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, FEBRUARY 2, 1895. VOL. XX.—NO. 6.

THE PLAYHOUSE.

A little girl in a playhouse played,
Beneath the old apple's spreading shade;
The claybanks that furnished her playhouse walls
Faded away into palace halls.

Her broken china and bits of glass
Were silver plate; the soft green grass,
A Brussels carpet—and whoe'er tread
A softer carpet than nature spread!

Her doll was princess, herself was queen.
A fairer one was scarce e'er seen:
With her soft blue eyes and sunny hair,
Her rosebud lips and brow so fair.

Her household care adds queenly grace
To her childish form; across her face
A trouble flits for dollish ills—
The mother's heart with pity fills.

O, fair young player: We oft have thought
Our play more serious, the ends we sought
To be more noble and yet, I trow,
Our work seems childish to the angels now.
—L. M. Hollingsworth, in Ohio Farmer.

NEAR UNTO DEATH.

Snake Hunter O'Reilly's Close Call with a Copperhead.

Up in Putnam county, just a short distance east of Cold Spring on the Hudson, is a famous place for the most dangerous game to be found in this part of the country—the copperhead. So common are these venomous snakes that hunters when intending to tramp through the thick underbrush or the tall marsh reeds which flank all the roads about there wear heavy boots reaching above the knee for protection against the bites. In the very hot and dry weather, when snakes are liveliest and fiercest, sportsmen scarcely venture in the thicker part of the woods at all. The snake fame of this locality reached the ears of G. R. O'Reilly, of the Royal Zoological Society of Ireland, an ophiologist who is in this country studying American snakes, and he decided to go up to Cold Spring and try to get some copperheads alive. Mr. O'Reilly has had experiences with the cobra of Africa, the fer-de-lance of the West Indies, the diamond-back rattlesnake of this country and most of the other venomous snakes known to science, but never did he come nearer to a disastrous termination of his career than on his little jaunt to Cold Spring. Also he was treated to a repetition of a lesson in snakery which he learned long ago, that one must be prepared for anything and everything in hunting snakes.

It was not a very favorable day when he reached Cold Spring with a companion from this city. The two went directly to I. C. Hanyen, of Nelsonville, who knows more about snakes than any other man in Putnam county, and asked him for information regarding the haunts of the copperheads.

"Go right down to Muddy bridge, about three miles from here," said the veteran. "You can find more copperheads there than there is in a barrel of applejack. What are you going to catch 'em with?"

"Here's our outfit," said Mr. O'Reilly, exhibiting a long stick crooked at one end, and a big bag. "I nail the copperhead down by putting the stick across his neck and then I drop him into the bag, and there you are."

"Well," said the old man, "I'd hate to issue an insurance policy on your life."

The snake hunter laughed, and after thanking Squire Hanyen for the information, walked on with his companion. Toward noon it came on very warm, and the hunters going to Muddy bridge fell in with a young man named Lasher. O'Reilly's friend went on about a mile to explore an open field, while the snake expert stayed to make some inquiries of Lasher.

"I don't know how it is when you're hunting for them," said that young man; "but when you're looking for other things there's more copperheads than you want in this patch of woods at our right. Thick boots have saved me more than once in there. If you're going in I'll stay here in the road and watch for snakes crossing over. But you want to be mighty careful where you step."

This advice was shouted after the scientist, who had already plunged into the thicket, taking his long stick with him. Progress was very slow. The explorer was pretty tired when he had forced his way through a hundred yards of the thick tangle, and the sight of a little clearing where a big tree had fallen was very welcome. It was not quite a clearing either, for near the tree a thick netting of flowery creepers had sprung up, through which only small patches of ground could be seen. In one of these openings Mr. O'Reilly saw what appeared to be a good-sized copperhead. The snake had seen him, too, and with its head raised a few inches from the coil was watching him with interest. One of the peculiarities of a copperhead is that you can never tell when it will run and when it will stand and fight. Evidently this one's policy was to fight. It struck the naturalist even then that from what he could see of the coil there was an extraordinary lot of it. O'Reilly pressed the thick growth of creepers over to either side and then shot his stick in right above the reptile's nose.

The catlike eyes glittered as they moved in following the motion of the stick, and the forked tongue shot out, its yellow points trembling nervously like the antennæ of an insect. Otherwise the snake never moved at all, though the man could see it was all ready to strike. O'Reilly stood within a yard of the reptile in a position sufficiently dangerous to make him cautious, for the thicket in which he was entangled grew so exceedingly dense that he could not move with celerity in any direction. Although the snake's head was in the middle of the coil—a very awkward position for catching—the hunter nevertheless brought down the stick over its neck, intending to gently but firmly press it to the ground. The thickness of the coils was greater than that of the neck, so the copperhead was able to shoot out its head beneath the stick fully six inches beyond the coil, as if coming right toward the hunter. Quickly taking advantage of this by a jerk O'Reilly transferred the stick to the new and better position in which the head was now placed. The dexterous transfer was not, however, quicker than the snake, for it bit the stick in its passage. Nevertheless, the stick lay now on the snake's neck, and as with his right hand and knee the hunter held it there firmly, he quickly reached in with his left hand and took his snakeship round the throat with the top of his thumb beneath the under jaw sufficiently far down to escape the clasp of the fangs, and yet not so low that the snake could possibly turn its head to bite him. Having the prey now securely the hunter drew it forth from the coil, which had never moved in the slightest. But on drawing out the snake what was O'Reilly's horror to discover that the coil was not one snake but two; and the second and larger reptile, now for the first time showing its head, was hurriedly getting ready to strike.

