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 20, 1894. VOL. XIX.—NO. 43.

APPEAL.

The childish voice rose to my ear,
Sweet-toned and eager, praying me:
"I am so little, granna, dear,
Please lift me up, so I can see!"

I looked down at the pleading face,
Felt the small hands' entreating touch,
And, stooping, caught in swift embrace
The baby boy I loved so much,

And held him up that he might gaze
At the great pageant of the sky,
The glory of the sunset's blaze,
The glittering moon that curved oh high.

With speechless love I clasped him close,
And read their beauty in his eyes,
And on his fair cheek kissed the rose,
Sweeter than blooms of Paradise.

And in my heart his eager prayer
Found echo, and the self-same cry
Rose from its depths through Heaven's air:
"O gracious Father, lift me high!

"So little and so low am I,
Among earth's mists I call to Thee,
Show me the splendors of Thy sky!
O lift me up, that I may see!"
—Celia Thaxter, in Youth's Companion.

THE OLD MARKET WAGON

And How It Finally Gave Place to a New Carriage.

Each year Mrs. Bradley had said: "William, we *must* have a new carriage." Each year Mr. Bradley had answered: "I guess we'd better try to make the old wagon do a leetle longer, Marthy!" And there it usually ended. The wagon in question was a rather clumsy, high vehicle, but strongly built. The sides were paneled and bound with iron. They had once been painted green, but were now faded to a greenish gray. The wheels were stout and painted red. The seat had a high open back, and there was a flaring dashboard which showed signs of having once been black.

It had been their mainstay as a vehicle ever since they were married, twenty-three years before. Then it was bright and shining and new. William had courted Martha in it. When the townspeople had seen them riding out with the new team they said among themselves: "There's a promising couple. They will make a good match and, like's not, do well."

This prophecy had been fulfilled, for William Bradley owned his farm "clear," and gossip reported a snug bank account.

In the meantime they had both begun to grow old. They had no children now. The last, their little Dorothy, five months old, had been carried silently away in that very wagon.

Of late years the wagon had been in the habit of giving out now and then. One by one new wheels, new springs, new boards and new bolts had replaced old ones; still, to all appearances, it was the same old wagon. It retained its individuality like the famous jackknife that had so many new blades and new handles.

The wagon served alike "for mill and for meetin'." On week days it carried butter, eggs, farm produce and groceries. On Sundays it carried Mr. and Mrs. Bradley to church. The well-known rattle was a signal to belated churchgoers who were just getting ready to hasten their toilet.

Each year Martha had found it harder work to climb up into the aged vehicle. It had never been an easy task. The act of getting into that wagon was a complex one. The men usually climbed over the wheel, the easiest if not the safest method. But like the majority of the gentler sex, Mrs. Bradley preferred to risk her life in the orthodox way, and so went by way of the steps.

It was a back-straining process. Clutching at the dashboard with one hand, the seat with the other, one foot was carefully lifted to the high step which depended from the middle of the wagon's side. Having reached this half-way stage, the body oscillated on one foot while the other foot was swung madly in the air, endeavoring to find the other step which was higher up on the wagon side. When found, the owner executed a kind of oblique hop, and then, if all went well, a little more oscillating landed the person in the wagon. During all this there were minor dangers likely to be incurred, such as stepping upon the skirts and tripping. Lucky was the person who understood philosophy well enough to prevent the farther end of the seat from tilting up into the air at some stage of his maneuvers. Mrs. Bradley was so well versed upon this point that she always waited until her husband had seated himself upon the other end of the seat before she attempted the feat.

Whenever a stranger, uninitiated, was struggling and getting red in the face he was sympathizingly informed that it "hed always ben a hard wagon to git into."

The steps looked very innocent, and that was the worst of it. The feminine portion of the town had become wise by experience, and when some stray female was overtaken and offered a ride in the hospitable-looking wagon, she usually preferred to walk.

Mrs. Bradley was a quiet and uncomplaining woman, but full of energy. In the hard working days, when they were "clearing" the farm, she learned to subdue her pride. But of late, with more prosperous times, her old spirit began to reassert itself. A "struggle" with William resulted in a new carpet and some new curtains for the sitting-room. Another struggle brought forth a new bonnet and cloak for herself and a new suit for him. And now she had fully determined to have a new carriage in which to ride to church. She knew that the struggle would be great and possibly of long duration. But she had bent her back and strained her nerves long enough clambering into the old market wagon, while her poorer neighbors rode by in their comfortable carriages.

"William, you've got to git a carriage. It most breaks my back every time I git into the wagon, and I can't stand it much longer."

"Oh, we'll hev one *some* time; don't you worry. I can't git it jist now, for I'm savin', cal'latin' to buy that colt of Clayburn's."

This was the first that she had heard of his intention to buy the colt.

"William, we don't need that colt. It ain't safe. He'll run away and break your neck. You're gittin' to be too old a man to go breakin' colts. You'd better put your money into a carriage."

But William bought the colt, and Mrs. Bradley still rode to church in the rattling market wagon. The neighbors said it was a shame. Mrs. Bradley never said so, except to her husband. She meekly stood up for him and the old wagon in the presence of outsiders.

