The St. Tammany Farmer.

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

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The Old Spanish Trail.

KIT CARSON.

ON my first trip across the great plains in 1850, we were, at two different points on the journey, joined for a few days each time by Kit Carson.

At this time Carson was in the prime of life—a man rather under the medium size.

Ours was a large, strong and well-armed party, consisting of more than thirty men, and our outfit comprised six wagons, twelve mules and sixteen horses, the latter adapted to either draught or saddle.

With the exception of Carson, each of us carried a muzzle-loading rifle and a heavy revolver; while, besides a pair of exquisitely-finished revolvers, he was armed with one of those ten-chambered repeating rifles, invented, I think, by Col. Colt.

Such a man, aside from the prestige of his name, was a little army in himself, and we were extremely glad of his company, as in the country where he last joined us we were every moment in danger from predatory Indians, two small bands of which we had, several days before, beaten off without loss to ourselves, and now we might look for reprisals.

Among our crowd were two especially five young fellows, one an Englishman named John Moulton, and the other a fiery Virginian called Gerald Woodville. These two, though singularly alike in disposition, or perhaps for that very reason, could never agree.

Lately there had been such bad blood between them that neither would speak to the other.

One afternoon, after striking the old Spanish trail, we were going slowly down the Pacific slope of the Windy mountains, when a large elk broke cover somewhat out of rifle shot and trotted leisurely away.

Moulton, an ardent sportsman, was riding his own horse, an extremely valuable animal, and now, without consulting anyone, he set off in pursuit of the elk. Just as he was leaving Carson said:

"Remember, we're in a hostile country, young man. Don't go far away, even if you have to come back without meat."

We went on for about two miles and finally made camp on a small stream among the foothills, where was abundance of good grass, while the stream itself, Carson informed us, was well stocked with trout.

After we had corralled the wagons, picketed the animals out to graze and put everything in shape to repel any possible attack, we delayed supper for awhile in the hope that Moulton would come in, as we had heard one report from his rifle and had no doubt that he had killed the elk.

Two hours more passed away without bringing a sign of the young hunter; we now began to feel seriously alarmed, but, very strangely, no one appeared so much distressed as did Gerald Woodville.

"What do you think of it, Mr. Carson?" he anxiously inquired. "Do you suppose that Jack has lost himself?"

We glanced significantly at each other, for this was the first time we had ever heard the Virginian use the familiar name by which we usually addressed John Moulton.

"I hardly know what to think of it," replied Carson. "The young man has either become lost among the puzzling ravines, or—" and the bold scout relapsed into ominous silence.

"My God!" feelingly exclaimed Gerald, "surely you don't think the Indians have got him; poor Jack!"

"It's hard to say," rejoined Kit; "but there are lots of the Digger tribe wandering through the mountains just now. Their principal village is on a branch of the Sacramento, about sixty miles from here, and if a stray party of them has captured our friend, without killing him on the spot, they'll keep his horse as a great prize and reserve him to be tortured to death when they reach the main band."

"Great heavens! What can we do to save him?" gasped Woodville.

"Nothing until morning," gravely answered Carson. "If Mr. Moulton don't come in before daybreak, I'll start out to look him up, and I want only one man to go with me. more would be a hindrance."

"That man shall be myself, then," said the warm-hearted Virginian. "I'd risk my life a hundred times over to save Jack from such a fate."

When the first streak of dawn appeared Carson and Woodville, after taking a hasty breakfast and packing up a day's supply of food, mounted their horses preparatory to setting out on their perilous quest.

"If we're not back by this time tomorrow, boys, you'll know we've gone under," observed Carson as coolly as though he were going to a picnic. "But I rather think we'll come in. Stay right here until to-morrow's sun's an hour high, and if there's no news of us then go ahead on your journey, for we'll be past help."

It seems that shortly after leaving us Moulton had come within range of and had killed his elk, and was stooping down to cut off the hind quarters for bringing to camp, when, before he could fire another shot, he was pounced upon by a score of Digger Indians, who gagged him and bound his arms in the twinkling of an eye.

Then, loading the carcass upon his horse and forcing him to walk along, they set off on their retreat, traveling fast until night, when they bivouacked by a spring and had a glorious feast, the prisoner being meantime secured to a tree.

Through the first part of the night he was watched by a brave who had picked up a smatter of English and who frequently consoled himself by hissing in his ear: "We no hurt paleface. Him make good fire bimeby and heap fun," an oft-repeated assurance which, after all, was not so very consoling.

Next morning, after another big feast, the savages resumed their march in a leisurely manner, and before sunset again halted for the night at a spring.

In less than half an hour after leaving the main trail our two adventurous comrades came upon the spot where the elk had fallen, when, by signs utterly undiscernible by Woodville, Carson at once read the whole story, declaring, much to Gerald's comfort, that Moulton had been carried off unwounded.

Then, leading the way with unfaltering certainty through tortuous defiles and over stretches of bare rock, on the latter of which his companion could not see the faintest mark, he soon came to the spot where the band had spent the previous night.

