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 16, 1895. VOL. XX.—NO. 8.

KEEP A MERRY HEART.

No use to whine and worry
'Cause the sun don't shine to-day.
No use to fume an' flurry
'Cause shadows cloud the way.
The skies will surely brighten,
The shadows all depart.
Jes' go on straight an' learn to wait
An' keep a merry heart.

There is no use o' growlin':
It costs no more to smile.
Tho' winter's storms are howlin'
Spring 'll be here after while.
There is no use o' kickin'
Jes' go on with your part;
Be stanch an' true in all you do
An' keep a merry heart.

There is no use o' wearin'
A melancholy air.
The world is not a-carin'
Your grief an' woe to share.
Altho' some grievous sorrow
Should cause a tear to start.
Jes' let good cheer drive back the tear
An' keep a merry heart.
William West, in Chicago Record.

OLD NEWSPAPERS.

BY GEORGE A. ROBERTSON.

There has been such a complete revolution in the manner of conducting newspapers and in the character of their contents within the past few decades that it is now almost impossible to understand the power that was exerted by Horace Greeley and other great editors in the days just preceding the great civil war and during that struggle.

The discovery of an ingenious German chemist that fairly good print paper can be made from wood pulp, the introduction of type-setting machines, and the improvements of the wonderful web presses of the present time, have completely transformed the mechanical departments of all the leading newspapers, and made it possible to issue papers of maximum size at a minimum of cost.

Ben Perley Poore, the long time famous Washington correspondent, told me a short time before his death that when he first went to Washington in 1855 he was absolutely limited to ten words per day by telegraph. The remainder of his report was sent by mail; the publishers of that newspaper and its readers being perfectly content to wait a day or two for their news. The price of telegraphing at that time between Washington and Boston was ten cents per word.

To-day the leading dailies receive, during the sessions of congress, ten and twelve thousand words a day. They are members of one or the other of the great newsgathering associations that cover the entire globe, and send over their special wires from fifty to eighty thousand words per day. The telegraph outstrips the sun, and often the people are reading in their afternoon papers of things that happened in Europe at an hour earlier than that at which the paper went to press.

All these conditions of the present are so different from those that prevailed in 1833, when Horace Greeley and Francis Story started the penny Morning Post in Philadelphia, that there is almost nothing in common between the two. In the first and most important particular the newspaper was not then a necessity of everyday life. It was simply called a newspaper out of courtesy. It contained very little of what is now understood as news. It was more the reflection of the editor's opinions, and people then, as now, could live without opinions. If the editor was brilliant and could write interestingly the paper usually succeeded. If he was dull and stupid the paper was short-lived. The attempt of Story and Greeley to publish the Morning Post at one cent per day was a dismal failure.

It now seems almost unaccountable that the publication of that insignificant weekly sheet, the Log Cabin, in 1840, by Mr. Greeley, in New York, should have brought him into national prominence. But the brilliancy of the editorials and the unique way in which national matters were presented made in that day and generation a profound impression, and Mr. Greeley was almost immediately brought into national renown. His counsel was sought, and he was in several important matters able to adjust differences between the great whig leaders.

Capt. C. E. Henry, who figured prominently in politics for many years, and who was at the time of President Garfield's death marshal of the District of Columbia, knew Mr. Greeley well, and is an admirer of his genius. In a recent conversation with the captain he related numerous incidents and characteristics of the great editor that are entirely new or forgotten by those of the present day who read newspapers. These points give a good and satisfactory key to the character and power of the great editor.

"Greeley had a way of meeting an opponent that was practically unanswerable," said the captain. "I remember that a certain editor in New York for whom he had great contempt was continually pitching into him and trying to draw him into discussion. Greeley stood it until he thought it was about time to reply and finally printed the following editorial paragraph: 'If the editor who wears mourning under his finger nails for his departed veracity, will surprise his system with a bath, we will attempt a clean discussion with him.'

"This of course ended the slurs and insinuations that had up till that time been very frequent in the opposition sheet."

One of the most remarkable instances of Greeley's repartee was in a contest with James Watson Webb, the editor of the New York Courier and Enquirer, a rival whig paper. Webb had been in the army and was quite fiery in disposition. He had fought a duel with Thomas F. Marshall, of Kentucky, in June, 1842, in which he was severely wounded. When indicted for dueling he pleaded guilty, having had an understanding that the offense would be considered a technical one, and that Gov. Seward would pardon him. He was, accordingly, found guilty and pardoned.

Some years after, when in a discussion with Greeley, Webb, who was a fine dresser, had occasion to refer to Mr. Greeley's slovenly appearance and remarked that he attracted a great deal of attention when walking on Broadway. Mr. Greely's reply was as follows:

"The 'Courier and Enquirer' says that the dress of the editor of this paper attracts a great deal of attention when he walks along Broadway. In reply we wish to say that had it not been for the executive clemency of Gov. Seward, the clothes worn by James Watson Webb would attract a great deal more attention if worn on Broadway."

There was no further discussion of the question of clothes for some time to come in the columns of the Courier and Enquirer.