"Marthy," said her husband one evening, "I'm thinkin' to put a new lean-to to the shed. I guess I'll take the colt and drive over to git some shingles to-morrow — why, Marthy!"

He stopped suddenly, for he noticed a peculiar look in her eyes. He had noticed it recently whenever he spoke of laying out money. The look made him feel uneasy. A new thought struck him, and with a crafty smile he said:

"You know it will be a good place to run the old wagon under if we git our new carriage."

That was a straw too much.

"Yes, *if* we git it," she snapped. "You know as well as I do, William Bradley, that you hain't the slightest intention of gittin' a new carriage. Like's not I'll break my neck some day over that old wagon, and then you'll ride to my funeral in it. Go on and build your lean-to, if you want to, I 'ain't nothin' to say."

"She's gittin' narvous," he soliloquized, as he rode along the next morning. He felt uneasy. His wife was as kind as ever, but there was a cold feeling growing up between them which he did not relish. "I dun know but she ought to hev the carriage," he mused; "she's sartinly 'arned it. Well, we kin stan' it this year, and I guess next year I'll begin to think about gittin' one."

His conscience thus appeased, he began a calculation concerning the number of shingles that he wanted.

About noon Mrs. Bradley began to watch for her husband's reappearance. She looked down the road. There he was, walking up the hill by the house, trudging along beside the horse in order to make the load lighter. The wagon was piled high with glistening shingles. A shade of pity passed over her face as she saw him trudging slowly through the hot sand. "He's worked hard and he's gettin' old," she mused.

Then a flash of indignation swept over her as she thought: "But why doesn't he try to save my strength as well as his horse's?" She went into the house and closed the door with a bang.

The next instant she heard a series of crashes and a great rattling, intermingled with cries of "Whoa! Whoa!" She rushed out and beheld the colt plunging past with the load of shingles full tilt after him. Mr. Bradley was running behind as fast as he could and yelling "whoa" at the top of his voice. The shingles were flying in all directions.

The wagon was soon overturned, and with a few vigorous kicks the colt freed himself and plunged on up the hill.

While Mr. Bradley went after the horse she picked her way through the debris of shingles to the wagon and surveyed the wreck. Was that a look of triumph that sparkled in her eyes as she went back?

William found a good dinner waiting for him when he came in. They ate silently for awhile, each busy with meditation.

"Was the colt hurt?" finally asked Mrs. Bradley.

"No, not much. He skinned his ankles a leetle. One of the boards in the bottom of the wagon broke, and that was what scart him."

They ate silently awhile longer. At last Mrs. Bradley spoke in as restrained a tone as she could command: "I guess we'll hev to hev a new carriage now, won't we?"

He put one knee over the other and looked out of the window. "Wall! I've examined the wagon, and the wheels and body are good's ever; so I cal'late with a few new fixin's we kin git—"

"William!"

He looked quickly around.

"William!"

The tone was low, but there was something awfully suggestive about it.

"*William!*" This time it was louder, but with the suggestiveness intensified. She continued, "Don't you fly in the face of Providence."

He quailed beneath her glance. Whatever he had intended to say remained unsaid, for he added in a meek voice—"Kin git a new carriage and hev the wagon fixed up for common."

Next Sunday the church people looked and stared, and looked and stared again, and craned their necks, and stood on tiptoe, as a handsome new carriage drove up. And if there was a look of triumphant pride in Mrs. Bradley's eyes as she stepped out, who can blame her?—Mayme Isham, in Good Housekeeping.

PELTED HIM WITH POTATOES.

A Kentucky Preacher's Good Aim Brought His Antagonist Low.

One way of combating an evil practice is to make it ridiculous. It was by this means that dueling was stopped in a certain district in Kentucky some forty years ago. At that time a traveling preacher named Bowman, a strong, muscular man, was conducting a series of religious meetings in Kentucky. At one of them a well-known desperate character created a disturbance, and, being publicly rebuked by Bowman, sent him a challenge to fight.

The preacher's first thought was to treat the matter with silent contempt. Then he reflected that dueling was all too common in that region, and he decided to accept the challenge.

The contest took place on the outskirts of the town, and almost everybody in the place turned out to see the fun. The seconds arranged the two men in position, by the side of each being a half bushel measure filled with good sized potatoes.

Bowman threw the first one. It struck his opponent in a central spot, and fell to pieces. A shout of delight went up from the crowd, which flurried the desperado, and his potato flew wide of the mark. Bowman watched his chance, and every time his opponent stooped for a potato another one hit him in the side, leaving a wet spot on his clothes and then scattering on all sides. The fellow was hit in this way five times; then the sixth potato struck him in the short ribs, and he lay on the grass doubled up with pain and groaning "Enough!"

The bystanders went wild with delight, but Mr. Bowman looked very sober. The desperado was taken home and put to bed, and there he stayed for more than a week. And when he again appeared he was greeted with so many jokes that life was almost a burden to him. That was the end of dueling in that region.—Lexington Transcript.

