier and good stone near at hand this cost need not be exceeded, though it is safer, perhaps, for those who may be inspired by the example of Moorestown, to estimate that a good road twelve feet wide will cost $5,000 per mile. It is true that twelve feet of width is not always necessary. Ten feet does very well in most country neighborhoods, and in the Moorestown section the narrow nine feet of pavement answers every purpose.

Now, what has been the effect of this road improvement in the neighborhood of Moorestown? The improvements have been too recently made to answer this question with entire definitness, but that there has been an appreciation in the value of all property is certain. For years past, I was told by men of affairs of the locality, it has been most difficult to settle estates owning farming lands where there was a necessity to sell. No purchasers were forthcoming at anything like adequate prices and the lands had to be held by the executors. Now there is no such difficulty, as lands are in demand, and in every direction, even in these dull times, are to be seen the evidences of a spirit of improvement. Here there will be a splendid mansion in process of building; across the way the shabby old house that has done service for a hundred years and more is being burbished up and put in repair; lawns even to farm houses are rolled and shaved with the lawn mower, while the hideous front fences which deform the ordinary village are being taken down as fast as intelligence can overcome the obstinacy of prejudice.

Garden county, which adjoins Burlington, has also taken advantage of the state aid law, and nearly fourteen miles of Telford pavement have been laid. These Camden county roads are excellent, though not as good as macadam, and they probably cost more money than they should have done; but neither taxpayers nor assessed property owners grumble. Here is a resume of the cost of the Camden county Telford roads:

Church road, 14 feet wide, 3¼ miles long	$ 30,690 63
White Horse road, 14 feet wide, 7⅛ miles long	76 337.17
Gloucester road, 14 feet wide, 2¼ miles long	16,943.73
Total	$123,971.36
State's proportion	$ 40,747.11
County's proportion	70,827.10
Property owners' proportion	12,397.13
	$123,971 34

The same result could probably have been obtained for very much less money, but Camden county is blessed with a boss—a man who owns a race track at Gloucester, and also serves in the legislature at Trenton.

Reference has been made to the uncertainty that a farmer felt when he sent off a load to market as to when his team would return with the usual load of manure. Now the time of return can be depended on with entire confidence, while two horses and one man do more than three times as much work as it used to take four horses and two men to accomplish. There is a plain mathematical problem that those who have any doubts as to the benefits to be derived from better roads would do well to ponder over. One farmer in the neighborhood of which I have been writing told me that he now got twice as much manure every year for $100 less money. In the old times a wagon weighing 1,900 pounds, with four horses and two men, could take two and a half tons of produce to market and bring back the same weight of manure in one day—if the team had good luck and escaped getting stuck. Now one man, with two horses in a wagon weighing 2,300 pounds, carries four tons forth and back, and makes the journey twice.

There is another interesting and instructive mathematical problem to solve. The last statement is made with the authority of a prominent farmer in Camden county, and is the result of his own experience under previous and present conditions. A wheelwright in Burlington county told me that he is kept busy building larger wagons. Formerly four-horse wagons were built to carry fifty five-eighth bushel baskets. Now he is building two-horse wagons with a capacity varying from ninety to one hundred and twenty-five baskets of the same size. These are facts that even dull people can comprehend, and therefore there is no excuse, after these practical demonstrations of the benefits to be derived from better roads, for any sensible opposition. The social advantages of good roads are felt at once that improvements have been made, and there are no more zealous advocates of road-betterment in Burlington county than the city men residing there, who personally have only a secondary interest in the economic advantages. With a good hard stone road to drive over, a man who starts out on pleasure bent has a feeling of assurance that he will get back home in decent season—therefore he goes where he pleases. With the old roads the uncertainty of getting back made him stay at home.

WASHING THE BUTTER.

Object of the Operation and the Best Way of Performing It.

The object of washing is to remove buttermilk and to firm the butter before removing it from the churn. Whether it shall be washed or not, the butter maker and the tastes of customers must decide. It will depend a little on the kind of butter made and the kind of workroom used. If a separator is used and sweet cream butter made (whether salted or not) for daily delivery, it is better to finish off with a brine wash, using about one pint of water for every pound of butter and a quarter ounce of salt for every pound of butter in the churn. The cover should be replaced and the churn turned a dozen times by hand.

