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, MARCH 2, 1895. VOL. XX.—NO. 10.

MY CASTLE IN THE AIR.

If I could go ballooning,
And had the time to spare,
I'd journey to discover
My castle in the air.
It stands, that stately building,
Beyond the yellow moon,
Where tradesmen's bills can never come,
Not even by balloon.

The water-rate collector
He eyes its door in vain,
Because its cistern runs with,
No water, but champagne.
Its roof has been constructed
So very high and steep,
No love-lorn cats can clamber there
To frighten gentle sleep.

My neighbor's hens can never
Defy the garden wall,
Because there are no neighbors
Or hen coops near at all.
So in the garden nodding,
In rich profusion grow
Tobacco trees and cauliflowers,
And roses all a-row.

O! could I reach my castle,
I'd never need to think,
I'd never need to scribble,
And clothe my dreams in ink.
So when I'm not so busy,
I'll hire a big balloon,
And sail away with—I know whom—
Beyond the yellow moon.
—David La Costa, in Home and Country.

A WELL-MATCHED PAIR.

How Prince Demtoff and Lady Constance Were Robbed.

The platform was crowded this sunny morning with excursionists and swell yachtsmen and ladies with golf sticks.

Two people attracted a lot of attention by their palpable efforts at concealment. He, although the day was so hot, was enveloped in a long cloak with a collar reaching past his ears, and his cotton-white hair and mustache showed up occasionally in strong contrast to the deep brown of his face as he turned to watch the porters attacking a huge mound of his belongings.

Each box and bag was emblazoned with an imperial coronet over a monogram, and they told one another guardedly and under promises of profound secrecy, "that was Prince Paul Demtoff, the owner of the new one-hundred rater now lying off Southampton."

She, the lady, was tall and gracefully girl like. A neat hat, blue serge Redfern frock; a sunburnt straw hat, with a dark blue ribbon; tiny tanned boots, a white shirt with a turn-down collar, and a flowing white tie completed her costume, saving a thick gossamer veil that completely hid her face, and but for the whiteness and purity of her neck it would have seemed she suffered from some facial disfigurement. It was evidently a desire not to be recognized that led to the adoption of the yashmak.

She was evidently expecting or avoiding some friends. Her head moved with a bird-like quickness as she scanned each new arrival on the platform, and her slender hand, white and jewelless, twitched nervously round the handle of the morocco monogramed case she carried. Catching her eye from a distance, he walked toward her with the easy, firm assurance that women like. She saw he was coming to her and waited calmly—perhaps she breathed more quickly.

He raised his soft hat, and with a courtly bow said in perfect English, with the mere scent of accent: "Pardon me, you are distressed. Have you missed your maid? Can I be of any service to you?"

Now that his hat was off he appeared a prematurely white-haired man of forty-five or fifty, with a firm face and voice—a man evidently used to command.

"Thank you, very much," came in a soft, sibilant voice from beneath the thick gossamer. "I have not quite lost my maid, but my portmanteau. I am afraid it is under that pile of luggage, and"—with a little shrug—"I'm afraid that pile of luggage is yours."

"That is mine, madame. I will get your bag at once. May I ask where you are going? To Southampton, and it is of the highest importance that you should not miss this train? Pardon, do not trouble. I will see that all is arranged."

A few words to the guard, a rapid passage of backsheesh and the missing bag, with a dainty monogram and small crest, was placed carefully on the rack of the first-class carriage by which the veiled lady was standing. With the coolness that seemed part of his nature, the Russian indicated to a porter a small hamper, and had it placed in the same compartment. There must have been some collusion and a lavish tip, for though the train was crowded, the guard, after the imperceptible manner of his kind, kept that carriage empty until the train started and they found themselves alone, securely locked in.

A sudden start ran through her slender frame. She paused and asked quickly: "Do you know when the next train leaves Waterloo for Southampton?"

He was desolated. Of course she missed her maid, but he was afraid not for some hours.

"Madame is glad? Madame is afraid of being followed?"

"Yes, madame is glad. She does not wish to be taken back and forced into a hateful marriage," blushing prettily.

The old, old story—stern father, elderly lover, titled, rich, but horrid. No mother, sister, no brother. She was flying from bondage to her aunt, Lady Azuregore, in Guernsey.

Yes, she was Lady Constance Azuregore. Had he really met her at the duchess of Arlington's dance? She thought she knew his face. That was why she trusted him so implicitly on the platform, of course. But if she was veiled. Why was he so shrouded in a big cloak? "Come, now," anxiously, "a lady? An elopement?"

No, no, and again no! Nothing so joyous. He was Prince Paul Demtoff, and had fallen between two stools—had incurred the enmity of the imperial court through coquetting with the nihilists. That meant the Alexiefsky Ravelin or the fortress of Peter and Paul in St. Petersburg, and, on the other hand, finding the "party of progress" going too far, he was threatened with death for deserting the red flag.

