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, NOVEMBER 3, 1894. VOL. XIX.—NO. 45.

NOSTALGIA.

I'm tired of the town; I want
The silence of the fields;
I'm thirsting for the peace and rest
The quiet meadow yields.

I want the little breeze to blow
Across my tired face;
I long to shut my eyes and feel
The beauty of the place.

I want to hear the busy hum
Our little kissfolk make;
I want to smell the damp moist earth
That feeds the fern and brake.

I want so much, I only want
The Lethe summer brings;
To hear the bluebird's liquid note
And see his flashing wings.

To lie upon the kind brown earth,
And hear the sweet brown thrush
Calling the trooping daisies up
Through all the grassy hush.

I want my little brothers' songs
To set my soul in tune;
I want forgetfulness of all
But birds, and leaves, and June.

I want no joys of life and love,
No touch of human hands;
I long to lie on nature's breast,
And feel she understands.
—Mary A. Taggart, in N. Y. Independent.

The Captain's Story.

By L. R. Zarbe.

THE night was without fog, but pitch dark. The upper sky was full of clouds, and through the clear darkness the lights of passing vessels were visible for miles. There was no wind; the waters of the wide lake were silent, curving away from the bow of the vessel in long, smooth waves, the film of crisp foam on their crests shining now and then as it caught the ship's light.

It was the captain's watch. Bundled against the chill of the night, a few passengers sat about him, murmuring detached sentences among themselves, for the captain on this deck was autocrat, and the word just now was silence.

But soon in the east a light wind sprang up; the clouds rolled cumbrously, and between them the harvest moon shone suddenly, blood-red, painting a lurid streak straight through the black water to the ship.

With the light, silence fled; the shapeless forms became animated, the waves against the bow took on a cheerier note, and the captain amicably accepted a cigar. But behind from the window of the pilothouse, the unchanged face of the man at the wheel stared out to sea.

"There surely is no danger to a boat on such a night as this?" ventured the captain's favorite, who was curious as to the cause of the tension from which we had all so suddenly been relieved; and as we were talking of nerve in emergencies, the question seemed not too bold.

"Starboard, Charlie, starboard!" suddenly boomed the captain's deep voice to the man at the wheel, with an intonation at once familiar and sternly professional.

"I never had but one piece of bad luck, and that was eight years ago"—he had resumed his conversational attitude—"and it might jus' as well happen this minute.

"I was sailin' the Davidson then, carrying coal up and iron down the lake. She was a pretty big barge, an' I had my savings in her.

"Me an' my wife was sitting on the bow one night; my girls had gone to bed—they'd been skylarkin' all evening. It was fearful black, but there was no fog, an' you could see a light miles off—

"Starboard! what you got a head for? Starboard! I said."

"Starboard," repeated the dull voice of the man at the wheel, and the huge bulk of a vessel cleft the path of silver and drifted past us in the gloom.

"I hadn't no more thought of an accident than you have this minute," went on the captain, with a nervous catch in his voice. "Away off to starboard was the lights of a vessel. I could see as well as I see you. Pretty soon he whistled twice. That meant he was a' goin' to keep to his side. Then I whistled twice, meanin' keep to his side. Me an' my wife was awatchin' him. All at once my wife said, 'Tom, she's comin' for us.'

"Port a little, Charlie."

"Port, sir," said the man at the wheel.

"By George, I see her lights turn, an' in a minute she was on us, straight amidships, two-thirds through us.

"Fyelled for 'em not to back out of the hole. We'd have sunk before you could wink if she had.

"Steady."

"Steady, sir!" said the man at the wheel.

"I ran into my cabin for a life-preserver, and clapped it on my wife. She was cryin' an' moanin' about the girls. 'Fanny,' I says, 'be a woman! The girls is dead, an' we'll be too in a minute.' She never made a whimper after that, an' I took hold of her an' climbed up to the roof of my pilot house—their bow was right against my mast. I slags out for a line. There was no time to lose, an' they threwed it quick. I fastened it about me an' her, an' they hauled us up on their deck.

"All this time the steam was roarin' up from the boilers, an' I heard a man down below cryin' an' screamin'; but it's natural, sir, for a man to try to save his own children first, an,' although I was sure the girls was killed, I had to know for certain.

"I ran across the bow as soon as I could get free from Fanny, jumped down on my deck, an' run for the girl's stateroom.