Feeling confident of overtaking the marauders before night, Carson became exceedingly circumspect toward evening, neither ever riding over a bridge without first dismounting and taking a careful survey of what lay beyond.

At last as they peered over the brow of a steep descent, they saw, right on the trail and half a mile ahead, a wreath of smoke rising above the tree tops.

"We've got them," said Carson. "They're camped down at the 'Blue Spring.' I know the place well, but the ground on this side is quite open. Though probably not fearing pursuit, the reds will naturally be facing this way. We must make a big sweep and creep up on them from the other side, for they must not have time to strike a single blow after our attack."

The pursuers now led their horses some distance from the trail and concealed them in a bush-grown coulee, lest the Indians, while retreating, might gobble them up. Then, guided through the darksome rocks and underbrush only by Kit's perfect knowledge of the locality, they made a wide detour, gliding along softly as panthers and noiselessly as shadows—two men fearlessly planning to attack, on their own ground, an unknown number of well-armed savages.

After more than an hour of painstaking toil they gained the dense chapparal fairly in the rear of and no more than fifteen yards from the enemy's resting place. Kneeling side by side, and peeping through the bushes, they saw at once that the Indians considered themselves perfectly safe, for a bright fire was burning, and in a straggling row near it lounged twenty ware painted warriors.

A few yards away was tethered the beautiful horse belonging to Moulton, and he himself sat on the ground with his wrists brought together behind his back and tied around a sapling pine.

Carson had cautioned his impetuous comrade not to fire until he should give the signal, but just as the hidden avengers had, in one swift glance, noted all these particulars, a brutal-looking savage, seeing that the prisoner was enjoying a moment's respite from suffering, snatched up a burning brand, strode over in front of him, and was about to thrust the flaming brand insultingly against his face, when Woodville, no longer able to control himself, sent a bullet through the miscreant's brain, and he fell like a log across the captive's outstretched legs.

Instantly the startled Indians sprang to their feet; one fell to Kit's rifle, and another to Gerald's revolver; and now, as they stood for three half seconds bewildered, as many additional shots rang out, each one stretching its victim upon the earth.

Then the fourteen survivors turned to fly, but before they got beyond the fatal circle of firelight three more pitched headlong down.

Another of the crew, quite forgetting in his fright that the horse was picketed, attempted, as he ran, to spring upon its back, a position he never reached, for as soon as his head rose high enough to clear the animal's withers 'twas pierced by Carson's bullet.

Thus, in less than one minute, ten members of the murderous band had become, as a western man of these times would say, "good Indians," and

STRODE OVER IN FRONT OF HIM.

the rest probably never stopped running until they reached headquarters of their tribe.

In our camp the day of the two men's departure had come to a close in consuming anxiety, and it was a serious party indeed which gathered about the fire at night, while all strained their ears in vain to catch the echo of a possible reassuring rifle shot.

Our guide, an old plainsman named Joe Brooks, sustained our hopes by telling us of several instances in which Carson had, single-handed, rescued property and prisoners from strong bands of Indians.

"Why," said the veteran, "one time down in Arizona I knew Kit, entirely alone, to trail twenty-two Apache warriors for more than one hundred miles. He came up to them just as they were making camp at sundown, shot down three of them before they saw him, charged upon the rest while yelling to his supposed followers to come on, and escaped scot free with a white woman prisoner whom, in their flight at the mere sight of Kit, they had not stopped to kill."

At last we could see in the eastern sky the first pale shimmer of coming dawn.

"This," casually remarked Joe, "is the hour that the redskins always select for—by thunder, that's the Diggers' warwhoop now!"

And we all hurried into the corral, as again and again, far up the hillside, resounded that terrible cry.

"Mighty curious," said Brooks, quietly laying down his rifle with a half perceptible smile, "but it's the first time I ever got fair warning. What did I tell you?"

For now half a dozen rifle shots rang out in quick succession, and galloping cheerily down the slope came our three friends, safe and sound.

Carson, who could mimic anything, from the squeak of a mouse to the harsh cry of a mountain lion, had taken this playful method of testing our alertness.—St. Louis Republic.

DAHOMEY AND ITS PEOPLE.

Facts Obtained by the French Commissioner of Scientific Research.

M. Edouard Foa, a commissioner of scientific research, who accompanied the French expedition in Dahomey from 1891 to 1894, has recently published a book giving some results of his observations in the kingdom of Behanzin. The Frenchman divides Dahomey into four zones: that of the coast, which is narrow and produce little or nothing; that of the verdant plains, which further in the interior are covered with great palm forests; that of the hill country, and that including the first spurs of the Kong mountains. The second of these is the only one really known to Europeans. There is iron in the third zone, oil deposits are suspected in the second, and there is reason to believe from the nearness of the fourth zone to gold-producing Ashantee, that it contains gold.

