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, JANUARY 12, 1895. VOL. XX.—NO. 3.

A "HERO" IN CLAY.

Why Bob Bannister Destroyed His Best Bit of Work.

It was the luckiest hit old Bannister had ever made. How he did it nobody knew. He didn't even know himself.

"The thing seemed to grow under my hands," he would say, quietly, "and I had no idea that it was anything better than my usual work, until I had finished it and came to look at it as a whole, then—"

There was no doubt about it, he had never before done anything to equal it. It was rather a large statuette of an ancient warrior, delicately modeled in clay—a slender, sinewy looking figure, the head thrown gracefully back, one foot slightly advanced, a short sword clasped in the uplifted right hand and a round shield poised firmly before his breast.

There was a subtle ease, a quiet grace in the carriage and attitude, a keen, calm eagerness expressed in the fine features of the figure, that none but a man of genius would have accomplished. And, yet, old Bob Bannister had no genius—not a bit. All his friends knew that, and he freely acknowledged it himself.

Bob's chief ambition was to be a great sculptor—to do some great work that should bring him wealth for the present and fame for all time. But by degrees he narrowed his ambition down until he came to look for nothing from art but the means of living in reasonable comfort from day to day.

Bob's particular crony and brother in art, Alfred Malden, was a man some five years older than himself. The two men had met rather more than twenty years before, and had been the closest of friends ever since. They rented a small studio between them on the highest floor of a tall building in the vicinity of Oxford street. They had even shared the same apartments together in a respectable boarding house in Mecklenburg square, until Malden was married and became the owner of a small residence at Paddington.

It was past nine o'clock at night, and the two men sat by the fireside of their studio, smoking a last pipe apiece before going home. Grouped about them in grotesque confusion were numerous half-finished and finished clay models, busts of all manner of real and ideal men and women, and all the miscellaneous litter of a sculptor's workroom; on the walls hung medallions and base reliefs of all shapes and sizes, crayon sketches and a number of pictures in oils and water colors. But the most conspicuous object of all—standing on an imposing pedestal in the center of the room—was Bob's latest work, his masterpiece, his "Hero" in clay.

"Certainly," said Bob, regarding his work complacently, and speaking with a slow, meditative drawl, between dreamy whiffs at his pipe, "it's the only thing I've ever done that I feel tempted to be proud of, and, as you say, goodness only knows how I managed to do it so well. But there it is. I've done it, and I really do think I'm entitled to be a little proud of it, eh?"

"Of course," responded Malden moodily; "especially when you consider that a rumor of it has caused a real live marquis to come up and look at it, and to be so taken with it as to say he will even buy it."

"Now, Alf, Alf!" cried Bannister, playfully.

"Fact!" said Malden, shortly. "No man gives money for a thing unless he thinks it's worth his money."

"Well, of course, I'm pleased to have a purchaser in prospect. Anyone would be."

"Undoubtedly," grumbled Malden; "but it isn't anyone who is lucky enough to get a purchaser who may be the means of introducing him to an aristocatic connection."

Bannister looked thoughtfully into the fire and said nothing.

"I never saw such a thing," Malden went on, a little bitterly. "You have all the luck. I can't understand it. people seem to think that my work is better than yours as a general thing, yet you always sell easier than I do and get higher prices. It.s luck. Sheer luck!"

"It's luck!" repeated Bannister, thoughtfully. "I know it, my boy, and I can't understand it, either. You are a better workman than I am, more industrious, more— Well, it does seem hard! Why, your 'Dying Gladiator' beat my 'Hero' into fits, and yet you only sold it for a mere trifle to a dealer, and heard no more of it. And here—"

"Here," continued Malden, seeing that his friend hesitated, "your 'Hero' will be exhibited. Oh, it'll be accepted right enough! Directly it's finished, even, a blessed marquis turns up who is ready and willing to pay you handsomely for it, and it will be seen by hundreds of snobs and nobs of high degree, and if it isn't the means of bringing in shoals of orders, never trust my word again."

"Well, it does seem a little hard on you, Alf, old man—"

"Oh, well, you needn't keep on crowing over a fellow," interrupted Malden, testily.

"Why," said Bob, looking grievously shocked, "I was never dreaming of doing such a thing. I was only going to say I may be able to find opportunities of introducing you to people who will recognize your worth, and—"

"Ha, ha!" laughed Malden, dismally. "It's very good of you to say so now, but Bob Bannister, Esquire, sculptor in ordinary to his high mightiness, the most noble marquis of Finchington, basking in the patronage of other moneyed and titled gentry, will be much too great a person to remember poor, luckless, threadbare Alf Malden."

"Alf!" cried Bannister, earnestly, "you can't think I'm such a mean humbug as that! If I am only to be fortunate at the expense of losing the oldest—the only friend I have—hang it! I hope I never may be fortunate at all!"

