# The St. Tammany Farmer.

"The Blessings of Government, Like the Dew from Heaven, Should Descend Alike Upon the Rich and the Poor."

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## THE FAIR SMUGGLER.

She was as good a woman as had ever eyes of blue.
She never told a falsehood—all her words were strictly true.
She was most charitable: no one ever left her door
Who did not get the penny that he asked and something more.

She brought her children up with a most high regard for truth;
On Sundays she went forth to teach the Word to ragged youth.
Her name upon committees for good works was always seen,
And once she wrote on "Conscience" for a leading magazine.

If there were trouble somewhere that she could alleviate,
She went at once and did it, in the early morn or late.
She never blabbed gossip, and no person e'er could say
He'd heard her speak an unkind word in any kind of way.

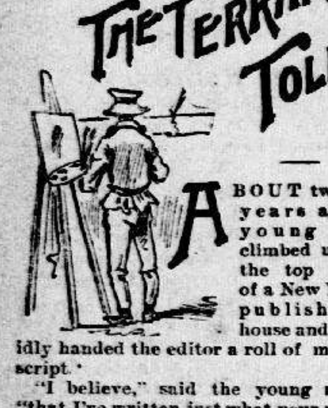
And yet, when in the summer with her daughter she did go
Across the seas to Paris and to London, don't you know,
She bought a stock of lovely clothes, rich hosiery and things,
A lot of splendid gloves and cloaks, a watch or two, and rings.

Returning home, the custom-house officials all she dared
By saying she had nothing that had ought to be declared;
And all the while she'd in her sleeves, so doth her husband say,
A lot of things the tariff law says mustn't come that way!

And I have noticed thousands of that same delightful kind,
Who on the side of strictest truth you're always sure to find,
Until it comes to "duties," then her mind seems wholly bent
On finding little schemes to cheat the U. S. government!

—Harper's Bazar.

## THE TALE THE TERRAPIN TOLD.



ABOUT twelve years ago a young man climbed up to the top floor of a New York publishing house and timidly handed the editor a roll of manuscript.

"I believe," said the young man, "that I've written just what your magazine needs. It's a pretty story of love, well related and quite out of the conventional; one of the best features is that I'll sell it cheap."

"What is it called?"

"'The Tale the Terrapin Told,' and it's in four chapters."

"Leave your address and I will send you a check—"

"O, thank you, sir."

"You didn't let me finish. I'll send a check else return the manuscript."

In about a fortnight's time the author received a package by mail. Upon opening it he found "The Tale the Terrapin Told" with "rejected with thanks" inscribed on the title page. It was indeed a hard blow to the aspiring author. His friends had assured him that he had not talent but positive genius. He had planned a literary career for himself and his first effort was heartlessly refused at any price. But it turned out all for the best, for Henry Miller, leading man of Charles Frohman's stock company, would never have drifted to the stage had his first story been accepted. If Mr. Miller had joined the literary army he would probably never have been able to write anything but stories. Now he can write checks. The other members of the stock company now playing "Liberty Hall" have just learned of Mr. Miller's early aspirations, and the leading man is subjected to considerable polite joking. An agreement was made last Sunday between Mr. Miller and his fellow players to the effect that they were never to refer to his romance in four chapters if he would read it aloud to the company. A copy was made and here it is:

CHAPTER I.

In a sequestered spot on the shores of Chesapeake bay Basil Beresford, a young artist, was sketching one day in the spring of 18—. The bright colorings were being cleverly applied to the canvas when all at once the artist ceased his work. The hoof of some animal could be heard striking the trampled turf. It was a muffled but also a quick sound which accompanied the rougher noise of breathing. Turning aside Basil witnessed a curious sight. A fat terrapin scampering o'er the lawn for dear life was being hotly pursued by a sturdy fisherman and his daughter. The animal was soon captured and stored away in the well-filled game bag of his captors. Then Basil's attention was drawn, as if by a magnet, to Phyllis Marmaduke, daughter of Harold Marmaduke, the famous hunter, who was the terror of the terrapin for miles around. Phyllis was a dream of love and beauty, with blue eyes, bright as the dew, and, her golden hair hanging down her back, she stood breathing the air like a beautiful plant. Basil's work for that day was over. He could sketch no more. He could scarcely move. His blood began to frappe, and suddenly the truth flashed over him.

Basil Beresford was in love.

CHAPTER II.

Ten-thirty.

Basil stood 'neath a sturdy oak, moving his pencils in a mechanical sort of way. Ever and anon he would leave his canvas, walk to the spot where Phyllis Marmaduke had stood the day before, and gaze into the grass as if searching for a treasure. While in one of these moods who should stroll along but little Miss Marmaduke.

"Have you lost something?" she asked.

"Yes, my pretty one, I have."

"What is it?"

"My heart."