Dahomey has been for two centuries an absolute monarchy, where the king has power of life and death; where all the subjects are his slaves and all the land belongs to him; where the houses are his, and his tax gatherers seize a part of every harvest to "provide food for the king." There are four classes or castes, and no man may step over class lines. These classes are the chiefs, who hold from the king absolute power over their vassals; the medicine men, who rule all by the power of superstition; the so-called free men, not enslaved of any but the king, and the domestic slaves, living in the families of their owners. No chief marries outside his class. There are about three women to one man in Dahomey and marriage is of course, polygamous. Few of the ordinary inhabitants have more than three wives, but the medicine men have a dozen, the chiefs twenty or thirty, and the king thirty or forty. No man marries a woman of his own blood. The men are extremely lazy, and the wives do most of the work. When too old to work a woman must starve, unless her children are well disposed toward her. Old age usually means starvation in Dahomey, for nobody saves lest the king seize the savings and the thrifty man lose his labor. A Dahomeyan is content, with two days' rations in the house, to sleep and smoke half the day upon a mat, and hunger alone stirs him to action. The harvest is gathered irregularly, and much is left to rot on the ground. The idea of thrift is unknown to the Dahomeyan.

Dahomey's ruin dates from the decay of the slave trade. When twenty thousand slaves were brought to America every year the king of Dahomey and his chiefs were great slave catchers, and the king grew rich by the traffic. Even as late as 1890 slave cargoes were sent from one of the ports of Dahomey, but the trade long before ceased to be very profitable. The kings have always been brutal despots, and the people have been trained as warriors. It was by war upon other tribes that slaves were obtained for the trade with America. The amazons of Dahomey originated, according to M. Foa, in the fears of a former king, whose subjects threatened to slay him. His recourse was to arm captive young women from other nations, and the practice of maintaining an army of women has continued to this day.

M. Foa explains that it is not the practice in Dahomey, and probably never was, as has so often been asserted, to sacrifice the king's subjects indiscriminately in memory of dead sovereigns. The persons sacrificed were captives and subjects condemned to death for crime. The number used to be three hundred or four hundred upon each occasion. Now it is not more than twenty. It became fewer as the conquests of the nation were fewer. Nevertheless, the people of Dahomey live in a perpetual state of terror, and the hypocrisy of which Europeans accuse them is the natural outcome of a state of society in which a man must be careful to conceal his feelings and his acts lest they offend authority. The Dahomeyan is, however, peculiarly callous in the matter of the moral sense. There are no beggars, because no Dahomeyan gives anything for nothing. The people are without pity, and children grow up unrestrained in all things so far as their parents are concerned. Whites are regarded as natural enemies, and are deceived, cajoled and robbed. The native interpreters are merely spies upon European traders. Nevertheless the Dahomeyan never shows anger toward the white, but maintains an outward air of calm and insensibility. He is little impressed with the religion of the white man because it is too strict in its moral requirements, but the Mohammedans have made many converts.

Notwithstanding the low state of agriculture there are two harvests a year, and the country has some crude manufactures, largely of palm products. Goods are not sold from house to house, but are taken to the markets held in the large towns. Here twenty thousand persons often come together upon a market day. The natives, when Europeans first frequented their markets, dealt unsuspiciously with the white men, but learning that they were making enormous profits, took to keeping back part of their products from the markets and thus raising prices. At the markets on the coast there is a telegraphic communication with Europe, and both natives and whites deal with European price currents in their hands. Native taste in the matter of goods is peculiar. Cloths must be gay and cheap. The quantity of alcohol consumed is enormous, and the natives buy freely a pomade of beef fat scented with vanilla. Accordions also sell well. When a Dahomeyan coming to market has in hand other business than selling his goods, he leaves the latter in charge of a straw fetich and goes off with the certainty that nothing will be stolen. The white traders approach these fetich-protected articles, and, knowing the market price, make trade. The native on returning sees what business the fetich has done and lays apart some of the profits to the account of the fetich.

It is noteworthy that the Dahomeyan, although the most brutally insensible of the Guinea negroes, is far from dull intellectually, and when taken from his surroundings and placed among European youths at school he often proves himself able to keep pace with his fellow students. It was a man of this race, who, having been taken as a child to England to be educated, entered the Anglican church, translated the Bible into his own tongue, and in 1867, at the age of forty-five, became the first black bishop of that communion.—N. Y. Sun.

MANNERS OF GREAT MEN.

Some Were Invariably Polite—Others Otherwise.

Fox would never stand covered in the presence of ladies.

Calhoun was so absent-minded that he often forgot he was in company.

Monroe was, even in his own time, called "A gentleman of the old school."

Bancroft was rather reserved than otherwise with most persons whom he met.

Henry Clay was said to make the most engaging bow of any gentleman of his time.

Andrew Jackson was rough in his manners, but could be polite when he pleased. He was always courteous to ladies.

The duke of Marlborough said that he owned his success as much to his elegant deportment as to his talents.