Strike it did, and it was only the multitude of the weedstalks in which it lay that saved the naturalist's hand from the deadly venom. In his long training as a snake hunter quickness of thought and action grows to be second nature with Mr. O'Reilly. A leap backward carried him out of range. The next thing was to capture, if possible, the second snake, for the hunter had no thought of letting any chances escape him. Holding his writhing captive in his left hand, and gripping his stick firmly with the right, he pressed it over the neck of the second reptile. But this was a powerful copperhead. It easily glided from beneath the stick, biting at it savagely, and made straight for its persecutor. Then changing its mind, it swerved and glided away in the underbrush. More than ever determined not to lose this specimen, O'Reilly followed, tramping down the weeds and calling at the top of his voice:

"Lasher! Lasher! Help! Copperheads! Come in here quick!"

A crash in the underbrush told the scientist that help was coming, but it would be too late for the capture of the copperhead. A few yards off was refuge for the snake. A large rock rested partly over another and smaller one, leaning against it at an angle of forty-five degrees to the ground, thus leaving an opening behind the smaller rock. Into this opening the snake darted its head. At the sight of his quarry thus escaping, the pursuer grew reckless. Dropping his stick he threw himself down upon the ground, reached forward with his unoccupied hand and grabbed the fugitive by the tail. But he had not calculated on the shape of the rock crevice and in a moment, to his dismay, he saw the flat head of the enemy twist up from another opening between the rocks and slowly rear his face.

Once, twice, and a third time the savage reptile struck at his face, and the last time Mr. O'Reilly thought that he felt a drop of venom flung from the fangs to his cheek. But the snake couldn't reach any further. Still, it was an alarming position. If O'Reilly let go the snake would be upon him before he could get to his feet. His position was not only painful, but very tiring, and he felt that he could not hold out long. The captive in his left hand was writhing and winding about his arm, and, worst of all, Lasher had evidently missed his direction, as, to judge by the sounds, he was crashing underbrush a considerable distance away. The hunter, now a captive himself, shouted to him again, and after what seemed a long time the young man burst through the bushes and ran to the prostrate O'Reilly, only to leap back with a cry of terror. He had all but touched the copperhead in the naturalist's left hand.

"What's that you've got there?" he cried.

So great was O'Reilly's relief that he grew facetious.

"That's an African rhinoceros," he replied, "and that thing in my other hand is a polar bear. Can't you see for yourself? If you're through asking questions of great scientific interest perhaps you'll open that bag and help me cage my menagerie."

The young man got the first-caught copperhead into the bag, after which he flattened his gun barrel down over the other snake's head. Fearing, however, that this would kill or injure the snake, the scientist told him to raise the gun. At this the reptile turned back on its own length and made for the hand that held it. Lucky it was for O'Reilly that it had not made this move before. Upon seeing its head coming he let go his hold on the tail and took up his stick to be ready. On came the snake right out of the hole and commenced to coil for a spring, directly in the open within shadow of the rock. But O'Reilly's snake stick forestalled it, and slid in over its neck just behind the head. Then it was dropped into the bag with its companion.

That ended the snake hunting for the day. The two specimens are now in Mr. O'Reilly's collection in this city. Even without them for mementoes he will not be likely soon to forget how he was caught between two copperheads and for a short space held captive with death only a short inch from his face.—N. Y. Sun.

OSTRICHES FOR DINNER.

The Italian Word Was a Trifle Misleading to a Novice.

When the author of "Meeting the Sun" was at Brindisi he was waited upon at the inn by a boy whose face, as he says, was "so constructed that when he opened his mouth to speak or laugh the operation shut up his eyes." This boy rejoiced in the name of Ulysse and proved to be very attentive.

When I called him Ulysses of Ithaca he understood the allusion; his mouth opened with a grin, and of course his eyes disappeared.

"Well, Ulysses of Ithaca, what is there for dinner to-day?"

Again the same facial expression appeared, and my astonishment may be guessed when he announced: "Ostriches, sir."

It was not a joint of ostrich, not even a single bird; he persisted in the plural number. Even the man who said that a goose was too much for one person, and not enough for two, might have been appalled at the prospect of a flock of ostriches for dinner. The heel of Italy's foot is not very far from Africa, and it was possible that ostrich was indeed one of the rare dishes of this southern clime. Speculations of this sort went through my mind, but dinner itself at last solved the mystery. Ulysses of Ithaca came in, his mouth open and his eyes closed, bearing a plate of oysters. As my inability to understand him had assumed the appearance of doubt there was an air of triumph as he placed the plate on the table and announced that these were the "ostriches." The Italian word for oysters is ostrica, and Ulysse thought that he was pronouncing the English word to me.

—Joan of Arc was undoubtedly the victim of insane hallucinations. Her "voices" were to her the most absolute realities.

—Point Pinos, in California, received its name from its pine trees.