"If you dare," came in rough tones from behind a tree, and Harold Marmaduke appeared on the scene. The old [illegible] was not a man to be trifled with, and he upbraided the young lovers for their flirtation. Then he marched his daughter back to the house. Poor Basil was well-nigh frantic, [illegible] himself on a log, he placed his hands to his forehead as if [illegible]. While in this reverie [illegible] came up. The trees swayed in the fierce gusts of wind, the peaceful bay was turned into a thrashing sea, the thunder crashed, and myriads of terrapin ran hither and thither to points of safety. But Basil heeded them not. Suddenly a wild streak of lightning pierced one of the largest trees and down came its tremendous weight upon the form of the poor artist, pinning him to the ground. His calls for aid were like whispers in the tempest, and Basil Beresford was left to die.

CHAPTER III.

It was daybreak.

The storm had subsided and still Basil Beresford suffered in the terrible clutches of the heavy oak. He was about to faint away when he felt something crawl o'er his prostrate form. Stretching forth his hands, which were free, he caught a large terrapin. This was soon devoured, for the young artist had not tasted food for a day. Hours slipped away but no helping hand came. The loneliness was only broken by a constant procession of terrapin across the form of Basil, who fortunately enough had fallen directly across the path used by the terrapin to go to the bay. Basil would select the best ones, slay them with his penknife, and place them beside him for the next meal. It was then that he thought of an old legend of Chesapeake's shores. It was said that if you point a diamond back toward a certain place and start the animal on its journey it will at some time arrive at the objective point. Quickly taking his penknife Basil scratched a sketch of his death trap on the back of the hard shell of a well-built diamond back, giving the exact location of the spot where he was lying. Then pointing the terrapin towards the happy home of Phyllis Marmaduke he started it on its journey.

Days, months, and even years passed, but Basil was still in his terrible prison, sustaining his weary life by means of the terrapin and praying for death's release.

CHAPTER IV.

The sun was shining.

Around the humble cottage of the fisherman's daughter her happy children were at play on the spacious veranda. It was just fifteen years ago that very day that Basil Beresford had illustrated his horrible misfortune by means of a penknife on the shell of a diamond back. All this while Phyllis had not been happy. She had buried two husbands and her life was now a burden.

Presently the laughter of the children ceased. They gazed intently at the movements of a cool and collected terrapin as it clumsily clambered up the brown stone steps. It was Phyllis who picked up the belated rescue party and saw the message upon its back. With a shriek she fell to the floor senseless. When she regained her consciousness she hastily summoned five of her strongest children and they flew to the rescue. After a short run she found the prisoner. But

BASIL SCRATCHED A SKETCH OF HIS DEATH TRAP.

at first she did not recognize him. He had wasted to almost nothing, and his long whiskers, now gray, were cruelly entwined about the limbs of the tree.

"Heaven be praised!" she cried as she and her children began to cut away the monstrous oak. "Are you still full of the old love, Basil?"

"No, dear; I'm full of terrapin."

### Misapplied Assistance.

Two women sitting side by side in a street car the other day had an amusing experience. They were strangers to each other, but one happened to notice that the other was having serious difficulty with the jacket she wore and at which she tugged, with the result that it would neither go on nor come off.

"Permit me," said the woman who sat near to her, and she pulled upon one shoulder and jerked up the top of the collar.

Still the woman with the jacket struggled with it, and the side that the other woman had so obligingly assisted up slipped down again, to be grabbed once more and pulled into place by the obliging passenger.

"Now, if you'll turn this way, I'll help you on the other side," she said to the astonished wearer.

"Thank you, ma'am," snapped the other woman, "if it's all the same to you, I'm trying to get this jacket off," and with a final jerk she succeded in freeing herself from the encumbering wrap.

And the woman who had tried to help her gazed into blank futurity and recalled the example of the man who got rich minding his own business.—Detroit Free Press.

### Refined Sarcasm.

Barron Hausmann was a fellow-pupil with Hector Berlioz at the Paris conservatory, then under the direction of Cherubini. Berloiz was an unruly genius, and wrote music when he should have been studying counterpoint. Consequently he was not in favor with his teachers, and especially with the precise and "classical" Cherubini.

One examination day, as Hausmann relates in his "Memoires," Cherubini was running over a piece which Berlioz had submitted, when he came upon a complete rest of two measures.

"What is that?" he asked, in his usual ill-natured tone.

"Mr. Director," said the pupil, "I wished to produce an effect which I thought could best be produced by silence."

"Ah! you thought it would produce a good effect upon the audience if you suppressed two measures?"

"Yes, sir."

"Very good. Suppress the rest; the effect will be better still."—Youth's Companion.

## FARMER AND PLANTER

### PEAS FOR BOLL WORMS.

**Jeff Welborn Gives the Results of His Experiments.**

I have just read "Dick Naylor's" letter from Richardson. I am always glad to see letters from such men. His letters never fail to be on the subjects most needing his masterly pen.

He asks for all the light possible on the boll worm. Now, as to the cotton next to the corn being least affected by the boll worms, this must be accidental. The boll worm, doubtless, goes from the corn ground to the cotton field. That is when they leave roasting ears they drop to the ground, where they bury themselves. When they come out again as the butterfly, the corn is hard, and they must hunt food elsewhere. On the prairies and rich lands of the south the most inviting field is the cotton blooms. When sucking the blooms they lay the eggs on some part of the plant.