The famous political partnership, consisting of Thurlow Weed, William H. Seward and Horace Greeley, dated from the time Greeley first came to New York, and Weed and Seward recognized that he was going to be a very important element in forming political sentiment. For a number of years this partnership controlled the politics of the Empire state, fixing the persons who were to hold office and formulating political platforms.

Greeley's editorial and political rival was Henry J. Raymond, who was nine years younger, and who came to New York thoroughly equipped to take a very important part in all that was going on. He was employed by Greeley as an assistant editor in 1841, but two years later went to the Courier and Enquirer and held an editorial position there till 1851, when he founded the Times, of which sheet he was editor till his death in 1868.

Greeley had often professed that he did not desire to hold office, and Weed and Seward had come to regard these professions as sincere. They, therefore, usually made up their slates without giving any place upon the ticket to him.

In 1854, however, Mr. Greeley had decided that he would like to stand for lieutenant governor. He had as yet not made his desires known to Weed and Seward, and they accordingly proceeded to make up their ticket, and selected Raymond for this office. This was driving the iron into Greeley's soul. He would not have cared so much to have been turned down himself if some one besides his hated young rival, Raymond, had been selected. He was too good a party man, however, to make any public outcry or to bolt the ticket. He went on till the close of the campaign doing the best he could for the whig party, and then, on the night of election, sent that famous historic letter to Gov. Seward, which read as follows:

"At this hour (midnight) sufficient returns are in to show that the entire state ticket is elected. I take this occasion to serve notice that the partnership hitherto existing of Seward, Weed and Greeley is hereby dissolved by the withdrawal of the junior member therefrom. H. G."

During the next ten years Greeley did not hold any political office and did his most effective newspaper work. He was very active in opposing all the schemes and ambitions of his former political partners. In 1860 he went to the republican national convention, and while the New York delegation was a unit for Seward for the presidency, he was the most effective single factor in defeating Seward and in securing the nomination of Lincoln. His familiar old white coat was seen moving about everywhere among the delegates working to undo his former political partner.

The members of the New York delegation were some of them so much exasperated at his action that they were disposed to assault him. His face was covered with smiles and he was delighted at the result. He felt perfectly content to take the taunts that were hurled at him of being a traitor to his state. In the subsequent struggle there was a great deal said about there being a certain letter that explained a great deal of Mr. Greeley's political animus. Finally, when enough had been said to create a high degree of interest in the contents of the letter, Mr. Greeley himself printed it and so stopped the discussion and made a ten stroke thereby.

Mr. Greeley was very generous if approached in the proper way and when he was in the proper mood. He took a great interest in bettering the condition of those whom he could and with this end in view was greatly interested in securing emigration to the west.

It was well understood by those connected with him that when Mr. Greeley was in the midst of his writing he was not to be disturbed by anyone, and that if he was interrupted he became very irritable. Few would risk disturbing him, therefore, while he was in the midst of his thought.

A certain very stylish colored man in whom Mr. Greeley had manifested considerable interest had been in several times to talk with him. Knowing where Mr. Greeley's private office was, he walked in one day without announcing himself. Mr. Greeley was busily engaged in writing, and with his face close to his desk did not look up. The visitor took his place close to the great editor's elbow and waited several minutes for him to look up and recognize him. Mr. Greeley kept on writing. Finally the man said:

"I called, Mr. Greeley, to talk with you about that matter we were speaking about."

Mr. Greeley only wrote the harder and bent more closely over his manuscript.

"I say, Mr. Greeley, that I desire to talk with you about colonizing the colored people."

Still the great editor wrote on, his face assuming a clouded expression that his friends knew so well as indicating a coming storm. After waiting a few minutes longer the colored man again spoke:

"I have been thinking—"

But he never finished. Mr. Greeley could stand it no longer. Starting up and glancing at the intruder he burst forth:

"Go away! Go over into New Jersey and go to raising potatoes!"—N. Y. Advertiser.

Home Again.

Two Kansans who had been out of the state for a number of years returned during the past summer. They came by way of Omaha, leaving there at night in an ordinary coach. Some time during the early morning hours, before daylight, there was an accident and the car went over a bank and brought up in a creek about fifty feet below the track, smashing things generally, but not doing much to the Kansans except waking and shaking them up. When the car stopped at the end of its flight there was a dead silence, broken by the voice of the Kansan on the forward seat. "By gosh, Bill," it said, "git up. We've got thar, and we've hit a cyclone at the same time, and I guess it must have blowed us about seven miles, judgin' by the way we lit."—Detroit Free Press.

So to Speak.

Stella—Just look at Miss Desplaine and Mr. Baldy over there!

Miss Potter—Yes, a romance of the middle ages, so to speak.—Vogue.

JOE LOGSTON'S BEST FIGHT.

A Hand-to-Hand Battle for Life with a Naked Giant Indian.