FARMER AND PLANTER

DIVERSIFIED FARMING.

The Farmers of the South are Beginning to See Where the Profit Lies.

So much has, time and again, been said upon the subject, that to say more would seem to be superfluous. It is by "line upon line, precept upon precept," that lasting impressions are made. Already the farmers of the south are practicing diversified farming to a much greater extent than ever before, and it is to the constant urging and exhorting and coaxing of the agricultural press, more than to anything else, that the credit is due. Those farmers who are diversifying their farming most, we find are the most prosperous. Those who have no bacon, nor lard, nor molasses to buy, do not feel the grinding pressure of low-price cotton anything like as much as those who have to buy these things. The farmers who, while supplying their own wants with the above-named necessaries, have also raised a surplus to sell (as they almost invariably do when they diversify), can now snap their fingers in the pallid face of King Cotton, and tell him to keep on declining until death releases him from the environments of earth, for aught they care.

Farming, from a business standpoint, is a simple thing. It simply means to make more than you spend, in order to be successful. If you raise all, or nearly all that you and your family eat, you surely will not have to buy much in the way of groceries. If, while you are fattening two hogs for your own larder, you just put in two more to consume your overplus of grain, slops, etc., you will be long on pork, and able to lay by a few dollars for a nucleus. If you look well after your little herd of cattle, you will have one or two beef steers to sell in the fall, and this will be an addition to your little hoard. The same may be said of potatoes—raise a surplus to sell. Raise lots of turnips, too. Have something to take to town to sell whenever you go.

An acre or two in broom corn will not cost much labor to cultivate, and will pay well for the time you spend on it. If you live in a locality where you have a few acres of moist bottom land, plant a patch of ribbon cane, and make a supply of the nicest home-made sirup you ever ate. On a two-acre patch of cane you should make from 100 to 150 gallons of cero. (Sirup from which no sugar is taken.) You can readily sell all you have over your own home supply, for from sixty cents to seventy-five cents per gallon, which will give you a good profit on its cost.

This is the sort of farming that will keep "all hands pleased," who follow it up. Our forefathers farmed after this style, and were, as a rule, as happy as lords. In our time, the southern farmer has strayed away from the landmarks of true husbandry, lured by the, at one time, high price of a single product. To-day he is suffering in the flesh for his folly; but he is repenting and coming around to the correct orthodox doctrine. Then let us rejoice and be thankful for his future hopeful outlook, and continue to be pleased, and strive to disseminate the true gospel of diversified agriculture till all the farmers of the south have been converted.—Texas, Farm and Ranch.

PIG FEEDING.

Practical Conclusions Drawn From Experiments at the Wisconsin Experiment Station.

"All things considered, the hog has been the most profitable animal on western farms, and no small part of the wealth of the western states is due to this one animal. Corn is and has been the most universal food for swine in this section, and so it is to Indian corn that we are indebted for the benefits accruing from the hog. No other plant furnishes so much available food to the acre, or food that is so well relished by the hog, as corn. With millions of acres of land devoted to corn-growing, and a large part of this corn being fed to hogs, it is no wonder we have come to regard corn as made for the hog and the hog for corn. To one who first acquaints himself with the situation it might appear that all the farmer has to do to increase his income is to plant more corn and raise more hogs, but the investigator will soon find that were the market open to all that could be raised, there seems a limit to the pork production of any farm or locality, for numerous difficulties beset this vocation. Pigs are born only to meet an early death; hog cholera devastates large areas, passing from point to point with great rapidity, clearing everything before it, leaving the farms not only without swine, but so inoculated with the disease that all the business in that section must be held in abeyance for a year or more. Farmers are constantly complaining that their hogs become too fine-boned, and get but temporary relief by sending off to breeders for coarse-boned sires. These facts show that as now handled on the average farm at the west, the hog is in an abnormal condition and that degeneration is constantly going on, or, popularly stated, 'stock runs out.' The difficulties in the way do not end with the troubles named, but follow the hog even after death, into the park barrel. Foreigners claim that our pork is diseased, and place an embargo upon it. Home consumption is decreasing not because our people think the pork is diseased in itself necessarily, but because the meat is so excessively fat that there arises a strong aversion against it in the minds of most people. As people in the lower classes in life get ahead in the world they give up pork for more expensive meat. Not only, then, have we to consider the questions of hog feeding from the standpoint of feeder and breeder, but the opinion and wish of the consumer must receive attention, if this industry, of such great magnitude, is to continue on a sound basis.

That with proper care the form, size substance and bone of the hog can be well maintained, and even advanced, is shown by the fact that careful, intelligent breeders and specialists hold their stock up to a high standard of excellence, and even improve it. Nor is it difficult for the intelligent farmer to keep his stock where it will yield a satisfactory profit. First of all there must be a careful discrimination between the hogs used for breeders and those intended only for feeders. Breeding from immature stock must be avoided as much as possible, for this is probably one of the greatest sources of the present lack of constitution. To fatten brood sows after they have farrowed off litters once or twice, is a practice, most unfortunately, altogether, too common. Good mothers should be held for breeders as long as possible. The care of the pig must begin before it is born, by not only giving the dam comfortable quarters, but supplying such food as is essential for the building up of the bodies of her young. During pregnancy the sow should receive plenty of protein food, in the shape of blue grass or clover pasture, bran, shorts, middlings, shipstuff, skim-milk and peas. It is impossible to keep brood sows through the winter on Indian corn alone, and have good results at farrowing time. Even if large litters of pigs are successfully brought into the world by dams so fed, there must be a weakening of constitution which sooner or later will bring disastrous results. Since it is the cheapest food on the list, corn very properly may form part of the ration of hogs at all times, but to cause a brood sow to not only maintain her own life, but to grow the bodies of a litter of young from the elements contained in the daily ration of corn is simply out of the question. There are not enough bone and muscle elements in the corn a brood sow can consume to suffice for building up the bodies of her young.