To find out what time the boll worms will strike the cotton fields, we only have to watch the corn for them. If they are found early in June in the top of the corn, they will strike cotton early in August; if late in June they will be late in August. Their time of coming in the cotton seldom varies more than ten days, from August 10 to August 20. There are some boll worms in the cotton all the time from June until the cotton sheds, or is caught by frost but the flood of them that does the harm comes between the above dates.

It is very easy to plant corn to silk just at this time. In 1882, Prof. Riley, United States entomologist at the time, advised us to plant corn in the cotton for the boll worms. I was glad to get the remedy, and I put it into practice that year, but was disappointed in the corn. I found a better remedy by accident in 1880 and 1881. The worms came in great numbers, and the common tenant crops were wrecked. Our success was so marked this very bad worm year that we never changed our plan of freezing them out during the winter by deep winter turning over the land, and planting and working to beat them and the August drought, until the overflow of 1890, when we had to plant over late in May and June. The current of Red river ran through the center of our place, making a sand bar too deep to make cotton. We planted this sand bar in early peas. The cotton came up to it on all sides. When the boll worms came these peas were full of blooms on top, while there were a good many dry peas at the bottom. We had some hands gathering the bottom peas. About sunset I went out to the pea field. The boll worm moths were flying up in swarms ahead of the hands. I ran to our cotton expecting to see myriads there, but to my surprise, did not find a single moth.

After the overflow of 1892, the bottom lands were planted over in both corn and cotton. When boll worm time came we were all elated with our cotton prospect. There was young corn of all ages, from waist-high to roasting-ear, to catch the boll worm, but we were badly disappointed. Where we were looking for a bale of cotton per acre, we got a bale to twenty acres. The worms in some places ruined the corn also; in others some corn was made, but it killed more horses with blind-staggers than it was worth.

I planted some upland cotton after all was washed up on the bottom, and planted peas to protect it from the boll worms. Having read Prof. Mally's bulletin on the boll worms, in which he said that the worm hid in the vines during the day, but laid its eggs on the cotton late in the evening. I planted more for shade. My peas were not in bloom when the moth came, and failed to protect.

This year I decided to plant cotton when I dug my spring Irish potatoes, and try my peas over again, planting so as to have one patch of vineless (and almost shadeless compared to other peas) peas planted to come into full bloom, with young pods just forming in another patch some distance away, I planted in a rank viney late pea. Right through the middle of this viney patch I planted one row of cotton. When the time came for the moth to make its appearance I called upon Mr. Young's friend, Mr. Bryan, and some farmer neighbors to help me examine. Where the bunch peas were in full bloom the moths were there in great numbers, as were all other kinds of insects that suck flowers. We could not find one in the cotton, nor did they leave the peas at night, or any other time, for the cotton or anything else.

The cotton where the viney peas were planted, but not in bloom when the moth appeared was alive with the moth, and the row of cotton through the vines was nearly totally destroyed, and the cotton joining was cut half, while the small field near the blooming peas never lost a square from boll worms that we could find. Mr. Bryan helped me gather the early peas, and others were called in to examine. We found fully 25 per cent. of the pods punctured, and in some half a dozen places, and fully half the blooms and young pods fell off before maturity, and there was no other cause for their falling. The moths only stayed three to four days, and left to return in October in the cotton.

Now you have my experience with the boll worm. I do not believe that the moths will leave the sweets of the pea blooms for anything else.

Plant bunch peas about the 10th of July, sixty-day white peas ten days earlier, the speckled peas about the 20th of June to catch the boll worms. We can not plant the viney peas with any certainty as to time of blooming, because they will be late or early according to season, while the early bunch peas will come on time, season or no season. The season will affect the yield, but have very little effect on time of blooming.—Jeff Welborn, in Texas Farm and Ranch.

### CONSERVING FERTILITY.

**A Few Hints in Regard to Keeping the Soil Up to Its Work.**

Scientists are always scaring farmers about the exhaustion of the fertility of the soil. In new countries their showings are usually regarded as mere alarms of theorists and of no practical importance. As years come and go and diminishing crops show that the scientists were right, and as the boys abandon the old, worn-out farm, the value of the scientists' advice to save the manure is realized.

Prof. Geo. L. [illegible], chemist of the Oklahoma experiment station, has presented in a way to be easily understood, some figures of the [illegible] ingredients taken from the soil by standard crops. He says:

"Should our farmers continue to raise crops year after year without paying any attention to fertilization, it will be a few years only until exhaustion will be plainly seen. The sooner we recognize this necessity of fertilization the better. It is not a question for the upland farmers alone, but for their neighbors on the bottom lands as well.

The three fertilizing ingredients of most importance are nitrogen, potash and phosphoric acid. Nitrogen is worth, we will say, 18 cents per pound; potash, 5 cents, and phosphoric acid, 8 cents. In one ton of wheat straw there are 11 pounds of nitrogen, 12 pounds potash and 4½ pounds phosphoric acid. At the above valuation these are worth as manure $2.94.