It is not well to have the water below fifty nor above fifty-eight degrees at any season of the year. The position and temperature of the workroom will decide the temperature of the wash water. Some makers of farm butter who raise cream in the old, shallow pans, and by the deep-set can, and work on ripened cream may have accustomed their friends to unwashed butter. In the creameries of Denmark the practice is mixed, but I know of no makers of creamery butter in this country who pack their butters without at least one washing. — James Cheesman, in Homestead.

President Schurman's Appeal.

However it is reached, the end seems to me one of the utmost importance, especially for our rural population, and I wish success to all efforts to waken public interest in the matter of good roads.—J. G. Schurman, President Cornell University, Ithaca, N. Y.

HOME HINTS AND HELPS.

—Potato Salad: One pint of cold boiled potatoes, cut into small pieces; two tablespoonfuls of grated onions, four tablespoonfuls of chopped beets. Mix with the dressing.—Ohio Farmer.

—Spinach for chronic constipation, celery for rheumatic troubles, tomatoes, for action upon the liver, and onions for their laxative properties are all vegetables having valuable medicinal properties, and more agreeable when well cooked than pills, powders, and tonics.

—Old-fashioned housekeepers say that the dough for cookies or gingerbread is much more easily handled and rolled and stamped the day after it is made than on the same day. In cool weather it should be set where it will not become hard.—Farm, Field and Fireside.

—To Use Up Cold Meat: Prepare your meat as for hash, line a deep dish with boiled macaroni, on top of that place the hash, cover it with tomatoes, over which sprinkle bread-crumbs with pieces of butter on top. Pour over the whole half a cup of thin gravy or stock and bake until nicely browned.

—Drop Cakes: One cup butter, three cups sugar, five cups flour, three eggs beaten light, one cup sweet milk, one teaspoonful of soda, two of cream tartar, mix thoroughly, drop in tins and bake quickly. For molasses drop cakes use two cups of molasses instead of sugar, and add two teaspoonfuls of ginger.

—Iced tea may be palatable, but it is certainly not wholesome. The better way to make it is to fill the glasses partly full of cracked ice; then make the tea double strength and pour it boiling hot over the ice. Then, if you like, add your lemon and sugar. You get less tannic acid in this way than when the tea is alllowed to stand and cool before using.

—Blackberry Cordial—A quart brandy; two quarts blackberry juice; two pounds white sugar; one ounce each powdered cinnamon and nutmeg; one-half ounce each powdered allspice and cloves. Boil the juice and brandy and the spices (these tied up in thin muslin bags) for fifteen minutes. Take from the fire, add the brandy, and when cold, strain, bottle and seal.—Harper's Bazar.

—Fancy Cakes: Beat the whites of two eggs and one cupful of fine granulated sugar for fifteen minutes. Add the white of one egg and beat five minutes more; add another white and beat until stiff. Shape by using the pastry tube into little cakes about a tablespoonful on an unbuttered paper and bake in a very slow oven twenty minutes. Before baking sprinkle some red sugar, others with chopped nuts and to a part of the mixture add some coloring or chocolate. Before serving put two cakes together sticking them together with the white of an egg.

—How can I keep my hands white and do my housework is a question. Gloves save the hands from dust, scratches and dirt; so, first, wear them all the time when working about the house. They must be easy and large. Always use meal or bran in the water when washing the hands, and only the best soap. Glycerine and rosewater are good, but honey much better. Lemon juice is indispensable to remove stains from the nails. It also prevents the cuticle from going over the nails. Lemon juice and salt will remove all stains from the hands, and is preferable to soap. At night rub a little old cream or milk on the hands—a teaspoonful will be enough. Do not dry the milk off. The nails must be longer than the fingers and of the same shape.

IMPURITIES IN FOOD.

They Are Not as Common as Many Persons May Suppose.

