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 13, 1894. VOL. XIX.—NO. 42.

AT CLIPPER GAP.

"THOSE hounds must be driven out," said the general, lowering his field glasses, and turning a pair of cold gray eyes upon a staff officer who was standing near.

"If we could get a battery into Clipper Gap," responded the officer addressed, "the question might be settled, and at close range. The configuration of the land and the bore of our guns combine, it seems to me, to make any other solution impossible."

"Clipper Gap!" echoed the general, rising visibly in his saddle, and then settling back with a sarcastic smile. "Clipper Gap, did you say, colonel? White, you are talking at random. Surely your suggestion is not feasible. You ought to know that a battery could not live to unlimber there, but even if it got into action—why, good God, man, you must be dreaming."

Col. White looked hurt, and instead of meeting the sharp glance of his commander, he allowed his eyes to wander down to the left, and in the direction of an old plantation dwelling, where a masked mortar battery had, an hour before, opened on the federal lines with terrible effect.

"I merely mentioned the matter, general," replied the staff officer, after a few moments of silence. "I shall be glad to execute any orders that you may have in the consummation of a better plan."

"But, my good man," returned the general, "a gunner could not live five minutes at the Gap. It would be downright murder to order a battery in there. Col. White, would you lead a battery into Clipper Gap?"

"What a question," replied the other. "What a question for a soldier. To be sure I would lead a battery into the Gap, or into hell for that matter—if ordered to do so. By the way, general, this would be a great opportunity for your brave Capt. Langhorne."

Gen. Colby laughed heartily.

"Can't you forgive me, White, for saying that Langhorne is the bravest man in the Third corps? You grow sarcastic every time you refer to the conversation of last evening. Langhorne is brave—brave as a lion. I know him under fire. Southerner, is he not? Col. Williams told me that he had two brothers in the confederate army. Did you know him before the war?"

"Yes," answered the other, looking again in the direction of the house. "I knew him very well. We were in the same class at the University of Virginia. Rivals first for class leadership, and later for the hand of the fairest woman in the old commonwealth. Langhorne got the girl, who, by the way, was of northern birth. Perhaps that accounts for his fighting sympathies. His people are all on the other side. He lives in this section somewhere, I believe. As to his bravery, I never considered him brave at all. You will say at once, general, that this is a prejudice arising from our early relations. Not so. I am not inclined to depreciate Langhorne's war record, which we all admit is splendid. I say simply that he is not a man of great physical courage."

During the brief recital the general's face wore a smile of innocent raillery, but as White concluded, a stern expression stole over his countenance. He thrust his field glasses into a silver-bound case, and almost fiercely beat the long leg of his cavalry boot with a pair of heavy gauntlets, which he had taken off a few moments before. He was a man of imperious disposition and violent temper, with little liking for opposition from any source. White was a distant relative and trusted adviser, but it was evident that he had gone too far. When the first flush of his wrath had been beaten out upon his boot, he was enabled to speak, with some degree of moderation, the thoughts that had sent a wicked expression to his face.

"Col. White," he began, deliberately, "you impugn the courage of one of the bravest men in the service—a man whom I have learned to love and respect. I tell you he is as brave as a lion, and his courage is always tempered with the coolest judgment—the very highest form of courage. Do you remember the day at—"

Here the general broke off abruptly, and drawing out the field glasses, fixed his sight upon the house that stood on a long stretch of level land below, whence rose at frequent intervals white puffs of smoke, telling of the cannonade still furiously waged from the mortars of the confederate battery. In a moment he broke off his inspection, and turning to Col. White, said:

"Perhaps your suggestion of the Gap as a point of action is not so bad after all. I really do not see any way out of it, and just to prove that I am right, I shall order Capt. Langhorne in there. Some one has to go, and I am convinced that Langhorne has the right kind of stuff in him. He can wipe away the arrogant conceit of military prowess in three or four hundred confederate hearts, and at the same time wipe away the arrogant conceit of snap judgment in the heart of a brother officer," and Gen. Colby again smiled good naturedly upon his staff officer.

Whether this sudden change of opinion came from an honest conviction of military necessity, or from the motive of vindicating an insolent judgment that was wont to consider itself infallible, we are not to judge. Men have been slaughtered before, and will be again, without apparent motives of any kind.

Calling his orderly and pointing to a group of mounted officers that rested on a little knoll three or four hundred yards away, he said:

"Tell Capt. Langhorne to come here at once."

The orderly saluted and withdrew.