"In one ton of corn stalks there are 17 pounds nitrogen, 18 pounds potash and 10 pounds phosphoric aid, worth as a manure $4.76.

"Too frequently the straw and stalks are burned or disposed of in some other manner, and not utilized as a manure. These products usually remain on the farm.

"Let us consider a few products that are sold. When the farmer has disposed of 35 bushels of wheat at 75 cents per bushel, he has in hand $26.25. If we care not for the value of our land and the necessity of maintaining fertility, the above statement is correct; but let us go a little further. In disposing of 25 bushels of wheat the farmer has taken from his soil 36 pounds nitrogen, 16 pounds potash and 10 pounds phosphoric acid, and has taken from his land $8.08 worth of fertilizing ingredients. If he sells the same number of bushels of corn, he has taken from his land 30 pounds nitrogen, 7 pounds potash and 10 pounds phosphoric acid, containing $6.55 worth of fertilizing ingredients. Should he sell 72 bushels of oats, he has taken from his land 37 pounds of nitrogen, 8 pounds potash and 13 pounds phosphoric acid, which, in manurial value, is worth $8.10. What has been said of wheat, corn and oats may be said of everything that is raised on a farm.

"While it is not advisable to use wheat, corn and oats for fertilizing purposes, it should not be forgotten that the ingredients they draw from the soil should be returned if we would maintain the fertility. The wisest thing for our farmers to do is to begin right now, and carefully and intelligently consider the question of how to best retain the present fertility of their soil.

"Work all the straw you possibly can through your stables, and when this is done do not be afraid to haul manure. Do not have your stables located on the bank of a creek in such a way that every time it rains the water from your barnyard will drain into said creek, for in this way the water soluble portion of the manure is carried off and nothing remains but fibrous matter, which, as a fertilizer, is of little value."—Kansas Farmer.

### Feeding Wheat to Pigs.

This experiment in feeding wheat to pigs in Ohio, given by the Northwestern Miller, with others of similar purport, should encourage a very large use of the grain in this way. Twenty-one shoats were fed for a week on wheat. The weight of the hogs when feeding began was 1,990 pounds, and at the end of the first week it was 2,342 pounds, showing a gain of 355 pounds. The amount of wheat fed was 12 bushels. The wheat was soaked twenty-four hours before feeding. The hogs were sold to be delivered September 15 at $4.80 per 100 pounds. It is figured that the wheat sold at $1.38 per bushel.—Kansas Farmer.

### HERE AND THERE.

—Fresh, pure water in abundance is a necessity for milch cows if you would have good milk.

—To have healthy swine, see that their surroundings are clean and comfortable.

—Rye is one of the best crops a farmer can plant for winter and spring pasturage.

—Give your fattening hogs a dose of salt and hardwood ashes once a week with their feed.

—As soon as the rush of cotton picking is over, spend a week or two in repairing your fences and buildings.

—Give your horse his principal feed at night. He then has time to eat leisurely and digest thoroughly what he eats.

—Cull out your poor cows—fatten them for beef, get rid of them—and breed from only the best ones. It don't pay to raise scrubs.

—Don't neglect salting your stock. It is as necessary for their health as for yours. Keep a lot of rock salt where they can lick it at will.

—To develop good heavy beeves, you must take care of your cattle from the time they are calved. You can never make much out of a stunted calf.

—The government reports show an increase in the exports of agricultural implements, being $5,027,828 in 1894, compared with $4,657,232 in 1893.

—Too many farmers are negligent about their straw stacks. Good wheat or oat straw is well worth all the labor it costs to put it up in water-proof stacks or ricks.

—A farmer who has tried it speaks in the highest praise of gas tar for painting wagon wheels, stating that it tightens wagon tires and spokes better than anything else that can be tried.

—Free exercise and a varied diet will give to the hogs the streak of fat and the streak of lean now so much desired. They will be especially happy over a diet of vegetables, waste fruits, skim-milk and bran.

—It pays to have good roofs on all your buildings. Good shelter for stock, farming implements and harvested crops is as necessary as the raising and gathering of your produce. See that your roofs don't leak.

—At the bottom of scrub farming and the tenacious adherence to scrub stock will be generally found a scrub education. The days when this defect in a nation's economy can be tolerated are rapidly passing away.

—Gather up and put under cover all tools and implements not in use. Clean off all the dirt, and grease the ironwork not painted. During the winter they can be painted and repaired and be ready for use when wanted.

—Cotton-seed meal possesses great nutritive elements—nearly three times as much as corn—yet it is not a good stock food of itself. Fed in moderate quantities with hay, cotton-seed hulls and other coarse foods it is excellent. [illegible] meal will produce [illegible] as much milk as corn [illegible]

## CENSORSHIP IN RUSSIA.

**Very Irksome to the Czar's Subjects and to Foreigners as Well.**

The Russian censorship is a thing of many departments. One of them is the censorship of the Holy Synod, which watches over religious matters and tries to prevent the publication or introduction into the country of books or printed matter likely to injure the interests of the Orthodox Greek Church. This censorship is the most stupid of all. It has a list of condemned books something analagous to the index of the Pope of Rome, and such authors as John Stuart Mill and Herbert Spencer and, of course, Darwin, are included in it.