"You say so now, old boy. It's good of you to say so," said Alf, dejectedly. "But change of circumstances alters one's opinions wonderfully. In any case, how do you suppose I, your senior in years, who have been working longer and harder than you, could submit to the humiliation of being patronised by you even though you are my friend? It is humiliation enough to be beaten by one whose work is, I know, no better than my own. But I couldn't—"

"Don't say any more," cried Bob, [illegible]. "After all the struggling we have had together, to think that any success could carry me beyond your reach! I've been selfish—full of my own good fortune. It never struck me till now, but—do you think that I would do anything to humiliate you? I can't bear the thought of it. Why, anything else after what we've said about each other—eh, old falsifier? I'd sooner never have done the 'Hero' at all. I can't tell you how it grieves me, old fellow. After all these years to think that I should do anything to estrange us from each other—"

"Well, never mind. Can't be helped," said Malden, getting up, with an uneasy laugh. "It's late. We shall both think differently in the morning, perhaps. Let's be off home."

For some time Malden hurried along deep in full and desponding reflections. So long as they both were regarded as men of equal mediocrity he did not care, although all the while he was conscious of his superior merit. And to think that one single piece of work had made all the difference! All that had been done might in a moment be undone, if an enemy of Bob's—supposing him to have an enemy—could get into the studio and maliciously shatter the "Hero" with a few blows of the mallet.

Next morning, when the faint wintry sunlight looked in at Bannister's little curtained window, it found him lying awake in bed yawning drowsily. He glanced at the clock on his mantelpiece, and saw that it was nearly ten, and closed his eyes again with a comfortable sigh. But just as he did so he heard a loud knock at the street door below, followed a moment later by the murmur of hurried voices, then a sound of quick footsteps on the stairs and somebody rapping sharply on the door.

"Yes?" he shouted.

"Bob! Bob!"

"That you, Alf? Come in."

The door was pushed open, and Malden came hurrying in, with a white, scared face and horrified look in his eyes.

"Oh, Bob!" he exclaimed, breathlessly. "I have news for you. Bad news. Terrible news."

"Eh? What is it?" demanded Bob, sitting up in bed.

"Why—why," stammered Malden, "when I reached the studio this morning, the very first thing I saw as I went in was your 'Hero'—"

"Yes?"

"Smashed—smashed into atoms!"

Bob gave a long, low whistle.

"Well," he said, speaking slowly and thoughtfully, "perhaps, after all, it's the very best thing that could have happened to it."

"What!" shouted Malden, "are you dreaming? Are you mad?"

"No. I dare say I've been dreaming," said Bob, quietly. "What I mean is this—this accident puts us on our old footing again. The breaking of the 'Hero,' as it were, restores what was broken, or beginning to break, of our old friendship. I'd rather the 'Hero' broke than our friendship, Alf."

Malden looked at him earnestly for a moment.

"Look here, Bob," he said, hoarsely, "I know what is in your thoughts. You think I did it, and you are making excuses for me."

"No, no, Alf—"

"But you are. You know how jealous and mean I was last night—what a brute I was—a selfish, unmanly brute. And you think I did it. It is only natural that you should. But, on my word of honor, I did not do it—I did not do it!" cried Malden, eagerly, and with tears in his eyes.

"I know you didn't do it," said Bob, positively.

"How can you know? Who should you suspect but me, after all I said last night? I—who should have been the very first to have congratulated you, to be glad with you and proud of you—to meet you with nothing but miserable envy and unfriendly, selfish regrets. Oh, Bob, I lay awake last night thinking about it; I couldn't sleep, I was so ashamed of myself. Believe me, old fellow, all my envy was only a passing feeling, springing out of my bad luck. I didn't really in my heart feel what I said. It was only that your good luck, by contrast, made me more fully aware of my own bad luck—"

"I knew it! I felt sure of it!" cried Bob.

"And I got up this morning, only anxious to apologize for my miserable conduct, and assure you how truly glad I was that you had made a lucky hit at last; and here—when I get to the studio—the first thing I see is the 'Hero' shattered to fragments," said Malden. "And yet you don't seem to feel it half so much as I do."

"Well," said Bob, "it is a relief to me to think that there is no longer anything to separate us, to make me too proud to be your friend, or to humiliate you—"

"Ah! you haven't forgotten my words!" cried Malden. "You think I broke it; but I did'nt. And I shall never rest until I have found out the villain who did it, so that I may remove from your mind every shadow of suspicion against me."

"My dear fellow, I know you did not do it. And I think I know the villain who did," said Bob, shrewdly.

"You do? Who did it? I shall never feel comfortable till I find out!"

"Don't say any more about it. I know perfectly who did it."

"How do you know? Who was it? You won't tell me? No; because you think I am the man, though you won't own it!"

"Nothing of the sort. I tell you I know who did it," cried Bob. "The fact is, as I walked home last night I felt the injustice of what you had been saying, and what a brute I was to take a pride in what so humiliated you. After all these years our old friendship was breaking up, and all through me, as you may say. Hadn't you and I been happy together all our lives? Should I ever be so happy in any circumstances without your friendship? With the knowledge, too, that I had humiliated you and estranged you from me! Well, that's how I thought it all over as I came home, and I couldn't stand it. I was paining you and myself, too. Success wasn't worth such a price. I felt it so strongly that I suddenly made up my mind to—to show you that I wasn't such a selfish, cold-hearted, ambitious wretch as I seemed. I turned and went straight back to the studio, and—"

"What! You don't mean to say—"

"Yes, I do," said Bob, cheerfully. "I fell upon the 'Hero' with a couple of hammers and smote him hip and thigh, and smashed him up myself."—Fargo Argus.