Gen. Colby looked at his watch, nervously slapping the neck of his black mare with the bridle rein: "We shall now see," he muttered half aloud, "who is qualified to weigh the qualities of a soldier." Col. White, who turned deadly pale, did not move a muscle or make reply. Presently there was a clatter of hoofs in the rear, and Capt. Langhorne reined up a big chestnut colt before his commander and touched his cap. His appearance was not soldierly, though he sat his horse well. His long blond hair framed a face of delicate refinement, which was lighted up by blue eyes that might have belonged to a woman. He wore his soiled forage cap a little to one side, and his blouse was open for a space of three buttons at the top, exposing a white shirt front, and a silk handkerchief of the same color bound about his throat.

Gen. Colby looked first at Col. White, then frigidly returned the salute of the young captain.

"Capt. Langhorne!" he began, and his voice trembled slightly, "it is necessary that those devils at yonder house should be dislodged. Take your battery to the gorge directly in their front, known as Clipper Gap. It is narrow, and you will be able to use only one gun at a time. In getting your position follow the ravine where we were this morning as far as possible. It will afford some cover."

The captain looked straight at his commander. The commander looked straight at his captain. Col. White looked straight into his own soul. Capt. Langhorne broke the silence.

"Pardon me, general, did you say Clipper Gap? Did I understand the order to open fire on the house opposite the gorge?"

"Capt. Langhorne, is not my order clear?"

"Yes, sir, quite clear, but I wanted to ask if—if—it is absolutely necessary—if—er—er—"

"Yes," thundered the general, "the order is imperative. Are you a coward? Have you—" but in the midst of this furious tirade Capt. Langhorne again respectfully saluted, and then galloped away to execute the order of his chief.

Soon the notes from a bugle floated over from the rear and right, and the two officers turned to see Langhorne's battery sweep at full gallop across a gentle depression directly in the rear, and then disappear behind the high hills that skirted the ravine. Once more they come in sight as they left the ravine, and debouching in the open, plunge full in the face of the enemies' guns, into the mouth of the gorge, unlimber, and go into action.

Then from the house, now less than a thousand yards away, twelve hitherto silent pieces opened their brazen mouths, carrying death and desolation into the ranks of the federal battery. In twenty minutes the horses had all been killed or disabled. Then the guns were run up by hand, discharged and by the same method returned for loading. The slaughter was fearful, and in this vortex of fire and blood and death all order was soon forgotten. There was only two things to do—load and fire. And they did that well, many dying in the doing, but all believing, no doubt, that it was very glorious to die for one's flag and country.

The fire of Langhorn's men was rapid and accurate, as attested by frequent changes in position of some of the confederate guns, and by the silence of others. About sunset the fire of the opposing forces ceased altogether, and ten minutes later six men (all that were left of the federal battery)

IT WAS A VICTORY DEARLY BOUGHT.

dragged their weary and wounded limbs into the heavy undergrowth that covered the slopes of the gorge on either side. Some went to rest with the hope of recovery, and others to die.

It was victory dearly bought.

Two hours later, having dined comfortably at his headquarters, after sending a detachment over to the Gap with the purpose of looking for the dead and wounded, Gen. Colby, with Col. White and another member of his staff, rode down to the house which had borne the brunt of the federal fire, and from which the confederates had hastily retreated, simultaneously with the discharge of their last gun. There was ruin everywhere about the place, which was apparently deserted. Only the shell of what a few hours before had been a fine old residence of colonial architecture now remained to tell of the cruel ravages of war. All about were evidences of easy living, marking the dismantled habitation as the home of a wealthy planter. After a walk about the place for nearly half an hour, some one mentioned the cellar, and the general, who was not half a bad commander in exploring wrecked southern homes, nodded assent.

The orderly made a torch, and, lighting it, led the way down to the cellar, which the visitors were much surprised to find already lighted. An oil lamp burned brightly from the top of a barrel, and in a far corner of the room, upon a heap of debris, a tallow candle threw its unsteady rays upon the dead and mangled bodies of two female figures that lay upon the floor. Close to them a man was seated upon a low camp-stool. His face was black, save where a stream of blood, trickling down from an ugly gash over the temple, had washed the darker stains away. As the officers approached Gen. Colby asked: "Who are you and what are you doing here?"

"I have a perfect right to be here, sir," answered the blood-stained man. "I own the property about here. This is my home."

"And these bodies?" questioned the commander.

"My mother and my wife, general. I am Capt. Langhorne."—Howard S. Clayton, in N. Y. Evening Post.