Byron was affable to his equals and to those whom he wished to please, but haughty and distant to most others.

Talleyrand owed his success in life, to no small extent, to the uniform courtesy with which he treated everyone.

Haydn was the personification of courtesy. He once said: "It does not pay to be impolite, even to a dog."

Gen. Greene had the reputation of being the most polite man in the revolutionary army during the war for independence.

Goethe's manners were simple and unaffected. He greeted all men as his equals and delighted everyone whom he met.

Chesterfield was so graceful that one of his contemporaries said it was worth a journey across England to see him bow.

John Adams was so reserved that he generally gave the impression that he was suspicious of those with whom he was talking.

Raleigh's courtesy in throwing his cloak in the mud for Queen Elizabeth to step on was characteristic of his usual behavior toward ladies.

Walter Scott was almost too polite. His unwillingness to disoblige others, even in small matters, often caused him great inconvenience.

Daniel Webster was lofty and dignified. His abstraction sometimes created the impression of incivility where no discourtesy was intended.

Gladstone is polite to everybody. At his country home he knows everyone in the vicinity, and has a kindly word for even the poorest farm laborer.

William Penn's formal but kindly politeness impressed even the Indians with whom he dealt. One of the names given him by them was "The Good Big Chief."

Madison made it a point to touch his hat to everyone who bowed to him, and the front part of his hat brim was always worn threadbare in consequence of this punctiliousness.

Cromwell, in spite of the position which he attained, never departed from the simplicity of life of an English country gentleman. In conversation he was quiet and unassuming.

George Washington had a stately courtesy, inclined to pomposity, that kept everyone at a distance. He always wanted it clearly understood that he was the father of his country.

Thomas Jefferson had the dignified bearing of an old-time gentleman. In his manner he was generally cold, but with friends would unbend his dignity and be as sociable as anyone could desire.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

What Smallpox Can Do.

At the time of the announcement of vaccination by Jenner smallpox caused more than one-tenth of all the deaths of the human race. Fifty million people died in Europe from smallpox during the eighteenth century. In the sixteenth century the disease appeared in Mexico, and 3,500,000 of the population yielded up their lives in a few years, leaving some provinces almost depopulated. In 1707 in Iceland 18,000 died in one year, the entire population being but 50,000. Seventy per cent. of the people of Greenland died of smallpox in 1734. Smallpox is the most fearful disease with which the human race has ever been scourged. Macaulay tells us it was always present, filling the churchyards with corpses, and leaving on those whose lives it spared the hideous traces of its power. "If a modern traveler," says Dr. Hyde, "could be transported to London in the early part of the present century, no peculiarities of architecture, dress or behavior would be so conspicuous as the enormous number of pock-marked faces he would encounter at every turn." It spared neither rich nor poor, and even invaded the palace of the king.—Medical Record.

The Tsarina.

It is said tha the wife of the tsar, when she was the princess Alix, could cook a good dinner, sew a long seam and knit warm stockings. It is not all "curds and whey" with all titled people, as an exchange points out: Why, if you will take the trouble to read the history of the mother of the young Princess Alix, you will see that she had to economize just as does the wife of any clerk; that the baby's long dresses were made into short ones, and that the present of a little money from her mother was not only gladly accepted, but it was used to furnish the dining-room with new chairs. The history of this gentle lady makes good reading for discontented women, for they see then how, although she was among the high and mighty of the earth, she had to think and plan and manage so that her own family might make a proper appearance.—Youth's Companion.

She Was an Observer.

"You have brought new sunshine into my life," he said rapturously.

"Do you mean that?" she asked timidly.

"Of course I mean it. Can you doubt me?"

"Oh, of course, I knew you wouldn't intentionally misrepresent. But you know a young man so often thinks a girl has brought sunshine into his life when, in reality, it's only moonshine." —Washington Star.

Cause for His Claim.

Bleecker—Uptowne prides himself on being one of the old settlers of Harlem?

Forthfloor (earnestly)—Well, I know it to be a fact that he's been living for over a year and a half in the same flat! —Puck.

A Misunderstanding.

Barber—Shall I go over the chin once more, sir?

Customer—No; I'd heard it all before you told me.—Harper's Weekly.

THE BORED YOUNG MAN.

He No Longer Conceals That Life Is Full of Ennui.

Many people in modern society, especially young men, seem to choose as a motto: "If not amused not to appear amused." This lack of concealment of boredom does not appear to strike them as not only in bad taste, but also as evincing a total forgetfulness of what is due from them as guests. Indeed, in accepting hospitality, the present idea seems to be that it is a give-and-take affair, where no particular obligation is conferred by the host or hostess; if there is any favor bestowed the guest seems to think he is the obliging party. If the entertainment is not to the taste of these spoiled children of society they do not attempt to conceal their sentiments.