FARMER AND PLANTER

PLANTING ORCHARDS.

Some Practical Hints by a Practical Orchardist.

Trees are oftener set too close together than too far apart. In fact, the latter error scarcely exists. Trees are wide feeders, and the best results are obtained when each tree stands far enough from its neighbors to allow it to possess an individuality all its own. An additional reason for sparse planting has lately become important—the necessity of spraying for insects and fungus pests—and for this reason, as well as to allow of better cultivation, the outside rows should not be set close to fences. The distance at which trees may be set depends much upon the system of pruning. If heading-in is followed vigorously and systematically, trees may be set a third nearer than if allowed to take their natural form. Heading-in should always be practiced with dwarf pears, and many of our best growers pursue it with peaches, plums and quinces. For myself, I have always advised thin planting as the safer rule for the majority of cases. The following table may be supposed to represent the outside average limit for the planting of orchards, when the trees are allowed to take their natural form:

Apples, 40 feet each way; pears, standard, 20 to 25 feet; pears, dwarf, 12 feet to 1 rod; quinces, 1 rod; peaches, 20 feet; plums, 20 feet; apricots, 20 feet; grapes, 6x8 to 8x10; currants, 4x6 to 6x8; blackberries, 4x7 to 6x9; raspberries, 3x6 to 5x8.

These are safe distances. In certain cases, however, where the soil is strong and the grower makes thorough work of cultivating, pruning, and fertilizing, these distances can be reduced somewhat with profit, except in the case of apples. These remarks will also apply to the common question whether it is good policy to plant short lived trees, as peaches, between apples and pears. It all depends upon the man. In general, I should discourage it; but if the orchardist gives the very best attention to fertilizing and cultivating, plantations can be mixed with good results.

Plow the land and fit it well. As all orchards should be put into cultivated crops for the first two years, at least, it will generally be found advisable to plow the entire area before the orchard is set, rather than to plow strips where the trees are to go, for the land can then be shaped better with reference to surface drainage and general conveniences. The trees should be set neither in dead furrows nor on back furrows. Level culture should generally be adopted from the start, unless it is necessary to displace surface water, and in that case it may be questioned if the land is fit for an orchard. In all ordinary soils, holes must be dug by hand for the tree fruits. Plowing out a deep furrow in the line of the rows may lessen the digging and aid in getting the trees in line. The hole should be dug broad and ample, and the harder the soil the larger ought the hole to be, for in that case the loose dirt which is filled in must give the tree its start. In loose and deep soils, the hole need be no larger than the spread of the roots. Chop up the soil in the bottom of the hole, or throw in a few shovelfuls of loose surface earth. The tree should be set an inch or two deeper than it stood in the nursery, for the loose earth will settle and wash away in the course of the season, even if it is well packed when the tree is set. Dwarf pears should be set from three to six inches below the bud. Every care must be exercised to get the soil thoroughly firmed in about the roots—which are straightened out in approximately their natural position—and especially under the crown or fork of the roots, in order that no air spaces may be left to dry out. The dirt can be best placed by fingering it in, moving the tree gently up and down at the same time. Once or twice in the progress of filling the hole, the earth should be stamped down. Fill the hole to a little more than level full, to carry off surface water, but be careful that no hollows are left close about the tree into which water can settle, especially when painting in the fall. Stamp on the earth very firmly about the tree before leaving it, for the double-purpose of retaining moisture and of holding the tree against winds. All this operation of tree planting can proceed to perfection only when the earth is dry enough to crumble. Trees can not be well planted in wet and sticky soil.

If the trees are set according to these directions and the tops are cut back, there will rarely be any necessity for staking and trying the trees to keep them plumb.

Mulches of straw or manure are sometimes advised for newly-set trees. For trees planted late in the spring and upon droughty soils, a light mulch about the tree may be advised, but in other cases it is not. If mulches are applied to fall-planted trees, care must be taken to tramp them down well, or they may become a nesting place for mice, which will girdle the trees if there are heavy snows. There are those who favor placing a forkful of manure in the bottom of the hole, but this is practice of doubtful value; and, at all events, the manure should be well mixed with the soil to prevent drying out.—Prof. Bailey, in N. Y. Sun.

THREE BREEDS OF FOWLS.

They Are All Valuable to the Poultry Raiser for Profit.

Plymouth Rocks.—There is no doubt that Plymouth Rocks are the most popular of the American breeds, and I am not sure but they are the most popular of any of the breeds now recognized by the standard. I do not mean by this that they are the highest priced, for some of the newer breeds are held at much higher prices, but go where you will and you will see yards with Plymouth Rocks in them. Their color is a great recommendation, for the cuckoo or dominique color has always been a favorite one with poultry breeders, but this is not their only recommendation to public favor, for they are hardy and prolific.