"It was empty. The girls was gone!—

"Starboard a little, Charlie!"

"Starboard, sir," said the man at the wheel.

"I run into every one of them staterooms, cryin': 'Where's the girls?' Pretty soon, way up on the Delia's deck, I heard my steward hollerin': 'Here they are, all safe, sir!'

"He was a good one, that fellow," the captain went on, after a pause. "As soon as we was struck he run for the girls an' got 'em out, an' the three just crawled flat on the deck through the steam."

"And was no one lost?" asked the favorite passenger.

"Steady, Charlie!"

"Steady, sir," said the man at the wheel.

"Three, ma'am, three," the captain hummed in his deep voice. "That same steward—it makes me laugh now to think how that man hollered—you see, when I knew the girls was safe, thinks I, I've got time to get my books. So I run to my cabin an' got 'em out just in time. But the steward, him an' a passenger an' the mate, they started to save that poor feller that was hollerin' in the boiler room. The passenger an' the mate, they went down, an' they'd got the man on the passenger's shoulders, an' the steward was lyin' flat on deck ready to take hold of him when they got that far. But all of a sudden the passenger hollered: 'Look out for yourselves!' an' throwed the man off his shoulders, an' our ship went down like a log. It warn't more than five minutes, all told, after we'd been struck."

"But that was *four* drowned," said the passenger.

"I was climbing up the Delia like mad when I heard that steward a-yellin': 'Cap'n!' an' instead of bein' safe on the Delia, there he was floatin' in the water on a board.

"You see, the suction of the ship goin' down had lifted the hurricane-deck clean off an' let him out, an' there he was.

"The Delia was chuck full of passengers, an' they fixed up my girls all right. But you see, that cap'n, he jus' got rattled. He had to change his course completely to run into me, an' he had—

"Now steady, Charlie, steady!" said the captain, as two shrill sounds came out of the darkness.

"Well, you had nerve to go back after your books," said the readiest one of the passengers.

"Well, maybe," the captain answered, modestly; "but I tell you," he announced, standing straight and tall before us, and bringing the edge of one huge hand down across the palm of the other, "I'm more excited this minute tellin' about it than I was doin' it that night.

"Now, starboard, Charlie, starboard," and the captain leaped up on the pilothouse deck and blew an answering signal to the big barge which presently came floating toward us in the wide expanse, with a half-dozen schooners, loaded to the water's edge, in her wake.

The favorite passenger sat silent, her eye on the set young face of the man at the wheel, turning, as his duty was, his wheel to the left

STANDING STRAIGHT AND TALL BEFORE US.

when his orders were to go right, and to the right when he was to go to the left. "I think," said she, contemplatively, "if there were a little more common sense in the making of steering-gear, such accidents as yours wouldn't happen."

The captain looked down at her quizzically, and considered her words.

"Darned if it doesn't take a woman to see through things," he said presently.—Outlook.

ALMOST A TRAGEDY.

The Trying Experience of a Lone Girl in a Railway Car.

She was a fair young creature of some eighteen summers—more or less.

She wore a slightly alarmed look and a brown braided jacket at 18 and 11-3, sale price.

She occupied one corner of a compartment car.

But she was not alone.

No.

A beetle-browed ruffian sat in the farther corner and glowered darkly upon the hapless girl.

He wore a long black coat.

A slouch hat.

And a general air of mystery which would have befitted a sausage factory.

By the feeble light of the lamp above his eyes seemed to shine with a devilish malignity as he gazed across at his helpless companion.

Or victim?

Ah!

The train sped on into the deepening mist.

It would stop no more until—until it reached Loughboro Junction.

What tragedy is this?

What tale of horror are we about to unfold?

Reader, have patience.

The black browed ruffian looked craftily across at the luckless girl from beneath his coal black lashes.

Her eyes fell beneath his piercing gaze.

Rapidly, silently, his long, lean right hand disappeared in the breast of his cloak.

The girl raised her eyes and saw the action. Her hair stiffened, her very heart's blood seemed to freeze within her, and she sat in mute horror gazing at the villain with terror stricken looks.

He was feeling for a concealed weapon. There could be no doubt of it.

In another moment all would be over and she a bleeding corpse upon the floor, with this murderer, this madman, gloating o'er his dread handiwork.

Oh, for the power to think, to pull the communication cord, to scream for the help which must come too late!