"I do not understand young men nowadays," complained a recent hostess. "You know my little cousin has just come out, and, although I have not entertained for a long time, having been in mourning and 'out of it' all for years, I thought I would like to do something for the child. So I gave her a little dinner dance, and asked all the sons and daughters of my old friends. After a reasonable time had elapsed after the dinner, and one or two men had straggled into the drawing-room, I set Lander's man going at the piano, expecting, of course, that the evening would end up in a jolly, successful little dance. My dear, almost all those wretched young men shut themselves up in the smoking-room and never come out until the party broke up! Perhaps, in my ignorance, I had not brought the right set together, or perhaps, it was just modern swagger; but whatever it was it was dreadful! The men simply wouldn't dance, so the girls just sat about until their carriages came and then went home. Of course, I would not ask any of these young men to the house again, and my husband says he would like to catch any of them asking him a favor downtown! And yet, I dare say that not one of these youths realized in the least that he made anything but an agreeable impression."

Indifference, or perhaps selfishness, seems to be one of the prevailing evils of the social life of our day, and yet even from a purely selfish motive, it pays in the end to be agreeable. The most successful persons are those who never allow private anxieties or worries to affect their manner when they are in the world, but who can chatter on gayly even though threats of failure and home troubles are hanging like swords of Damocles over their heads. Women in these instances are more adroit than men; they have more social conscientiousness, or perhaps a more innate desire to please. But in any case, cares and ennui should be left at home, and really good manners call for a forgetfulness (apparent, if not real,) of self, and a kindly consideration for others.—N. Y. Tribune.

HOW TO GET A WIFE.

Interesting Matrimonial Advertisements in the Austrian Papers.

Austrian matrimonial advertisements, according to a contemporary correspondent at Vienna, are marked by an acceptable humorous audacity. Here, for instance, is one that ran for six or seven days: "Wanted—A rich lady—now matter how old—who will finance a student of medicine until such time as he obtains his degree, when he engages to marry his benefactress."

Another is quoted wherein a young prince seeks a handsome girl with a dowry of not less than two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. When the desired mate is obtained all one's needs are apparently satisfied, judging from this advertisement for a purchaser for "a well-trained monkey, a talkstive parrot and a beautiful, sympathetic cat," which belong to a lady who, owing to her approaching marriage, has no further use for them.

The most amusing of the advertisements quoted is, however, that of the very Irish peruquier who makes wigs for "men of intellect, philosophers, scholars and physicians, whose severe mental labor in the cause of humanity has filled their brains with genial ideas, while depriving their heads of their natural capillary envelopes." These "artistically finished wigs," the advertiser continues, "while extremely useful and highly ornamental, are guaranteed absolutely invisible to the spectator. They can be seen any day in my private show rooms."—N. Y. Advertiser.

Air Your Clothing.

Every-day garments, particularly those which are not laundered, should be disinfected. Brushing is not sufficient, as it does not remove the unpleasant odors which come from long usage. Some women sprinkle their waists and dresses with scent and use sachet powders to perfume their bonnets and wraps. All this would be admirable if it were availing. Scent needs to be overpowering to conceal the unfragrant emanations from an old garment. Then the bouquet is fulsome and vulgar. Better than scent bag and potpourri are clothespole and an open window. Turn the garments wrong side out and let the air and sunshine disinfect and deodorize them. All night airing is good, but a day of blowing winds and purifying sunlight is better.—Boston Traveler.

He Preferred Death.

The vessel was going down and only one man remained on board the ill-fated craft.

"Hurry," cried the captain, "or you will be lost."

"Is my wife there?" the man asked.

"Yes, and she is crying for you."

"Say farewell to her for me. I shall go down with the boat."

"What is the reason of this madness?" cried the captain.

"Well, if I am saved, I'll have to explain it to my mother-in-law why I didn't have sense enough to take a boat that would not sink, so I prefer to go down. Farewell."—Syracuse Post.

Unlike All Others.

Several men were talking about how they happened to marry.

"I married my wife," said one after the others had all had their say, "because she was different from any woman I had ever met."

"How was that?" chorused the others.

"She was the only woman I ever met who would have me," and there was a burst of applause.—Detroit Free Press.

—"Pa," said a small boy, "what are the penalties of greatness?" "Well," replied the eminent office-holder, with a sigh, "one of them is having the income-tax collector know, off-hand, just how much money you get a year."—Washington Star.

LAZY INVENTOR DEFEATED.

Great Scheme for Filling Water Tank, But It Doesn't Work.

"It has occurred to me many times," observed Meekin, the lazy inventor, "that a lot of energy is wasted by people walking up and down stairs. Some five years ago the idea took such a hold upon me that I determined to utilize this stair energy, at least in my own house.

"I lived in a street in New York city where we had to use a force pump to fill a water tank in the top of the house, so as to get sufficient pressure in the water mains. I finally decided to make my family, while ascending and descending the stairs, generate sufficient power to run a dynamo whose current would be used to operate an electric pump which was to fill the water tank.

"I had the stairways remodeled so that the treads worked on a hinge, the front face of the treads being about two inches higher than ordinarily. Under each tread I placed heavy steel springs, which connected with another invention of mine—the Meekin power conservator.