The proper color of Plymouth Rocks has been the subject of much discussion, some claiming that the bars should be pure black and white, and others that the darker bars should be more of a blue color. This breed sprung from two distinct sources and these two branches were somewhat different in color and shape, but they have now been so thoroughly amalgamated that they have become a composite of the two families, and the exceptions to the regular shape are those which have bred back to remote ancestry. I have bred Plymouth Rocks for some years and my preference is for the bluish tint, for I think it easier to breed males and females to a uniform color if this tint is sought. Birds of this color will gradually come to have lemon-colored shanks, and no color looks better than this. Darker birds will almost always have orange-colored shanks, with a tendency to show distinctly red in the sides and black scales here and there, though now a good many can be found with pure orange shanks. A Plymouth Rock hen with a pure yellow beak is about the rarest bird that can be sought for, but at the Ohio state fair I saw one or two specimens of this kind. This is what breeders have been after for some time, and it is to be hoped they will succeed in getting them, for when that is done the breeding of Plymouth Rocks will have reached perfection.

Black Langshans.—Although Black Langshans are among the most recent acquisitions in the Asiatic class, they have become quite popular in this country, and much more so in England, where they are bred to the greatest perfection. The high prices which they brought when first introduced led a good many tricky American breeders to cross them with the Black Cochins in order to multiply them rapidly and get the advantage of the good price the great demand made possible, and this has led to an incorrect ideal being formed in the minds of a good many who have not all the facts to draw from. The Cochin shape is entirely distinct from the true Langshan shape, and the two will never be mistaken for each other when one has seen and studied the true Langshan as he is bred in England by those who were among the first to import the breed from the hills of northern China. The true Langshan has an exceedingly short back and high head and drawing a straight line to the center of the feet and from there to the highest point of the tail and back to the head and an almost perfect triangle will inclose the bird. Some one has called Lanshans the "three cornered breed" on account of this trianglar boundary line. The line down the back of the neck across the back and up along the tail is very nearly the shape of the letter U. As a fowl for profit the Langshan has proven itself the best of all the Asiatics. They are of a brilliant greenish black, and their feathers have a metallic reflection that shows the colors of the rainbow when the sun is reflected from them. Their flesh is white and juicy, and they are the very best of the class for table use. The bottom of their feet are pink, and this is the final test of purity, for any infusion of Black Cochin blood can be told by the yellow bottoms of the feet of cross-bred birds.—American Farmer.

The Brown Leghorn Fowl.—In shape the Leghorn is characterized by a trimness and sprightliness that few fowls possess. The carriage is very upright, and the large and gaily-carried tail of the cock increases his apparent size and adds greatly to his beauty. The red, darkly-striped hackles of the male and his solid black breast make a very attractive combination in colors, and the warm brown of the females possesses a quiet beauty scarcely less attractive in its way than the richest colors of the male.

Brown Leghorns mature very early, pullets having been known to lay when four to five months old. This early maturity makes the Leghorns a very profitable fowl for the farm. Long before the heavier fowls think of laying the Leghorn pullets have begun and if hatched early will frequently pay in eggs for their raising before winter sets in. Broiler raisers frequently use a cross of a Leghorn male on some heavier breed to increase the growth of the chickens in the first two months of their lives. Brown Leghorns are reasonably hardy, but do best when they can have liberty They are excellent foragers, and will on a farm during the summer months pick up a good share of their living. In winter they need a good, warm house, to prevent the freezing of their combs, and if provided with such a house will lay quite well even in very cold weather. But it is during the warm days of spring and the hot days of summer that they produce the greatest number of eggs. The eggs of the Leghorn are a pearl white, all, or nearly all, of the same shade, giving them a very uniform appearance. Once in a great while there will be a Leghorn hen that will lay an egg with a slight buff tint, but so rarely does this happen that one is almost safe in declaring that their eggs are always pure white. They are of good marketable size, and, being white, really look to be larger.—American Agriculturist.

HERE AND THERE.

—Push the corn-gathering and get it all under good shelter.

—Fruit trees may be planted until the soil freezes too hard to work.

—The value of nearly all rough feed is greatly enhanced by being run through a cutter.

—It will nearly always pay to keep at least one good team on the farm well shod during the winter.

—The fattening hogs should be pushed this month, as usually much later than this the cost of feeding will be increased.

—It is better to feed a little now and keep the stock in good condition than to be obliged to feed more later to keep alive.

—The man who invests in fine stock and neglects to give it proper care is on a par with the ne'er-do-well spendthrift.

—Lessen the cost of feeding as much as possible by providing comfortable quarters, feeding regularly and supply with plenty of water.

—Fowl never become tired of milk; they may be given too much grain or too much meat, but they will not eat nor drink more milk than is good for them.

—Breaking land in the fall is a twofold benefit; it buries all grass and other trash, thus hastening its decomposition; and it assists Jack Frost in putting the soil in a friable condition.

—While mulching is often beneficial, especially to young growing trees and among the small fruits, it should not be applied until the ground freezes sufficiently hard to bear up a wagon.

—It is a waste of good feed to turn stock in to a good straw stack or to scatter fodder or hay upon the ground. The most economical plan is to provide good feeding racks for feeding all of this kind of material. Even when feed is cheap it is quite an item to save.

THE HISTORY OF GLOVES.

How They Became Articles of Raiment and Played a Part in History.