"You must pardon me, prince, but we seem in trouble together," and she laughed merrily. "Do you know I half thought you were a detective?"

By this time he had returned to his hamper and produced deftly a tablecloth, plates, knives, forks and serviettes, a small bottle of Chateau Mouton Rothschild and a dainty cold chicken. Their mutual confessions had lessened embarrassment, and the lady, after making a little moue, said she was so hungry and so glad to eat, etc.

They chatted and laughed as the train sped through the beautiful country, and by the time Southampton was thought of she had smoked a mild cigarette and he had kissed her hand.

She had readjusted her veil and he assumed his big cloak with a sigh as the whistle of the train signaled the station.

"The Guernsey boat does not leave till midnight. What are you going to do? Where will you put up?"

"I don't know. I never will be taken back alive. And you? You are hunted. What will you do?"

"Go on board my yacht. She is lying off here, and the gig waits for this train at the landing steps. I must hail them, as none of them know me. My agent has engaged an entirely new crew, skipper included, all English. I want no nihilists on board." And he looked moodily out of the window.

She made a sudden movement as if about to speak, but drew back. Again she leaned forward, and repetition roused him from his thoughts. He looked up and saw her eyes glistening even through the thick veil. She was crying!

"What is the matter? You are frightened. Can I help you?"

"I hardly dare ask you. You may think badly of me, but I will not be forced into this detestable marriage. Can you—may I—"

He divined her thoughts. "Stay on board my yacht and board the boat at midnight? Yes, your ladyship, yes, in all honor, yes," and he held out both his hands, and with a sob almost hysterical, she placed her tiny gloves in them as the train stopped.

They left the station by a side door unnoticed, and, walking down the broad graveled road with the soft sward and the oldtime cannon, passed the crumbling walls and found the boat manned by six bronzed, typical yachtsmen, the skipper, a fine looking old man, sitting motionless in the stern sheets holding the yoke lines.

The boat soon shot alongside a beautiful schooner yacht. The crew manned the gangway as the prince and Lady Constance came on board, and a motherly, sunburned woman courtesied her through an exquisitely furnished saloon cabin into a bijou boudoir with a lace curtained bunk and a host of feminine fripperies.

"I may sail to-night. Is all ready? Right. Take the boat and go ashore, bring off my luggage and anything we may want from the ship's stores. And, Johnson, keep the men afloat, but you just find out if there is any hue and cry about a lady eloping."

In about an hour he returned, and doffing his peaked cap said mysteriously: "I spoke to my cousin, the pleeceman, an' he says there's a lot o' cockney detectives down a-watchin' the station an' the Guernsey packet for some young ooman."

Her ladyship had washed all travel stains away and changed her frocks. She looked like a fresh rosebud, but her face grew deathly pale, her eyes dilated, and the nerve lines deepened into marks of agony when he told her the captain's story. He thought she was going to faint and made as though to catch her. With a supreme effort she regained her self-possession and said in a hoarse whisper:

"Oh, save me! Take me to Guerney in your yacht, or I will jump overboard!"

He turned on his heel without replying and went up the companionway on deck.

"Johnson, your wife doesn't mind a trip to sea?"

"Lor' bless your royal 'iness, she's dying for a sniff of the ocean!"

"Get under weigh at once!"

"Aye, aye sir! All hands on deck! Tumble up, my hearties!"

Under a good southwesterly breeze the yacht spun almost merrily, throwing the foam in long, beautiful, feather-like curves from her clipper stern.

The lady stood leaning dreamily against the side ropes, and the prince, an experienced sailor, evidently, took the tiller and threaded the way carefully through the crowd of craft. For a time neither spoke; then, abruptly giving the management to the appreciatively critical skipper, he beckoned her into the cabin.

"I will land you at Guernsey to-morrow morning," he said, "but I have been deceiving you. I am not Prince Paul Demtoff. I am his valet. I have robbed him of one million roubles and am now going to the Argentine in his yacht," and he stood up rigidly and faced her.

She smiled and said calmly: "Very good! Take me with you. I am not Lady Constance Azuregore. I am her maid, but I've got her jewel case."—London Million.

Literary Sincerity.

The poet Bryant had keen vision and a loving reverence for what he saw about him. He was, in his art, a true American; not because other lands were not also rich and beautiful, but because he preferred to describe the blossoms growing at his own door. In a letter to his brother, written in 1838, he says: "I saw some lines by you to the skylark. Did you ever see such a bird? Let me counsel you to draw your images, in describing nature, from what you observe around you, unless you are professedly composing a description of some foreign country, when, of course, you will learn what you can from books. The skylark is an English bird, and an American who has never visited Europe has no right to be in raptures with it." He had true reverence for the past, and what is to be learned from it; for the accepted traditions of literature he had the veneration of all scholars. Yet he would not have permitted himself to harp away upon themes fresh in other lands and times, but quite foreign to his own thought and feeling. To be sincere—that was the best thing; better even than resembling some man whose fame was writ in "enduring brass."—Youth's Companion.

