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, SEPTEMBER 28, 1895. VOL. XX.—NO. 40.

A HOME BY THE SEA.

"Oh! give me a home by the sea,
Where the wild waves are crested with foam,"
Was the song that I sang so joyously,
In the light of my childhood home.
For the mountains were shutting us in,
And the hills were on every side,
And we could not see where the days begin,
Nor be sure if the world be wide.
But I smiled to my mother's smile,
And I laughed at my sister's words,
And the rippling brook I could hear, the while,
And the note of the summer birds,
As I sang the song that was sweet to me:
"Oh, give me a home by the heaving sea!"

"Oh! give me a home by the sea,
Where the wild waves are crested with foam,"
Was the song that I sang all merrily,
As I went from my mountain home.
Did I think of the wild bird's song?
Did I think of the sunset's hue?
Did I think of the hearts that had loved me long,
As I bade them a joyous adieu?
Did I look at the pictured hills,
And the emerald vales between?
Did I dream of the faithful love that fills
All the years that intervene?
Yes, but I longed away to be
Over the hills and beside the sea.

"Oh! give me a home by the sea!"
Do I sing the song to-night,
When the waves are echoing close to me,
And the billows are full in sight?
I can see the white-winged ships
That backward and forward go,
But my longing memory backward slips
To the place where the pine trees grow,
I can see the wild waves' foam,
But I whispered all the while:
"Oh, for a sight of the mountain home,
And the light of my sister's smile!"
And I long for the days that used to be,
And sing no more of the foaming sea.

"Oh! give me a home by the sea!"
Let me sing it again to-day.
A home—I know not where it will be,
Nor how I shall find the way.
But I know that a sea is there;
And I know there's a sea between;
And I know that the banks are forever fair;
And I know that the trees are green.
I am glad that the hills arise,
In the country where I shall go,
That a valley of peace beside them lies
And a river runs below.
The hands of my own, they are reaching for me—
Oh, give me a home by the crystal sea!
—Julia H. May, in Chicago Advance.

AN OPEN COMMISSION.

LORD LINKSHIRE. } Virtuosi.
MR. VERNON. }
MR. WILKINS, of Messrs. Bond & Marks, Coin Dealers and Antiquarians.
Auctioneer.
Scene—A Coin Sale at Sotheby's.

LORD LINKSHIRE—You here, Vernon? How lucky. I wanted a good opinion. But I thought you were still whipping the Avon?

Mr. Vernon—No, I came back last night. And you? You are back sooner than you intended?

Lord Linkshire—Yes, I only ran up for this sale. I return to-night.

Mr. Vernon (suspiciously)—There is nothing very particular here—nothing in your line, that is?

Lord Linkshire—No, there is nothing Byzantine, but there is a rather out-of-the-way aureus. I want you to look at it.

Mr. Vernon—An aureus?

Lord Linkshire—Yes, a lovely little piece; in the highest condition, too. It's a—what's the woman's name? Lot 18, I think. (Consults catalogue.)

Mr. Vernon—Not the Plotina, Jack. Don't say you've come to buy that!

Lord Linkshire—Yes, that's it, the Plotina. (Looking up.) Scott, man!

"I ONLY RAN UP FOR THIS SALE."

You don't mean to say that you came for it, too?

Mr. Vernon (resignedly)—Yes, I came on purpose for it, too. Well, I suppose I must retire, as usual. I cannot compete against you.

Lord Linkshire—Oh, nonsense, you have as much right as I.

Mr. Vernon—But not as much money.

Lord Linkshire—Rot! Toss you who stands out!

Mr. Vernon—Why do you want it? You don't even collect imperials.

Lord Linkshire—No, but Miss Herries does. I know she wants a Plotina to complete a period. Next Wednesday is her birthday, and so * * * She is very enthusiastic about collecting just now.

Mr. Vernon—Yes, it was I who first started her.

Lord Linkshire (meditatively)—True, that does give you a sort of claim. On the other hand, it follows that it is entirely through you that I am here.

Mr. Vernon—Why ever did you come? If only you had written and commissioned some one you would have got the coin and this would never have happened.