One of the earliest records of the use of gloves in England is found in the reign of Ethelred II., to whom some German merchants paid a toll of five pairs of gloves. It was not, however, until the eleventh century that they were generally worn by both sexes. A pair of gloves is said to be the bottom of the quarrel between Queen Anne and the duchess of Marlborough, which drove the queen to throw herself in the arms of the tories. According to Abigail Hill's account, she was sent one day by her mistress to get a pair of gloves, which had been left on a table in an adjoining room. Abigail found that the duchess, who was reading a letter at the table, had inadvertently put on the gloves instead of her own. On being informed of her mistake she flung them on the ground, exclaiming: "Have I really worn anything which has touched the odious hands of that disagreeable woman?" Unfortunately for her grace, the door between the rooms had been left ajar; the queen heard all and never forgave it.

Queen Anne's were not the only gloves to bring about an important political crisis. The Huguenots firmly believed that the death of Jeane d' Albert was due to poison administered through a pair of gloves. The queen of Navarre had come to Paris to arrange the marriage of her son (afterward Henry IV.) with Marguerite of Valois, daughter of Henri II. and Catherine de Medici. Like many another lady she seized the opportunity for doing a little shopping, and her ill-fate led her to the Italian perfumer Maitre Rene, from whom she bought a pair of scented gloves. Immediately afterward she was struck down by a fatal illness and the Huguenots whispered that it was not for nothing that Maitre Rene's goods were so highly esteemed by Queen Catherine, for whom Queen Jeanne's death proved most opportune.

Even before the days of Maitre Rene Paris gloves were celebrated. Margaret Tudor, countess of Richmond, wrote in 1495 to the queen's chamberlain, lamenting that the French gloves that he had sent her were "too much" for her hand, and slyly adding that the French ladies must be "great altogether, not only in estates but in their persons." A few years later the queen of France was sending a ring and glove to the king of Scotland, not for the benefit of his wife, but to tempt him into quarreling with his brother-in-law, Henri VIII. Those fatal tokens lured James IV. to Flodden Field.

Still more celebrated has been the glove which, after this period, was flung into a lion's den. If that glove, which Sire de Lorges tossed back into his lady's face can not strictly be said to have played a part in history, its legend has been familiar to us from childhood, and has long been a feature in every volume of selections intended, to use an old-fashioned phrase, "for the use of young persons."

King Francis and his laughing court might well have shuddered could they have looked forward for two centuries and a half and seen what gloves would be regarded as the height of fashion in 1794. No perfumed and jeweled trifles, fringed in gold and embroidered in silk, came from the tannery which a good patriot established at Meudon. The gloves which he offered to his patrons were made from human skins—the skins of victims to La Sainte Guillotine. It would have been well could old Simon Glover have returned from the grave to strike a good blow to avenge the honor of his craft. The motto of the Glovers of Perth: "The perfect honour of our craft, or beauty of a trade, is not in wealth but in moral worth, whereby virtue gains renowne," could have been blazoned above the door of the Meudon tannery. —N. Y. Advertiser.

HE GOT HIS COMMISSION.

How a Theoretical Financier Reaped His Reward Among the Brokers.

"I had a queer conversation in my office the other day," said the head of a well-known banking concern, over the walnuts and wine at his table. "It happened in this manner. At noon most of my clerks go out for luncheon, and the porter, Jim, an aged but very knowing colored man, is often called upon to leave his position by the door for a few minutes.

"Well, last Wednesday I sat in my office, tilted back in the desk chair, struggling with a knotty problem on 'change.

"Wrapped in my thoughts, as I was, still there seemed to be something exerting an influence to make me turn around.

"This subtle thought transference I resisted until it became overwhelming, and I sharply twisted the chair about.

"There stood before me the least semblance of a man I've yet seen, clad in raiment that once had been fashionable, but which now was not alone out of date by a year, but had lost all of its shape and a goodly portion of its integral structure.

"Now, in extreme youth I'd been fooled by the apparent inability of one man to clothe himself properly, and before I got through with the costs of having treated him as his clothing would seem to warrant I had to sign a good many checks, so, like a flash, it went through my brain here is a capitalist in disguise or he'd never have got past Jim. In the most suave manner possible I glanced at him, bowed, and said: 'Good day, sir, what can I do for you?' He began to fumble with his hip pocket. Norcross, Jr., thought I, but it was nothing so exciting. He simply pulled out a small book and handed it to me. I read the title: 'How to Get Rich Without Working—a Sure and Speedy Method of Obtaining a Fortune, by Prof. D. Poor.'

"'I'm the author of that work,' the intruder broke in, 'and I don't want to sell you a copy. I just want my commission, and as you were a little slow in remitting I called for it.'

"'Commission?' I gasped.

"'Yes, commission,' he repeated. 'I sold more than eight thousond of those books in New York alone, and know that I am entitled to a commission from every banker and broker in the city. Your debt to me we'll put up at ten dollars for to-day; in the future I may demand more.'

"Crank, thought I, but before I had time to think again he continued:

"'You see, there are eight thousand young men who tried my way of getting rich suddenly; their avaricious minds craved riches, and they tried my method, they stimulated trading on the exchanges; every broker reaped a harvest of commissions, and all I want is my share.'

"'But you should be rich yourself then if you have a sure and speedy method of making a fortune,' I put in.

"'No, I followed my own advice,' was the answer, as he rose to go."

"What did you do," came in a spontaneous chorus from the guests.