Not That Kind.

Three different waiters at a southern hotel asked a little, prim, precise Harvard professor at dinner, in quick succession, if he would have soup.

A little annoyed, he said to the last waiter who asked: "Is it compulsory?"

"No, sah," answered our friend and brother; "no, sah. I think it am mock turtle."—Progressive Age.

A Catastrophe.

"Mrs. O'Leary, phwat do be the matther wid thot goat? Is it dilluvial thrimmins it hov?"

"Worse. He hov been 'atin' so man ballet-girruls aff the bill-boords tho he caught the skirrut-dancin' craze."—Judge.

THE TEMPLE OF HEAVEN, PEKING.

This is one of the most notable buildings of the capital of the Chinese empire. It is situated in the inner circle, or prohibited city, of the Tartar district of Peking and is used as the council chamber of the emperor. It is the loftiest and most magnificent of all the government buildings and no one is allowed to enter it without special permission.

RACE OF CAB HORSES.

One of Berlin's Most Popular Annual Sporting Events.

It Has Done Much to Improve the Quality of German Cab Horses—A Description of the Famous Contest—Great Preparations.

[Special Berlin Letter.]

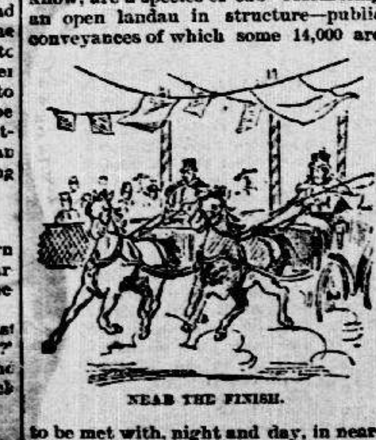
Sport, as the word is understood in English-speaking countries, is an exotic plant in Germany, and, despite all the official and unofficial encouragement bestowed there on several forms of sport for a number of years, the great empire in the heart of Europe is still far behind both England and the United States in this respect. Racing, bicycling, rowing, yachting and hunting the Germans are, relatively speaking, farthest advanced in and also fondest of, but of late a peculiarly

WEISS BEER FOR A STARTER.

American form of sport—trotting matches—is becoming all the rage here. Not as if trotting, i. e. the systematic breeding of the speedy trotter and the stylish turnouts pitted against each other on a smooth roadbed, were altogether a novelty here. In the Thiergarten and Unter den Linden, the admirer of high-bred horseflesh and of neat and swift vehicles has had something to see in that line for many years past, and some unique kinds of elegant vehicles, such as the English "mail coach" and the Russian "troika," were even introduced sooner in Berlin than in New York or Chicago. What I mean is that the American sport of trotting, in the full sense of the term, has but recently been popularized here.

During the past spring, summer and fall there were any number of trotting matches, in which, too, some American horses and their owners or trainers participated, and betting has run high on the turf. Knelbs, the American turfite, came to grief in this way, and Hefner and Tappan, two other Americans who wanted to show the natives how trotting is managed by the knowing ones, had to skip in the nick of time, or they, too, would have made the acquaintance of the inscrutable state's attorney in Berlin. But there were other owners of American trotters here, and several of them pocketed good-sized purses. Most of the trotting was done on the splendidly equipped and large Weissensee tracks, just outside the banlieue of Berlin, and, to judge from the caliber of the quadruped material and from the great throngs of fashionably attired people I saw on one of these occasions, it may be stated unqualifiedly that trotting matches have come to stay in Germany—finding as they do great favor with both high and low. Of course, American-bred trotters that have made a record in the United States are admitted to these Berlin trotting matches only under certain restrictions—as being too dangerous competitors—and even then it was the owners of a couple of American horses that raked in the larger part of the stakes.

But that is not what I wanted to write about really—it is but introductory to enable the reader to understand the following better. As a regular component feature of the annual trotting season has been organized here the great trotting match of the "droschkes." These, you probably know, are a species of cab—resembling an open landau in structure—public conveyances of which some 14,000 are



NEAR THE FINISH.

to be met with, night and day, in nearly every street of the German capital. They are divided—as everything here is put into classes and categories—into those of the first and of the second class, the latter being lower in price and pulled by aged, bony animals. It is, of course, the droschkes of the first class only that venture to compete at the great match. The event took place but a few days ago, as the windup of the season, and I must say that it was, of its kind, the most enjoyable turf event I have ever witnessed.