"This apparatus was in harmony with the dynamo, and the pump connected with the latter in the usual manner. I connected up the whole scheme, and then stood in the front hall while my wife came down stairs.

"The slanting steps were a little awkward at first and the springy sensation wasn't very agreeable, but anything goes in the interest of science. My wife got down all right and generated enough energy to starts things going.

"The children didn't like the new steps and took to sliding down the baluster rail, which discommoded me slightly. In the end I found that I would have to race up and down stairs about twice as much as usual to keep the old thing running.

"My friends, too, observed that I was gradually acquiring a walk like a horse with the 'springhalt,' and I felt I was getting a little 'spring-kneed.' So I gave it up and paid a man fifty cents every other day to furnish the water with a hand-pump."—Electrical Review.

BILLS FOR CONGRESS.

Prices of a Document from Introduction to Engrossment.

An important part of the work of the government printing office is the printing of bills for congress. Though only a few hundred of the measures submitted to the national legislature in a year become laws, millions of copies of them have to be printed.

A bill must go through a great many phases before it can become a law, and during the process of its evolution it has to be printed again and again. It is offered by the representative, let us say, in the shape of a rough written draft. As a matter of course it is referred to its appropriate committee and ordered to be printed.

The committee, in due time, reports it to the house, with or without amendment. Then it is printed again. Perhaps it may be further amended in committee of the whole, in which case it is printed once more. If it is passed it must be reprinted again in a new form.

This time ten copies only are printed. The words "a bill" are stricken from the title, and the words "an act" are substituted. These ten copies are sent to the clerk of the house, who signs one of them and forwards that indorsed copy to the secretary of the senate.

In the senate the measure must now go through the same sort of performance, being reported to a committee, amended, etc., and at each stage it has to be printed anew.

If it passes the senate with amendments, it goes back to the house, which may refuse to concur. Then conferrees representing the two houses discuss it, and it has to be printed again and again, perhaps.

If finally passed, a single copy of it is printed on the finest parchment, and this goes to the president of the United States for his signature. It is now a law, and is handed over to the department of state, to be filed away in the nation's archives.—N. Y. Telegram.

The Opening of the Season.

The sun was shining brightly outside and the elephant felt the impulse of its genial influence as he reached his trunk around and banged away at the cage of his neighbor, the royal Bengal tiger, which was curled up over in the far corner.

"Say, Tigey, old boy," remarked the elephant, "did you know spring had come?"

The royal Bengal growled and showed his teeth.

"I say," repeated the elephant, sticking his trunk into the cage and blowing a basketful of dust over the tiger, "I say, spring has come."

"The tiger bounded up and lit on the elephant's trunk, almost tearing the lid off of it with his claws.

"Wow," whistled the elephant, withdrawing it precipitately, "I didn't mean that kind of a spring," and he hunched over as far from his neighbor as he could get.—Detroit Free Press.

Musical Sign.

A ruddy-faced man, evidently a somewhat recent arrival in America, with his broadly smiling wife on his arm, stood gazing at some Chinese hieroglyphics which hung at the door of a laundry.

"Dinnis," said the woman, after a long stare at the puzzling sign, "fwhat be thim little figgers? Be they notes, or fwhat, I dunno."

"Notes, av coorse; fwhat ilse c'd they be?" responded the man, without hesitation.

"Rade thim aff t' me, Dinnis," demanded the wife, after another stare.

"Naw," said the man, firmly, "that Oi'll not, fer it's quare notes they are intoirely, an' it's mesilf that's out av practice. But had Oi me flute, Norah," he added, in a conciliatory tone, "had Oi me flute, Oi'd play thim fer yez in a minute, darlin'."—Youth's Companion.

Reprehensible Language.

Wife—The language you used when you came home last night was something dreadful.

Husband—But—

"Don't try to deny it. I am as positive as I am that I sit here that when I said: who's there? you said: 'Me.'"—Detroit Tribune.

Another Lie Nailed.

Editor—You're sure you haven't submitted this poem on spring anywhere else?

Poet—Yes, sir.

Editor—Then how is it you have a black eye and walk on crutches?—Judge.

DOMESTIC CONCERNS.

—Grated Apple Pudding: One pint of grated apple, one pint of cream, four eggs well beaten, sweeten and flavor to taste. Lightly butter a pudding dish, pour in the mixture and bake.—Boston Budget.

—Dessert Dates: May have a peanut or almond put in place of the stone, and the date rolled in coarse granulated sugar, or dipped in thin frosting. Prettily arranged, they will be found attractive alike to the eye and the palate.—Good Housekeeping.

—English Toast: A pretty way of serving eggs for tea is to cut bread into square pieces and toast. Take eggs out of the shell, keeping the yolks whole. Beat the whites to a stiff froth; lay the beaten white around nicely on the toast, drop yolks in center of white ring, salt and put in hot oven to bake a few minutes. When taken out of the oven pour a little melted butter over the toast.—Prairie Farmer.