"Unless the farmer has the proper buildings and conveniences for attending to the wants of brood sows it is better to have the pigs born in the summer time, when the mothers are running on pasture, for with pigs brought into the world under such conditions the risk is reduced to the minimum. When born, it is profitable to push the pigs forward as rapidly as possible by feeding the mother heavily on nutritious diet, which should contain a very considerable amount of protein and ash elements, since the bodies of young pigs expand rapidly and should be built up in bone and muscle and not fat. The cheapest grain made by hogs at this station was when feeding sows with young pigs, so heavily that they even gained in weight while suckling their young. Less than three pounds of feed then made a pound of gain. Having grown a strong muscular frame the time comes when the farmer must separate the breeding stock from the remainder of the herd and give it different treatment. Breeding stock should be kept out of doors, on pasture as much as possible, and every attention given towards keeping the animal natural and healthy. The final purpose to which hogs for the market are intended must direct the way in which they are handled. With a well grown carcass of 100 pounds for a basis, hogs which are intended for the general market can be fed almost exclusively on corn, adding ground a little oats, shorts, skim-milk or other protein food. As far as possible, however, in these times of low prices, hogs should be grown on pastures, and corn used only to ripen up the animal. On our western farms land is the cheapest and labor the dearest thing we have. The hog that runs in a clover field or blue-grass pasture waits on himself, and makes a healthy growth, if not a very fast one. This growth is usually more profitable than that made from entire grain feed. Usually a part ration of grain can be profitably fed to grazing hogs to hasten their growth.

"Where the general market is the destination, one can not be over-particular about the pork product, but must manage it at all points in the very cheapest way."

How Is It With You?

It has been suggested that next year each individual farmer will reason thus: "Farmers, generally, will plant less cotton the coming season, and this will bring the price up to eight or ten cents. I am not going to be left. I am going to plant all cotton and rake in the money. See the point?" This is a reflection on the common sense and common honesty of farmers. We admit that many have pursued this course on former occasions; but we contend that most of that particular kind of fools have either died or quit the business. No considerable number will ever do so any more.—Texas Farm and Ranch.

HERE AND THERE.

—Are there any cracks in the poultry house? There certainly ought not to be when winter comes on.

—It is the heavy horse that is bringing the best price these days. Our faith in the draft horse has never wavered.

—Help the poor, ragged hens to get on their winter suits by the addition of a little oil meal or fresh meat to their daily ration.

—Wheat is not yet cheap enough to feed to a poor quality of stock. No food is cheap enough to feed to such stock profitably.

—Feed liberally, but not wastefully. Good preparation by grinding, if grain, or cutting, if fodder and stalks, in the ensilage cutter, is a most economical proceeding.

—Don't keep your boys out of the public free school next year to hoe or pick four-cent cotton. Educate them, and they will know better than to raise it at such a price when they grow up.

—Use medicine and stimulants very moderately among your poultry. Remember, true strength and recuperation come from the digestion of nutritious food, and can come from no other source.

—The government crop report for November indicates a corn crop for the entire country amounting to 1,200,000,000 bushels for 1894, against 1,619,496,000 bushels last year.

—It makes no difference to the farmer whether it is overproduction or underconsumption; whether it is his inability to sell or other people's inability to buy. But he wants something done that will make a difference between prices of products as they are and as they ought to be.—Farm and Ranch.

—It is plan to examine the apple and peach trees for borers. Hunt for them just below the surface. One needs a short piece of wire and a sharp knife. Coat all the wounds made with a stiff mixture of fresh cow manure and clay. Replace the soil and scatter some wood ashes and air-slaked lime around the trunks.

—A correspondent of the Irish Farming World says that winter calving cows "give fully one-third more milk within their milking season than cows calving in the spring," and assigns as the reason, the fact that the "winter calver, during the most important months of gestation, is on good grass, while the spring calver, as a rule, has been badly fed for nearly five months before calving."

RELIGIOUS AND EDUCATIONAL.

—All told there are about 400 missionaries engaged in work on the continent of South America, with its population of 37,000,000 people.

—There is a widespread sentiment in the Presbyterian church in favor of changing "the week of prayer" from January to some time in the fall.

—The Young Mens' Christian association of the city of Mexico is devoting its efforts to stimulating the use and study of the Bible in the republic.

—Wittenburg Theological seminary (Lutheran) has received $25,000 from Mrs. Geo. D. Harter, of Canton, O., for the endowment of a chair of practical theology.