AGRICULTURAL HINTS.

PRACTICAL FARMING.

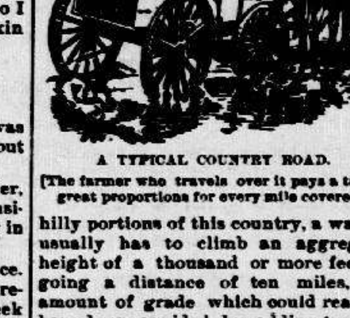
The Laying Out of New Roads Is a Task of Great Importance.

Perhaps some may question the propriety of treating such a subject under "practical farming," but it seems to us that good roads have very much to do with practical farming, and one of the best ways to have good roads is to study the essentials of having them good when laying out new ones.

The following is taken from a paper by Prof. N. S. Shaler, which appeared in the Atlantic Monthly: It seems worth while for all intelligent people to have some general notion concerning the simpler facts involved in the science and art of roadmaking. With such persons the study of these matters may well begin with certain fundamental conceptions as to the essential relations of these constructions. All highways are intended to afford a hard, smooth, and, as nearly as possible, horizontal surface over which that great instrument of civilition, the wheel, with its burden, can be made to move with the least possible friction. Every unit of friction which is encountered is a measurable element of cost, either in time, power or damage to the road and carriage. For every foot of distance he traverses the wagoner is incurring a tax. If he is conveying the weight of a ton to market the amount of this tax for a mile may, under favorable conditions, not exceed five cents. From this minimum scale of expenditure, with the advancing degradation of the way, the cost may increase until it amounts to ten or twenty times what it is in the ideal though seldom realized state of a highway. At a certain stage in the accumulation of the tax even the more adventurous, wisely, though without clear reckoning, regard the way as economically impassable. This conception of a roadway tax and a clear idea as to the frequent enormity of the imposition are the fundamental notions which we need to fix in the minds of our people. With these well affirmed we may hope to interest them in the questions of betterment.

As in most other matters, the details connected with the construction and use of roads are much harder to present than the general considerations of the subject. There are, however, certain simple considerations which will enable anyone to know the essential differences between sound and unsound practice in the construction of highways. The first and most important, though in countries the most neglected, element of care concerns what engineers call the profile of the way; that is, the irregular line described by its center across the country.

The ordinary roadmaster is in all cases tempted to draw his proposed line as directly as possible between his principal objective points. If he makes a digression from a rectilinear path, it is generally because he has encountered an insuperable obstacle, or because some land-owner has effectively objected to having his fields cut in twain. Thus it comes about that the greater part of our roads are, from their unnecessary up-hill and down, sorely taxing to the community which they are supposed to serve. In many parts of New England and the other



A TYPICAL COUNTRY ROAD.

[The farmer who travels over it pays a tax of great proportions for every mile covered.]

hilly portions of this country, a wagon usually has to climb an aggregate height of a thousand or more feet in going a distance of ten miles, an amount of grade which could readily have been avoided by adding two or three miles to the length of the way.

In the rough reckoning of the country engineer, it always seems to be always advantageous to construct a road on the most direct alignment which will be passable to loaded vehicles, with all the power which can conveniently be put upon them. It is easy, however, to show that usually the only economy which is thus effected is the cost of the first construction. A close reckoning will always indicate that this initial economy is bought at a disproportionate annual cost in the expense of use and maintenance. The load which can be drawn over the direct way is often not more than half that which could be taken over the lower route, and proportionate wear on the draught animals and the vehicles will often vary in a similar measure. Moreover, the expense of maintaining hilly roads, under the wearing action of rain, frost and locked wheels, will more than counterbalance the cost of a longer but less inclined route.

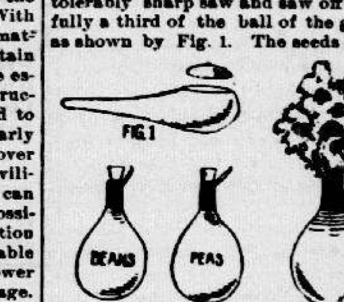
Many persons, particularly those of small experience, are of the opinion that they carry in the mind a wide stretch of country so effectively that they may be able to design a route which will fit the topography in a satisfactory manner. This is clearly a delusion as is shown by the fact that no trained engineer, however wide his experience, dares trust himself to stake out a mile of railway without a careful preliminary survey of the ground, one which will enable him to take to his office the data by which he can plat and compare the several possible routes. This care as to the location of a railway, though invariably taken, is, in proportion to the magnitude of the interests involved, of rather less consequence than that demanded in the case of a common road. The increase in the expenditure of energy required to convey the loads of ordinary wagons up steep slopes is quite as great as it would be in the case of a locomotive climbing like grades, and the power which is applied through horseflesh costs far more per unit than that used in a locomotive. It is therefore clearly important to take the same kind of care in determining the route to be followed by a highway as is taken in the choice of a line for the newer kind of transportation.

When the horn begins to bud out on the calf, moisten it and then apply caustic potash. There will be no horn.

USEFULNESS OF GOURDS.