"Well," concluded the banker broker, "I gave him ten dollars; his argument was too suggestive to need further demonstration."—Chicago Times.

THE NEW YORK BAR.

Chances of the Young Lawyer Just Commencing His Practice.

The young lawyer has a hard road to travel when first admitted to practice, and if imbued with the pardonable delusion that the world in general and the bar in particular owes him a living, he finds that living scanty and meager, to say the most, even though his talents are many and his zeal great.

If he is successful early in his career, it may be due either to the influence or "pull" of friends, or from the fact that he has been fortunate enough to have an opportunity to display great powers of oratory. The only other way open for a young lawyer to reach any degree of prominence is for him to associate himself with some well-known law firm as clerk, at a merely nominal salary, and then by reason of his integrity, zeal and efficiency, he stands a good chance of being raised to the post of managing clerk, but without any material raise of salary, and then, after years and years of patient and poorly remunerated labor, he may be taken into the firm at the retirement or death of one of its members.

One may be a good lawyer, and barely earn salt in New York, notwithstanding the hue and cry frequently raised about exorbitant lawyers' fees. To be successful in the full sense of the word, a member of the profession must be a remarkable or eminent lawyer. There is any amount of legal business to be done, but alas! for the hopes of the numerous but unknown lawyers, the business is placed in the hands of a limited few; in deference, perhaps, to the prevailing fad or fashion which is encouraging the growth of trusts, corporations and other huge business combinations. Of course the fees asked by the favored few who have reached the point of eminence and renown are large—often extraordinarily so; but then again, the corporations that employ them are rich and liberal. It is, however, an undeniable fact that only a lawyer of proven ability, exalted reputation and a long record of successful suits can secure the handling of important cases.—Eugene Mace, in Home and Country.

ENGLISH MAID OF HONOR.

A Tiresome Office Which, However, Young Peeresses Eagerly Take.

The English queen has no difficulty in supplying vacancies in the ranks of the young women whom she selects to be her companions. They are always the daughters of peers who, if not themselves connected with the royal household, are personal friends of the queen. A letter is sent to the parents of the young women selected requesting the favor of her attendance at court, and the request is never refused. The social cachet is absolute, the salary is one thousand five hundred dollars a year, and, though existence is dull in court circles, it is endurable in the light of its ulterior advantages.

When an Honorable Miss or a Lady Somebody arrives for her first "wait" she receives at once her badge as maid of honor. This is a miniature picture of the queen set in brilliants, which she wears hung from a ribbon. Her duties are not severe—there would be less ennui probably if there were more to do—and consist chiefly in being on hand if wanted. Just before the dinner hour the maid of honor in waiting stands in the corridor outside the queen's private apartments to receive her as she comes out. She carries a bouquet, which, on entering the dining-room, she lays beside the queen's plate. Her place at this meal is next to the gentleman on the queen's right hand, unless royal guests are present, when she is differently placed.

After dinner, unless otherwise commanded, she retires to her own pretty apartments, but must be in readiness to answer a summons at any moment to go to the drawing-rooms to read sing, play the piano or take a hand at cards. The queen, by the way, is fond of cards, and a small stake is always played for. Nor will the queen touch any but freshly-coined money, so such members of the household as play with her have to be provided with coin that has never been in circulation.

The maid of honor usually makes a brilliant marriage, and the queen sends her for a wedding present an India shawl out of the perennial stock.—Chicago Tribune.

Dr. Holmes and a Blind Deaf Girl.

One of the most genuine and heartfelt of all the tributes to the memory of Dr. Holmes is undoubtedly that paid by Helen Keller. As some one spoke to her of him this morning, her beautiful face, an instant mirror of every mood as it passes, from having been animated with gayety, at once became still and tender, and she remarked in the straightforward, earnest, unconscious manner in which she utters thoughts that startle the listener with their breadth and suggestiveness, as well as with the exquisite grace and perfection of her form of expression: "I think he was more to me than to most people, because I saw through his eyes and heard through his ears. He revealed to me the beauty of springtime and taught me to love the songs of birds." She sent a bunch of flowers for the poet's funeral, with the following words in her own handwriting: "In loving memory of the dear friend whose kindness and tender sympathy have helped to make my life glad and sweet and beautiful. From his little friend who sees with the eyes of her soul, Helen Keller." — Boston Transcript.

—For a long time "Block your hat while you wait," was the only sign of its kind. Then came an enterprising man in the Bowery in New York who mended your shoes while you waited and gave you a comfortable chair to sit in and a newspaper to read; there are now many places in which shoes are repaired while you wait. It is possible now to have your clothes pressed while you wait; artificial teeth are repaired while you wait. Various kinds of work are now done in that way, and naturally enough, considering the many thousands of bicycles in use, this sign now appears: "Bicycles repaired, tires mended, while you wait."

GEOGRAPHY TOPSY TURVY.

The Curious Change Uncle Jack Notes in New Hampshire.