One of the noted characters of pioneer days was Joe Logston, a gigantic Kentuckian, who settled on the banks of the Ohio river, not many miles below Cincinnati. He was a powerful fellow, six feet four inches in his moccasins, and proportionately stout and muscular, with the agility of a cat and the courage of a lion. He excelled in many of the feats of strength and skill that made men conspicuous in those days, when such accomplishments were requisite and a necessity in the fierce struggle for supremacy over savage man and snarling beast. Logston was a great hunter, but had achieved some distinction as an Indian fighter, and often boasted that it gave him more pleasure to pursue the red man than it did to follow the trail of the wild game that infested the almost unbroken wilderness.

On one occasion the intrepid hunter was carelessly riding along an established trail through the dense woods on the back of a fine horse that he had captured from an Indian chief when the unexpected crack of a couple of rifles roused him to a realization of danger. One of the bullets scraped his breastbone, making a slight flesh wound. The other ball struck his horse in the loins, and it sank to the ground with its rider. As he struggled to release himself from the floundering beast two Indians rushed from their concealment and dashed toward him with uplifted tomahawks and exultant shouts. But, although pinioned to the ground, with one leg beneath the dying horse, he managed to bring his trusty rifle to bear upon the approaching savages, and they, well knowing its unerring aim, halted, and then sought safety behind adjacent trees. One of the Indians, however, was not quick enough to place himself entirely behind the protecting tree before the bullet of the expert white man had pierced his back, and he fell with a fractured spine. Disengaging himself from his horse the wary white man regained his feet, and, seeing the other savage reloading his rifle, sprang toward him with his gun raised to strike. The Indian dropped his ramrod in his excitement, but grasping his tomahawk he hurled it with ferocious force at his enemy. Logston dodged the flying weapon, and, dashing forward with uplifted rifle, struck at his foe. The Indian leaped aside, and the gun struck a sapling and was shivered to pieces. The disappointed white man then clinched with his adversary, who was his equal in size and strength, but his inferior in the science of wrestling, and this enabled the hunter to throw his antagonist to the ground. But the Indian being naked, with his body well oiled, was able to slip from the clutches of the exasperated white man and regain his feet. For nearly an hour these two giants—each a Goliah—fought like gladiators in the desperate struggle to conquer or die.

The terrific contest caused an increased flow of blood from the wound in the breast of the white man made by the bullet of the Indian, and he began to feel that his strength was giving out. But he determined to end the combat, if possible, before his antagonist should secure a greater advantage over him. And when the Indian had again crawled from his grasp, after being flung to the ground, he jumped to his feet, and as his assailant arose he dealt him a blow that would have done credit to a Corbett. The surprised savage fell, and as he staggered to his feet he received a second blow from the strong arm of the pugilistic pioneer that stretched him half unconscious on the ground. Before he could rise Logston leaped upon his prostrate form with both feet and attempted to stamp the breath from his body. The Indian caught him by the legs and tripped him to the ground, and again the combatants engaged in a terrible tussle for victory. The red man was almost exhausted from the blows and stamping he had been subjected to, and his adversary succeeded in seizing him by the throat with a clutch that closed his breathing and rendered his resistance weaker and weaker until he lapsed into unconsciousness. As soon as the Indian became insensible, Logston released his hold upon his throat, and running to where the tomahawk lay, he picked it up and returning to the side of the savage, who had partly regained his senses, he clove his skull with the weapon, then turned his attention to the crippled warrior, whose cry of despair as he witnessed the death of his companion had reached the ear of the victorious hunter and recalled his presence.

The unfortunate savage had crawled to a log, against which he had rested and reloaded his gun, but his broken back would not permit him to rise, and as he would raise his weapon to shoot he would topple forward on his face, and could only raise himself again by pushing the gun to the ground, and pressing himself against it. Seeing that the wounded savage was almost helpless and unable to escape, and not caring to run any risk of being shot by a cripple, the wearied hunter hastened back to the fort and told his story. Covered with blood and dirt, his appearance gave some indication of the severe contest he had passed through. The following morning a posse of men from the fort were piloted by the unfortunate hunter to the scene of his battle. The corpse of the Indian giant lay where he had succumbed to his fate. But the crippled Indian was nowhere to be seen. A trail was discovered made by the broken-backed savage, who had dragged himself some distance through the woods, and, following its course, the white men came to where he lay dead, with his knife sticking up to his hilt in the breast.

The unfortunate warrior, finding that the nature of his wound rendered it impossible for him to reach his own people, had, after enduring untold agony in crawling several miles over a rough and uneven route, concluded to end his misery by plunging his knife into his own heart. He had first cut with its keen point into the bark of the tree beneath which he had determined to die, in rude characters, the story of his fate, so as to inform members of his tribe that he had taken his own life in preference to surrendering it to the hated enemy, when hope had gone out in the darkness of despair, suicide under such circumstances being regarded by some Indians as a triumph over their foes and an act of daring heroism. The tree was ever afterward known as the "Old Indian Tree."

The long distance traveled by the desperate savage in his despairing and crippled condition disclosed the wonderful powers of physical endurance possessed by him, and his breaking the gun of his dead companion, as well as his own, for the purpose of rendering them useless to their enemies should they return and find them, showed the hate that filled his heart at the moment when he checked its pulsations with the keen point of his piercing knife.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

THE PREMATURE PRODIGAL.

He Puts in His Appearance Ahead of Schedule Time.