—A Bad Excuse Is Better Than None—Judge—"Prisoner, why did you throw a plate at your wife's head?" Accused—"Nothing else handy, sir."—Truth.

USEFUL AND SUGGESTIVE.

—Before laying the carpet, wash the floor with turpentine to prevent buffalo moths.

—If the stopper of a bottle is refractory about coming out, light a match and run it swiftly around the neck of the bottle while it is burning.

—To remove the odor of onions from kettles and saucepans, put some wood ashes into the utensil, add boiling water and let it stand for a short time on the back of the stove.

—Pumpkin Pie.—Yolks of two eggs, one cupful of stewed pumpkin, three quarters of a cupful of sugar, two cupfuls of milk; ginger and cinnamon to taste, a dash of red pepper and salt.—N. Y. Observer.

—Lavender water is made by slowly steeping for one hour in a covered farina boiler one pound of fresh lavender with one pint of water. On its removal from the fire add two quarts of alcohol, filter and bottle for use.

—A shoe drawer, divided into compartments so that each pair of shoes may always be found together without delay, is a convenience appreciated by a busy woman. A top bureau drawer is also more convenient and easily kept in order if partitioned into compartments of various sizes to hold laces, ribbons and veils.

—Cocoanut Drops.—Grate a cocoanut and weigh it, then add half the weight of powdered sugar and the white of one egg beaten to a stiff froth. Stir the ingredients together, then drop the mixture with a dessert spoon upon buttered white paper or tin sheets and sift sugar over them. Bake in a slow oven fifteen minutes.—Boston Budget.

—Cream of Rice Soup.—Two quarts of chicken broth, one teacupful of rice, one quart of cream, one small onion, one stalk of celery, one tablespoonful of salt, one-third teaspoonful of pepper. Add the rice, onion and celery to the broth, cook slowly two hours, run through a sieve, add cream and seasoning, let come to a boil, and serve hot.—United Presbyterian.

—Water Ices.—Water ices are made with the juice of the orange, lemon, raspberry, or any sort of fruit, sweetened and mixed with water. To make orange water ice, mix three oranges and that of one lemon. Rub some fine sugar on the peel of the orange to give it the flavor. Make it very sweet and freeze it. Other fruit ices are made in like manner.—Ram's Horn.

—Boiled Beef.—The possibilities of a beef shank are many. Purchase a shank, put over the fire in cold water with a tablespoonful of salt. Boil till tender and remove from the stock, a part of which can be served warm for dinner with prepared mustard and the remainder made into meat pie, pressed beef or hash, while the stock can be utilized for soups.—Ohio Farmer.

—Canned Plums.—These make a nice sauce and are less rich than the preserves to which many object on the ground of their unwholesomeness. Prick with a needle to prevent bursting; prepare a sirup allowing a gill of pure water and a quarter of a pound of sugar to every three quarts of fruit. When the sugar is dissolved and the water blood-warm, put in the plums. Heat slowly to a boil. Let them boil five minutes—not fast or they will break badly—fill up the jars with plums, pour in the scalding sirup until it runs down the sides, and seal. Greengages are very fine put up in this way; also damsons for pies.—Western Rural.

THE CARE OF THE HAIR.

Only Good Animal Oils Should Be Used—Astringent Washes Are Dangerous.

"Do not use mineral oil products for the hair. Only good animal oils will improve the quality and supply the nutriment needed to quicken hair growth. The reason for this is obvious, since the natural oil of the scalp is of the animal nature.

All astringent washes are permanently injurious to the hair, as they penetrate the hair cells and dry the natural oil, withering the roots. Of these alcohol, borax and strong soaps are those most used, together with patented lotions, and, therefore, it is against such articles generally that our readers need most to be warned.

There are times when mild stimulation of the scalp with a medicated fluid will prove beneficial, but one should not use those articles put upon the market under high-sounding names claiming to do all and cure all. When a tonic for the hair is needed to overcome some existing condition of disease always seek the advice of a first-class dermatologist of repute.

For daily care of the hair for health the brush must be used to clean and smooth the hair strands, but not to irritate the scalp. A harsh brush is objectionable from every point of view Select one having medium bristles, and these of irregular length. Do not slap the brush down upon the head, and be sure to keep the hair brush always clean and free from collections of fluffy film and dust at the setting of the bristles, thus preventing it from becoming a breeding-place for disease.—N. Y. Advertiser.

Queer Articles for Food.