Among the horses that are doomed by untoward fate to pull a droschke with 2 to 4 passengers inside for the ridiculously low price of one mark (25 cents) per English mile, there are some that really deserve a nobler lot, splendid beasts capable of trotting a mile in 2:50 and less, and of these about a score appeared at the race. The Berlin drivers are well known for two things—honesty and coarse wit—and nearly every one of these who participated actively or as spectator on this occasion was known to the enormous audience and was called by name, most frequently by nickname.

The race itself was not nearly so amusing as the preparations for it and the scenes that followed the declaration of the result by the managers of the track. To brace themselves for the ordeal these drivers, each surrounded by a knot of his personal friends and admirers, swallowed about a gallon of "double weiss beer," modified by a few drinks of "kummel," and the huge glass vessels in which this wheat beer is drunk here were lifted up to them by their respective spouses, who took as keen an interest in the proceedings as their lords. Meanwhile jokes were cracked all around, and from among the dense rows of the public encouraging or facetious remarks were flung at the competing drivers. The youngsters of Berlin, too, were out in full force, and they apparently took an even more lively interest in the whole event than their elders.

Berlin takes a great interest in this trotting match of the "droschke" horses, for experience has taught them that it tends to ameliorate most decidedly the quality and swiftness of the public conveyances. It is less than ten years ago that the Vienna cab horses were decidedly better than those of Berlin, and even those of Paris—miserable, worn-out creatures though they be—bore a better reputation. To-day the Berlin cab horses are on a par with those of London—all due to the awakened ambition of the Berlin drivers and to the better grade of horses they now purchase.

At last they're off—the "starter" has just dropped the small scarlet flag, and then the long string of vehicles rolls smoothly along amid the enthusiastic plaudits of the big crowd. On the first turn three horses gain the lead, and the "field" is left farther and farther behind. Then one of the three drops slightly behind, and now the

SIC TRANSIT GLORIA MUNDI.

real excitement and the real fun begins. "Ulnath! Ulnath! Bravo!" shouts the large number of admirers of this iron-gray stallion, winner of four previous races, while "Pistrolog! Go ahead, old fellow! Go, go!" scream those who had bet their money on the coal-black stallion that is just a nose behind. Both are favorites, and the decision is doubtful for another five minutes, while waves of excited exclamations sway and bend the throng in the first six rows of the grand stand, where the habitues are seated by preference. Now comes the last stretch of the four-mile distance, and at this supreme moment the whip is plied pretty freely by both drivers. But in vain—Ulnath, the old reliable, passes the wire first, covered with foam, but otherwise sound as on the start. An immense chorus, composed of shouts, yells, catcalls, curses, shrill whistling and exclamations, greets the winner and his driver, and the latter dismounts, walks up to the judges and receives his purse of tinkling gold pieces and a fine, silver-mounted whip.

Next day Ulnath was again attending to his more prosaic duties, and his driver, just a trifle prouder and redder in the face, drove me home from Unter der Linden at the usual stipend—one mark, with ten pfennigs (two and one-half cents) added for a "trinkgeld," which he received as demurely as ever. Such is life!

WOLF VON SCHIERBRAND.

Right in His Line.

Warden—What did you do for a living outside?

Convict—My most signal success was as a campaign orator.

Warden—Very well; I'll set you to work blowing up rubber cushions.—N. Y. World.

Caution.

To tell her fortune did the youth
With care her soft palm view;
But, to make assurance doubly sure,
He looked in Bradstreet's, too.
—Puck.

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

—In spite of the remonstrances of English officials, the two black queens of Swaziland are going to London to see the queen. They wish Great Britain to assume the protectorate over their country, although that was expressly conceded to the Transvaal republic not a year ago.

—A pnuematic typewriter has been invented in England in which compressed air does the work of the levers in other machines. A small India-rubber bulb takes the place of the keys, the pressure of the finger producing the impact of the type on the paper. It is much cheaper than any of the existing types of high-grade instruments.

—A gold mine which has been discovered in Salisbury, Mashonaland, has its principal lode running directly through the town. The land over the course that the gold reef is supposed to take has been divided into building lots and sites for business houses. The sale of these lots has ceased, and also all building in the immediate neighborhood.

—Permission has just been given to the Gobelins manufactory by the French government to accept an order from a rich American for two tapestries, after designs by Boucher, representing Venus and Adonis and Vertumnus and Pamona. The conditions are that $6,000 shall be deposited; that the price shall not be fixed till the completion of the work; that the tapestry shall be exhibited at the exposition of 1900, and that work on it shall only be done when the factory has no government work to do.

—A new "Survey of London" is being prepared, under the editorship of Mr. Walter Besant, which will give an account of every important building, institution and company in the whole of greater London. It will contain a history of the city, its trade, political power and customs, and will be a complete record of its condition at the end of the nineteenth century. The book will be in eight quarto volumes, fully illustrated, and will be published by the Blacks. The first volume will appear in the fall of 1895.