The assassin removed his hand. The light glinted upon the burnished metal of his pistol.

He raised it deliberately and—

Bang!

The girl sprang quickly into the air with a single cry, and then sank back upon the seat.

Dead?

No. The man had only taken out his brandy flask, and the train had gone over a fog signal.—N. Y. Advertiser.

PRIDE, like the magnet, constantly points to one object, self; but unlike the magnet, it has no attractive pole, but at all points repels.—Colton.

AGRICULTURAL HINTS.

ROADS IN NEW JERSEY.

Good Work Done by a Man Who Understands His Business.

In Morris county, which is in the hilly part of New Jersey, the road overseers supervise sections ranging from one-fourth of a mile to three miles. They are appointed by the town committees, and a portion of the road taxes appropriated to each section. In order to give a good idea of the different methods and results, I will describe the actual way the work is done under several overseers.

An overseer who has been on his section for several years, adopted the plan of plowing up the top of the higher points and hauled the ground, which is first-class material, being sandy and soft stone, to the lower points. The result is first-class improvement. The hills are lowered, the soft, low places become smooth and solid, and both dust and mud are done away with. He allowed one of the neighbors to haul the accumulation

A GOOD COUNTRY ROAD.

[The mute appeal made by this picture should be a convincing argument to all obstructionists.]

of sod that forms along the side of the road onto his fields to cover up a stump, to fill a low place, or to cover clayey ground.

The poorest of all possible material for making roads is the accumulation of sod alongside of the road formed from the dust of former years. But it is the best material to put in the field. Nevertheless, another overseer adopted this plan. He plows up the old dust sod and puts it in the road helter skelter, more particularly he endeavors to make the ridges or "turn water" a little higher, and is sure to haul any sand that may have accummulated at the foot of some of the hills to the top, thereby keeping the hill as high as ever. He works out the taxes.

Other overseers work in various ways. Some have a machine that is drawn by four powerful horses to scrape all the stuff from both sides of the road and deposit it in the middle, making either dust or mud, to be continued as long as this system is continued, as it is generally impossible to make such material pack firmly.—J. Flomerfelt, in American Agriculturist.

PLEA FOR WIDE TIRES.

Try Them First and Good Roads Will Be Easily Attained.

In those parts of the country where stone does not abound and the most available road material is prairie mud, the first, best and cheapest relief is to use wide tires. Next, put in under drains and keep the road well shaped up. Such a road properly looked after comes very near being right for sparsely settled prairie country, and during a large part of the year is good enough for anybody, but it is absolutely necessary to use wide tires, and, what is more, it is profitable to the user in that he can haul double the corn out of the field that he could have hauled with narrow tires and he can get to town with a very much larger load, even when he is the only user of wide tires over that road, and as soon as the flat-footed wagons become general it is not necessary to spend one-half the amount in keeping up even a common dirt road.

With proper drainage and wide tires a long step is taken in the direction of going to town in the spring and fall. Few localities are so low that drainage is not practical, and even in the lowest "bottoms" a road properly raised, with suitable side ditches and cross tiles, will be in good shape most of the time, but no such road can stand narrow tires.

Get proper highways as soon as possible, but get wide tires *now*. The meanest road is made better; a fair road is much improved; a soft road is kept smooth; a good road is left so; a hard road is made harder; a smooth road is made smoother; a rough road is leveled; and all roads last longer; larger loads can be hauled; larger bank accounts may be maintained; better profits for the farmer; better prices for the consumer; better nature will prevail, and better citizens are made by the use of *wide tires*.

Therefore get wide tires first and good roads will be easier of attainment.—Good Roads.

Biggest Tax Paid by Farmers.

Certain statisticians with ample time and patience for figures have found that it costs one billion dollars each year to transport the goods that are carried in wagons. Of this sum it is estimated that six hundred and twenty-five million dollars is due directly to bad roads. If all the roads in the country were as smooth and as hard as a driving park or race track, that vast sum of money would be saved each year to those who drive horses—mostly farmers. The total value of farm products is estimated at two-and-a-half billion dollars, so that bad roads are responsible for the loss of nearly one-fourth the total home value. No business on earth can thrive with such a drain on it. Talk about the farmer's loss from tariff taxes—it isn't a touch to the bad road tax!—Rural New Yorker.

Internal Temperature of Trees.