—Rev. Dr. Durnford, bishop of Chichester, England, now in his 92d year, has just returned home from a pedestrian tour in Switzerland and among the Italian lakes.

—It is stated that in France scarcely 5,900,000 of the 40,000,000 reputed Roman Catholics are worthy of the name, the rest being non-churchgoers, unbelievers, atheists and anarchists.

—The enrollment of the University of Chicago is now 1,100, and it is expected that it will reach 1,600 before the close of the present year. This will be twice as many as were enrolled last year.

—Gen. Booth, asked by a newspaper interviewer, "Do you think the millennium will come if the whole world is converted to the Salvation army?" replied: "It would be very near at hand. If the newspaper men were converted it would be a very long step in that direction."

—Rev. John Henry Pooley, honorary canon of Lincoln, Eng., who recently celebrated his ninety-second birthday, was ordained deacon in 1827 and priest in the succeeding year. He has been rector of Scotter, in Lincolnshire, since 1833, and has been a magistrate in his county for fifty-five years.

—At a recent meeting of the trustees of the University of Pennsylvania it was announced that Mr. and Mrs. Henry H. Houston, of Philadelphia, had given $100,000 to the proposed students' hall of the university. The edifice will bear the name of Howard Houston, a deceased son of the donors, who was a student in the institution.

—Bishop Wilmer, of Louisiana, once had a talk with a Baptist minister who insisted that there were several places in the Bible where immersion was unquestionably referred to. "Yes," replied the bishop, "I recall two such instances where there can be no doubt as to the mode; one is where Pharaoh and his host were immersed in the sea, and the other where the Gadarene pigs were drowned in the deep."

—Midland hall, of the London Congregational union, has sheltered 162,935 poor outcasts in the last decade. The "ministry of old clothes" and the "ministry of old boots" supply 30,000 garments and 2,000 pairs of boots to the needy ones annually. The union has more than twenty centers of Christian work, including a fresh-air mission, training and placing girls in domestic service and aiding immigration.

—According to the statistics from a trustworthy source Corea contains 600,000 Catholics, 180,000 of whom are male adults and the rest women and children, and 700,000 Protestants and Greek Christians, half of them adult males. Thus more than a quarter of the population is already Christian, so that the present war has in the eyes of the European powers a character of which account has not hitherto been taken.

WIT AND WISDOM.

—Teach the maid that goodness Time's rude hand defies—that virtue lives where beauty dies.—Kirk White.

—Miss Underhill—I have been told that you are poor. I think we had better break our relations. Stewart—I have broken all mine already.—Truth.

—Critic (to operetta composer)—You are lucky, for if your scores are criticised, you can feel that it is not your melodies that are condemned.—Fliegende Blatter.

—"Yes," said Mrs. Shopper. "I bought this dress at the bargain counter, but I am not sure that it was not the shopkeeper who made the bargain." —Boston Transcript.

—Young Lady—I should like to give my intended a little surprise before our marriage. What would you recommend? Lady Friend—Don't wear your false teeth just for once.—L'Odi Glotto.

—Doctor (shaking his head)—Well, my dear sir, I can do nothing more for you. Patient—W-h-a-t? Good gracious, doctor. Doctor—No; really, my friend, you are in perfect health.—Der Schalk.

—Fine sense and exalted sense are not half so useful as common sense; there are forty men of wit for one man of good sense; and he that will carry nothing about with him but gold will be every day at a loss for readier change.—Addison.

—Theatrical manager—I'm not going to pay you for my theater. Contractor—Why not? Theatrical manager—Because you contracted to build a theater to hold 2,500 people and there haven't been 500 people in the place any night since it opened.—Truth.

—So much as we ourselves comprehend of truth and reason, so much we possess of real and true knowledge. The floating of other men's opinions in our brains makes us not one jot the more knowing though they happen to be true; what in them was science is in us but opiniatrety.—Locke.

—Dashaway—"You say your sister will be down in a minute, Willie. That's good news. I thought perhaps that she wanted to be excused, as she did the other day." Willie—"Not this time: I played a trick on her." Dashaway—"What did you do?" Willie (triumphantly)—"I said you were another fellow."—London Wonder.

Niece—"Auntie, dear, Mr. Maler, the artist, has asked me for my photo. He wants to make use of it in his last picture. Ought I to send it to him?" Aunt—"Yes, you can do so; but be sure to inclose with it a picture of your mother or some elderly lady. It would be highly improper to send your photo by itself."—Deutsche Warte.

—A principle of honor, as long as it is connected with virtue, adds no small efficacy to its operation and no small brilliancy and luster to its appearance; but honor, the moment that it becomes unconnected with the duties of official function, with the relations of life, and the eternal and immutable laws of morality, and appears in its substance alien to them, changes its nature, and, instead of justifying a breach of duty, aggravates all its mischiefs to an almost infinite degree; by the apparent luster of the surface it hides from you the baseness and deformity of the ground.—Burke.

BETTER THAN WEALTH.

An "Air" is Worth More to a Woman Than Many Paris Frocks.