"Why, hallo, boys!" said old Jack, genially, as Tommie and Bobbie poked their heads through the window of his cabin. "Haven't seen ye in a' long a time I'd begun to think I'd just dreamed ye, an' 'at they hadn't never been no such boys as you be. What's been keepin' ye away? Ben off travel', eh? Well, travelin' 's good business. It's the best way to learn jography I ever see. Ye go to a place and ye see it, an' then o' course ye know it's there, and if anyone asks ye where it is ye can tell 'em, which ye mightn't if ye hadn't never went there an' knowed what ye was talkin' about. So I says travelin' 's good business. What p'ticular feature o' the state o' nature have ye been lookin' at? The White mountains, eh? Well, well, well. I hain't seen the White mountains for goin' on thirty year. Wonderful they was risin' right up out o' the sea like they does, with the sea lions an' wallyrusses roarin' at the foot of 'em! What's that? They don't rise up out o' the sea? Say, do you know you're a-talkin' to me? Me, who has studied jography the way like I told ye, from travelin', an' who knows what facts he does know well? Ye don't want to git too funny with me. What? White mountains are in New Hampshire? Well, who said they warn't? I only said they rose up out o' the sea—that's all I said. I never said they warn't in New Hampshire, becuz that 'd be foolish, becuz they be. Havin' been there, I know. Ain't no sea nor no oceans lappin' the coast of New Hampshire for mountains to rise up out of? See here, boys—don't you—don't you rasperate Old Jack. If you talk that way to me 'bout the jogeraphical formation o' this country I'll have to decide on one o' two conclusions. If you say them White mountains don't rise up out o' the sea, either you ain't never been there, and so don't know, or New Hampshire's moved. When I were in New Hampshire she were bounded on the west by the Pacific ocean, on the north by Buffin's bay, on the south by Lake Ontarier, an' on the east by—er—by—I think they called it the Meditranean sea. O' course if they've gone an' changed it round I may be wrong, but what's the use o' studyin' jography if they're goin' to make all them changes 'thout lettin' people know? It's wicked. We spends time an' money gettin' eddicated, an' then they go an' upset it all makin' changes." And the old man walked away, growling. "First thing we know," he roared back," they'll get out a new 'rithmetic, tellin' us 'at twelve times 'leven's nine hundred and sixty. I hate this monkeyin' with facts. No sea for the White mountains to rise up out of, after me havin' been there!"—N. Y. Advertiser.

THE COREANS.

Some of Their Peculiar Habits and Costumes Worn by the Women.

Corean women, to the western eye, are both hideous and ungainly, whereas the men and young boys are often handsome and picturesque. There is neither grace nor elegance in the female dress, which in some respects resembles that of the Chinese, and consists of a loose pair of trousers reaching to the ankle, tied round the waist with a thick cord, on the top of this is worn a short petticoat reaching to the knees, and fitted to the shoulders is a yoke or shoulder-cape to which are attached long, loose sleeves. This costume is the ordinary dress of the working-woman; the coarse material is woven out of the fiber of the tall millet-stem, which sometimes grows to be eight or ten feet high; or more often the entire costume is composed of a strong shirting. Both the women and the men wear their hair in thick plaits; the former wrap their pigtails lightly round their heads, the latter keep their long plaits hanging down until they enjoy the dignified position of being engaged to be married, on which auspicious occasion the Corean groom partly shaves his head and twists up his pigtail into a queer little top-knot and indulges his fancy in the latest and strangest variety of hats ever designed for man. Up to this time his head has been hatless. Coreans are engaged to be married as early as their parents can arrange the business part of the transaction satisfactorily. In many ways they resemble the Chinese much more than the Japanese. Unlike the Japanese, they keep their wearing apparel exquisitely clean; they are constantly washing their entire wardrobe. With the Japanese the order of things is reversed; they indulge in three or four baths a day, but even the garments worn next their skin are seldom, if ever, washed. Their method of ironing is more injurious to their clothes than even a steam laundry. They thump the clothes with wooden rollers and flat boards until a polish is produced. The heaviest expense to a Corean man in life are his laundress' destructiveness, his pipe and his hat.—N. Y. Ledger.

Colors and Their Meaning.

Blue! "the life of Heaven," the hue of ocean, the violet's joy; type of faith and fidelity, it has remained for the almond-eyed molder of clay to render thy beauty tangible. When I admire the hues of a Chinese vase or bottle, I remember that each color is regarded as a symbol; the fundamental colors being five, and corresponding to the elements—water, fire, wood, metals, earth—and to the cardinal points of the compass. Red belongs to fire, and corresponds to the south; black to water and the north; green to wood and the east; white to metal and the west. Dark blue corresponds to the sky, and yellow to the earth; blue belongs to the east. Blue is combined with white, red with black and dark blue with yellow.—Ellwanger's "The Story of My House."

Not a Question of Grammar.

Miss Gently (the school-teacher)—Excuse me, Mrs. O'Grady, but you ought not to say: "That goat is ourn."

Mrs. O'Grady (hotly)—May be we hadn't, but we mane to kape him just the same until them dhirty McGinnises nixt door dares to come over an' claim him!—Chicago Record.

Resented the Imputation.

Binks—Hello, old man, where have you been for a week back?

Winks—Been nowhere, and what's more, I haven't got a weak back.—Truth.

Nothing to Boast Of.

When you hear a man say, defiantly: "My word is as good as his!" you may safely make up your mind that neither of the parties is noted for his veracity. —Puck.

A KENTUCKY GENTLEMAN.

A Mint Julep Brings the Colonel Out of His Dreamy Reveries.