Some years ago a French scientist published a mongram on mushrooms in which he maintained that all mushrooms were poisonous. This book was prohibited by the censor of the Holy Synod, on the ground that, as mushrooms were the staple food of the Russian peasantry during the numerous fasts of the church, it would be detrimental to the best interests of religion to publish anything that might bring this article of food into discredit.

There is also a censorship of books and of the press, a foreign censorship and a censorship of the foreign press. The police also exercise a censorship over placards, theaters, handbills, etc. All these different censorships have to keep up a large and expensive staff so that the attempt to muzzle and shut down public opinion costs the Russian government a pretty penny.

The press censorship is arbitrary and peculiar. Most papers are allowed to print what they like without control, but if they print anything that displeases the government they are notified of the fact and receive what is called a first warning. This warning may be accompanied with suspension for a definite period—a week, a month, or a year. That, of course, means a heavy fine, for a paper that is unable to earn any money on the capital it has invested for a given time loses heavily. It has to keep up its staff, although it can not do any business. Its expenses go on, but its receipts are stopped. Then advertisers lose confidence in a paper that is warned. After a paper has been warned three times it may no longer appear. Thus the Golos has ceased to be. Yet such is the irrepressibility of the newspaper man in Russia that it is safe to say that there is not a big Russian paper published at the present day which has not had its second warning.

Some papers may not be printed without previously submitting all their proofs for the approval of the censor. This causes delay and is of course very irksome. There is a daily paper in Tiflis which appears only twice a year, owing to the distance of Tiflis from the central censorship at St. Petersburg, to which every number of the paper must be submitted before it can be published.

Under the book and theatrical censorship the Russian literary man, be he journalist or author, has been compelled to invent a style of his own—a style in which more is meant than meets the eye, which his reader understands perfectly, but which the censor is too stupid to perceive. Dramatic and art criticism, book reviews, and articles on travel and social customs are the disguises under which the Russian publicist presents his political opinions.

The foreign book censorship is the most absurd and ridiculous. While objectional books are ruthlessly confiscated, the public which wants to read them—and it is of necessity limited—can always get them, because in the interests of science and knowledge certain people are exempted from the operations of the censor's edict. Thus all professors are excluded, all governors of provinces, all senators, a number of officials and numerous others. Consequently a very large number of people who are not among these privileged mortals are sure to know somebody who is and can get their books through him.

The foreign censor has a particularly pleasant office. He is generally a man of taste and refinement, and can fill his library with the best of the forbidden books, if he will, and hang his walls with the most charming prohibited prints. Very often, when he takes a fancy to an etching or a book, he promptly confiscates and keeps it.

Very different is the fate of the foreign newspaper censor. His is a dull and dreary life of routine and India ink. The foreign press censorship is a department of the post office, and thereby hangs a tale.

Theoretically no foreign newspapers are admitted into Russia. The only person who is entitled by law to receive foreign periodicals is his majesty the emperor. He has what is called his list. By great graciousness his majesty has made a present of this list to the country. People may subscribe through the post office and obtain the papers on the imperial list, but no others, and a foreign paper that presumes too much on the toleration of his majesty is likely to be struck from the list.

The London Daily Telegraph, for instance, met this fate years ago, and since then copies of that paper can not be obtained in Russia, nor is the paper allowed to have a correspondent there. It has one, all the same, but his position is secret and risky.

As soon as a foreign paper crosses the Russian frontier its troubles begin. All the foreign papers that are sent to Russia must enter that country through St. Petersburg, the window, as Peter the Great called it, for Russia to look out of at Europe. When the papers get on the Russian train they are sorted and arranged by a staff on board, who lay aside a sample of each for the censor's eyes. When they arrive at the general post office in St. Petersburg the censor's work begins. He reads through the samples carefully and marks the objectional passages, which are then obliterated by means of India ink. Of course, even censors are human, and occasionally something escapes their watchful eyes. Then they have a warm time of it. On the whole, however, they do their work most efficiently.—N. Y. World.

### Fragrant Perfume 1,800 Years Old.

A curious box was recently found amid the ruins of Pompeii. The box was marble or alabaster, about two inches square and closely sealed. When opened it was found to be full of a pomatum of grease, hard but very fragrant. The smell somewhat resembled that of roses, but was much more fragrant. What the perfume was made of can not be conjectured now, but it is singular that men in the nineteenth century should be able to regale their noses with perfumes prepared in the first.—Philadelphia Press.

## MEDICAL KINETOSCOPES.

**Recent Uses of the Invention in the Study of Disease.**

The invention of the kinetoscope, which is at present attracting a large amount of popular interest, resembles some of Mr. Edison's inventions in being really an improvement on or an adaptation of discoveries of other men. This in no way implies that the fame of the American inventor is undeserved. On the contrary, it is due to his genius that mere experiments of scientists have been converted into things of real and lasting benefit to civilization. Sir Humphrey Davy discovered that carbon could be rendered incandescent in a current of electricity, and that oxygen consumed the carbon; but it remained for Edison to exclude the oxygen and to give the electric arc light to civilization. The main essentials of the phonograph were in use before Edison conceived the idea of making a practical use of the machine. The Muybridge photographs were the forerunners of the kinetoscope.