At the department of agriculture in Washington, hidden away in an obscure corner, is an odd sort of exhibit of queer food eaten by out-of-the-way people. There is a loaf of bread made from roasted leaves of a plant allied to the century plant. Another kind of bread is from a dough of juniper berries. These are relished by some tribes of Indians, while others manufacture cakes out of different kinds of bulbs. The prairie Indians relish a dish of wild turnips which civilized people would not be likely to enjoy at all. In the great American desert the "screw beans," which grow on mesquite bushes, are utilized for food. Soapberries furnish an agreeable diet for some savages in this country, while in California the copper-colored aborigines do not disdain the seeds of salt grass. Also in California the Digger Indians collect pinenuts, which are the seeds of a certain species of pine—sometimes called "pinions"—by kindling fires against the trees, thus causing the nuts to fall out of the cones. At the same time a sweet gum exudes from the bark, serving the purpose of sugar. The seeds of gourds are consumed in the shape of mush by Indians in Arizona.—Washington Star.

Johnny's Theory.

Little Ethel—I wonder why men like to talk about their old schooldays?

Little Johnny—I s'pose after they get growed up they is always tryin' to find out where the teacher lives, so they can lick him.—Good News.

"WHAT QUEER THINGS WE ARE!"

Interesting Results of Self-Examination by the Man With the Top Coat.

Two men were riding down town one morning recently in an elevated train. The man with the silk hat on made a discovery, and he questioned his friend thus:

"Are you right-handed?"

"Yes," said the man in the top coat.

"Right-legged, also?"

"Right-legged, no."

"Sure?"

"Why, of course I'm sure. I have more power and accuracy and dexterity in my right arm and right hand than in my left arm and hand. But as for my legs, I can and do use one the same as the other."

"How about your ears?"

"Same as legs."

"Eyes?"

"Each equal to the other in all respects."

"Sides to your jaws?"

"Why are you asking me such questions? If there's a joke in prospect, let's have the laugh now."

"No joke. All sincerity. Wanted to know how well you knew yourself. See you're pretty slightly acquainted. Just watch yourself for a few days. The proper study for mankind is—goodby, here's my station. You'll be the most surprised man"—"Step lively, please," called the guard—"in the world." And the inquisitor just managed to get out upon the station platform as the iron gates banged behind him.

"You're right," said the man with the top coat, a couple of mornings later.

"Told you"—

"Dead right. I've kept tab on myself. Noticed when I used the telephone I always put the receiver to my right ear. Tried my left ear and got all mixed up. Found I always put my left foot first into an elevator, and always took the first step with it when I went up or down stairs. Started to go down some steps with my right foot leading, and nearly had a tumble. Then I'm right jawed. I always chew my food on the right side of my mouth. Never thought of it before, but things do not taste as good on the left side. They do not taste so much, either. Queer, isn't it, how the sense of taste will become more highly developed in one part of the mouth than in another by use and force of habit? I'm left-eyed. You know. I'm interested in botany, and use a miscroscope a great deal. Well, I invariable look through the instrument with my left eye. For ordinary purposes my right eye seems to be as keen as the left one, but I found that it was not at all satisfactory when I applied it to the miscroscope. I am right-handed, left-eyed, right-jawed, left-legged and right-eared. I suppose I'm right or left a good many more things, but I haven't had time to discover them yet."

"What queer things we are!" said the man with the silk hat.—N. Y. Tribune.

MEN CHEW GUM, TOO.

A Feminine Observer Makes a Discovery That Vindicates Her Sex.

Is the gum chewing habit purely feminine?

I think not now, though the time is not so far gone when the practice was limited to children and young misses. It is different now. I base my calculation on a recent episode that occurred on a train leaving the Grand Central station.

Hardly had the cars started than the train boy made his appearance. To each person, irrespective of age or sex, a package of gum was handed. The women took the small packages with an air that betokened thorough knowledge of the contents. The men handled the foil-wrapped sticks gingerly. It was evident also that they had seen them before.

One old, bearded fellow, who doubtless thought his age an apology for his actions, soon had his jaws working, and others followed his example. There were twenty-nine men in the car, fewer women, but a generous supply of children. The women I expected would buy the sticks and divide with the children, but assuredly the habit has outgrown femininity when sixteen men out of a total of twenty-nine indulge in public in chewing gum.

On inquiry the train boy told me that the percentage of men buyers was much larger in that purely masculine retreat, the smoking car. "It's the best selling article we carry," he said, "and the men use more of it than the women."—N. Y. Herald.