It was two days before Christmas, and the old couple were sitting in front of the cheerful open fire in the great square kitchen of their home. The snow was falling, but the cattle were warm and comfortable in the barn.

"Day after to-morrow will be Christmas," said the old man, slowly. "You have not forgotten it, have you, mother?"

"No, father," she said. "How could I? Have I not said all along that he would come home Christmas eve?"

"Ay, so ye have. Let us hope—let us hope. It is four long years now since our only boy left us. Yes, he will come Christmas eve."

"I know it, father," said the woman. "I have read so often of it happening so. We will wait for him here in front of the fire."

"Ay, ay, here. With his empty chair drawn up between us, so," and the old man pulled a chair nearer to the fire and patted its arm as if it were the arm of his absent son.

"Yes, father, that is right. And the door must not be locked. And before you come in you must give the cows and the horses and the sheep and the pigs and the chickens extra portions of feed, and see that all is snug and warm."

"That I will, mother, you may be sure—that I will." His hands hung by his side, and he gazed again into the fire. Then he raised his hands suddenly. "And we must place the lamp in the window. You forget about that."

"Yes, yes; so I do. The lamp must be in the window. I'll get it ready. Our boy must see the lamp burning in the window for him when he returns." She rose and brought the can of oil. Her hands trembled, but at last the lamp was filled and trimmed ready for its place in the window on the coming eve. She sank again into her chair, and rested the tips of her fingers on the arm of the empty chair beside her, while her husband's hand lay heavily on the other arm. For a long time neither spoke, but gazed into the fire and listened to the storm without. At last the old man said, as a tear glistened in either eye:

"Four weary years since Willie ran away to sea. But to-morrow he must—"

There was a rap at the door.

"Come in," cried the man. The couple rose and stood with their backs to the fire.

The door opened slowly, and standing before them with his hand on the latch was their wayward son.

"I—I—" the boy faltered.

"Bill," said the old gentleman, coldly, "you're twenty-four hours ahead of time. We don't want you to-night. 'Tain't reg'lar."

"No, 'tain't," echoed the woman. "That there lamp will be in the winder for you to-morrow night, and not before."

The boy turned and went out into the storm.

"Gosh all Cæsar! you can't put no dependence on what you read no more," said the old man. He took a long drink from a pitcher of cider and disappeared in the bedroom.—Harper's Magazine.

THE VALLEY OF ZETA.

A Traveler's Visit to a Picturesque Russian Retreat.

It was thundering and lightning, and the valley of the Zeta far below was hid in mist as we arrived at the lower monastery—for there are two, one on a rocky plateau on the mountain side, the other in a cavern in the cliff half an hour higher up. A ring at the bell was quickly answered, and we were ushered into a plainly-furnished cell by a youth without shoes or stockings, who kissed my hand, and after a profound bow went in search of the priest. It was extraordinary to notice the respect which the holy father evoked when he entered the room. Our guide went down on his knees and did obeisance before him, and the juvenile attendant proceeded to go through a series of extraordinary antics and grimaces. He bowed and scraped and crossed himself and saluted in military fashion, running about the room all the while in quest of refreshment for the guests.

A glass of excellent Montenegrin brandy and a cup of coffee were speedily offered and thankfully accepted, and then the priest began to ask us who we were and whence we came. As soon as the thunderstorm was over we started for the upper monastery, which we could just see protruding from the mouth of a cavern in the rock, several hundred feet above us. Arrived at the entrance of this remote hermitage, we knocked at the gate, and a venerable man with flowing locks of snow-white hair, the very picture of the typical man of God in the old stories, came down the steps to greet us after the manner of the early Christians. He kissed us on both cheeks, to our great embarrassment, and then led us by the hand up a winding stair and along a stone balcony into his lonely cell. Refreshments were at once produced, and the hermit, taking up two eggs, dyed crimson like the pace-eggs which we still see in some parts of England at Easter, gave me one of them and requested me to hold it in my hand with the end upward.

The priest then took another egg himself, and, having made the sign of the cross on his forehead and murmured a prayer in Serb, he struck the end of my egg with the end of his. Having thus cracked one end, he made me turn the other end of my egg upward and repeated the same operation with the other extremity of his own, after which he pealed my egg for me and invited me to eat it. This done, he led me by the hand into a beautiful little refectory, ornamented with colored portraits of the prince of Montenegro, the czar and the czarina, and containing a well-spread table covered with Turkish delight; almonds, raisins, prunes and other delicacies. It was with the greatest pride that he showed me the books of the monastery, some of them being among the earliest productions of the Slavonic printing press at Kieff, the gift of the emperor of Russia.—Westminster Review.

—It is certain that either wise bearing or ignorant carriage is caught, as men take diseases, one of another; therefore, let men take heed of their company.—Shakespeare.

WAR ON ENGLISH SPARROWS

Wholesale Slaughter Does Not Seem to Lessen Their Numbers Here.