The internal temperature of trees has been observed for some time past by M. Prinz, of Uccle, in Belgium, who finds their mean annual temperature at the heart of the trunk the same as that of the air, but the mean monthly temperature of the trees sometimes differ from the latter by two or three degrees centigrade. On certain days the difference in question may be as much as ten degrees centigrades. In very cold weather the internal temperature falls to a few tenths of a degree below the freezing point, and then remains stationary. In very hot weather the temperature of the tree should be fifteen degrees centigrade or thereabout. A large tree is, therefore, cooler in hot weather and warmer in cold weather than the air.

SEPARATING CREAM.

Cold Water Will Hasten the Process and Save Labor and Expense.

Butter made from cream in submerged cans has not that delicacy of flavor of butter from cream raised in open cans, and is readily detected by a critical observer. A method is fast coming into use which is simple, inexpensive, a saving of ice and labor, preserves the quality of the open can and saves time almost as well as the mechanical separator, without the expense.

The milk, warm from the cow, is strained into a can till it is half full; then fill the can with cold water, which aerates milk, and immediately reduces its temperature to about 70 degrees F., even in the warmest of weather. All the cream will rise to the surface in less than three hours.

The combined milk and water is drawn by a faucet from the bottom of the can till the cream appears, which is then drawn into a separate vessel. As the cream is separated in less than three hours, the can or cans used for the morning's milk are ready to be used for the night's milk; all that need go into the house is the sweet cream, thus lightening the labor there. The diluted skim milk is fed to the pigs, the costly butter fat extracted from it being replaced by the cheaper fat of cornmeal, in such proportions as are needed to feed to growing or fattening stock.

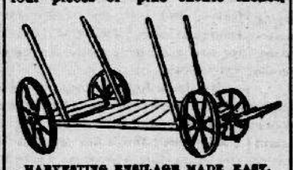
No time is lost, no labor required, nor expensive machinery to keep in repair when using the dilution process. As soon as the milk is mixed with water the separation goes on naturally, while the farmer is attending to other duties. This quick, inexpensive process, requiring no ice even in the warmest weather, enables the farmer to convert his cream into butter at home without the expense of carrying or having it carried to a creamery. It also enables those farmers who are supplying the large markets to maintain a fair price for milk. They can manufacture it into butter for a time and reduce the quantity of the milk sent to market till it will command a fair price. The farmers can control the price of milk if they wish, instead of the contractors dictating what they shall take. Any improvement in dairying that will cheapen the cost of production will run up the profit, the same as an increase in the selling price. Good pastures are an essential element in profitable dairying. Without manure no good farming is possible. — Andrew H. Ward, in Ohio Farmer.

ENSILAGE FODDER RACK.

A Device Which Saves Much Labor and Lots of Annoyance.

Although the growing of a good crop of grain as well as fodder and allowing it to ripen for ensilage gives us much better ensilage than the old plan of growing fodder only and cutting and canning it green, it does not in the least aid us in the solution of the problem of transporting our ensilage material from the field to the cutter. The long stalks with large, heavy ears are very difficult to handle. Many devices have been gotten up to aid in handling this fodder, and one of the best which we have seen is a low-down wagon described in the Ohio Farmer by F. P. Stump, of the Ohio state university farm, as follows:

The plan is to fit an ordinary farm wagon with a rack low enough to allow one man alone to load, conveniently, a fair load. It requires for material two pieces of pine 5x6 inches by 16 feet, one piece of oak 5x6x12 inches, four pieces of pine 5x6x15 inches,



HARVESTING ENSILAGE MADE EASY.

About 50 or 60 feet of inch lumber and four good, strong standards, of oak preferably; then four bolts ⅝x20 inches; one 1¼-inch jointed kingbolt with two iron keys, one iron plate 4x8⅝ inches, four iron plates each 8x1½x¼ inches, eight standard bands—four large, four small—with two small 5½-inch bolts for each. Then a long chain completes the outfit, though the chain is not essential. The front bolster, rear hounds and coupling pole or reach must be removed from the wagon and the rack bolted under the rear axles and suspended under the front axle as shown in the cut. We find this rack convenient for many other uses on the farm. It comes in very useful where one stocks his corn and draws it to the barn to husk, or in drawing the stalks to the barn after husking in the field.

DAIRY SUGGESTIONS.