How They Can Be Made to Serve a Number of Purposes.

The common dipper gourds, whose seeds spring up perennially in the yards and fence corners of hundreds of farms over the country, may be made to serve many useful purposes. The gourd vines which are trained to run up fences and trees or other upright objects usually yield gourds with straight stems; while those which grow window-vine fashion on the ground, have curved or crooked stems. Either kind may be used to make the useful and serviceable dipper, without which no old-fashioned housekeeper considers her kitchen complete. The best way to make a dipper is to use a tolerably sharp saw and saw off carefully a third of the ball of the gourd, as shown by Fig. 1. The seeds are to



be cleaned out and the gourd boiled in water for an hour or more. A little borax or alum should be added.

No better receptacle in which to put garden and other seeds away for next year's use need be desired than good dried gourds, with the stems cut off, and a stopper of soft wood or cork fitted in like the stopper of a bottle. When the end of the stem is neatly sawed or cut off, the seeds or pith should be removed with a wire or sharp stick, and the gourd boiled to toughen it. Before fitting the stopper a strong cord may be wound around the neck which will prevent any liability to crack when the stopper is put in tight. The neck is dipped in melted wax to keep the cord in place. A loop of cord serves to hang up each gourd on a nail, or they may be placed on upper shelves, as the seeds are put in them, after being well dried. The labels from seed packets may be pasted on the gourds to represent the kind of seeds contained in them, or the names may be printed with pen and ink.

Gourds made into seed receptacles are shown in Fig. 2. For saving seeds the small gourds are the best. Larger gourds, with the stems cut off and the seeds removed, make a neat mantel or table ornament, in which small bouquets of flowers or wild grasses may be handsomely arranged. Ornament the gourd with brush and paint, or pen and ink, after your own ideas, and half fill with sand to give weight and put in any pretty flowers or grasses you have and see if the effect is not tasty as well as inexpensive. Gourd bouquet holders are shown in Fig. 3. If desired these holders may be stained any color with the common dyes.—Walter H. Garrison, in Farm and Home.

CARE OF THE ORCHARD.

After Planting Incessant Cultivation Is Absolutely Necessary.

Without a good, sound healthy tree or vine to start with, the best efforts of the planter will avail nothing. Then we have a very severe and changeable climate to contend with, which is often very disastrous to the very best trees. In apple, plant nothing but the best root-grafted trees, and be careful that the roots are not covered with root aphis, which are often the death of newly-planted trees. After your orchard is planted with good, healthy trees, cultivate, says a Nebraska fruit grower. It would do no harm to plant some hoed crop in the orchard, such as garden truck, potatoes, buckwheat and possibly corn, but sweet corn would be best. Then leave a space of six feet between the row of trees and the first row of corn; then keep up a thorough cultivation until trees commence to rear, remembering all the time to keep the ground level between the trees. When trees come to the fruiting age, sow the orchard to red clover, cutting the first crop and letting the second fall down and lie on the ground, with an occasional top-dressing of stable manure. It will pay to go through the orchard occasionally to see that the trees do not get to leaning to the northeast. While trees are young it is an easy job to prevent this. This gentleman believes that it would be a good plan when fruit trees are planted to put a board on the southwest side and keep it there until trees are well established to prevent what is called sun scald.—Farmers' Voice.

Pruning Grapes in Summer.

After the bunches of grapes have formed on the new vine profitable work can be done by going along, pinching off the vines just above the fourth leaf, or one leaf above the last bunch of grapes. This will turn much of the sap into the new vine which is to come out, either at the ground or near to it, to make wood for next year when the old vine is cut away. After this year's vines have been pinched off a new branch will shoot out at the base of each leaf. If these are also pinched off when but a few inches long, no more vines will start out from them and all the sap for this season will go into the fruit and into the new vine which shot out from the ground.

An Improvement in Churns.

An improvement in the ordinary box-shaped concussion churn has been made in Australia. The improvement consists simply in having two square apertures, one opposite the other, instead of the one aperture, which is the rule in ordinary churns. The second opening permits thorough ventilation after the operation of churning is concluded, and also enables the cleaning to be much more effectually done than under the old condition.

Fertilizers for Apple Trees.

A writer in Gardening Illustrated makes the following good suggestions: He finds one of the simplest and best is bone meal, followed with stable manure. This treatment answers for all kinds of fruit. The bone is forked in, and the stable manure is applied as a mulch. Most of the commercial manures are too costly.

If you want to put a front on your house that will be the admiration of every passerby, plant a clematis Jackmanii. The mass of rich purple blossoms makes the poorest house a thing of beauty.

LOOKING FOR OIL AND GAS.

Haphazard Search Only Involves Vain Labor and Expense.

It is still interesting and often astonishing to notice the outlay and often the utter lack of proper guidance that men display in prosecuting the search for oil and natural gas. It seems incredible that the plain suggestions that reliable oil maps now furnish are not more generally studied and an application made of the knowledge in locating the seat of operations when search is to be made for the one or the other of these fluids.