—Louis de Bourbon was the name given in a Paris police court the other day by a wine-shop keeper arrested for trying to blow out his brains. He claims to be a grandson of Naundorf, who, when Louis Philippe was king, declared that he was Louis XVII., the little Dauphin imprisoned in the temple. The wine dealer asserts that he has been an officer in the Dutch army, that he has no political ambition, and that his attempt at suicide was due to his failing to make his business pay. The sign over the shop reads: "Maison de Bourbon."

—Across the Devil's dyke, a deep ravine near Brighton, England, a cable way has just been erected and opened for traffic. From a single steel wire rope, three inches in diameter, stretching 1,200 feet between two iron columns on either side of the dike, are suspended steel anchors, two feet from fluke to fluke, by wire ropes of smaller dimensions and of varying length, so as to bring the line of anchor on a level. On the flukes are supported two wire road cables, one inch in diameter, on which run the pulleys which support the car. The cars are iron and wire cages, seven feet by five, carrying eight passengers. They are moved by an engine on the bank, driving an endless wire rope to which the car is gripped, like our cable cars. The cable is 250 feet above the bottom of the ravine, and the trip takes two minutes and a half.

AN INTERESTING FISH.

The Fierce Bonita and Its Queer Actions in the Water.

No more beautiful fish than the Spanish mackerel swims the salt sea. It is true it lacks the mighty strength and size of its only rival in southern waters, the tarpon, but pound for pound and inch for inch it is not one whit less gamy and courageous. The long-pointed head is set with a pair of gleaming eyes that see for many rods every moving thing beneath the surface of the sea. Each jaw is armed with scores of tiny teeth keen as a razor and dazzlingly white. When the mackeral are feeding, and shoals of them break the water into ripples, one can hear the snap of those fierce jaws as they close upon the hapless young mullet of barracuda. It is a beautiful sight to see the whole sea for hundreds of feet grow dark as if ruffled by a squall when an army of mackerel suddenly bursts into sight. They are handsome and graceful in form, with long dorsal and lateral fins and a broad fluked tail, which give them the power to outswim any fish of their size and weight. They are as erratic as they are fierce. A great school after feeding for hours in one locality may all at once sink out of sight, and not another may be caught for hours or perhaps days. An enemy, unseen by fishermen, has alarmed the sharp-eyed fellows, for the sharks and dolphins are ever prowling on their trail.

In the autumn days about everyone who is big enough to hold a rod and bait his hook is mackerel fishing on the Florida Keys. The gulf of Mexico is the real habitat of these fish. Occasionally they drift northward in scattered shoals, following the gulf stream, and some are caught in the warm months along the Atlantic coast to the Canada line. Quarantine, on the extreme south end of Mullet Key, is center of the excitement in the gulf now. Strings of mackerel that number in the hundreds are being made every day when the weather is good. Unlike most salt-water fishing, a stormy day is better for this work than a fair one.

"Take a day when the clouds sink down upon the sea, senor," says old Pedro Menendez, the veteran Spanish pilot and angler, between the gasps of his long black pipe, "when the wind from the southeast beats the waves till they cry along the shoals, and the sea birds hug the shore, then, senor, if you will have the heart of a man and put out beyond the Palmetto Keys in a stout boat, you shall kill and bring home such a harvest of bonita as your northern eyes have never gazed upon."

And true it is that on the wildest days that little stumpy boat of his, with its patched yellow sail and short mast, can be seen thrashing out into the gale, and that at night he brings in big catches. When the wind drives dead on shore the best fishermen cast against it from the piers and catch many and big mackerel.

Old hands use a long, springy rod, a big reel holding fifty yards of good-braided linen, and Limerick hooks snelled in wire gimp. A float is a necessity, and corks are the popular kind. About four feet above the hook the float should be fixed, and too much attention can not be paid to this detail. On the same pier or in the same boat with men who catch seventy or more bonita, as the mackerel are often called, will be other fishermen using the same bait who get only four or five fish. The reason is that they are fishing too shallow or too deep, and the whole shoal passes them by.

The minnow used as bait should be firmly hooked through his back just above the spine on a line with the pectoral fins. There is seldom any trouble about striking the mackeral too quickly. Indeed, it is only the lively man who hooks his game. Their action in rushing on the bait, grabbing and swallowing it, seems to be all one and to require only an instant. The cork goes down, the bubbles rise, and a sharp tug for freedom answers the uplifting of the rod. The bonita are short-lived, though so savage in their attack, and holding them to the sea, mouth open, quickly tires and drowns them. The weakfish and bluefish haunt the same localities, and are caught in great numbers by the mackerel fishers.

In weight the Spanish mackerel run from one pound to four or five, and average two pounds. When freshly caught they reflect all the hues of the rainbow as they flap in the sunlight. The back is dark blue and the belly spotless white. The sides are gorgeous with mottled amber and bronze. Only a few moments' exposure to the air destroys all this beauty. The countless iridescent tints grow pale and fade away, the dark back turns a light greenish hue and the wonderful shimmering scales, as the fish dies, fall away as if by magic.—N. Y. Sun.