A distinguished "carriage" is the most useful possession a woman can have. She may be absolutely plain of face and yet manage to make a pretty woman feel insignificant by contrast. She may be poor, and yet make moneyed dames envious. She may wear cashmere, and yet cause the velvet-robed keen jealousy. With a distinguished air she compels even salesladies to do her bidding. Her butcher saves his best cuts for her. Her washerwoman never fails to bring her clothes when they are due. Her neighbors admire and occasionally even the cable car man respects her signals.

The first requisite for a distinguished carriage is a "back." Stoop shoulders and rounded backs or "sway" backs are fatal to the aspirant for a truly elegant appearance. The proper position is obtained when, with body unrestricted by tight clothing and not thrown forward by high heels, one stands with a heavy weight balanced on her head. It is impossible to hold that weight unless the figure is correctly held and the head is at just the proper angle. Consequently an excellent exercise for obtaining a correct carriage is walking about one's room balancing a heavy book on the head, or rising slowly on one's toes with the weight balanced.

Every morning before her bath a woman should assume the correct standing position and exercise for a few minutes with dumbbells or chest weight. Or she may throw the shoulders firmly back until the blades almost meet. This should be done a number of times. Then the motion of the arms used in rowing should be made a number of times.

When a woman is walking she should remember to preserve the correct position of legs, back, shoulders and head. If she takes deep, long breaths at every few steps she will be increasing the capacity of her lungs and aiding the gymnastic exercises in their good work of developing a distinguished air.—N. Y. World.

FOR WINTER DRESSES.

Notes on the Making of Cold Weather Costumes.

A point that the average woman will do well to note is the choice of material for lining winter garments. Three or four thicknesses of woolen material will not give the warmth that one experiences from one or two of thick, closely-woven cotton. As an interlining for garments for severe weather, canton flannel or denim of good quality, is unsurpassed. These materials are somewhat heavy, but this is atoned for by the feeling of comfort one gets by their use. Next to them is some leather material, such as chamois or sheepskin. It is possible to buy for a very small sum shaved-down sheepskin that is as soft and pliable as velvet. Those who have never used this as an interlining will be surprised at the perfect comfort and protection it affords. There are persons who find it impossible to keep warm no matter what amount of woolen material they may put on. This may be a constitutional peculiarity, but, nevertheless, it exists, and is worthy of consideration.

In trimming waists it is desirable to put as little garniture across the back between the shoulders as may be. Especially is this necessary if one is inclined to stoop. The best way to put elaborate garnitures on waists is to have them end at the back of the sleeves. They must be very full over the shoulders, much less so across the front. Indeed, there should be just enough fullness to hang gracefully. One-third allowance is often too much for the best effects, unless the lace is very wide. Goods made into ruffles should be adjusted after the dress is put on. This saves a good deal of trouble, and produces much better effects.

The folded soft belt and collar are having a long season of popularity. They are almost universally employed on dressy costumes, and are extremely becoming to all except very stout persons.—N. Y. Ledger.

AN ARTISTIC COIFFURE.

Texture of Cobwebs, Color of Ebony on a White Neck.

It is very rarely that one sees a woman's hair of the absolutely inky blue of Hamlet's cloak, but when one does be certain the dusky chevelure is a great beauty. In these days of uncertain drabs and grays and browns and the "tinted" blonde a fine head of black hair is very conspicuous, particularly when its possessor happens to be a handsome girl, with fresh, clear skin and the blue eyes which always "go" with just such black hair. Such a type is seldom seen, but it is pure Irish, and no greater beauty than this real Celtic beauty can be found among all the Saxon, Latin and Oriental races. It has so much character, it is so pure in strain, that the mixed blood beside it seems insipid and far from thoroughbred. Not long since I chanced to sit behind a girl at the theater whose coiffure was more interesting from an artistic point of view than what was going on beyond the footlights. It was the texture of cobwebs, the dense color of ebony without the least lustre, and it was coiled in a heavy mass above a very white neck. The eyes were blue, and the straight, delicate brows as dark as the hair. This coloring, naturally anything but showy, had the effect to pale the Titian red locks of a fair lady in the same row, and from its rarity rendered the possessor an object of much speculation, not to say admiration, to several observers. It is singular how quickly a "novelty" is caught on to, whether the novelty is a pretty girl or a new style of gown, but evidently the present generation are wide awake and know a fine thing when they see it.—Boston Herald.

High Combs.

Two years ago shell side combs came in and then went out, but the coming winter promises to see them in vogue again. Their introduction was for ornament, their reappearance for necessity; how else shall we keep short locks in place? High Spanish combs owned by great-grandmothers are being carefully mended and are worn with much sentiment by their descendants. It is useless to attempt these combs with hat or bonnet, but for house and evening wear they are exquisite. At a recent colonial tea the hostess wore the most beautiful one I ever saw, handed down through her family from Priscilla Alden. The comb is the only style of metal permitted in the hair. Daggers, swords, gold pins, all will be considered bad form.—Detroit Free Press.

—Miami is a corruption of Mishmeah, meaning "stony river."

USEFUL AND SUGGESTIVE.

—Plantain Fritters—Beat one egg, add half a pint of milk, one cup of flour and a pinch of salt. Beat this batter smooth, add half a teaspoonful of baking powder. Slice the plantains into it and fry brown.—Housekeeper.