It is understood, of course, that there is always some uncertainty in drilling for either oil or gas, for there is a capricious variation in the rock—the areas of the necessary porosity, pebble deposits, fractures, etc., being necessarily restricted. There may be a sort of arching over of looser material, but inevitably, these arches, if for convenience they may be so considered, must have solid and compact bearings, the open porous conditions being exceptional. But the wildcatter is expected to take extra hazards and if he goes forth in a merely haphazard way, guided by merely a will-o'-the-wisp imagination, he has at least ninety-nine per cent. of the chances against him. He may know something about such and such "degree lines" and still be as blind as a bat in locating the line. It is the anticlinal or synclinal that he should study, and even in these there may be jogs or cross-cuts, and once in a while and unaccountably erratic manifestation. But here, as elsewhere, real knowledge means hard labor. One may not grasp the real theory with much difficulty, but the discernment is to see and interpret signs, if the trail disappears, as it is only too apt to do, to locate its next emergence, for after all there is a general method in these lines of slight hollows or arches in the rock strata. No intelligent operator can afford to ignore the increased chances that systematic locating on such lines gives him. And yet to-day much wildcatting is done in a most obscurely wildcat way. McDonald was tramped over ten years by oil men in quest of oil, and thousands of dollars were thrown away for years, almost within gunshot of one of the finest pools in the entire country. There are first class gas indications in plain view of Pittsburgh to-day, over which gas and oil men have unconsciously ridden for twenty years and have never paused to interpret. In an article entitled: "Secret of the Rock," and published a year ago last winter, occurs this remark:

"There are to-day immense reservoirs of natural gas in Allegheny county undisturbed, some of them almost, if not altogether, in sight of Pittsburgh, over which men are now tramping in their search." Some of these minor pools have since been tapped, but the main ones are still resting in undisturbed repose.—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

HEAT AND RABIES.

More Dogs Go Mad in Midwinter Than in Midsummer.

"Of course you know there is no connection between the hot weather and canine madness," said a Washington veterinarian in speaking to a Post man the other day. "The dog days are a myth, for statistics have shown that rabies in dogs or any other animal does not depend on the heat for its development; but, in fact, there are more mad dogs in Paris every winter according to government statistics, than in the summer. But it is true, nevertheless, that there have been a great many mad dogs in Washington lately. The most of them are not recognized as such, but they are real rabies nevertheless, and every time now that any one comes to me to attend a dog with 'a bone in his throat,' I start out loaded to kill a mad dog, if necessary.

"The most people do not know it, but there are two sorts of rabies, the dumb and the raging. In the latter there is no mistaking the disease. The dog starts out to run amuck, and goes snapping and biting at everything in sight till he falls exhausted. But the other variety is principally indicated by paralysis of the lower jaw, which makes the animal go about with his mouth hanging open as though he had a bone in his throat. The disease does not seem to make the animal vicious, but he goes around looking for sympathy, rubbing affectionately against his master and begging to be caressed. He will lick the face and hands of his owners, if allowed, and the virus is as easily transmitted in this way as through a bite, should the subject of the caress have any cut or abrasion of the skin that the poison can reach.

"The animal will try to drink, but cannot, owing to the paralysis of the throat muscles, and the madness is rarely discovered till in the last stages. I have had several cases of this sort lately among the owners of fine pet dogs, but, of course, when the animal is killed the matter is kept very quiet.

"Madness does not seem to be so common among the curs of the city as with the high-bred specimens. Poundmaster Einstein, when questioned, said that he had not met with a case of rabies this summer, but says it is hot enough down at the pound office to give the poundmaster all the different sorts of madness and brain fever in the catalogue, and now he is going around looking for some one to introduce a special resolution in the house appropriating electric fans for the relief of the pound man."—Washington Post.

Duration of Life Among Doctors.

One of the most curious statistical records that has been compiled this century is that by Dr. Salzman, of Essling, Wurtemburg, on the average duration of life among physicians. He found, on going over the ancient records of the kingdom, that in the sixteenth century the average duration of life among that class was but 36.5 years; in the seventeenth century, 45.8; in the eighteenth, 49.8, and at the present time they reach the favorable average of 56.7. It appears from the footnotes to the above that this very great increase in longevity is due to the disappearance of the "black pest," the introduction of vaccination and the great diminution in the number of typhus epidemics, three classes of diseases which formerly decimated the medical practitioners.—St. Louis Republic.

—Alexander Pope was mercilessly nick-named by his contemporaries because, in his writings, he lampooned all his enemies with no little vigor. He was called the Wasp of Twickenham, the Bard of Twickenham, an Empty Flask, a Little Nightingale, Poet Pug, Paper Sparing Pope, Portentous Cub, and many other insulting names.

IN A PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY.

A Customer Hard to Suit, Easily Riled and a Judge of a Good Picture.