It has been proclaimed that the time is now at hand when books and theaters will become rarities, and the average citizen will be content to use the phonograph and the kinetoscope for his pleasure. Such a prediction is oversanguine, as yet, for the reason that these inventions are not yet perfect. The beauty of concerted music or of rare singing is still marred by the electric whir and the false sounds that issue from the phonograph's diaphragm. The splendid color and dazzling luster of the opera's stage are as yet beyond the gasp of the kinetoscope. Perhaps these things may come some day, but they have not come yet, and in the meantime the present generation is concerned chiefly with the things of to-day. The telephone, for instance, is of more immediate use to civilization than are the phonograph and kinetoscope combined.

Science has already found certain uses for Mr. Edison's later inventions, however. The phonograph counterfeits permanently many sounds that are useful to therapeutics; the normal and unsound heart-beats, "rales" in the lungs, certain vocal sounds depending upon special conditions of the throat or tonsils. It is of decided benefit to science to have permanent records that can always be easy of access without recourse to a special patient. In the same way the kinetoscope promises to be of great utility to medical science by reproducing physical action that can be studied in detail or comprehensively as the student desires. In this city some effort in that direction has already been undertaken, and more will be developed from time to time, especially in nervous disorders that bring on certain physical action that is often so violent and vigorous as to baffle any attempt at close study by means of the unaided eye.

The Muybridge photographs showed some years ago that the eye was unreliable for the detection of the absolute details of rapid animal motion. Instantaneous photography alone gives a correct representation of the different attitudes taken by men or animals in rapid action, and it is quite possible that medical science may achieve fresh discoveries by the help of the kinetoscope. Thus in studying the muscular action that results from certain nerve disorders, it may be possible to trace the nerves which are affected. Even in less complicated cases, like lameness, a surgeon may be able to reach conclusions with greater quickness and certainty by securing the details of muscular action of the affected limb, as the speed of the kinetoscope may be regulated at will. Altogether, then, while the reproduction of grand opera for the multitude may be a matter of the remote future, the kinetoscope is something of more use to civilization than a mere pictorial toy.—Boston Advertiser.

## ANCIENT NOVEL WRITERS.

**The Egyptians Were Eminent Authors of Fiction and Romance.**

That the ancient Egyptians were novelists and readers of novels was what no one suspected till Mme. d'Orbiney purchased her famous papyrus in 1857. The Egyptologists of Europe, in fact, fairly scandalized to find that these "grave and reverend signiors," whose mummies were so eminently respectable, had tastes as frivolous as our own. Since that time many more specimens of ancient Egyptian fiction have come to light, tales of adventure by land and sea, tales of enchantment and magic, even historical romances and ghost stories. These discoveries have cast a new light upon the early history of literature. They show us that Egypt was not only the birthplace of all our arts and all our sciences, but that the valley of the Nile was in truth the cradle of romance.

It was from Egyptian sources that Herodotus derived many a narrative which he innocently accepted for fact and repeated as history, and it is from these sources that the Arab story tellers of the middle ages drew many an incident familiar to us all in the pages of "The Thousand and One Nights." "The Shipwrecked Mariner" (who, by the way, performs the astonishing feat of sailing up the Nile as far as Nubia, and thence gaining the open sea), is cast, like Sinbad the Sailor, upon an island peopled by serpents. Gen. Tahuti, in a story called "The Taking of Joppa," introduced his soldiers into the beleaguered city by means of a stratagem less successfully attempted in after ages by the "Forty Thieves"—that is to say he conceals a certain number of men in big jars, which are carried by others of their comrades disguised as captives laden with booty. Once inside the gates, the pretended captives liberate the soldiers in the jars, and take possession of Joppa and its inhabitants.

In "The Story of the Doomed Prince," whose father isolates him in a castle on the top of a mountain in order to defeat the fulfillment of a fatal prophecy, we recognize the central incident of the tale of "Prince Agib, the Third Royal Mendicant," and in the story of Rhodopis, as told by Herodotus, the Egyptian original of Cinderella and the little glass slipper.—Contemporary Review.

### Not Satisfactory.

"I understand," said the detective, "that you had a clew to the whereabouts of Crookles, the famous criminal."

"Yes," replied the brother officer. "A slight one."

"What was it?"

"A man came to me and said he was Crookles and wanted to give himself up because he was tired of eluding justice."

"What did you do?"