COWS SHOULD by no means be hurried over their calving. It is a mistaken idea to take them away from their stalls at this period. After the calf is born give the cow about two quarts of cold water. Linseed and flour gruel for a few days will be found to be a good diet, strengthening the cow and promoting the flow of milk.

IF it be deemed advisable during the time when cows are dry for calving to feed them on an inferior quality of hay—and this is practiced by the best of farmers—a handy method of improving the hay is to scatter a handful of cornmeal over it in the mangers before the cows. It will also pay to treat good hay in this manner.

FOR the first two or three weeks young calves destined for dairy cows can profitably be allowed all the new milk they want; after this period they may be fed on skim milk, which, however, should by all means be improved by ground linseed, or similar preparations, with ground wheat or oatmeal added. These additions to the skim milk should be boiled or steamed, and not given raw to the calves, being in the former condition more easily digested.—Farmers Voice.

The Best He Could.

The young man had recently come into possession of a handsome estate, and he was blowing it in at such a rate that an old friend of his father's felt called upon to remonstrate with him.

"You don't know how to treat a fortune," said the old gent, after he had talked himself into a bad humor.

"The deuce I don't," responded the rapid youth; "I'm sure it gets champagne every day and all the concomitants. You don't expect me to treat it as beer, do you?"—Detroit Free Press.

WORK THAT GOES AWRY.

Some Things that Disturb the Household Happiness.

Every housekeeper knows that it is not the steady routine work which goes on day after day, with variations of incidental company and incidental extra work of various kinds, that breaks down the health and temper. In the harmonious home, and there are thousands of such happy homes throughout the land, each member of the family contributes a share of work to the complete whole.

The things that exhaust the patience and leave a powerful impress finally, like drops of water on the hard rock, wearing out nervous strength and patience, are the unexpected. There seems to be certain individuals so constituted that they can not conform to the routine ways of any home. They invariably tangle up the work by going on in an individual way of their own, regardless of the convenience of all other members of the household. The hour for breakfast may be settled for all the rest, but not for them. In all sorts of unexpected ways they manage to interfere with the routine of things, and actually make double work for everyone else.

There are some housekeepers who have no idea of system, who are hard, drudging workers, forever cleaning and grubbing over floors and pantries that ought to be kept clean. Bustle and noise are not parts of a good housekeeper's work. The wheels of motion in a well-kept house move so noislessly that no one is aware that there is a system in all that goes on, unless it be by the sense of quiet and peace prevailing over everything. It is just this quiet atmosphere which the undisciplined person fails to appreciate. Yet there can be no home without serious breaks in comfort where there is no thorough system, disguised though it may be; and the ignorant person wonders why everything seems to be in perfect order without any display of extraordinary work. The reason is that the work is all done at an appointed time, and an extra effort is made if there is to be extra work.

The housekeeper who is systematic does not attempt to do more than she can. She refuses to do unnecessary work which she is sure can not be accomplished without hurry and confusion, and which will put back necessary work. It requires cool judgment to estimate this, and some independence to accomplish it. When every other woman in the village has joined a new society, it seems churlish to refuse to do so, yet the systematic housekeeper must sometimes refuse if it interferes with necessary work at home. In general it will be found that she does more for the church and for the other objects in the village because her time is so arranged that she has more to spare.

The family sewing-basket is not allowed to get beyond her needle. The old maxim, "A stitch in time saves nine," is carefully heeded, and the mending is lessened. The systematic woman keeps an account-book and knows to a penny what the expenditures are, and she does not go beyond them. She is not subject to untoward accidents, like the upsetting of lamps, the overturning of china, and those various mishaps that try the patience, because she is careful. The whole secret of her system lies in her care of little things. And because of this very care she is saved much of the labor of more negligent women.

Nothing is so wearisome and so wearing to the nervous system as the irritation arising from want of system and general haphazard methods of housekeeping. It is truth, not fiction, that indolent people always work the hardest. They never find what they are in search of. They make all manner of work which of necessity they are compeled to take care of.—N. Y. Tribune.

NEWSPAPER ENGLISH.

It is Plain and Orators Use It to Great Advantage.

"No statesman who is worth his salt will be hampered by tradition," said Lord Rosebery in a recent speech. And the saying is a good one in itself. Traditions are useful only when they help. They are a good deal worse than worthless when they hamper.