Years ago when the small English sparrow was imported into this country to destroy the insects and worms that attack garden plants there was great rejoicing in the rural districts and the prediction was made that the birds would keep down the pests so effectually as to make life worth living to the farmers and fruit growers. But after nearly a quarter of a century the birds are hooted at on every side, destroyed by thousands, made homeless by indignant householders, and met with unfriendly repulses everywhere. State and national laws have been enacted to reduce their numbers, and even to exterminate them utterly.

The ornithologist of the agricultural department at Washington has recently issued another manifesto against the sparrows, giving minute directions for their destruction. Several years ago opinions concerning them were gathered by the department. Everybody almost said that the sparrows did more harm than good, and that a general crusade should be organized against the little pests. Since then almost annual bulletins have been issued relative to the habits of the birds and the methods of destroying them. State bulletins have also come to the help of the national department, and a general opposition against the birds' existence in this country has been stirred up by these persistent attacks. The state of Illinois offered a bounty of two cents a head for all dead sparrows, and at one time as many as one thousand five hundred dead sparrows were offered in a single day. This wholesale slaughter of the little birds does not seem to lessen the numbers materially. The rate of increase among them is enormous—greater perhaps than among any other known bird.

The recent bulletin issued by the agricultural department says that one of the best ways to destroy the sparrows is to pull down their nests with the eggs and young in them, and that fully ninety per cent. of the nests can be reached with a long pole with a hook on the end. The birds as a rule nest under the cornices of the house, piazza, or among the masses of Japanese or English ivy that decorates the sides of houses, churches, and public buildings. If the nests cannot be reached with a long pole a stream of water played from the one-inch nozzle of a hose pipe will be effectual in causing destruction to the homes of the birds. Systematic and concerted action is recommended by the ornithologist of the agricultural department, and it is even suggested that the birds should be made popular as toothsome and nutritious game birds for the table. When properly cooked it is hard to distinguish their meat from that of the favorite rice birds, it is asserted.

This last recommendation has been made before, and the advice has been heeded in a way not altogeter satisfactory to the department. It is said that on the banks of the Kaw river, two miles above Lawrence, Kan., a sparrow farm has been established by a man whose chief business is to supply the market demand for sparrows. He supplies the tables of many hotels in Chicago, St. Louis, Kansas City, and other places with fat, plump sparrows that readily pass as rice birds or reed birds according to the season. Near his farm along the river banks grow many wild weeds that produce seeds of which the sparrows are very fond, and the cost of feeding his numerous flocks is very little. Bird houses and cheap wooden structures have been erected on the farm so that the birds can build their nest and raise their numerous broods without fear of molestation. Thousands of sparrows have accumulated on the farm, and although enormous quantities are shipped to market every season the supply keeps steadily up. He practically controls the market and ships his birds only when the demand is good and prices remunerative.

Meanwhile the sparrows increase in numbers all over the country, invading new territory at the rate of thirty thousand square miles a year. A few friends scattered here and there lift up a voice in their favor occasionally. The humane societies deprecate the laws which encourage children and older people to rob the nests of the sparrows, and to kill the birds with stones or shotguns. The laws are said to be educationally vicious.

"It sets a lot of children to work to devise the destruction of innocent living creatures," says the president of the Illinois Humane society. "No one who has the interests of the coming generation at heart can fail to view with alarm this new method of educating children to take pleasure in destruction and murder."

Some farmers and fruit growers offer evidence in favor of the birds, claiming that they do very little harm to fruits, vegetables, or grains, and that the extermination of the sparrows would bring great disaster upon the farms of the country. They think that there would be a return of the inchworms and other insects which to-day are kept down in numbers by these birds.

A similar crusade has been conducted against the sparrow in England, and some of the warmest friends of birds there unhesitatingly declare themselves in favor of the final extermination of this creature, especially in the rural districts. While the sparrows do some good in destroying noxious insects their evil habits more than counterbalance the benefits. The English farmers are almost a unit in declaring that the sparrows destroy tons of berries, vegetables and grains every season, and that they drive away more useful birds.—N. Y. Sun.

An Emperor's Uncomfortable Life.

In spite of his high prerogatives and semi-divine attributes, Prof. Douglas thinks that there are probably few more miserable men in the world than the emperor of China. One of the titles of this "Vicegerent of Heaven" is that of "The Solitary Man," and this, in Prof. Douglas' opinion, best describes his normal condition; for, although surrounded by flatterers, both male and female, the short span of life which commonly falls to the lot of the Son of Heaven has few of the comforts which usually belong to kings. At two o'clock in the morning, no matter whether the snow is deep on the ground or the summer dawn is just beginning to strike, his rest is disturbed to receive ministers, while by seven or eight he is prepared to witness a dramatic performance in the palace theater or to offer sacrifice, according as the ritual might determine. Deprived of all personal knowledge of the outer world, the emperor naturally falls into the hands of those who are best able to flatter and cajole him.—London News.

OF GENERAL INTEREST.

—Barley is the most widely diffused of any of the grains. It grows equally well in Lapland and in the valley of the Nile, the only difference being that in the latter country it is capable of producing two crops a year.

—Air can be frozen at a temperature of 296 degrees below zero, and the product, which can be handled and felt, burns, so to speak, with its excessive cold. Frozen air can be produced in any quantity, but its cost, five hundred dollars a gallon, is likely to prevent a large business.