Lord Linkshire—Hang it, Vernon! leave out a bit of sentiment. Why not get one's engagement ring on approval through the Exchange and Mart?

Mr. Vernon—Right, old man; but how curious that it should be the sport of fate that we two should always be rivals for what is best and most beautiful. First Helena Harries; now the Plotina.

Lord Linkshire (in a burst of generosity)—Vernon, I have Helena; you shall have the Plotina.

Mr. Vernon—No, Jack, it must not be. I cannot allow such a sacrifice. And if I deprived Helena of it I could never meet her again. But when I think of her exquisite profile almost untouched by the rude hand of man, defying age and—

Lord Linkshire—Vernon!

Mr. Vernon—I refer to Plotina, of course. Well, I will go back to my trouts; you must buy the aureus and take it to Helena, and perhaps she—

Lord Linkshire—Vernon, she shall know how nobly you have behaved.

Mr. Vernon—That's enough; we are both acting for her happiness alone. Come on; he's going to begin.

(They take seats at the baize-covered table; the auctioneer mounts his rostrum and the earlier lots are disposed of.)

Auctioneer—Lot 18. Here, gentlemen, we have a brilliant and exceedingly rare gold piece of Plotina. Kindly put it in the bidding. What may I say? Twelve, ten, eight pounds?

Mr. Wilkins—Five.

Lord Linkshire—Guineas.

(The bidding goes desultorily on until twenty pounds is reached, when all except Mr. Wilkins and Lord Linkshire have dropped off.)

Auctioneer—Any advance on twenty? A very fine and rare example; you may not have another such chance for years. Going at twenty; no advance? (Brings down hammer sharply.) Twenty pounds, Lord Linkshire.

Mr. Wilkins (excitedly)—I bid twenty pounds.

Auctioneer — Twenty pounds was Lord Linkshire's bid. I particularly looked at you, but you never spoke.

Mr. Wilkins—Of course not. I understood that you had taken the twenty pounds as mine. I certainly said it.

Auctioneer — Very well. Did any gentleman hear Mr. Wilkins' twenty? If so, he has the privilege of continuing the bidding.

Lord Linkshire (after a moment's pause)—Yes, I did—confound it!—I

"THE PURCHASER IS A LADY."

nodded and thought that you took mine as guineas.

Mr. Wilkins (with alacrity)—Twenty-five pounds.

Mr. Vernon (sotto voce to Lord Linkshire)—Quixotry!

Lord Linkshire—No, you forget. This Cæsar's wife must be above suspicion. (Aloud) Thirty.

Mr. Wilkins—Forty.

Lord Linkshire—Fifty.

Mr. Wilkins (visibly pale)—Sixty.

Lord Linkshire (elaborately flicking a speck off his coat)—Seventy.

Mr. Vernon (sotto voce to Lord Linkshire)—Let the lunatic have it if he must; it doesn't greatly matter.

Mr. Wilkins—Eighty.

Lord Linkshire (sotto voce)—Nonsense. (Aloud) Ninety.

Mr. Wilkins—A hundred.

Mr. Vernon (sotto voce)—This is simply madness. Let him buy it, and if you must have it give him his twenty per cent. on it afterwards.

Auctioneer (looking at Lord Linkshire)—One hundred pounds. Any advance?

(Lord Linkshire shakes his head and the hammer falls. The sale continues somewhat flat after this. Afterwards)

Mr. Wilkins—I am much obliged to your lordship. It was quite a mistake, for, as you know, I certainly did bid, and I particularly wanted the coin.

Lord Linkshire—So do I. I want diet to complete a series, and I thought that perhaps you could sell it to me.

Mr. Wilkins—I'm very sorry to disappoint your lordship, but we had a commission, and, curiously enough, our client mentioned that it was to complete a series, also.

Lord Linkshire—And wanted to complete it pretty badly, I should say, judging from the latitude you had.

Mr. Wilkins—Well, it was considerably above our own estimate, but it was an open commission, and your lordship's judgment in these matters is so good that we couldn't be going far wrong in following your lead.

Lord Linkshire (hopefully)—Perhaps, after all, your client might prefer to sell on hearing the price. Are you at liberty to give me his name?