But Lord Rosebery's saying is chiefly remarkable as an illustration of the fact that he is not hampered by the traditions of stilted English oratory. "Worth is salt," is a breezy colloquialism which expresses in three words which could not have been so well expressed in three sentences of the finest oratorical English.

The fine oratorical English in which our grandfathers delighted seems insufferably stilted to us of this generation. We demand plain English, and the man who wishes to reach the largest number of people will use the plainest of plain English.

The newspapers, which have a hand in nearly everything, have done this. They have shown the advantage of speaking in intelligible language. They are condemned by college professors for using colloquialisms, vulgarisms if you please, such as this with which Lord Rosebery enforces his meaning. But what the newspaper tries to do is make itself intelligible to the largest number of people in the shortest time and smallest space. Very often fine English is effective, but oftener still a colloquialism will ring the bell where the English of Addison would not strike the outer rim of a target.

The orators are finding this out and conforming to it. Something is lost, perhaps, but more is gained, for it means another step away from the exclusiveness of an intellectual aristocracy; another concession to the intellectual needs of the masses, the despised Toms, Dicks and Harrys, over whose heads the orators of our classical period fired the resonant salvos of their heavy artillery.—N. Y. World.

—Eleven thousand guineas is now the record price paid in an auction room in London for a picture. This amount was realized at Christie's for Sir Joshua Reynolds' portrait of Lady Betty Delme, sister of the earl of Carlisle, with her children, a picture which is well known through engravings. It was put up at 5,000 guineas, and was secured by Mr. Charles Wertheimer, a dealer, for 11,000 guineas. The famous "Duchess of Devonshire," by Gainsborough, which so mysteriously disappeared, was knocked down for 10,100 guineas, and the Raphael in the Dudley collection two years ago went for about 3,000 guineas.

DR. KILL, THE EMINENT—I assure you, miss, the St. Vitus dance is something awful.

SHE—Oh, is it? I never danced it, but I like the Oxford real well

Woman's Curiosity.

She—Women haven't a bit more curiosity than men, so they haven't.

He—No, but it is manifested in different lines. For instance, a woman might own a sewing machine for years without finding out how it is made, but she wouldn't have a seamstress in the house a week without knowing all about her.—Indianapolis Journal.

HONOR AMONG THIEVES.

Her Ma—Sir, you've stolen my daughter's love!

Bold Culprit—Well, didn't I return it?

Her Ma (making her exit, aside)—Another case of "honor among thieves."—N. Y. Ledger.

A Soft Answer.

Mrs. De Pink—I am amazed, sir, that you should propose to my daughter. Why, she is just out of boarding-school, and you have not known her a week.

Young Man (a smart fellow)—True, madame, but I have known you for some time, and everybody says your daughter takes after you.—N. Y. Weekly.

Sister's Indifference.

Little Boy—You needn't worry about sister and Mr. Poorchap. She doesn't care a snap for him.

Mother (much relieved)—How did you learn that?

Little Boy—When they are in the parlor alone she won't even let him have a chair to himself.—Good News.

Country Board.

"Well," said Mr. Hollerstraw, as he entered his rural abode, "I've made a right good dicker."

"How?" asked his wife.

"I found a city storekeeper that wants ter send his fam'ly out here ter live on the farm, an' he pays in condensed milk an' canned meat an' things."—Washington Star.

Forgot to Put in Her Teeth.

He—I wonder how I can have offended Miss Primleigh?

She (a rival)—Why, what makes you ask?

He—I met her on the avenue this afternoon and she bowed without her usual smile.

She—Probably she had forgotten to put in her teeth.—Town Topics.

METHOD IN HIS MADNESS.

Abe—Whad fo' yo' goin' marry dat ol' Sally Ann, Mose? She's jes' 'bout free times yo' age.

Mose—I 'low yo' doan' know Sally Ann's got de fines' water-million patch in de kentry, does yo'?—Judge.

A Reformation.

Amy—I remember your friend Clare married Mr. Nicotine so as to reform him. He was such an intemperate smoker. How did she succeed?

Joe—Perfectly. He gave up tobacco entirely—and took to drink.—Arkansaw Traveler.

Why They Do It.

Mrs. Hauton—Don't you know, my dear, it is extremely bad form to turn and look after a gentleman in the street?

Daughter—Yes, but, mamma, I was only looking to see if he was looking to see if I was looking; that's all.—Town Topics.