Singularly exaggerated ideas concerning the adulteration of food are very generally held, according to Dr. H. W. Wiley, chemist of the United States department of agriculture. Sand, for instance, is not sold with sugar—at least in the United States. The granulated and lump sugars in the market are almost absolutely pure, powdered sugar sometimes, though rarely, contains a little flour or starch, and low grade sugars are impure chiefly through the molasses and water they are made to absorb in manufacture. Not as good a report can be given of sirups. There is very little pure maple sirup, most of what is sold as such being a mixture of glucose or cane sirups with a small proportion of the product of the maple, while in an imitation actually protected by a patent, the maple flavor is given by an abstract of hickory bark. Liquid honey is largely adulterated with glucose. Of comb honey, however, only that in bottles and jars is impure, the old impression that comb honey on the frame is adulterated having been proven to be erroneous. Ground coffee is so largely adulterated with chickory, peas, beans, etc., that it is rarely found pure, and even the unground berry is imitated. Tea is rarely mixed with foreign leaves, but frequently has its weight increased by the addition of salts of iron and copper—materials quite prejudicial to health. Cocoa and chocolate are largely adulterated with starch and sugar, and products claimed to be greatly improved as to digestibility may have little of the virtues of the original cocoa bean left in them. A danger in canned goods is the use of adulterated tin, which may contain as high as twelve per cent. of lead, the organic salts formed by the corrosion of the lead being always poisonous. The common practice of coloring canned peas with copper is very objectionable. The use of preservatives, such as salicylic acid, is not without risk, while an occasional source of danger is the development of nitrogenous bodies called ptomaines in preserved meats. The above are illustrations of the principal food adulterations, which, though bad enough, are insignificant in comparison with the startling reports that have been published. Much the greater part of foods we eat is pure and wholesome.—Detroit Free Press.

A Cooling Summer Drink.

A delicious summer drink is made of water, chopped ice and orange sirup. The sirup should be made and bottled when oranges are plentiful and cheap as follows: Squeeze the juice through a sieve, and to every quart add three pounds of powdered sugar, a little grated peel and the juice of one lemon. Boil fifteen minutes, skimming constantly and strain after removing from the fire. if the sirup is not perfectly clear. Seal in jars like any preserved fruit. This is useful for flavoring puddings, ice-cream, and custards as well as to make a cooling drink.—Philadelphia Press.

A NEW NAUTICAL VOCABULARY.

Additions Made by Young Women From "Fresh Water" Regions.

The yachtsman's vocabulary is a language in itself, and the landsman often runs afoul of it. He doesn't see why one rope should be called a sheet, another a halyard, a third a downhaul and a forth a clewline. One boat-owner, whose hospitable deck is trodden by many of his friends, has modified his terms to confirm with the suggestions or mistakes of his guests who are not expert sailors.

For instance, one landlubber who had gone below for a drink of water was asked what he had done with the cup.

"I hung it on the post," he said, innocently.

Everyone roared at the idea that he could be so "green" as not to know what the mast was called, but on that yacht the mast is now known as "the post."

A pretty girl from a "fresh water" district was responsible for another nautical word. The strips of canvas used in tying up the sails are called stops. Some one wanted the stops and could not find them for the instant.

"What are you looking for?" asked the young woman.

"I am looking for the stops. They were here a little while ago."

"The stops? Oh, you mean the tapes. They're under this rug."

And now the sails are bound with "tapes."

Another young woman from an interior state had read enough nautical stories to have caught a few phrases here and there. For one thing, she knew that "hard tack" was a staple article of diet at sea. On a visit to the east this damsel went sailing. She was anxious to learn, and when she heard the man at the wheel say "hard a lee," she asked some questions, and found out what it meant.

A little later the steersman said the yacht was going about. Some of the guests were paying no attention, and seemed in danger of being struck by the boom as it swept over to the other sike of the yacht.

"Hard tack! hard tack!" cried out the young woman, excitedly.

All managed to duck their heads in time to escape the spar, if they didn't know what the maiden meant by "hard tack," and another joke was added to the yacht's store of them."—N. Y. Tribune.

SOULS OF SECLUDED SPOTS.

Dim Temples Haunted by the Mystic Spirit Which Outlasts All Ages.