—Date Meringue: Is a delicate dessert, and may be quickly made in a case of unexpected company, if one has at hand the sine qua non. Beat the whites of five eggs to a stiff froth, add three tablespoonfuls of sugar, and one-half pound of dates, stoned and cut up fine. Bake fifteen minutes in a moderate oven. Serve, as soon as cool, with thick, sweet cream, or a custard made with the yolks.—Good Housekeeping.

—Some one asserted that the best cup of tea she ever drank was made at Carlsbad, and that the superior flavor used in making it. Whereupon some one else produced as good tea by adding a pinch of baking soda to the water used in making it. Whereupon some one else produced as good tea by adding a pinch of baking soda to the water ordinarily used, in order to soften it. The experiment is one easily made, though fine tea water that has just reached the boiling point, and an infusion of from three to five minutes, produces a result that leaves little more to be desired.

—Carpets and Oilcloth: Beat a carpet on the wrong side first, and then more gently on the right side. Beware of using sticks with sharp points lest they tear the carpets. A stair carpet should never be swept down with a long broom, but always with a short-handled brush, and a dust pan held closely under each step of the stairs. Oilcloth should never be scrubbed with a brush, but after being swept it should be cleansed by washing with a large soft cloth and lukewarm or cold water. On no account use soap or hot water, as either will spoil it.—Leed's Mercury.

—Crecy, or Carrot Soup: Take five or six large red carrots, wash and scrape them well, shave off in thin slices the outer part, leaing the yellow center. Then peel and slice a large onion and a small piece of turnip. Put them in a stew pan with a heaping tablespoonful of butter, a few sprigs of parsley and two bay leaves. Fry the whole a light yellow color, then add the carrot with a pint of water, and let them stew till perfectly tender. Rub the carrot through a squash strainer. Add a quart of stock and heat again. Add a teaspoonful each of sugar and salt, and pepper to taste, and when hot serve immediately with croutons.—Boston Budget.

DAINTY SUMMER PILLOWS.

On Which Hot and Tired Heads Will Like to Rest.

The first real hint of summer furnishing is to be seen in sweet, most fascinating pillows, all snowy, dainty white. The materials are varied, some being made from Anatolian curtains, some from less expensive cotton stuffs, but in all the frill shows to rare advantage and make a really ideal finish.

So far the display is confined to oriental cloths, and includes only such and similar materials to those mentioned above, but there is no reason why the same idea might not be carried out in a hundred ways.

These new pillows and cushions are made slip fashion, with buttons and button-holes at one end, and can be removed and laundered with perfect ease. The striped Anatolian curtains show, some of them, no color, some a hair-line of yellow, but all are finished with a netted fringe. This fringed edge becomes the frill of the pillow, and is a perfect finish. Their cost is by no means excessive when one considers the wearing as well as the æsthetic value, although it may be computed at six dollars or thereabouts, but the crepe is far cheaper and really almost as effective, when made amply and with a fine frill.

Ordinary cotton crepon at fifteen cents a yard can be and has been treated in a like manner and developed into slips as charming as need be. In fact, both the upholsterers' stock and the materials sold for milady's gowns offer a host of opportunities. All that is needed is a wary, watchful eye and independence enough to turn any suitable material to a new use whenever the conditions justify the experiment.

CLOTHES FOR THE CHILDREN.

Don't Load Them Down Merely to Make Them Look Picturesque.

The picturesque seems at present to be waging war with the useful, and the children are the principal sufferers therefrom.

Little tots are forced to wear long overcoats and big hats, while their nurse, in trimmest and neatest of costumes, walks along untrammeled by any unnecessary jacket or hat. Why children can not be allowed the free use of their limbs is beyond the ken of most of us.

The little maid, with exaggerated Kate Greenaway frock, and with hair carefully brushed back and kept in place with velvet snood, assumes, however, airs of superiority over her playmate in simple muslin slip and old-fashioned short socks and strap slippers—dress even at a tender age evidently exerting its influence.

But picturesquely clothed children may as well make the best of their popularity.

The warm weather will soon be here, when the child in the most sensible of attire can snap his fingers and kick up her heels in derision, and she certainly will, at the long graceful effects and carefully donned snoods. The little man in long ulster and old style hat will tramp through the fields and mud with as much abandon and delight as the veriest little witch that was ever chased by a policeman. Fine feathers make fine birds, but the brown sparrow, free to go her way, is always more interesting than the most gorgeously plumaged peacock who is conscious of naught but her wondrous feathers.—N. Y. World.

PITH AND POINT.

—Mistress (engaging new servant)—"I hope you know your place." Brigitta Brittledish—"Oh, yes, mum! I axed your lasht gir-ril all about it."—Puck.

—"De man dat comes roun' makin' de mos' noise," said Uncle Eben, "doan' ginerally hab 'nuf time lef' foh ter make anyt'ink else."—Washington Star.