—Roasted Oysters.—Rinse the shells clean and lay them on hot coals with the deepest side down so as not to lose the liquor; when they begin to open a little they are done and the upper shell can be easily removed with a knife, and the oyster is to be eaten from the lower shell, seasoned with salt, pepper and butter.—St. Louis Republic.

—Lemon Cheese Cakes—The following quantities should make enough churd to fill twelve cheese cakes: Beat up one egg, cream one ounce of butter with the same quantity of castor sugar, mix with the egg, add the grated rind of a lemon, and the juice of half it. When the ingredients are mixed, stand the basin in a saucepan, and stir it till the mixture thickens.—Leed's Mercury.

—Cornmeal Pie.—Scald half a pint of milk, mix two even tablespoonfuls of cornmeal with a little milk and stir in. Cook fifteen minutes, or a little longer if the meal settles. Cool, add two-thirds of a cup of cold milk, one egg well beaten, three tablespoonfuls of sugar and one-fourth teaspoonful of salt. Stir well and pour into a good-sized pie-plate lined with a nice crust. Grate a little nutmeg over it. Bake in a rather quick oven.—Farm, Field and Fireside.

—A simple dessert is made by placing two square or four round crackers on each dessert-plate. Pour over these as much boiling water as they will absorb, being careful to have the water boiling. Add two teaspoonfuls of sugar to each square cracker—or an equal amount to the round ones—carefully sifted over them, and a little grated nutmeg. Put a spoonful of jelly or preserved fruit on each cracker, and serve at once with sweet cream.—Farm and Fireside.

—Bisque of Clam.—Drain twenty-five clams, pouring one cup of cold water over them. Put the liquor in a saucepan over the fire to boil. When it has reached the boiling point skim. Add the clams chopped very fine; boil and skim again. Then add one-quarter of a cup of bread crumbs and one tablespoonful of butter, rubbed smooth with two of flour. Let simmer for ten minutes. Press through a sieve and return to the kettle. When hot add one pint of good cream, and serve at once. If allowed to stand over the fire after the cream is added it will curdle.

—Apple Butter.—Take sweet cider, on the day it comes from the press, boil it down one-half, add slightly more than half the quantity of pared, cored and sliced apples. Cook slowly and carefully, stirring with a long wooden paddle which reaches the bottom of the kettle, and skimming when necessary. When the apple begins to break, sweeten to taste, but it is better if left quite tart. Continue the cooking and stirring till the apple becomes a homogeneous mass like marmalade. It will keep for any length of time in stone jars or wooden vessels.—Good Housekeeping.

A PRETTY WRITING TABLET.

Can Be Made at Home and is Convenient and Cheap.

A very serviceable and pretty writing tablet can be made at home with very little trouble at the minimum of expense. To make it, get from any carpenter a stout, smooth board two feet square. Cover it smoothly on both sides with pretty figured French cretonne. In the lower part of the center of the board tack diagonally across the corners of a place eight inches wide by twelve inches long small straps of silk ribbon elastic. Under these straps slip a piece of blotting paper just eight by twelve inches in size. On the left of the blotter tack two straps of the elastic to hold the package of note paper and the pack of envelopes.

In the upper middle portion of the board a strap of elastic is tacked up and down, making three places in which to stick a pen, pencil and paper-knife. Just above the blotter a traveler's inkstand is firmly glued. To the right of this a small strap is tacked on, in which to slip a little book made of oil paper, in which to keep postage stamps. The right side of the board has straps so arranged as to accommodate postal cards and another package of paper and envelopes. When good taste is used in the selection of the cretonne and neatness in the tacking of it and the straps on the board, the effect is something quite artistic and pleasing. The tacks are brass-headed, and two quite small ones are really better than one large one, and are prettier as well.

In covering the board, cover the bottom part first, leaving a small margin of the goods, which must be tacked upon the thick edge of the board with small, ordinary tacks. The upper cover of the board is cut with a margin a little wider than the board is thick. This surplus margin is turned under and the cretonne tacked very smoothly with the fancy nails, which must be very close together.—N. Y. Advertiser.

Dominant Races of the West.

Capt. Mahan in a recent magazine article described our "vaunted European and American civilization" as "an oasis set in the midst of a desert of barbarism." It is a rather large oasis, however, since the number of people who speak European languages is fully 400,000,000. About 110,000,000 of these are English speaking, the Germans and Russians coming next on the list with 75,000,000 a piece. French is spoken by 51,000,000; Spanish by 43,000,000; Italian by 33,000,000, and Portuguese by 13,000,000 human beings. Of the "outer barbarians" nearly 290,000,000 live in India under British rule, and the 300,000,000 or more inhabitants of China seem destined to come within the sphere of western influence through the instrumentality of the 40,000,000 Japanese. The "oasis of civilization" will soon compass every part of the inhabited globe. The triumph of the western world is even now all but complete.—Philadelphia Record.

Woman's Privilege.

"Beg pardon, ma'am," said the inspector, "there seems to be some mistake here—either you have already voted or some one has voted on your name."

"Oh, that was me," said the votress. "I voted early this morning, but I have changed my mind and want to vote the other way now."—Indianapolis Journal.

Another Long-Felt Want.

Tough—Have you got pull enough in Washington to get a patent for me?

Patent Lawyer—What is your invention?