The genius loci of the ancients is not altogether a myth. A truer mysticism than their mythology teaches us that places retain for ages something of the lives that have been lived in them, an echo of the voices that have made them musical, a fleeting shadow of the men and women who found in them their happiness or their sorrow. Those who have spent much time in secluded spots learn to feel that lonely places have souls; and the soul of a place is indeed its genius loci, its familiar spirit, its peculiar essence, as real a thing as the scent of a rose or the smell of the sea. There are rose-gardens in the east that are fair with the accumulated happiness of past generations. There are shady ilex groves in Italy wherein still dwells the silent spirit of contemplation; perhaps the phantasms of tragic loves sigh out their little day beneath the ancient trees. In Italy, in Greece, in Asia, in distant Indian glens, dim temples stand to this day, haunted or blessed, perhaps by the presence of that mystic spirit which outlasts all ages. And the market place has its familiar genius also, the busy center of the crowded city, the broad thoroughfare of the great metropolis, silent for a few hours under the summer moonlight or the winter rain. Old castles, too, deserted villages, uninhabited homes of dead populations—all have wraiths, the ghosts of what they have been, silent to the many, but more eloquent to the few than any human speech can ever be. And besides all these, there are spots where nature has never been molded by man, where she is sovereign and he is subject—lonely places by the sea, great sunlit silences where man has not dared to dwell because nature there would give him nothing, nor was he able to take anything from her. And the spirit of those places is more lonely, and grander, and mightier, than the genius loci of the market-place, or of the deserted Italian villa, "where the red-star cracks the speechless statues," or even of the shady cloister or of the wind-swept temples of banished gods. The song of songs is still unwritten, though nature's music makes man's grandest symphonies ridiculous, and sounds night and morning in the ears of him who has ears to hear.—Marion Crawford, in Century.

The Cat's Breath.

A recent publication criticises the notion that "a cat sucks away a child's breath." This is merely an expression erroneous in its form of a physiological fact. All the felidae possess poisonous breaths, intended by nature to act as an anæsthetic on their prey. If a person cares to experiment by inhaling, for instance, a cat's breath, they can easily realize the truth of this statement. Carefully watch a cat playing with a captured mouse. You will discover that the mouse does not suffer, but is sort of stupefied, as if by chloroform. In the "Life of Livingstone," written by himself, he states that once when he was seized by a lion and his arm broken, the crunching of the broken arm gave him no pain, so benumbered were his senses by the animal's breath. A cat seeks the child, its soft bed and the warmth of its body, and lies down on the chest of the infant. Its weight impedes respiration, its breath anæsthetizes the child, and death follows. This circumstance has actually occurred and medical records conclusively prove it.—Brooklyn Standard-Union.

With Proviso.

A certain judge who is blessed with a tremendous head of hair, which is generally in a state of wild disorder, was questioning a youthful witness, to make sure that he comprehended the character and importance of the oath he was about to take.

"Boy," he said, with his severest and most magisterial manner, "do you feel sure that you could identify *me* after six months? Now be careful? Think before you speak."

"Well, your honor," replied the boy, after a prolonged survey of the judge's portly figure and rugged features, "I ain't *sure*, but I think I could if you wasn't to comb your hair!"—Youth's Companion.

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—The first theological seminary in this country to open its doors to women was the Meadville Theological school, which graduated two women in 1885.

—George C. Chase, the newly-elected president of Bates college, was born in Maine in 1844. He belongs to that branch of the Chase family from which spring one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence and also Salmon P. Chase.

—The Irish Presbyterian church is growing, but it is taking its time. It reports 104,578 members in 1894, a gain of 1,868 over the past year. The total income is $540,000, which is a little over five dollars a head of the membership. A small showing, but the country is poor.

—In German universities recitations are conducted in Latin and Greek translations are made off-hand into Latin. The German scholar is as innocent of his mother tongue as is the English student of his own. Often he never acquires an idiomatic ease in expressing himself in it.

—Mrs. Julia Josephine Irvine, who has been chosen acting president of Wellesley college, was graduated from Cornell university in 1885, and was for several years a teacher in New York city. She afterward became a student of Leipsic university, and in 1890 was appointed professor of Greek in Wellesley.

—The Unitarian church claims its origin at Vicenza in Venice, in 1546, whence the sect spread to Poland. They were called Socinians, and obtained a foothold in England in 1647, the founder, John Biddle, being persecuted and imprisoned. The church has congregations now in every large city of the country.—N. Y. Advertiser.

—The most elaborate piece of bronze work in this country, and the best in the world, is the pair of doors to be known as the Astor memorial doors, which will be placed at the main entrance of Trinity church, New York city. The doors are about fourteen feet in height, and when completed and in place will cost about $160,000.