"Now, smile!" said the photographer to a solemn-faced customer who had just sat down to get his picture taken. He smiled. In a while the picture was brought to him for his approval. He said at once that it would not do, as it made him look like a grinning clown of the circus. "Try again," said the photographer, "and now put on your most amiable expression, such as you have when you meet your friends." The customer, anxious to do the proper thing, tried to think of his family at home, and looked as amiable as possible. The product of the artist's skill was soon presented to him, but he declared he would not take it, as it was the likeness of a hypocrite. "You are hard to suit," observed the photographer, "but let us try once more, and now please to look just natural." The customer sat upright and strove to do as he was told. The photographer showed him the picture, "which," said the customer, "makes me look like a blank blockhead!" The customer had got excited, and sprang from his chair as he cried aloud: "You don't know how to take a photograph. You ought to—" "Now," said the photographer, in a decisive way, "hold on for one moment." The fourth picture was taken at once as the customer stood with severe face, extended arm and a spark in his eye. As soon as he beheld it he was happy.

"That's the best photograph of me ever was seen; it is just myself." "Will you take half a dozen?" asked the photographer, in a business tone of voice, "at a dollar apiece?" "I'll take a whole dozen of them," replied the customer, as he gazed at his counterfeit presentment; "and I'll send for more when I get back to Texas, where everybody knows me. I want you to keep that plate till my funeral, and I want you to smash that grinning clown and that spotted hypocrite and that wooden blockhead. This picture's me; and a man can't smile or look pleasant or be natural unless he feels like it; and a feeling of that kind is not my ordinary style. Will you need the money now or wait till I send it by mail?" "Pay on the spot is the rule of this art establishment," announced the photographer; "six for five dollars." The customer gazed at himself again with admiration. The photographer said it was a splendid picture, true to life. The customer promised he would soon return with the money. The photographer told him he could not leave the place without making a deposit. The customer said he would not stand the insult, and struck an attitude of defiance. "Hold on a minute," urged the photographer, as he got ready to take another picture of the man, who then looked like a maniac on the rampage. The customer left the place, fearful of a snap-shot, which the photographer might have used to send him to the madhouse.

The twain met again next day in the photographic gallery. The photographer looked askance. The customer said he had come to get a new picture of himself with a smile on. The photographer told him the copies of the photograph taken the previous day were ready for delivery, cash in advance. The customer gazed once more at the picture, which the photographer had put in shipshape by fixing up the eyes and the mouth and the expression and the raised arm in a way that caused the original to remark: "That looks just like me when I feel like it; but hereafter I'd like to try one of our native artists down in Texas." The photographer smiled. The customer told him that his sneer was an insult to the state of Texas, which would cost him his life if he ever met him down there. The photograher got scared. The customer swore that he would not pay for the pictures, and got hot again. The photographer stepped to the telephone pipe and spoke low. A policeman entered the gallery while the customer was venting his mind. The photographer charged him with attempting to defraud, threatening to kill and breaking the peace. The law breaker had to go with the con to the station house.

This Texan had given proof that he is a man of inflammatory nature, and yet he evidently had a better discernment than the photographer of the essential purpose of facial expression in the art of photography.—N. Y. Sun.

CHARLIE IS NERVOUS.

And Taking His Girl Along to the Dentist's Ruined His Chances.

"I don't think," said the girl with the sailor hat, "that you used Charlie right. There he has gone to a lot of expense getting ready to marry you and you had not given him an intimation that you had any other thought than that of becoming his wife. Then you threw him over in a minute. You've broken his heart and I know it."

"Well," said the girl with the silk waist, "I'm sure I thought I wanted to marry him, but I just couldn't. You wouldn't either, if you had gone through what I did."

"Tell me," said the girl with the sailor hat, imperatively.

"You see, Charlie is nervous; I think he is a good deal of a coward, too, but that didn't matter much. Only, one day he told me that it was necessary for him to go to the dentist's and have some teeth fixed, and he said he couldn't bear the idea. He talked so much about the pain and all that sort of thing that I told him I would go along and cheer him up. He said that that would be just splendid, and that with me around he was sure he could stand all sorts of pain without a whimper. We went up to the dentist's last Saturday afternoon. We had to wait a good while in the ante-room, but Charlie didn't seem to mind it much. I really think that my being there made him feel better, and I was glad of it.

"The time came for him to go into the operating room, and he went in, first squeezing my hand and telling me to stay there until he came out. I sat over near the door and could hear the conversation. The dentist took one of those horrid, pokey little things and pried around in Charlie's mouth. Then he said that there were two teeth that would have to be pulled. I heard Charlie give a great gasp, and he asked the dentist to let me come in the room and stay there until the teeth were out. I didn't want to a bit, but went for Charlie's sake. When I got in there Charlie was lying back in the chair with his mouth wide open and I was shocked. He is a fairly good-looking fellow usually, but with that mouth open he is a fright. I couldn't endure living with a man who looked like that, so I just left the place and sent Charlie back his ring."—Buffalo Express.

STITCHES IN TIME.

They Go Far to Lessening the Work of the Housewife.

One of the most distasteful of housekeeping duties is the weekly mending, and still worse the monthly mending—for the inch darn that would have been all-sufficient three weeks earlier now demands a full half hour of steady work that raises strong doubts as to whether the game is worth the candle, while toes and heels have come through stockings that needed only a few stitches when first noticed. The woman who hesitates about mending at the outset, nipping decay in the bud, as it were, is assuredly lost so far as any further satisfaction in the neglected garments is concerned, and every time they are washed fresh gaps are sure to appear.