—The marines in the Brooklyn navy yard have a sober and elderly dog that now and then turns out for sentry duty. He is occasionally seen before the officers' quarters on Flushing avenue close at the heels of the man on guard, turning promptly at the end of the post and never making excursions into adjacent territory.

—A singular feature of the decorations of the city of Leeds, on the recent visit of the duke and duchess of York, was a triple archway formed entirely of loaves of bread and inclosed in a light frame of wood and iron. Nearly six tons of bread were used in its construction, and the next day it was all distributed among the poor.

—Slouch hats are numerous in almost all communities south of Mason and Dixon's line, and conservative old southerners still demand the best felt in such hats. A really good broad-brim felt hat such as a fastidious southerner wears will cost almost as much as a respectable high silk hat, but will last longer, because it never goes out of fashion.

—Here is a specimen of the sort of pleasantries of which the Parisians appear never to tire. It is from the Gaulois. At a subscription ball a man happens to step on the train of a lady's dress. The lady turns in a wrathful manner, but suddenly changing her expression, says with a smile: "Ah, pardon, monsieur. I was merely angry. I thought it was my husband."

—In the heart of a large pine tree, three and one-half feet in diameter, James Miller, of Marinette, Wis., found a knife that was about a foot long and one and one-half inches wide. The age of the tree is estimated by good judges to be over two hundred years, and the knife was buried in it when the tree was in its infancy, for it is right near the heart and only about six feet from the base.

—Just before the Zulu war there was in Mauritius a stamp collector who was a friend of the local postmaster. One day he learned that there was to be a clearance of old stock, and obtained permission to buy it all as waste. It occurred to him that he might do the same at other small colonial post offices and acquire stamps without difficulty. One of his Mauritius stamps he sold not long ago for $4,250, and, according to the Manchester Courier, he has already made between $100,000 and $150,000 by his investment.

—There are a great many hunters armed with magazine cameras instead of guns out in the Maine woods, watching and working for a snap shot at deer, moose, or any other wild game. The photographers return with some wonderfully interesting results to show in pictures of wild animals in their natural surroundings. And they claim there is as much glory in taking a deer's picture as in taking its life. It requires just as much skill to get within photographing distance as within shooting range, and often more. Any way, it is an interesting new field for the irrepressible amateur photographer.

CHOOSING THEIR CASKETS.

People Often Express Their Preferences in the Matter of Style.

I never actually knew anybody who kept his coffin in his house, said an undertaker, but I have read of such things, and I have no doubt they are true, just as I believe the stories of some women keeping in the bottom of bureau drawers their own grave clothes which they made themselves. But men sometimes choose, if not the particular casket in which they want to be buried, the style of coffin that they prefer, and I knew of one man who drew the plans for the casket in which he was buried. He had his own ideas of what was most suitable, and we made a casket in accordance with the drawings which he furnished, and then boxed it up and stored it for him. He was a man advanced in years. It is interesting to note that the casket so planned had square ends and perfectly straight sides and ends; in fact, in shape it was precisely the same as the present most advanced style of modern burial casket, which was not introduced until some years afterward.

It is not at all unusual for men to look at caskets, express admiration of some of them and say they would like to be buried in such or such a style. These men might be simply friends who had come to see me, or they might be here on business, but not with regard to a funeral. Some of the modern burial caskets are very costly and beautiful, and as unlike the old-fashioned coffin as could be imagined. It is no wonder that men should admire them, but it doesn't follow at all that they expect soon to need one.

A few months ago there came in a man and his wife, people of perhaps fifty years, and I should say well to do, who wanted to look at the caskets, or rather he did. They came to a very beautiful casket of mahogany, one of modern style with square ends and straight sides and ends, and carved a little, but not over elaborately. Evidently he had heard of such a casket before or had seen one, and so was familiar with it, and he admired it greatly.

"There," he said to his wife, calling her by name. "That is the kind of casket that I would like to be buried in;" and it was clear that it seemed to him very beautiful, as it certainly was. But, bless us! he is like everybody else almost; I have no doubt he expects to live a hundred years. I saw him at the theater the other night with his wife. They had dined comfortably, and they were in the fullest enjoyment of life; and I fancy that it will be many years before either of them comes to the end of life; but I venture to say that if he dies first his wife will faithfully see that he is buried in a mahogany casket such as he admired.—N. Y. Sun.

Charity.

The lady was making some remarks about the kind of clothes some other ladies at church had on.

"The finest garment a woman can wear," said her husband, "is the mantle of charity."

"Yes," she snapped, "and it's about the only one some husbands want their wives to wear."—Detroit Free Press.

QUEER USES OF PAPER.

Wood Pulp May Yet Furnish Armor for War Ships and Telegraph Poles.

Nothing of recent years has given a greater incentive to the exercise of the forester's art than the discovery of the method of making paper out of wood pulp. Wood pulp to-day supplies twenty thousand weekly and daily periodicals with paper, and each year the number increases from ten to twenty per cent., making the demand upon the spruce forests so great as to threaten their extinction unless intelligent efforts are made to preserve them. In Germany, where the manufacture of wood pulp is even greater than in this country, the forester's art is exercised so that the forests steadily keep up the supply. It is to imitate this method of using, but not abusing, the natural spruce forests here that paper makers are trying to buy up the large areas of woodland covered by these trees.