Keep Moving.

An exchange prints a fable adapted to hard times. It is meant to do good, and in furtherance to that end it is here reprinted. Two frogs fell into a cream pitcher. After a few unsuccessful attempts to jump out, one of them gave up.

"It's no use," he said. "We may as well die and be done with it."

"Not so," answered the other. "You may do as you like. I shall keep jumping as long as there is any life in me. Who knows but something will turn up?"

This speech put new heart into frog Number One, and both began to try harder than ever to reach the top of the pitcher.

The natural result followed. The cream was presently churned to butter, whereupon the frogs got on top of it, and the next moment were out of prison.—Youth's Companion.

Strong Drawing Card.

Book-keeper (telephone company)—Customers are ordering their telephones out all over the city. They say they don't pay.

Superintendent — Humph! Something must be done. Write an item for the newspapers, saying that by attaching telephone wires to the water pipes it is possible to hear what is being said in the next house.—N. Y. Weekly.

Why Tommy Was Shy.

"Tommy is not well. He has a bad cold, and is a little shy," said Mrs. Yerger to a visitor in explanation of the boy's conduct.

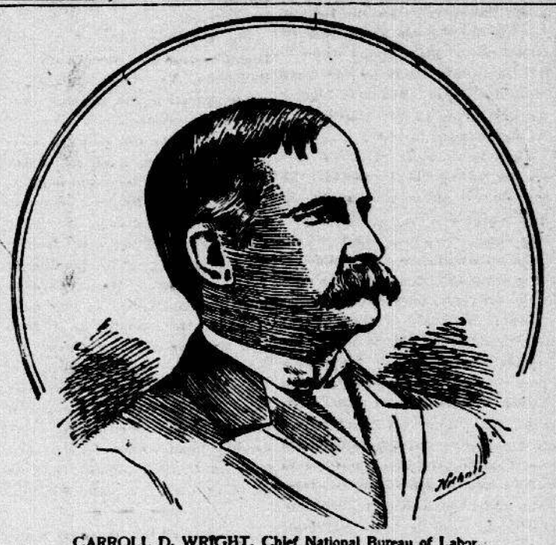
"If he is a little horse I don't wonder that he shies," replied the visitor.—Texas Siftings.

Questionable Compliment.

Exasperated Young Mistress (after a wordy argument with her cook)—Why, Bridget, it's perfectly absurd! Either you or I must be crazy.

Bridget (proudly)—Sure and I wouldn't be so bold as to think ye had no more sinse than to keep a crazy cook.—Truth.

"I never advertise on principle." "And so, I suppose, you can't get principal enough to advertise with."—Brooklyn Life.



CARROLL D. WRIGHT, Chief National Bureau of Labor.

Recently appointed chairman of the national committee charged with examining into the causes of the Pullman and American Railway union strikes. He is an expert on all topics relating to labor. He made a study of the relations between employer and employe while a member of the Massachusetts state senate in 1871. In the same year he was appointed chief of the Massachusetts bureau of labor statistics. In 1885 he held the position of census supervisor for the same state. When congress created the national bureau of labor in 1884 he was made commissioner. He has held the position ever since, the change in administration not affecting the tenure of his office. Among the workingmen of the country he is known as the author of a number of valuable volumes on labor and labor unions.

His Future.

An old farmer and his son called upon me the other day. The boy is about eleven or twelve years old, and a gawky, ugly dawdler. He wandered aimlessly about the office running the tip of his finger over the backs of my books. At last I asked: "Well, my boy would you like to be a lawyer?"

"Naw."

"A doctor?"

"Naw."

"Preacher?"

"Naw."

"Well, what do you want to be?"

"Nawthin'."

"By thunder! that's what you will be!" commented his disgusted father, earnestly.—Harper's Magazine.

A HOT WEATHER IDYL.

Two drains upon a single fount,
Two streams that flow as one.

Propinquity.

"The poor are always with us,"
'Tis so the saying goes;
But wealthy people, also,
Are often pretty close.
—Once a Week.

Used to It.

Mrs. P (to new servant)—I suppose, Bridget, you overheard my husband and I conversing rather earnestly this morning.

Bridget—Indade, I did that, mum."

"I hope you did not consider that anything unusual was going on."

"Niver a bit, mum. I wunst had a husband mesilf, mum, and niver a day passed that the neighbors didn't believe one or the other of us would be kilt entoirly."—Toledo Blade.