The smallest thin place should be darned as evenly as though it were embroidery, and the darning-stitch is often used for this purpose. When fine and regular, the work is really beautiful, and imparting this fact to a child will greatly mitigate the woes of her first lesson in darning. The evenness and regularity of a darn give it dignity and elevate it into a work of art.

It is important, however, to know when to darn and when not to darn, as most women's time in these busy days is of far more value than ordinary material in a half-worn condition; and unless the darn or patch is well surrounded with healthy fabric it will not pay for the trouble, as the least strain on a thin part makes it worse than it was before. A great deal of mending which would have been in high esteem fifty years ago is now simply preposterous; but if done at all, it should be done in the best possible manner.

Darning thin places rather than mending holes is true economy both of time and material; and whether thick or thin, cotton or woolen, a small loop of the thread should always be left at each end. Many workers treat only woolen material in this way, to allow for the shrinking of the new thread; but all new material shrinks more or less, and the fresh threads introduced into the many times washed garment will soon be so drawn as to pull it into fresh dilapidation all around the original darn. The extra trouble in this kind of darning will more than pay for itself in the end, and it is the invariable method of a gifted expert with the needle who looks well to the ways of her household, and has many occupations besides that of mending.

The mending thread should be as near as possible in size to that of the material as the darn will not only look better but wear better; and it is desirable to have the needle as fine as the thread or silk will carry. If the surrounding parts are thin or the tear jagged, a piece of thinner material should be neatly basted on the wrong side and hemmed down afterwards. Silk answers very nicely on woolen goods.

With wash goods mending should always be done before washing, as it can then be done more easily and neatly, and the tear or thin place will spread no further, whereas one laundering may tear it from end to end. It is also well to put away clothing for the season in perfect order, to be ready for the sudden emergency which so rarely comes when one is ready for it.

Men's flannels are prominent in the list of articles that show very little consideration in their sudden style of going to pieces; and the accomplished needle woman already quoted heads them off, so to speak, by cutting out the affected parts, cutting remorselessly down to sound material that will bear two rows of machine stitching, and then sewing in new flannel carefully basted and matching the run of the threads. A new lease of life is thus insured, and they enter upon a fresh career of usefulness. Sometimes an entire arm is amputated and a new one inserted; but whatever the heroic measure happens to be, it is very thorough and works admirably. Darns and temporary repairs make little impression where reconstruction is needed, and "catching together" is the most unsatisfactory of subterfuges.

It is not particularly interesting work to patch tablecloths, but it can be done so neatly as to make it difficult for any one not acquainted with the geography of the article to find the patch. Miss Alice, in the Wide, Wide World, did all her patching on a thread with invisible stitches, which means that needle and cotton were of the finest, and the eyesight of the seamstress ditto. Also her organ of neatness and order. A pattern should always be matched; and after basting on the wrong side a patch large enough to cover all the thin part, the edges of the hole should be trimmed off even and hemmed to the patch with tiny stitches as undrawn as possible. It is then hemmed on the wrong side and ironed perfectly flat.

Sheets which threaten to become thin in the middle—not *have* become so—should be summarily dealt with by splitting them at once and sewing the two outer edges together. This brings the stronger portion where there is most wear, and the work is finished with hemming the sides. By doing this in time twice the ordinary amount of wear can be secured.

Some ingenious menders of woolen and Balbriggan articles use a crotchet-needle with good effect as soon as a moderate-sized hole becomes visible, catching up the stitches that seem disposed to make the most of their liberty, and filling the aperture with fresh ones. This method has the advantage of not proclaiming itself as a darn, and is very satisfactory to a careful worker.

There are deeper devices in mending than are dreamed of in ordinary philosophy.—Harper's Bazar.

Two Heads Worse Than One.

Spencer—Did you know that Mussleigh is being tried for bigamy?

Ferguson—Good gracious, no! Why, he married a museum freak a week or two ago; you don't mean to say he is married again?

Spencer—No; not exactly. You see, he married a two-headed albino girl, and one of them got jealous and had him arrested.—Puck.

—Washington had innumerable nicknames. He was called the American Fabius, in allusion to the fact that he pursued a cautious policy, and without ever winning a battle managed to harass and worry the enemy; the Atlas of America, the Cincinnatus of the West, this name by Byron; the Deliverer of America, the Father of His Country, the Step-father of His Country, the Flower of the Forest, a name given him by the Indians, and Lovely Georgius, a name bestowed by the British soldiers engaged in the war.

PERSONAL AND IMPERSONAL.

—Prof. Sayce has been editing the English translation of Prof. Maspero's "Dawn of Civilization." The work will appear in the autumn.

—The letters and manuscripts of the late Prof. Robertson Smith are to be edited by his brother, Mr. Mitchie Smith, of Madras, and by Dr. Sutherland Black.

—Prof. Onken, the German historian, has been all his life remarkably free from pimples. He is a vegetarian, and his favorite meal is formed of buttered rolls, eaten with radishes.