Tough—It's a pneumatic tire for police clubs.—N. Y. Weekly.

IN THE ELECTRICAL WORLD.

—The electrical railway at Newburg, N. Y., has commenced the transportation of milk between the suburban districts and the New York steamboat landing.

—Dr. M. E. Veeder declares that electric disturbances in the sun are transmitted to the earth by the impalpable meteoric dust that he believes fills inter-planetary space. All meteorites possess magnetic properties.

—A committee of Philadelphia councilmen recently witnessed trials of fifteen fenders for trolley cars. The dummies used were of various sizes and styles, being made up of wadding or sawdust sewed in stout canvas.

—In a Harlem (N. Y.) grocery store there is usually on exhibition a pyramid of vegetables and fruit set in the center of the floor and visible from the street. Scattered through the pyramid are incandescent electric lights of various colors, which are arranged to flash in different combinations at intervals.

—During the recent English cavalry manœuvres the field telegraph battalion a division of the royal engineers, performed some very creditable work. The battalion constantly accompanied the cavalry, laying wire along the ground as fast as they advanced, and reeling it in again as they retired. This was successfully accomplished, even at a sharp trot, and communication was had at all times with the camp, twelve miles distant.

—Mr. Allan, a resident of Melbourne, Australia, has, it is said, invented an electric submarine torpedo boat which he claims can be sunk to any depth, and can be run as fast as a surface boat. It can be kept submerged, he says, for three days. A successful experiment with Allan's model was made recently in the presence of the earl of Hopetoun and many naval and military officers. After seeing the experiments Rear Admiral Bowden-Smith gave the opinion that the boat was all that Mr. Allan claimed, and was destined to revolutionize naval warfare.

—A new electrical invention is the idea of a woman. Her name is Sophia H. Caruthers, and she lives at Sydney, New South Wales, Australia. The patent, also taken out in the United States, is for an electric towel intended for the bath. The towel is woven on a loose web of very fine wires, so as not to interfere with its flexibility, and is connected with a battery. The bather, just out of the water, rubs the body all over with the electrified cloth, thus engendering a healthy glow. This ought really to be a very useful thing for weakly people. The current, of course, can be made as mild as may be desired.

—The Lake Shore Electric Railway Co., of Chicago, has been incorporated, with a capital stock of $10,000,000. D. H. Louderback, J. L. Cochran, Dunlap Smith and others are incorporators, and it is generally understood that the stock is largely held by capitalists who are behind the Northwestern elevated road. Indeed, Mr. Lauderback, president of the Northwestern L, is said to have admitted that such was the case, and added that the new electric lines were to be used as feeders for the Northwestern L, much as the North Shore electric line is now used to attract travel to the north division cable system. The new line will connect with the Northwestern L at Wilson avenue, 6½ miles from the county building in a northwesterly direction. The road will run as close to the lake shore as possible, and take in all the towns between Chicago and Milwaukee. Preliminary surveys are now being made, and, if the road is ever built, it will be the longest single electric railway line extant, the length being about ninety miles.

HE HAD NO TIME TO TALK.

But He Might Have Done So With Profit to Himself.

"Can I speak to you in private?" he whispered as he entered a Brush street saloon and bent over the bar to get nearer the man behind it.

"No free drinks here!" bluntly replied the bartender, as he rubbed at the mirror with a bit of rag.

"No, of course not. I'm not after a free drink."

"No money to give away."

"I'm not expecting any. If you are not too much occupied I should like to speak to you in private."

"I am too busy."

"Sorry—very sorry!" sighed the man as he turned away. "I'm a stranger in town and would like to talk to someone in confidence. You look to me like an honest, truthful man."

"I'm honest and truthful," replied the bartender, "but I can't be worked for a dime to get a lodging with. Might as well save your breath."

"I don't want no dime. I simply want to ask your opinion."

"My opinion is that you'd better get out!"

"And you won't talk to me in confidence?"

"Look a-here, old man!" exclaimed the bartender as he wheeled around, "I don't want any more guff. If you have anything to say to me, out with it!"

"Well, I did want to speak to you in private," said the stranger, as he scraped at the sawdust on the floor, "but if you won't have it that way I must do the best I can. Do you know of a saloon on this street I could buy for ten thousand dollars. I have only five thousand here, but the rest is in the bank."

Then he hauled a wad of greenbacks out of his right-hand breeches pocket, a second out of his left-hand, and from his hip pocket and his vest pockets and his coat pockets he hauled out "wads" and stacked them on the bar 'till the man behind it turned as pale as death.

"Might go as high as fifteen thousand dollars, but ten thousand dollars would be nearer the figure," said the man as he began refilling his pockets. "Sorry you were too busy to talk to me confidentially, but the chap in the saloon below may have a minute or so to spare. Good night and pleasant dreams to you."

And a customer who came in five minutes later found the bartender chewing the rag he had used on the mirror and pounding on the bar with his fists as he danced up and down and gasped for breath.—Detroit Free Press.

No Doubt About It.

Hearing a faint rustle in the darkened hallway below, the elder sister, supposing the young man had gone, leaned over the balustrade and called out:

"Well, Bessie, have you landed him?"

It was broken by the hesitating, constrained voice of the young man:

"She has."—Detroit Tribune.