In the arts and trades new uses are found for paper every year, so that the demand increases as fast as the production. The records at the patent office in Washington show an astonishing number of uses to which paper is put, and applications are made for patents for other queer inventions that never see the light of day.

Cigar boxes are made of paper and flavored with cedar oil to give the impression that they are manufactured of cedar. Medals are pressed out of paper and then coated with a preparation to make them resemble either silver or bronze. Similarly cornices, panels and friezes are molded out of paper pulp, and both interior and exterior architectural effects are obtained at a relatively low cost by this method.

The manufacture of car wheels out of paper is an old story. It is probably the good results obtained with them that suggested the idea of coating iron-clad men-of-war with paper. Inventors are now working on the problem of finding a preparation either of compressed paper or compressed ramie that will form a bullet-proof coating for war vessels. The car wheels and steam pipes made of paper admit of being molded and formed to suit any purpose, and it is suggested that by using paper for coating armor plate the surface could be formed like fish scales with tiny overlaping plates. The surface could be made rough or smooth, and besides giving more strength to the steel armor the paper coating would protect the metal from corrosion.

Another queer use to which paper promises to be put is in the manufacture of telegraph poles. The paper poles are hollow, and are made from paper pulp, and then coated with silicate of potash to preserve them. Electric conduits in successful use are made out of paper pulp, and also steam and water pipes of great strength and durability. Paper roofing material is so common that it is unnecessary to mention it, and also paper nails, basins and pans.

Undertakers are using cheap coffins pressed out of paper pulp. When polished and stained such coffins are almost as handsome as those of wood. They last longer in the ground than coffins of wood or metal, and they can be hermetically sealed better than the heavy metal coffins.

Paper boats are generally looked upon as playthings for very small children, but large, commodious, stanch boats are now manufactured out of paper pulp. They can resist the water, and are lighter than wooden or metal boats. Lead pencils and cigar holders made of paper are in daily use, and even carpets and mattresses are manufactured in a limited way out of paper. The mattresses are made of paper pulp and ordinary sponge, with springs embedded in the composition. Artificial straws for drinking iced beverages, which are superior to the natural straws, are being placed on the market, and so is a peculiar cloth paper for printing bank notes on.—N. Y. Sun.

Fish Auction, Ravenna.

It was on the day of the fish auction that I first went there. In the tiny port of the pier (for Ravenna has now no harbor), they were making an incredible din over the emptyings of the nets; pretty, mottled, metallic fish, and slimy octopuses, and sepias, and flounders looking like pieces of sea mud. The fishing boats, mostly from the Venetian lagoon, were moored along the pier, wide-bowed things, with eyes in the prow like the ships of Ulysses; and bigger craft, with little castles and weather vanes and saints' images and pennons on the masts like the galleys of St. Ursula as pointed by Carpoccio; but all with the splendid orange sail, patched with suns, lions and colored stripes of the northern Adriatic. The fishermen from Chioggia, their heads covered with the high scarlet cap of the fifteenth century, were yelling at the fishmongers from town, and all around lounged artillerymen in their white undress and yellow straps, who are encamped for practice on the sands, and whose carts and guns we had met rattling along the sandy road through the marsh.—Vernon Lee, in Macmillan's Magazine.

Gunning in the Old Days in Maryland.

From October to April those easy-going gentry turned their backs on tillage, and found all their joy in hunting and gunning. By the single-barreled flint-locks hung on wooden hooks in the walls of the hall or the dining-room, one might tell off the men and boys in a family, while the fox-hounds, water-dogs and pointers that romped in the courtyard were to be reckoned with the horses and the guns. When the young master mounted his nag and called his dogs for a week's sport in the woods or along the water-courses, he took but little thought for the roof that should lodge him at nightfall, or the supper that might be spread, for he knew there was a light in the window for him in every house in the county.

A Useful Remedy to Keep at Hand.

Tincture of iron is one of the most indispensible of remedies always at hand in the well regulated household. It will drive away an incipient eruption, it will do the same thing for a ringworm, and it is one of the best cures for that distressing ailment—a soft corn. For this it must be used in moderation, or the remedy will serve to aggravate the disease.—Philadelphia Press.

The New System.

Old Gentleman—Why do you weep?

Schoolboy — Another great man is dead—boo, hoo, hoo!

"Did you know him?"

"N-o, but for the next three weeks we'll have to study ourselves blind to answer the teacher's questions about him."—Good News.

—The egotist never dots his I—it's capital.

HOUSEHOLD BREVITIES.

—A cup of black coffee taken after a Spanish omelette, potato salad, cutlets or any other dish prepared with onion, will destroy the abhorrent fumes that cling to the bronchial tubes. A few drops of camphor and myrrh in a glass of water is excellent for a gargle and a tooth wash when there is the suspicion of a tainted breath.—Christian Inquirer.