—Voltaire, when he began the study of English, and found that "ague" was pronounced as two sylables and "plague" as one, said that he wished that half the English had the one disease and the other half the other.

—Prince Bismarck's estates are heavily mortgaged, amounting to about seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars. Of his gross income more than thirty-two thousand dollars must be devoted every year to paying the interest on his debts.

—John Marshall, says the Philadelphia Press, is to go on a postage stamp. That is well. He did more than any other man on our bench to decide that the United States is a nation. His decisions struck the first great blows in the struggle for the union and dug the foundations on which rose our present fabric of constitutional law.

—Before leaving this country to spend his sabbatical year abroad it is expected that Prof. Barrett Wendell will have completed his book, "William Shakespeare—A Study in English Literature." Prof. Wendell is the author of as clear and clever a hand book on English composition as scholar or ignoramus can hope to scan.

—Dr. C. H. S. Davis, of Meriden, Conn., is said to have one of the finest libraries in the state of Connecticut. Dr. Davis is the editor of Biblia, a monthly journal of biblical and archæological literature, and a joint editor of "Ancient Egypt." His collection of ancient Egyptian archæological remains is said to be the largest in the United States.

—Miss Sara Jeannette Duncan, the author of "A Social Departure," is the daughter of Charles Duncan, of Brantford, Ont. After teaching awhile she entered upon journalistic work, and in her journey around the world was correspondent for several English and Canadian papers. She is now the wife of Prof. Everard Cotes, who holds an important position in the Indian museum, Calcutta.

—The popular novelist of the day will not starve. Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson, it is reported, is asking in England ten thousand dollars for the serial rights alone of his new story: "The Lord Justice Clerk." Another novelist, Mr. Kipling, has seen his "Jungle Book" sell in England at the rate of ten thousand copies. Nobody knows yet how many have been disposed of in America and elsewhere.

—Capt. Mahan, United States navy, who has been receiving such unusual honors from England, is extremely modest by temperament. After he had finished the manuscript of his remarkable work on "Sea Power" early in the year 1889 he submitted it to a literary man in this city, making the characteristic remark that it was "a conscientious piece of work." The New York litterateur found it a good deal more than that and strongly advocated its publication. It has made Mahan famous.

"A LITTLE NONSENSE."

—Wished He Hadn't Said It.—She—"Your step suits mine admirably." He—"So glad; 'specially as I dance so dreadfully bad."—Leed's Mercury.

—Naming the Baby.—

What shall we name the baby?
The pink-white little elf;
Don't worry, but wait till it's older,
And then let it name itself.
—Detroit Free Press.

—A Little Ad.—

The merchant said to his office boy,
"Publicity, I scoff it!"
"But a little ad," said the little lad,
"Will a little add to your profit."
—Printer's Ink.

—"Why don't you send your husband to the water cure?" "Great goodness! What's the use? He never tastes it no more an' if it was poison."—Inter Ocean.

—An Irish Sportsman.—Pat—"Be jabers, yez shot naythur wan av thim!" Mike—"How th' divil could I, whin th' repoort av th' gun frightened both av thim away?"—Leslie's Weekly.

—"Kranse will have it that he made a speech of two hours' duration at the meeting, but I see it only takes up the space of half a column in the papers." "Ah; but, you know, Kranse stammers."—Humoristiche Blaetter.

—Might Investigate.—First Shark—"Why do you watch that girl in the red suit so narrowly?" Second Shark—"Oh, nothing! Only I heard a fellow tell her she was nice enough to eat, and I thought I might as well keep an eye on her."—Puck.

—Misunderstood.—Two rival physicians were once swopping lies about the size of their respective practices. "Do you know," said the one, "I was wakened up no less than five times last night." "Mercy, what a shame!" was the prompt reply. "Why don't you get some insect powder?"—Truth.

—Little Fay had been given a ten-cent piece and sent to buy a postage-stamp. The clerk gave her the stamp, and eight pennies in change. Fay counted the pennies twice. Then she said, with a puzzled look, "I don't think this is right. How much did you say a two-cent stamp cost?"—Youth's Companion.

—"What's the matter, Butler? You look very glum." "I am glum. You know those patent dime banks that won't open until you've got ten dollars in em?" "Yes." "Well, we've got one home. I put in $9.90." "And burglars came in and stole it?" "No, sir; but my wife put in the hundredth dime and got the ten dollars!"—Harper's Bazar.

—"I think Dawkins' books ought to have diagrams to explain his jokes," said Criticus. Dawkins has fixed that. Everytime he has any of his characters perpetrate a joke he adds, 'At this sally of Rupert's the whole company laughed,' or, 'As Rupert spoke, Maud was convulsed with laughter.' It is a great scheme for humorists," Cynicus replied—Harper's Bazar.

Correct Judgment.

Husband (angrily reviewing his wife's milliner's bill)—When I asked for your hand I certainly expected to get a wife of moderate and modest views.

Wife—Well, didn't I prove the correctness of your judgment by accepting you?—Truth.