"Nothing. [illegible]"

## AS TO BABIES AND CATS.

**A Comparison Which Should Be Instructive to Mothers.**

"She didn't kiss the baby," and a very good thing she didn't. The baby has a hard enough time as it is without going outside the family circle for caresses; so don't say it reproachfully, say it with joy. You know how it is with kittens—they mustn't be handled too much if you want "ratters." But the baby is passed from grandma to Third Cousin Maria; he is tickled, tossed, squeezed, poked and kissed until the marvel is where the world gets its human "ratters." To be sure, there is here and there an independent baby, a baby who holds all promiscuous cuddlings in righteous scorn. He is not a popular baby (reformers never are) you don't dare toss him, you hesitate before trotting him, and you would no more think of burying your face in the satin folds of his pink neck than if he were a young gentleman of years instead of months. Mamma and grandmamma call his lusty and rebellious yells "spunk;" diplomatic relatives get out of it with wise nods and the somewhat ambiguous remark that "the world will hear from him yet." And so it does generally. A baby born with sufficient firmness of character to regulate the familiarities of intimates will be pretty certain to have a voice in the world's affairs later on, and to some purpose. If there are abuses to be done away with—rats to be caught, as it were—he'll be keen on the scent.

It doesn't seem as if it would take anything beyond an ordinary endowment of common sense to see that if handling is bad for kittens, it is ten times worse for babies. The average well-mannered infant accepts the squeezings and tossing as peculiar conditions of an existence he is too young to understand, and so late is he from angel land that he even ventures a "goo goo" after a peculiarly trying squeeze. This we take as indicative of enjoyment, and we squeeze again; if he protests we look for a pin—surely, nothing but a pin would make our "owwsey downsey" cry when his little stomach was full; if he still murmurs, we toss him. But if he lives through what would kill ninety lives in a cat, what does he amount to? Look about you, what has he amounted to? For one ratter how many sleek Tabbies and Toms are there dozing in upstairs comfort? They are seldom so lost to all sense of duty that if a mouse ran across the floor they would not run after it; they have even been known to sit two hours on a stretch before a crack in the china closet, but to go down cellar and deliberately hunt rats, like a common cat, they may not reason it out, but they don't do it.

It is unfortunate for the kittens and babies that their charms are of so irresistible a nature; but irresistible or not, what right has an admiring stranger to take liberties with the helpless little things just because they are soft and pretty? It's quite time some one took a stand. Too many babies are being "eaten up" by fond grandmas, aunties and cousins. The country can't stand the drain.

Another thing; it ought not to take a physician to teach us that a tender baby body is not to be squeezed and tossed about like a worsted ball, and that everybody's breath, or even the breath of an extensive family circle, is not good for baby lungs. Where is the blame? Watch the old cat the next time you take up her kittens to cuddle; human mothers could take a lesson from this mother cat.—Springfield Republican.

## FALL FURS.

**A Fashionable Trimming for Ladies' Outdoor Costumes.**

Though most of us are interested just now in the autumn fabrics that for the time being we have almost forgotten the existence of furs there are certain wise folk who bear in mind the time which is not far off, and are fashioning beautiful, luxurious combina[illegible]tions of furs, satins and velvets. Fur will play a very prominent part in dress as well as cloak decorations this winter. One beautiful street gown of black crepon had large rows of ermine turned away from a velvet underbodice; a narrow edge of ermine on the upper skirt of crepon was slightly looped over a velvet underskirt; a metallic green cloth gown was very beautiful with plentiful trimmings of chinchilla. Caracula will hold its own with other furs for close-fitting coats. One beautiful cape of a becoming shade of green, lined with caracula and forming flat revers continued in two long ends to the bottom of the gown, was a new importation. Another was of Alaska seal faced with sable tails and lined with copper and pink brocade. The capes are very many of them trimmed with collar and long ends of contrasting fur. A long coat of brown box cloth was lined with Russian sable and fastened with ornaments of brown silk and had a rolling collar of the sable. A smart little Eton jacket in finese sealskin, with full cape sleeves, large collar and very large square revers and a stylish sealskin cape, with zouave under-jacket edge, with three rows of golden beaver, all show the great variety not only of furs but the shapes one has to choose from this coming winter. The muffs will be larger.—N. Y. Post.

### The Old Brick Oven.

There is one old-fashioned thing which we would do well to return to, and that is the brick oven of our grandmothers. Any one who has a yard can have a brick oven, and it will require no more fuel than a stove to do a big baking. In hot weather the heat can be kept out of the house, and last, but not least, there is a flavor about anything baked in a brick oven that can not be equaled. It is poor economy to be forever baking. We all know the woman who is perpetually "stirring up a cake" or baking a few biscuit. Improvidence is born in her blood; if supplied with provisions by the wholesale she would always manage to be out of something.—Womankind.

### Pineapple Preserves.

Select large, fresh pineapples, perfectly ripe; have a very sharp knife, pare and slice the fruit round about half an inch thick; remove all of the eyes. Allow a pound and a quarter of best granulated sugar to one pound of fruit. Put into a glass jar a layer of sugar and then a layer of fruit until the jar is filled. Make the layers of sugar very thick so you will have a quantity left when the fruit is all laid in. Cover the jar close and set it in a very cold place. This will keep [illegible]

## FULL AS A GOAT.

**A Billy of That Persuasion Gives a Sad Example of That Condition.**

"Look out dere, fellers!" shrieked a touzzle-headed youngster, whose flying bare feet were carrying him toward the foot of West Fifty-first street. "Look out dere, Billy's on a tear."