—The motorman was thinking how he might raise his station in life, when suddenly the trolley-wire fell on him, he became a conductor, and stopped thinking.—Yale Record.

—"I know I'm cross at times, John, but if I had my life to live over again I should marry you just the same." He—"I have my doubts about that, my dear."—Philadelphia Times.

—The daisy's dreaming in the dew,
The golden bees are seeing honey;
The skies above are just as blue
As is a fellow out of money.
—Atlanta Constitution.

—"Our first impressions must readily slip our memories," said the teacher. "Oh, I know why!" shouted Johnny. "Well, why?" "Our first impressions are slippers."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

—The lady arrives a little late at the sewing circle. Servant—"Excuse me, madam, but I'd advise you to wait a few minutes. Just now they are talking about you!"—Humoristische Blatter.

—Clara—"How under the sun did Edith happen to marry Mr. Awkward?" Dora—"He was the bane of her life at every ball she attended, and I presume she married him to keep him from wanting to dance with him."—N. Y. Weekly.

—Mrs. Palmer—"Maria, where are the oyster crackers that I ordered?" Maria (the domestic jewel)—"Faith, mum, an' I have broke ivery wan of thim open an' divil of an oyster could I find in thim, an' I sint thim straight back."—Truth.

—"Only think," exclaimed Fenderson, "of the many uses to which paper is now put!" "I know," replied Bass; "I was at the theater the other night, and I was told it was all paper. And it was a fine, substantial-looking structure, too."—Boston Transcript.

—"I'll bet," remarked Mr. Jason to his wife, as they sat in the family circle at the play, "I'll bet from the looks of it that the dress that there woman in the box is wearin' is one of them elegant dresses one-half off we seed advertised in the papers."—Indianapolis Journal.

THE WORLD'S GREAT TUNNELS.

The Cost of Construction Has Been Largely Reduced.

In comparing the four great tunnels it is interesting to note that time is an extraordinary element in the cost. The oldest tunnel, Hoosac, cost $379 a foot; Mount Cenis, next oldest, cost $356 a foot, St. Gothard cost $229 a foot, and the most recent tunnel of the four cost only $154 a foot. All four were in old settled countries, with abundant labor, and the very great difference in cost per foot plainly marks the progress of science, because it was the invention and improvement in tools that made it possible to reduce the time and thus the cost.

To observe the differences between the work on the three great European tunnels, built by government aid in old settled countries, it may be well to observe for a moment the work done on a comparatively small tunnel built far from civilization through the Cascade mountains on the line of the Northern Pacific railroad. The mountain through which the tunnel was cut is 3,970 feet above the sea and the peak is 1,135 feet above the floor of the tunnel. To understand the magnitude and difficulty of this undertaking it must be observed that the site of the tunnel, at the time the contract for its construction was signed, was an unbroken wilderness.

At the then existing terminus of rail connection everything, men, tents, food, horses, machinery, lumber, hospitals, and, in fact, the material of an army had to be transported over improvised roads eighty-two miles through snow and mud to the east portal of the tunnel and eighty-seven miles to the west portal. Six months passed before all the machinery was on the spot. Rivers had to be turned aside, bridges built, camps established and men and horses collected, fed, housed, and cared for nearly 100 miles from a locomotive. The tunnel is 16½ feet wide and 22 feet high, and the entire distance, 9,850 feet, was bored through the mountain in twenty-two months, the rate of progress with the power drills being 413 feet a month, and the cost of the completed tunnel was only $113 per foot, and the entire work was completed in twenty-eight months from the signing of the contract in New York city.—Chautauquan.

WHERE IT STARTED.

The Servant Was Not Going to Let the Family Get Left.

A society dame who is not just now financially in a condition to consider a European trip has recently been much puzzled, amused and even annoyed by a rumor that she expected to spend the coming summer abroad. So often has she been asked about her plans and so frequently questioned concerning the time of her departure, etc., that she became desperate on the subject and made a determined effort to chase the report to its lair and throttle it. After long pursuit, she discovered another woman who had been told by another woman that her servant had the information directly from Mrs. Society Dame's servant. So the disturbed lady entered the kitchen and interviewed Margaret.

"Margaret, did you tell Mrs. Beverly's Becky that we were going to Europe this summer?"

"Yes'm," answered the unpertubed Margaret.

"Why, Margaret, what on earth did you do that for? You never heard us even talk about such a trip."

"No'm," explained the beaming Irish girl, "but that blatherin' Becky is allers a-tellin' uv their fine doin's an' goin's an' comin's; and sure Oi wuzn't goin' to have me folks git left; so I tole um ye wuz goin' to stay a year—an' take me along wid yer fer company."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Not So Wonderful.

"And you saw Niagara?"

"Yes."

"And did you not consider it wonderful?"

"Not so very. The water simply fell over the rocks. If it were the other way, now, and the water climbed them, it would have been quite marvelous."—Harper's Bazar.