THE SUNDAY FUNERAL TRAIN.

One Scene in the Shifting Panorama at a Railway Station.

"Rosehill and Calvary!"

"All aboard for Calvary!"

Have you ever seen that wonderful group of statuary, "The First Funeral," at the Art institute, where the broken-hearted father, clad in skins, is carrying the limp form of his boy, and the mother walks beside with the prophecy of the bereavement of all mothers written in her face? That is a funeral of the first century; this is a funeral of the end of the nineteenth when we are hurried through the world and out of it by machinery; when a man is carried to his long home by steam and the mourners no longer go about the streets as they did in the days of Ecclesiastes.

It is a bright winter afternoon and the train caller at the Northwestern depot shouts out this announcement, as he does all others, in that jarring, metallic voice, which even the most absent-minded traveler must hear:

"Rosehill and Calvary!"

"All aboard for Calvary!"

There are travelers on this train, however, which no human voice can arouse. They are going to Calvary, or it may be to Rosehill, and they will never come back again. It is Sunday, and in the crowd of waiting humanity in and about the big station are an unusual number of women in black. Many of them wear long black veils. Near the gate farthest south, which has just been swung open, are a group of men, all freshly shaven, but quite plainly dressed. Their clothes are those of workingmen. Several wear white shirts without any collars, and others have the collars but no cravats. All have a long piece of crape on one arm. Another man with black curly hair, a strapping big fellow with a grimy unshaven face, who has only recently come in from his run, approaches.

"Which is Barney's car?" he asked of one of the pallbearers.

The man addressed indicates with a nod and makes a feint towards the big fellow's upper vest pocket.

"Ah, well! Ye can have it then," says the big man, and hads the other a cigar somewhat battered at the end, but still effective.

"Any more o' them about yer clothes, Jimmy?" says another of the men in crape. Jimmy shakes his head.

A little procession files out of the depot. At the head is a bent old lady who trembles as she walks. This is doubtless Barney's mother. She is supported by a woman in a long black veil, whose eyes are red and swollen. This is evidently Barney's wife. Then come three children, a girl of twelve and boys of six and eight. The little boys look about timidly; there are a lot of queer noises, the rattling of cabs, the escaping steam from the locomotives, and the rumble of outgoing and incoming trains. The girl has some realization of what is going on and looks serious, but her brothers rather wonder what it is all about. Then come relatives, serious and decorous, but dry-eyed, and finally the friends of the family. These latter as they pass through the gate converse in low tones and there are a few young folks among them who look anything but grave. One of them even puts her handkerchief to her mouth to arrest a titter which has been aroused by some remark of her companion. The undertaker, a busy little man with iron-gray hair, is in charge, and directs everyone. Finally all are on board, and the funeral train is whirled out to the cemetery, the warning crossing bells sounding as it rushes along.

At the great burial ground there is little ceremony, for the priest has performed the final rites at the church. In the case of prominent people he accompanies the body to the grave, but this is the exception. He finds it impossible to spare this time for all. After the church services the undertaker superintends everything, and as he too is a very busy man the whole party are soon being whirled back to the city again. In some of the cars they laugh and chat and entertain one another with stories. There are few solemn faces now. The real mourners are mourning still, but most of those who come back on the funeral train can not be distinguished in manner from the crowd of young people from the suburbs who have just come in on the next train, and are as merry as young people usually are Sunday afternoon.—Chicago Tribune.

—Serious Matter—"I got off a good one just now," said the janitor of the apartment building, as the bell of the church round the corner stopped ringing. "I said this was a wicked elevator, because it broke every Sunday." "There's no joke about that," panted the man who had just climbed eight flights of stairs.—Chicago Tribune.

—There is no work so humble that faithfulness in it will not be noticed and rewarded.—Anon.

SHE WAS THE BOSS.

That's Why Uncle Josh Didn't Take the "Pants" That He Wanted.

Uncle Joshua was selecting a pair of trousers in the clothing store.

"What do you think o' them?" he said to the good-natured salesman.

"Why, I think they're all right," the salesman said; "but the idea is to please the one that's to wear them. The question is, do they suit you?"

"Ain't they pretty gay for an old feller?"

"Gay! That's a very quiet stripe. They look well on you, too."

"I guess they do fit pretty well. I ain't worn a pair o' striped pants, though, in I dunno how many years, an'—still, you say they are all right."

"I say if they please the one that's to wear them they most certainly are all right; and you are wearing them, so you're the judge."

"I b'lieve I do like 'em, by ginger! 'Bout right for len'th, ain't they?"

"They are about as near right as any custom tailor could have made them—length, waist and everything."