A High Ambition.

Kitty—We advanced women have discovered that man is a total failure.

Tom—I suppose that is why you are claiming an equality with him.—Puck.

FOOLING THE HANGING COMMITTEE.

Mr. E. Burne Timber (who has long been badly treated by the hanging committee) — There, confound 'em, they can't say that.—Scribner's Magazine.

Applying His Knowledge.

"Whah yoh git dat chickin yoh's pickin'?" asked Aunt Seraphina.

"Nemmind," replied her husband.

"Ef yoh's gwine to bring chickins roun' hyar, I kaint see why yoh doan wait till de folkses gits 'em cooked."

"Dat shows yer weakness 'bout p'litical 'coonomy."

"G'long."

"Hit do, sho."

"How do it?"

"Er cooked chickin am in de house, locked up, but de nat'ral fowl am out in de henhouse, whah yoh kin git to 'em. All ob which am in accordance wif the well-known principle dat de raw material doan 'quire ex much pertection ez de finished ahticle."—Washington Star.

Is the Engagement Still On?

Henry—Yes, Carry, I love you with all my heart.

Carry—It seems strange, Henry, that you should think so much of me.

Henry—I don't know about that. There's no accounting for tastes, you know.—Answers.

A MAN OF LETTERS.

—Chicago Record.

Not Verified.

"Will—you," he said, timidly, "will you have some ice-cream?"

"No, thank you," replied the young woman. "I very seldom eat it."

He looked surprised.

"Do you mind getting engaged to me? I know that you have been engaged to several other young men this summer. But that doesn't count."

"I was never engaged in my life," she replied.

A slight pallor came over his face.

"Pardon me, but do you know that your hat is not on exactly straight?"

"Isn't it?" Oh, well, I can fix it when I get home."

He looked at her with a ghastly stare.

"Great Scott!" he exclaimed, "have I read the comic weeklies all these years for nothing?"

And he sank to the pavement and moaned.—Washington Star.

An Economic Measure.

The Wife—I must have some sewing done; I haven't a dress to my name.

The Husband—Perhaps I could get you a place in the ballet.—Arkansaw Traveler.

LOOKS BLUE FOR NO. 8.

One—She was engaged to eight men last summer and is now gradually breaking them off.

The Other—Gracious! what awful chances the last man runs.—Once a Week.

It Didn't Work.

"John," said the poet's wife, "another of your poems has appeared."

"Well?" he replied.

"O, 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 isn't one by a whole lot.—Indianapolis Journal.

THOSE DEAR GIRLS.

Priscilla—I want to get a gown to match my complexion.

Perdita—Why don't you get a hand-painted one?—Brooklyn Life.

Those Practical Pages.

He—And did you tell your father that although I am penniless, with your love I would be the richest man in the world?

She—Yes, but it did no good. He said I'd be a fool to enter into a life partnership in which I had to furnish all the capital.—Arkansaw Traveler.

Our Office Boy.

He is too slick for this wicked world,
He was meant for a fairer clime;
He sweats at the editor, swears at his work,
And is kicking all the time:
He grunts and sweats 'neath his load of work,
Revolts his stony way:
But once a month he calms down
And complacently draws his pay.
—Brooklyn Life.

IN THE ELECTRICAL WORLD.

—Glass, copper, zinc, lead, platinum, carbon, plaster, petroleum, silk, cotton and paper are used in the manufacture of incandescent lamps.

—In France the telephone is used on many railroad main lines. On a portion of the Vincennes railway a rather novel system is in vogue, by which at a given signal on the telegraph instrument, the operator connects the telegraph wires with a telephone for verbal communication.—Electrical Review.

—Paul Jablochoff, the inventor of the "electric candle," who died recently in Saratoff, Russia, was director-general of the Moscow-Koursk telegraph lines when he first took an interest in electric lighting, and the nihilist propaganda of 1872, when the railroad tracks the czar traveled over were lighted as a measure of safety, gave him his first experience in practical work in that line. M. Jablochoff made a number of important inventions besides the candle.

—It is stated that Prof. Langley, of the Smithsonian Institution has perfected an instrument called a bolometer, in which a current of electricity is passed through a very fine wire. The resistence of the wire and consequently the strength of the current passing through it varies with the temperature, and by noting changes of current variations of temperature of the wire amounting to .000001 degrees Centigrade (.00000047F.) are detected. With this instrument some hitherto unknown facts regarding the spectroscope have been discovered.