There wasn't very much doubt about it. Billy's tear was extensive. It led him from the sidewalk to the middle of the street, and from the middle of the street back to the curb, along which he tried to walk with as much comic dignity as complete failure. It led him to leap into the air with his feet together and to come to earth again with his feet helplessly limp and wide apart. It led him to rush across the sidewalk with his head dead set for a fruit stand, and then, before he got half way across, plunge suddenly backward down into a German cobbler's shop in the basement. The cobbler gave the intruder a jab with his awl and Billy flew out of the areaway like a compact rocket, scattering the crowd of yelling youngsters that had gathered at the top of the stairs and cork-screwing down the street like the propeller of an Atlantic liner at full speed. There was a policeman at the corner, but he made no effort to arrest the inebriate or to check the procession. In fact, he rather seemed to enjoy it and held on to the railing that he might not double up with laughter. For Billy was a goat fallen into evil ways.

"It do bate the divil," said the policeman with a fine department accent, "to see that goat when he's full. He was the daycintist goat on the block till thim Flaherty byes give him a dipper av lager last St. Pahtrick's day and iver since he's bin a disgrace."

"But how does he get the beer?"

"Ah! it's a regular can-canner that he is now. He waits outsoide the saloon, and whin they roul out the kigs and shtands 'm up at the kirrub, Billy just butts them over and licks up the bale-taps. And whin he gits full he's the killingist thing outsoide av a cock foight. There he goes now acrass to the Fefty-secind and weth the whole divil's gang after 'm. Gobs, but I'll have to rin him in yet, mebbe, I dunno."

Meanwhile Billy had charged his pursuers twice, had overturned a baby carriage with twins in it, and tried to get behind a board fence by going through it. But his legs were getting shaky, and when he reached the empty lot by the riverside he made a last attempt to gather his beard into his mouth with his tongue, tied his front feet together, threw one bleary, beery wink at the cliffs of Weehawken and gave a faint bleat that ran into a hiccough and fell over. Billy was dead drunk.—N. Y. Sun.

## WOULDN'T FEEL SAFE IN JAIL.

**Why a Prisoner in a McHenry County Court Wanted a Change of Venue.**

Judge Goggin came back the other day from Woodstock, McHenry county, where he had been holding court, with a story he is telling with considerable enjoyment.

Just before the judge went to the little county seat there had been a jail delivery which excited the entire community. Four prisoners had with an ordinary case knife cut a big hole through what in the plan and specifications was known as the "steel plow" of the jail, and through this hole escaped. A later examination showed that the floor was only sheet tin, and the only steal about it was in the building.

While Judge Goggin was holding court a man named McSweeney, a horse thief, according to the McHenry county indictment, but accused of other and more serious offenses, came up to be tried. He was anxious to get a change of venue into Kane county, where his trial would be delayed, and he asked for one.

"Has the court any prejudice against you?" asked Judge Goggin in his most judicial voice.

[illegible] promptly attended to [illegible]

"No, your honor."

"Can not you secure an impartial jury in this county?" again asked the judge.

"Yes. I am not afraid of the jury."

"Then why do you ask for a change of venue?"

"Well, to tell the truth, your honor," replied McSweeney, hesitating, "I do not think the McHenry county jail is a safe place to keep prisoners in."—Chicago Times.

### The Count Was Dreaming.

Midnight.

The Countess Gesundheimer (nee Porkingham) was listening intently.

The count was talking in his sleep.

True, when she had exchanged her millions for his title she had waived all thoughts of his past, but with a woman's natural curiosity she wished to know for the sake of knowing.

Breathlessly she hearkened. From the finely chiseled lips of her aristocratic spouse came the words:

"Gollar puttons, two for five. Nice ivorine gollar puttons, two for five."—Indianapolis Journal.

### The Proof.

He watched her bitterly while she ate the double porterhouse steak with the usual side dishes.

"You have no heart," he observed, quietly, but with terrible earnestness.

"Sir," she exclaimed, her lip curling resentfully.

He shrugged his shoulders.

"Look," he said.

Making a rough estimate of the volume of what she had eaten, with a small allowance of room for lungs, he showed her that he must be right.—Detroit Tribune.

### Ghost Was Too Prompt.

"Jobson made quite a hit when he made his first appearance on the stage."

"What was his part?"

"The ghost in Hamlet. He appeared five minutes before his time, and the effect on Hamlet was very fine.—Answers.

### A Guarded Reply.

"Are these clothes supposed to be washed?" asked the critical woman at the bargain counter.

"I don't know, ma'am," replied the new salesman. "I should say it depended a good deal on who buys them.—Truth.

### Repartee.

"I think I'll have to discharge you," said the ship to the cargo.

"You wouldn't say so if you weren't loaded," the cargo responded, and was immediately dashed.—Judge.

—Mamma—And young [illegible], the fellow who was always boasting that he would yet do something to amaze the country—whatever became of him? [illegible]