"You wouldn't call it a loud stripe?"

"I would not!"

"No; it don't seem to me so. Still, I've been wearin' either black or pepper 'n salt for I dunno how many years now, an' everything else looks kind o' queer. But, I declare, it does seem good to get something else on. There ain't any good reason why a man o' my age shouldn't wear these pants, is there?"

"No earthly reason that I know of, if you like them. They certainly look well, and they are first-rate trousers."

"Well, I guess I'll go take 'em off and let you do 'em up. You'll throw in a pair of suspend—Pshaw! here comes—er—this lady comin' is my wife. I'll wait a minute, I guess—all through with your shopin' mother?"

"Thank heavens, yes!" replied the vigorous-looking woman who had been ushered up the aisle. "What you got on?" she added.

"Five dollars," said the old gentleman, clutching one leg of the trousers and stretching out the cloth for inspection.

"They be, be they? Hev you got lots of time, Joshua?"

"Time? How—why?"

"Because if you hev, mebbe it's all right to rig yourself up in a fancy costoom for the entertainment of this young man; but I ain't got overmuch time, myself, an' I guess we might as well pick out a pair o' pants now like what I told ye to git."

"What's the matter with——"

"Lemme see somethin' on the pepper-'n'-salt order that'll about fit him," said the lady to the salesman. After selecting a pair about the size required she handed them to the silent man at her side.

"Now you run into the cubbyhole and git into these," she said; "and let's see how they look."

"The idee of a man o' his age pickin' out streaked pants," she said to the salesman, as her husband moved meekly away. "The pair he's got in his hand is somethin' like. Don't you think so, yourself?"

The salesman smiled pleasantly. "They are good goods," he said. "The thing is to please the one that wears 'em. I guess you'll ——"

A stony look from the lady warned him that he was in danger of putting his foot in it.

"I guess your husband will like them," he said.—Puck.

NAPOLEON'S LITTLE SON.

He Was a Remarkable Child in Many Ways.

While on his campaigns Napoleon's thoughts were continually directed toward his son. Even when commanding from two hundred thousand to three hundred thousand men on the battlefield he was in almost daily communication with Mme. Montesquieu, who was in charge of the child. This woman was adored by the young king of Rome. The following incident is related of the manner in which Mme. Montesquieu sometimes managed the child: His apartments were on the ground floor and looked out into the court of the Tuileries. It was a common occurrence for people in passing the window to look in with the hope of seeing the young prince. One day when he was in a violent fit of temper, rebelling against the authority of his governess, she immediately ordered all the shutters closed. The child inquired what it meant, to which she replied: "I love you too well not to hide your anger from the crowd in the courtyard. You perhaps will one day be called to govern all those people, and what would they say if they saw you in such a fit of rage? Do you think they would ever obey you if they know you to be so wicked?" The child asked for pardon, and promised never again to give way to such fits of anger. Mme. Junot says that young Napoleon was an amiable child, and that he became more so as he advanced in age. The emperor had given orders that his son should always be acceptable to those in misfortune who wished to make any application to him by petition, and an interesting story is told of the young king soliciting from his father a pension for a widow whose husband had been killed in the emperor's service. "Ah," said Napoleon, "you already grant pensions, do you?" The young king's intercession was successful, and the brevet was made out that very day with a year's arrears. The beautiful portraits of the empress and the king of Rome are in the historical gallery at Versailles.—N. Y. Advertiser.

Taking His Medicine in Water.

Some time ago a Liverpool Irishman, who had a bad cold, went to the doctor for some medicine. After the doctor had examined him he handed him the bottle of medicine, saying: "It is one and sixpense and must be taken in water three times a day."

"Sure, I've only got a shilling in the world," said the sick man.

"Well, you can have the bottle for a shilling," replied the good-natured doctor.

Then the Irishman said: "Thanks, and if it does me good, sure I'll bring you the balance due you."

When he got home he said to his wife: "Naggie, I won't take any medicine to-night; I'll go to bed."

Next morning he got into a tub of cold water, and, shivering with cold, shouted: "Maggie! Maggie! bring me the medicine. If I've got to do this three times a day, sure it will kill me."—Sheffield Telegraph.

—The man who seeks one, and but one, thing in life may hope to achieve it; but he who seeks all things, wherever he goes, only reaps, from the hopes which he sows, a harvest of barren regrets.—Bulwer.

PITH AND POINT.

—A popular occupation with young women—making parlor matches.—Lowell Courier.

—In Algiers when the people desire a new ruler they begin by taking a dey off.—Lowell Courier.

—The only way it pays a person to be his own lawyer is to keep his own counsel.—Texas Siftings.

—After all life is little more than a short time given a man in which to taper off.—Galveston News.

—Coroner—"And did the deceased leave no friends?" All—"No. He was an old bachelor."—Plaindealer.