—Platinum has hitherto been considered an absolute necessity in the fabrication of incandescent electric lamps, for the leading-in wires must pass through the substance of the glass, and any metal that expands faster or slower than the glass would crack it or admit air. Platinum expands nearly at the same rate as glass, hence its use for this purpose. Now, however, a lamp is being made in Boston, using iron wires. Before these are sealed into the glass, a film of silver is deposited on the glass, which, it is claimed, makes a tight joint between it and the iron.

—That electricity exerts a powerful influence on vegetation can not be doubted. The extension of telegraph lines and the building of railroads through comparatively sterile sections has, uniformly, a tendency to foster the growth of vegetation. It has been suggested that the only practical means of reclaiming the great Desert of Sahara is to form a network of wires over large areas for this purpose. This could be done cheaply, as no poles would be required—simply by laying the bare wires over the dry sand and supplying them constantly with a current from suitable stations.

—The struggle for supremacy between gas and electric light has been a determined one. Electric light has made wonderful progress in point of cheapness, since 1877, but the gas men are also advancing. Formerly gas was made wholly from coal. Later on coal and petroleum combined (known as water gas) came to the front and reduced the cost materially, and now another big step has been taken—the production of gas wholly from petroleum. A plant of that description for making both fuel and illuminating gas, is building at Haverstraw, N. Y. Gas at fifty cents a thousand is bound to come.

TWO SNAKES.

One of Them Did Not Know as Much as the Other.

The drummer had just finished a rather remarkable snake story as he sat in the country store after he had sold a bill of goods, and a countryman, with some young pullets to sell, had been listening. The drummer's story was about a snake of his acquaintance which had a habit of stealing eggs. He would go out and load up on them, swallowing them whole, and then climb a tree, fall off and break the shells and his digestion would do the rest. The countryman looked at the drummer with some degree of doubt when the story was finished, but he never questioned its veraciousness.

"Some snakes is different to that, mister," he said very earnestly. "One on my place was. He was a snake like the one you spoke of, only he didn't have half the sense. Snakes is a good deal like men in that way. Well, this feller hadn't the habit uv stealin' aigs, but he run acrost a nest one day, and without askin' any questions he ups and swallers six whole aigs. That filled him up purty nice and snug, and he went back to his den under the barn without ever once thinkin' about breakin' the shells like your snake done. That's where your'n had the bulge on him. Well, he couldn't digest them aigs to save his life, and they staid right with him. Snakes kin go a long time without eatin', and about three weeks after this snake I'm tellin' about had swallered them aigs, I happened to ketch him layin' out in the sun by the barn, and the fust thing he knowed I had cut him in two with a hoe, about six inches from his shoulder blades. I slung the head part into the hog pen and picked up the tail end to do the same way with it, when, dod rot my buttons, if half a dozen jist hatched chickens didn't come tumblin' out. Well, it skeert me at fust, but I braced up in a minute, and knowin' somethin' about snakes, I made up my mind that them chickens was the result uv undigested aigs, and dog my cats, mister, ef it wan't so, 'cause mother told me about missin' them six aigs. Them's the very pullets out thar in the coop now, and ef you don't believe me, you kin come out and look at 'em yourself."

"I'll give you the price of your pullets if you'll swear to that story before a notary public," said the drummer and went out before giving the man a chance to earn the money.—Detroit Free Press.

A Palpable Hit.

Mrs. Fawls—Does your husband still drink as much as ever?

Mrs. Troo—Oh, no, indeed.

"I'm so glad! How long has he been doing better?"

"Ever since he had a quarrel with your husband, and they ceased to associate."—N. Y. Press.

A Domestic Discussion.

Wife—William, I do think our boys are the worst I ever saw. I'm sure they don't get it from me.

Husband (snappishly)—Well, they don't get it from me.

Wife (reflectively)—No, William, you seem to have all yours yet.—Detroit Free Press.

THE CHEERY WIFE.

She Is a Source of Great Comfort to An Appreciative Husband.

Men are more easily disheartened than women in the always renewed struggle of every day. The husband, weary with the perplexities of business, disappointed where he had anticipated success, and at the end together of strength and patience, looks forward eagerly to the nightly home-coming.

As he treads quickly along the familiar street, runs up his own steps, turns his own latch key, it is as if he had been on a long journey and were entering port. Without separating the different component parts of his pleasure, he feels beforehand the thrill of the greeting he will receive from wife and children. The little lad will rush to meet him, the pretty daughter will hold up her face for a kiss, the baby will clap hands and coo and pat-a-cake, and the wife—bless her!—who will preside over the whole scene, is queen and guardian angel.