A Great Advantage.

Cymbals—Squiggles going to play the coronet? He'll never do anything with it. He has no lip at all.

Bass Viol—But just think of his magnificent cheek!—Boston Transcript.

Delicate.

Briggs—I saw you in the barber's shop yesterday.

Griggs—Why didn't you speak?

Briggs—I didn't like to interrupt the barber.—N. Y. World.

An Irishman's Story.

Gov. Hoard tells a story of an Irishman who, going through a thick woodland, discovered a man in a sink-hole in the morass and he rushed up to a drawling Yankee and shouted: "Come over for Heaven's sake, there's a man in the morass!" "Is that so?" said the Yankee. "How far is he in?" "Well, sor, he's in up to the ankles." "Oh, well," said the Yankee, "he will get out." "No, sor, he won't, for bejabers I forgot to tell you he went in head first!"

A Terrible Strain.

"You look weary," said Mr. Cochin China to his favorite wife.

"I look just as I feel, then," cackled the ambitious hen. "The exertion of keeping my eggs up to the size of modern hailstones is wearing my life away." Judge.

On with the Ball.

Arizona Pete—I should like very much to go to the dance with you, but, you see, I didn't come dressed for it.

Fewclothes—Never mind that, partner, I can let you have a couple of guns.—N. Y. World.

Womanly Precaution.

Dix—Your wife must have confidence in you, to leave you alone in town while she goes to the mountains.

Hicks—Oh! she takes the precaution to keep me broke all the time!—Puck.

A Custom to Be Applauded.

"After his election to congress, did he affect the legislation of the country for good?"

"Yes, both houses adjourned for a day when he died."—Life.

Who Likes to Hear the Truth?

Mistress—How can I engage you when it is said that you do not always tell the truth?

Servant—My dear madam, who likes to hear the truth? Do you?—Truth.

HIS FIRST TRIP TO NIAGARA.

"I think I'll move here and run a milk business."—Chicago Record.

Unless They Are Watchful.

"Your city seems to be pretty well cut up by electric railways," said the visitor.

"It is," responded the resident, "and so are the citizens."—Chicago Tribune.

Insufficiated Him.

Haverly—Then your son didn't go through his college course with flying honors?

Austen—No, unfortunately he lamed his right knee about the middle of the term.—N. Y. World.

Just How You Take It.

Mr. Meeks (anxiously)—Do you think my mother-in-law will pull through, doctor?

Physician (encouragingly)—We can hope for the best, sir.

Mr. Meeks (hopefully)—So she's really going to die, is she?—Truth.

Most Distant.

Stickby—Who is your most distant relative, Bill?

Bill Fayedout (who is known to have relatives abroad)—My cousin, John Wellitodo, just across the street.—Boston Courier.

THE SERVANT GIRL PROBLEM.

Husband—And how is our new girl getting along?

Wife—First rate. She seems to be particularly neat and pleasant.

"But, my dear, that isn't the girl I saw night before last when I went away."

"Of course not. You inquired about the new girl.—Filegende Blatter.

PITH AND POINT.

—Big words often make a poor cloak for a small idea.—Ram's Horn.

—"Boy, is your father in?" "I guess so. Heard ma call somebody a dunce."

—Miss Casey—"I always say as I go." Gertrude (who is tired)—"Do you see anything in this room you would like to buy?"—Vogue.

—Teacher—"What does your father work at, Johnny?" Johnny O'Shea—"He don't work at nuttin'; he's a policeman. See?"—Brooklyn Eagle.

—"Don't you think this spring chicken is excellent?" Boarder—"Yes; I should think it would outwear even Russia leather."—Inter-Ocean.

—The Best Evidence.—Cobwigger—"Is it long since he bought this suburban residence?" Merritt—"It can't be. He hasn't tried to sell it yet."—Puck.

—A Usual Result.—Jugley—"Cobley was loaded last night." Corkton—"Well, that must have been the reason he shot off his mouth so often."—Free Press.

—Mother—"Why do you stay at home all the time?" Have you no friends to visit? Laura—"Yes, one, but I can not endure her."—Fliegende Blaetter.

—Willie—"You don't like to play poker with Jones, do you?" Wallace—"What leads you to think so?" Willie—"Jones says he likes to play with you."—Harlem Life.