The little man with steel-gray eyes and close-cropped beard streaked with white was the center of a group of interested listeners in the Phoenix hotel rotunda for several hours. He was entertaining them with recitals of the deeds of valor of various famous Kentuckians, who shed luster upon the state before the civil war, says a Lexington (Ky.) correspondent. He was Col. William Duke, of Danville. Col. Duke has, perhaps, fought more sensational and bloody duels than any American alive to-day. His meeting with Gen. Roger Hanson was one of the most notable in the history of the code. They fought with pistols at ten paces and Hanson was shot through the hips. Col. Duke, in appearance, speech and deportment, is one of the best specimens of the old type of Kentucky gentlemen to be found in the state to-day, and when he heard that a newspaper man was in the hotel lobby, the colonel sent an emissary to the newspaper man to come and meet him. This is about what Col. Duke said when the correspondent was presented:

"Mr. Blank, I am damnably pleased to meet you, sir. I hope you are a gentleman, and I am led to believe from your antecedents and record that you are, sir. By the way, sir, I beg that you accompany me to the Phoenix bar and have a nip of the real Kentucky stuff, with the juice of mint in it. You don't get either good whisky or good mint in the west, sir, I have been out there and know whereof I speak."

Grasping the lower part of the bottle in the right hand and tipping it over till the neck rested on the index finger of his left hand, Col. Duke let the whisky trickle down with a musical gurgle into the glass, the bottom of which was stained with mint juice.

The colonel had crushed the juice out himself by pressing hard with one spoon on the leaves the bartender had dropped in the glass. Having done this he removed the leaves and was ready for the whisky.

When the glass was filled about half with the red liquor that had the lazy sparkle of oil he slowly stirred the decoction to get the mint juice well mixed with the whisky. All this time he spoke not a word, but kept his eye closely rivited on the half-filled glass. After stirring the whisky and mint-juice slowly and deliberately for about a minute he carefully removed the spoon, placed the rim of the glass between his lips, and, closing his eyes and tossing back his head, he drank the mixture with as much enjoyment as if it were the nectar of the gods. A loud smack of the lips and a shake of the head told that the colonel had recovered from his reveries.—St. Louis Republic.

PROPHETIC VICTOR HUGO.

His Startling Prediction About Napoleon III. Came True.

The Duc de Morny, Napoleon's mouthpiece, actually wrote these truly infamous words: "If you arrest Victor Hugo, do what you will with him."

It was soon after this, when Napoleon, wading through blood, trampling upon women and children, prosecuting and silencing all that was best in France, confirming his throne by bribery, corruption, imprisonment and wholesale murder—it was at such a moment, this adventurer having got himself accepted by the courts of Europe as the ruler of the French, that Victor Hugo hurled against the Man of December these truly appalling but prophetic words:

"Let us not slay this man; let us keep him alive. A superb punishment! Oh, if one day he might pass along the highway naked, bowed down, trembling, as the grass trembles at the wind, under the execration of the whole human race! People, stand aside! The man is marked with a sign! Let Cain pass; he belongs to God."

An eye-witness described to me Napoleon III. as he appeared on the evening before Sedan: An old, bowed-down looking man, stooping on his horse, the dye washed out of his hair, his mustache draggled, passing unsaluted by his own officers, with the common soldiers grinding their teeth and muttering curses upon him. Had this vision risen before the eyes of the prophet poet in 1852, his words could hardly have been more aptly chosen.—H. R. Howeis, in Independent.

Japan Ahead of China.

Japan, in spite of her mistakes, stands for light and civilization; her institutions are enlightened; her laws, drawn up by European jurists, are equal to the best we know, and they are justly administered; her punishments are humane; her scientific and sociological ideas are our own. China stands for darkness and savagery. Her science is ludicrous superstition, her law is barborous, her punishments are awful, her politics are corruption, her ideals are isolation and stagnation. In thousands of Yamens throughout China men are tortured every day, hung up by the thumbs, forced to kneel upon chains, beaten with heavy bamboos, their ankles cracked, their limbs broken. Every week men are publicly crucified and hacked to death by the "thousand cuts." How is anybody to desire the extension of the sway of the former, without avowing himself a partisan of savagery?—Contemporary Review.

The Girl of Acadia.

Natives of Acadia are addicted to long jaunts inland, and camping parties of young men and maidens, properly chaperoned, are frequently come upon. For the Acadian maiden is a lover of the out-of-doors. In winter she skates, snowshoes, and toboggans; in summer she rows and swims with fine confidence. She is also simple, and knows little of our ideas of convention. What Providence girl, gently reared, would, in a mixed picnic party of foreign visitors, go thirty feet or so away into the woods, and there, screened only by a shawl hung on a limb, change her customary dress for a bathing suit? The effect of this, the common way with girl swimmers of Acadia, where bath houses are not known, and modesty is a quality of the soul instead of a piece of gingham, may easily be imagined. None of that party will soon lose the influence of her sweet unsophistication.—Providence Journal.

—Miss Richgirl—"Really, pa, it is cruel to ask George to wait until spring. He says if our marriage is postponed he'll die." Old Gentleman—"Oh, well, I'll [illegible] his [illegible]."—N. Y. Weekly.