—Apples with Bread and Milk.—A delicious luncheon dish is made by slicing perfectly ripe, mellow sweet apples into a bowl of rich milk and bread. The more common way is to bake the apples, unpeeled, in a slow oven, till tender, then slicing into the bread and milk; but many on trial prefer the uncooked fruit.—Good Housekeeping.

—Potato and Veal Pie.—Peel and cut small some cold boiled potatoes; cut some cold veal small; put some of the meat in the bottom of a baking dish, or tin basin, put on a layer of potatoes, sprinkle pepper and salt over and bits of butter, then another layer of meat and potatoes and seasoning, and so continue until the pan is nearly full; then add to it water or gravy to moisten it; cover with a pie crust and bake in a quick oven for three-quarters of an hour.—Pittsburgh Telegraph.

—Bundle of Fagots.—If any paste is left, a "bundle of fagots" may be made. Roll the paste as for the golden coins and with a cake-cutter cut circles four or five inches in diameter. With a smaller cutter cut the centers from these, leaving one-inch rings. Bake these on shallow tins. From the rest of the paste cut strips one inch wide and four or five inches long. When these have been baked slip three or four of them through the rings of paste, using two rings for each bunch of fagots and pile on a daintily napkined plate.—Orange Judd Farmer.

—Corn Dodgers.—Put a pint of white Indian meal into a bowl with a teaspoonful of salt; pour over just sufficient boiling water to scald it, having every particle moistened but soft; while hot stir in a tablespoonful of lard. Beat an egg until very light adding half a gill of milk, stir this into the meal, beat thoroughly and drop very far apart by spoonfuls on a greased pan. Smooth out until the size of a small saucer, making them very thin and bake a golden brown in a hot oven. If you have the best meal, these are delightful.—Country Gentleman.

—Grated Cheese and Onions.—Procure three or four large sound Spanish onions, wash and peel them, cut into slices rather above half an inch thick, and place in a single layer, side by side, in a well-buttered baking dish. Sprinkle a little salt and pepper over them, place them in a quick oven, and let them remain until tender. Strew each piece of onion thickly with grated cheese, and return the dish to the oven for a few minutes, until the cheese is dissolved. Lift the slices carefully on to a hot dish, and serve at once. They will be improved if a little mustard is eaten with them. It will be found that the onions take about half an hour to bake before they are tender.—Leeds Mercury.

TOOTHSOME SWEETS.

Directions for Making Some Palatable Confections.

Burnt almonds are rather tedious to make, but when well done will repay one for the labor expended. Shell one half pounds of good almonds, Jordan preferred, and dust well, but do not blanch. Place on the fire one pound of sugar, one half pint of water, and when it commences to boil add the nuts and stir until the nuts begin to crack. Then place the pan on the table and with a spoon work the sirup on the sides of the basin; stir the candy thoroughly and quickly until the sugar granulates, which will require only a few minutes. Throw the whole batch of candy into a flour sieve and shake off all the loose sugar; then place a flannel cloth over the nuts to keep them warm. Put on the fire the sugar sifted from the nuts and one half pint of water, and add enough sugar to make the whole amount of sugar one pound; cook to a soft ball, which is known by dropping some of the candy into ice water, and when the candy can be gathered between the fingers into a soft ball the desired degree is reached. Take the basin off and throw in nuts; stir as before until sugar granulates again; this time most of tha sugar will adhere to the nuts. Again retain the sugar which remains after sifting, adding sugar enough to make one pound; put on the fire with water enough to dissolve; cook to a soft ball; set off and add a little red color and one-half ounce of dissolved chocolate heated quite hot; stir this through batch and throw nuts into candy again; stir as before until sugar granulates; empty in sieve and shake off any loose sugar. Have ready a small amount of gum-arabic dissolved in a little water kept warm on the back of the stove until ready to use. Then add to the little remaining sugar the gum-arabic and set on fire; stir quickly until sugar dissolves, then set off and throw in nuts; stir carefully until all are coated; spread in one layer on a pan and set in a warm place to dry. Peanuts and filberts can be treated in the same way as the almonds, but are not so nice.

To make cocoanut drops, take two grated cocoanuts, one pound of confectioners' powdered sugar, and the grated yellow rind and juice of two lemons; work together well and form into drops the size of an English walnut. In the center of each cake put a small piece of citron; place on buttered tins and bake in a hot oven until the tops are brown.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Potato Rolls.

Peel and slice some white potatoes, boil them in salted boiling water and then drain and mash them. To each pint of potatoes allow four heaping tablespoonfuls of butter, a teaspoonful of salt and half a cupful each of milk and liquid yeast, or a small cake of compressed yeast dissolved in half a cupful of warm water. Add a pint of flour and set the dough so made to rise in a moderately warm place covered with a towel for three hours. Then knead the dough for five minutes, make it into little rolls, put them in a buttered baking-pan, cover to keep them warm and let them rise to twice their original size. When their volume is doubled bake them for about twenty-five minutes in a hot oven. Serve them hot.—N. Y. Ledger.

—A suit of chain mail, such as was used about the time of William the Conqueror, often cost one thousand dollars.