—After the Game.—Jack—"Did you kick one of the fellows on the other side?" Sam—"On the other side? Why, I kicked him all over."—Detroit Free Press.

—Miss Endrush—"Oh, my brother's been hurt! He's being carried off the field." Her Escort (Yale '98)—"Never mind; we have a substitute and who's just as good."—Yale Record.

—"I didn't see your portrait at the exhibition, Miss Holmeleigh." "No. They wouldn't take it. They said it was a good portrait, but that my face was out of drawing."—Harper's Bazar.

—First Student—"How did it happen that you failed again?" Second Student—"Why, that wretched examiner asked me the same questions that I couldn't answer last year."—Fliegende Blatter.

—Miss Painter—"It seems a shame that they have not succeeded in photographing color yet." Mr. Footinit—"I suppose that's why your pictures are such poor likenesses."—Yonkers' Statesman.

—Jillson says he doesn't see why there should be any objection to woman entering the legal profession. Nine out of every ten married men know well enough that her word is law.—Buffalo Courier.

—Friend—"Well, Ethel, how do you like married life?" Ethel (enthusiastically)—"It's simply delightful. We've been married a week and have had eight quarrels, and I got the best of it every time."—Fun.

—Bacon—"Don't you find playing football pretty violent exercise?" Egbert—"I don't mind it. You see, my wife's away visiting, and it doesn't seem natural unless there is some one jumping on me."—Yonkers Statesman.

—"I don't see why they picked him out for good congressional timber," said the man with envy in his soul. "Well," replied his companion, "I remember that at college he was always regarded as a good deal of a stick."—Washington Star.

—"The hardest thing to acquire, miss," said the dramatic teacher, "is the art of laughing naturally without apparent effort." "Oh, I've got that down fine," said the would-be soubrette; "I typewrote for three years for a man who was always telling me funny stories about his little boy."—Indianapolis Journal.

THE MONEY ISN'T THERE.

A Pickpocket Who Was Foolish Enough to Steal a Lady's Pocketbook.

"I just swiped a leather, Jim," said a pickpocket to another of his profession, as he came across him sitting on a bench in Union square.

"Wus it one o' them purty [illegible] what the women carries 'round de streets in der hands?"

"Yes; I swiped it up on Fift' avenue when she was lookin' inter er winder."

"If yer'd been in de biz as long as I hev yer wouldn't er took it."

"Why?"

"'Tain't wuth it."

"A feller might strike er big haul, tho', that way some time."

"Not on yer life, he wouldn't. I've swiped a load on 'em, an' I never got one yit that I could git a beer out on. Dey don't carry money in dem leathers. Dey's only er bluff. Try dat one yer've got and see if it's enny good."

Glancing about him warily to make sure that no one was watching him, the pickpocket opened the purse. He found three samples of silkoline, a patent glove buttoner, a card advertising a lotion for removing blackheads from the face, a sheet of flesh-colored court plaster, some samples of scrim and Madras, a list of prices of carpets, a circular showing an illustration of a patent hose supporter, a card of small safety pins, two slabs of chewing gum warranted to cure dyspepsia, and a card bearing her address with instructions to take her there if she met with an accident.

"That's all dere is in it," said the man who had "swiped" the pocketbook, as he turned it upside down and shook it, with a look of disgust on his face.

"Didn't I tell yer?" remarked the other. "I've 'swiped' dem tings till I'm tired. Dey're all de same. De women don't carry nothin' but trash in 'em. De money ain't dere, never!"—N. Y. Herald.

TREE PLANTING IN FRANCE.

Useless Sand Dunes Have Been Converted Into Valuable Land.

The French thoroughly appreciate the advantages to be derived from systematic tree planting. Tracts of sand have been covered with pine forests, and the word lande, borrowed, as it is thought, from the German, is losing its meaning of "waste." Till a century ago a large portion of the forest of Fontainebleau consisted of bare sand-hills, but the planting of pines was begun, a variety capable of standing the severest winters was eventually found, and millions of trees now diffuse healthy and agreeable odors, besides furnishing timber and fuel. The decomposed fir needles, moreover, gradually form a crust of vegetable mold, permitting the growth of trees and shrubs less able than the pine to live on air. The department of the Landes, once a barren region with sand so loose that one had to walk on stilts, is covered with pine, and the problem of draining the subsoil has been solved, as described in Edmond About's story of "Maitre Pierre." The losses by fire and anxiety to produce something more remunerative than pine are now, however, inducing schemes of artificial fertilization. In many French watering-places dunes have been transformed into woods, thus holding out to seaside visitors the attraction of agreeable shade and a change from a monotonous beach. Shifting sands have been prevented from extending inland. In some cases dunes have been acquired by companies which, after planting them, have cut them up into building plots, and have seen them dotted with villas. Elsewhere municipalities have taken up the matter, and in large operations the district or the department has provided the funds.—London Times.