—Dr. W. H. Roberts publishes the complete record of additions, on confession of faith, to the Presbyterian church, showing that the total is 74,701 instead of 71,479, as was previously reported. The largest additions were, in Pennsylvania, 15,614; New York, 10,708; Illinois, 5,229; New Jersey, 4,546; Ohio, 7,231; Michigan, 4,232. Among the presbyteries the largest accessions were Philadelphia, 2,210; Pittsburgh, 1,510; New York, 1,442; Saginaw, 1,166; Chicago, 1,371; Detroit, 1,152; Philadelphia, north, 1,066.

—Miss Badger, about forty-six years ago, started an institution for the blind in Birmingham, England, and has held up to the present day the post of honorable lady superintendent. She began with only seven pupils, but these gradually increased, and in 1848 Islington house was opened for twenty-five pupils. Miss Badger's work having become gradually recognized as a public good. In 1852 a new building was opened. For some time more space has been required, and a new blind institution has been built and was opened recently.

—The Normal and Industrial institute for the colored people at Tuskegee, Ala., has just closed its thirteenth year. The institute began with just nothing, except an appropriation of $2,000 from the state for tuition. It began in a little church and shanty, which it did not own, with one teacher and 300 scholars. It now holds property to the amount of $200,000 free, including lands, buildings, live stock, apparatus, etc. It has 791 pupils and 48 teachers in the various departments. It has graduated 166 students, who are doing good work in the various departments of life as teachers, farmers, mechanics, etc., and its influence is felt among the colored people all over the south.

VEGETABLE WHISKY SHOP.

Cup of Death That Lures the Unwary Bug to Destruction.

The most curious of these freak plants is what is commonly called the "whisky shop," but which is labelled more scientifically the "Nepenthes." This plant receives its nourishment through large bulbs, resembling overgrown pea pods, growing on its stalks, rather than through roots. It is a carnivorous plant, very gluttonous in its appetite for flies and other unfortunate members of the bug family which happen within its reach. The pods are half full of intoxicating liquor, calculated to give any poor crawler the most horrible "jag" of his life, and when the plant "has its license," the top of the bulb closes over, disclosing the enticing fluid within and a sugared lining leading down to it, which immediately attracts the passing insect, who puts the fatal cup to his lips and drinks until he falls head over heels into the digestive organs of the dreadful Nepenthes, and no matter whether he be a hard-shelled beetle or a tender mosquito, he is gobbled up, bones and all. On the under side of some of the lids grow long, sharp pins, which stab the unfortunate bugs trying to escape, and on others nature has paved the way to ruin by laying out a sort of boulevard, fenced in on either side with a hedge of thorns which leads to the mouth of the cup. To prevent adulteration of the liquor, the lids close when a rainstorm is apprehended, affording in the wonderful plant a barometer as well as a curiosity.—Indianapolis News.

The Eyeball.

The eyeball is white because the blood vessels which supply its surface are so very fine that they do not admit the red corpuscles of the blood. The covering of the eyeball, the tunica solerotcia, thus named for it hardness is the largest and strongest coat of the eye, and covers the whole ball except the parts occupied by the entrance of the optic nerve behind and by the cornea before. It is formed of elastic fibers running in every direction, and closely interwoven with each other, and has few blood vessels compared with the choroids. The tendons of the four recti muscles of the eye are fixed to the forepart of the tunica solerotica. These are the cellular vaginas covering them, and have been supposed to give an additional whiteness to the eye, and the part given such whiteness has been termed tunica albugines, but the solerotic coat is everywhere a pure white, and can receive little additional brightness from any such covering.—Brooklyn Eagle.

—The amplest knowledge has the largest faith.—Wilmott.

OUR LOST TITLE.

Has Something Else Gone with the Old-Time Title of "Lady?"

"If you say 'female' it includes cows, 'feminine' sounds affected, 'woman, disrespectful, so can't I say 'lady?'" he pleaded.

For answer his tyrant picked up the Sunday Press and began reading out from the want column such items of information as that "Young lady wishes housework," "colored lady will do washing," etc.

"And the other day a boy called to sell me some fish and introduced himself as 'the son of the shad-lady round the corner,' and Rosa informed me that she had 'seed the perlice takin' up a old drunken lady.' No, you may not say it, at least if you are talking of me."

He squirmed. "It's vulgarized, I grant you, but, honestly, is there any word which takes its place? Doesn't woman sound enisque and unmannerly in some connections?"