—Hungry Higgins—"Say, it ain't hot on the road, here, ner nuthin'." Weary Watkins—"You said 'er. Don't you wisht we was in some nice, cool jail?"—Indianapolis Journal.

—"So you feel you can not marry him." "Yes, I am fully decided." "Why, don't you like him?" "Oh, I like him well enough, but I can't get him to propose."—Brooklyn Life.

—Cantley—"There is room for improvement in every home." Topflore—"Not in mine." Cantley—"Why, is your home so perfect?" Topflore—"No, but we live in a flat."—N. Y. World.

—Tailor—"Mr. Overdue, I hear that you are about to be married to Miss Bullion. Allow me to congratulate you." Overdue (extending his hand)—"Allow me to congratulate you."—Tit-Bits.

—Teacher—"Why was Solomon the wisest man in the world?" Boy—"He had so many wives to advise him." Teacher—"Well, that is not the answer in the book, but you may go up head."—N. Y. Herald.

—Not for Inspiration.—"Before I began on this story," said young Mr. Graffik to his friend, "I opened a small bottle." "Of yellow label?" asked his friend. "Of ink," replied the writer.—Truth.

—Book Agent.—"Here is that book, ma'am, 'How to Play the Piano.'" Lady of the House—"What book? I didn't order any book." Book Agent—"No'm, but the neighbors told me to bring it to you."—Harlem Life.

—Truthful.—"What a horrid humbug you are!" "Why, my dear?" "Why, you said to Mrs. Longchild that she didn't look as if she could be the mother of Miss Longchild, and she looks ninety!" "I know it, but she looks like an old maid."—Harper's Bazar.

QUEER PROFESSORSHIPS.

Professors of Mouse Catching, Shaving and "Sovenology."

A short time ago, as I walked through the hall leading to my boarding-house bedroom, I was surprised to see the door open and a man on his knees in the corner. I inquired of the chambermaid why he was there.

"Oh, he's all right," she answered. "He's Prof. Wilkins."

"Why did you bring him up here?" I asked. "I always wish to have callers wait for me in the parlor."

"Oh," giggled the girl, "what would he be in the parlor for? He's Prof. Wilkins, the mouse man. Some of the boarders complained there was mice in the house, and he's looking for them!"

When I interviewed Prof. Wilkins, he informed me that he was a professor of rodentology, and I found that his mind really had a scientific turn. He gave me some interesting facts in connection with the mouse-catching business. One tale was of a lady who was sued by her maid for damages because, in her terror at discovering a mouse in a sugar basin, she had flung mouse, sugar and basin at the girl's head.

Another story illustrated the influence of certain conditions of dreams. The professor assured me that one of his customers dreamed of mice whenever she ate cheese!

On the register of a hotel in a western town I read "Prof. Pekkins and staff." A geological survey was in progress. Probably, I reflected, Prof. Pekkins was conducting it.

That night, through the transom of my door, I heard an unusually penetrating voice instructing a class, but the subject was not geology. The stranger was giving points to his agents on setting forth the merits of a certain soap. The principal point was the purity of the ingredients. The oil used was of such a quality that in the soap factory, at the lunch hour, the operatives left the butter provided for them, preferring to dip their bread in the sweet and delicate oil. This was no reflection on the butter, which was best creamery.

I was so interested in this stranger that I inquired of the clerk: "Who has the room opposite mine?"

"Prof. Pekkins and two of his staff."

Prof. Pekkins was a professor of savonology!

Prof. Null, tonsorial artist, lives across the border. Shortly after his marriage, walking with his dark-skinned bride, he met a customer—one of the Four Hundred of his city. "Mistah Blankins," he exclaimed, blocking the way of the astonished man, "Mistah Blankins, pahmit me to ihtahduce Mrs. Professah Null. Mrs. Professah Null, Mistah Blankins."—Kate Field's Washington.

Handicapped by His Surroundings.

Complain—This prison is run on wise and modern plans. You can occupy yourself at the tasks you prefer. If you have a trade or a business, you can work at that. Have you one?

Number 2,248—Yes, sir; but I don't s'pose there's much show for me here; I was an accountant, boss.—Puck.

—The best American railways are run more efficiently than any others on earth. It has even been proved that an American road, thoroughly equipped, will carry a greater weight with the same power than an English owned and managed road. In this case the advantage lay in the American method of arranging the load and of using the power.