A cheery wife is not obtrusively and unsympathetically mirthful when her husband is gloomy. She beguiles him from his weariness and melancholy by gentle words, tender caresses, a comfortable chair, a good dinner. She has something entertaining to relate, for a variety of delightful incidents make up the day for her, while the man she loves is in the toiling, moiling world down town. Something of visitors, of the children, of a letter she has received, of a book she has read, is woven into the brightness of her evening chat. She is herself a winsome picture, daintily neat and restful to the eye. The pride of possession has been merged in the man's consciousness into the repose of entire and blessed confidence, so that the two little words "my wife" mean on the husband's lip as much of Heaven as is ever compressed into a phrase of human language.

Of course it is all wrong when this cheerful disposition, this beautiful altruism, is wholly the endowment of the wife. A husband is churlish who will not reciprocate in kind when his wife does her utmost to uplift him from despondency, to fill him with hope when he is downcast, to cheat him of fear and foreboding. She shows him that she believes in his pluck, his ability, his resources, and thus she gives him faith in himself—an immense reenforcement in the battle which is ever surging around him.

To her, this cheery being, doing angel's work in the homely sphere of her consecrated wifehood, the husband should offer the tribute of his evident appreciation.

Admiration is her due, and praise and unstinted love. Compliment and courtesy, small surprises of gift and graceful acts of daily consideration, enable her to keep the sunshine in her own soul. The cheery wife is the sweeter and dearer if she is companied on the journey by her openly devoted husband.

Men would sometimes stare in astonishment if told how much their wives set store by, to use an expressive provincialism, little tokens of affection and respectful attention before others. "John," said a cherry wife one day, "is always lovely to me when we are alone, but he snubs me thoughtlessly in the presence of his mother, and even before our grown-up daughters. If there is a difference of opinion, he ranges himself on their side, not on mine, dear fellow! He likes being in opposition in public."

In these circumstances it is difficult for a wife to maintain her equanimity of spirit and demeanor. She grows silent and meditative, and ceases to be cheery, and the whole family have then the sense of enduring an unmerited grievance. For the cheery wife is seldom suffered to take a vacation. It is expected of her that she will carry light into all life's shadowy places, and, to do her justice, she seldom disappoints those who believe in her magic and dwell under her gracious scepter.—Harper's Bazar.

GLASS IS NEGLECTED.

Much Labor and Attention Needed to Make It Brilliant.

Glass does not often meet with the delicate attention that it deserves, and this notwithstanding that really brilliantly burnished glass makes a most striking show upon any table.

Warm, but not hot, water should be used for glass. A wooden bowl is safer than a china one, and should be kept scrupulously clean with rinsings of soda and hot water. Every cloth wherewith to rub the glass must be as soft as soft can be—and as dry. Unless the polishing cloth be really dry the glass does not take any brilliancy, rub as you may.

Ammonia, rock salt and tea leaves put into a decanter with some warm water, and vigorously shaken up and down, are effective in dispelling the offending stains. If the shaking does not prove sufficient the decanters or bottles should be left to stand all night, filled with water and ammonia.

Long, narrow champagne glasses, flower (especially specimen) glasses require more frequent ablutions than the open form of glasses.

Gas globes require an especially drastic treatment, and are only cured—sometimes—of an obstinate dimness by being placed in a saucepan near, not on the fire, with a liberal supply of patent soap powder or soda thrown into the hot water.

Servants who put their glass on the table at the last moment are wise if they wear soft wash-leather gloves.—Gentlewoman.

Good for Corns.

Here is a recipe for a paint suitable for either the hard or soft species of corn; it should be applied with a camel's hair brush on five or six successive nights, at the end of which time the upper portion can be easily removed, after the foot has been soaked in warm water. In the case of an old enemy, the treatment should be repeated until the growth has entirely disappeared. Thirty grains of salicylic acid, and five grains of Indian hemp, to be dissolved in half an ounce of fluid collodion.—Troy Times.

Hat Frames of Moire.

Moire or watered silk is so fashionable this season that hat frames covered with it are to a certain extent taking the place of straw, which is a decided innovation for warm weather wear. Moire hats are trimmed with satin or velvet ribbon, ostrich tips, flowers, or the jet wings and sprays which are so popular; but if the hat itself is made of any material but moire, watered ribbon is almost without exception used for its trimming.—Philadelphia Press.