She was a truthful tyrant, and she gave a reluctant "No" to his first question and "Yes" to his second. He continued, plaintively.

"'Woman' isn't a descriptive, generic name, including all ages, as is 'lady,' and is certainly used in as many unpleasant connections. Don't you hear of a 'drunken' woman as often as the other phrase? Lady is a word which came in with chivalry, and carries with it a subtle suggestion of the elevation and adoration of the sex which for ages had been known and despised as 'women.' No, the one word has a meaning which the other hasn't, and I think that in losing it we are losing something which society can't well get along without."

There was a third listener who up to this point had not spoken. Now he did so, removing his meerschaum from his lips and speaking slowly: "I agree with you, and what's more I think there is an elevating and refined force with the use of the words 'gentleman' and 'lady.' They are now almost tabooed in—I was going to say polite society, but we have no such thing—and what is the result or possibly the cause? We have a fine-looking, well-dressed, well-informed, clever set of young people, but with the worst manners to be found inside the century. The young women, as they insist on being called—affect mannish free-and-easiness of manners, lift their voices to screaming pitch in public places, and will apparently take any sort of rudeness or negligence from the other sex without resentment or surprise; while said other sex seems to be forgetting more and more completely to respect that divinity which doth hedge a lady but which apparently has nothing to do with a 'young woman.'

"On the other hand where do you find real chivalry and courtesy? You may laugh, but I tell you it's among the so-called lower classes, who in adopting our lost titles, have apparently assumed also the manners which go with them. You won't find the 'colored gentlemen' leaving his 'lady friend' to scramble off the car unassisted, or finding it too much trouble to raise his hat or take the outside of the pavement as do our lanquid swells. And she is more punctiliously careful to address him as 'Mr.', to respect his dignity and preserve her own, than the woman who socially stands many peg higher. No, they may advertise themselves as washladies and gentlemen, but they deserve those names better than we."

"Oh, certainly," agreed the tyrant, amiably. "Which of us can wash?"

Both men laughed. "For the last word, trust a——"

"Woman!" insisted the tyrant.—Philadelphia Press.

FASCINATED BY GAMBLING.

Refined Women Often Made Helpless by Its Alluring Powers.

It is often a matter of wonderment to me, said a citizen of Washington, recently why it is that gambling, even under its most alluring conditions, does not disgust persons of delicate feeling instead of attracting them.

While visiting Monte Carlo a few years ago I happened to stroll into the Casino one afternoon and there saw seated at one of the tables a beautiful, well-dressed lady, apparently about thirty years old. She had a purse full of gold in front of her and a large bundle of bank notes in her hand. She was playing rapidly, always staking large sums, and in nearly every case she lost. She played boldly on, but her apparent composure was belied by her flushed cheeks and flashing eyes.

After watching a short time I left. In the evening I returned again to the gaming room and beheld the lady seated at the same table. Her bank-notes were all gone and she had put away her purse, as it was an easy task to hold her remaining gold in her hand. She sat looking fixedly at the table, from time to time moistening her lips with a scarcely less dry tongue. Her face wore a look of infinite sadness, which might have been best relieved by a burst of tears.

She kept on playing steadily until all but her last coin was gone. She held it between her thumb and finger and gazed at it intently, as though debating with herself about risking it. She had evidently devised it for some matter of fact purpose, perhaps to pay her hotel bill. She did not hesitate long, however, for the temptation was more than she could withstand, and with a hysterical little laugh she threw it on the table, only to see it raked in by the croupier and placed among the rest she had lost."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Another Philanthropist.

Inventor—I've got the model of a machine here that will do the work of fifty men.

Capitalist—How many men does it take to run it?

"Two."

"Then every machine you build throws forty-eight men out of employment. What's to become of those?"

Capitalist's Daughter—Why, papa, let them go to the seaside. They're needed there awfully.—Chicago Tribune.

An American Father.

Neighbor—Now that you hev succeeded in givin' y'r sons and daughters a college edication, what are yeh goin' to do next?

Mr. Wayback—Wall, I dunno, but I've been thinkin' I'd better move out of town so I won't disgrace 'em.—N. Y. Weekly.

—O! how much more doth beauty beauteous seem, by that sweet ornament which truth doth give.—Shakespeare