Mr. Wilkins—Certainly, Lord Linkshire; there could be no objection to that, but it isn't a "he" at all. The purchaser is a lady.

Lord Linkshire } —A lady!
Mr. Vernon }

Mr. Wilkins—Yes, we bought for Miss Herries.—Black and White.

RACE FEDERATION.

The Probable Result of Bringing All the English-Speaking People Together.

If it is possible to solidify the English-speaking people on some such lines as you indicate, the final question is: What would be the gain to them and to mankind?

To all intents and purposes war would by degrees die out from the face of the earth—it would become impossible. The armed camp, which burdens the old world, enslaves the nations and impedes progress, would disappear. If you had the Anglo-Saxon race acting on a common ground they could determine the balance of power for a fully peopled earth. Such a moral force would be irresistible, and argument would take the place of war in the settlement of international disputes. Why, if there was a race great enough by a single word to prevent it, should any two nations throw the world into disorder, by fighting with each other? If the arbitrament of reason takes the place of the arbitrament of war, it will at once be seen what a new and noble world is unveiled.

Substantially the fighting machinery of the old world—the arsenals and the battalions—have been kept out of the new. But mutterings sometimes threaten, which excite the young nations of the new world to think they must prepare means for their own defense against some of the nations of the old. Therefore, unless Anglo-Saxon union is realized, the doubt arises whether war can long be kept out of the new world; so, you see, unity makes for the prevention of war in the old, and obviates any probable causes of war in the new. An element not fully dreamed of, which is being introduced, will immensely strengthen the federation idea. The influence of woman, now coming to be a real factor in the world, will tend, probably as much as any other cause, to make nations unwilling to plunge into scenes of bloodshed and useless destruction of life and property. That will be a blessed assistance toward the peace of the world in this time of excitement, and so a bulwark for federation, which is the creator of peace.—Contemporary Review.

BILL ARP IS WORRIED.

He Names Over a Number of Questions That Are Agitating.

Says Women Should Ride Bicycles—This, However, With the Exception of Women of Fifty or Who Weigh More Than 200 Pounds.

It takes a long time for big things to settle down so that we may get the truth and the facts. I was ruminating about this in connection with the great battle of Manassas that was fought thirty-four years ago last Sunday. This is one time that the day of the week and the day of the month corresponded with the anniversary of that battle. Thirty-four years have passed and this generation is just beginning to understand what the war was about. Northern histories have been so partial and one-sided that the young folks have been surprised and astonished that our people fought so hard and so long with so little to fight for. But the truth is gradually dawning upon the nation. Southern histories have been written and introduced into southern schools and our children are becoming our defenders. I see that Mrs. Susan Pendleton Lee, the gifted daughter of General Pendleton, has written a history of the United States, and has without reserve told the story of the late civil war, and the United Confederate Veterans, in their great meeting at Houston, have as fearlessly indorsed it. In a few years more the south will be vindicated, but it takes a long time. Eighty years have passed since Napoleon figured in Europe and even now historians differ widely about events and motives concerning him. Marshal Ney was shot in 1815 or he died in North Carolina in 1845, nobody knows which.

For several years we have been waiting for the truth about the Hawaiian islands, but it has not yet been written from a non-partisan standpoint. Conservative people don't know what to believe. The missionaries used to tell us that the Sandwich islanders were cannibals fifty years ago, but had all become Christians and had schools and churches like we have. Later accounts say that political schemers and unprincipled scoundrels from our country have plundered that unhappy land and reduced those natives to beggars and subjection. And now we read that another set are arming vessels to drive the first set out under pretense of helping the natives. I wonder what are the facts in the case?

And what about Cuba? Who knows? The prevailing idea is that Spain is a tyrant and has got those Cubans by the throat and they want to govern themselves and set up a republican form of government like ours. But a knowing man, who has been there, told me that those Cubans were mostly negroes of the most degraded kind and were not fit to govern themselves and all this rumpus was being raised by a few filibustering Americans, who want to capture the island and divide out the offices and get rich off the sugar plantations that the Spaniards are cultivating. There was a big fuss raised and lots of sympathy extended about an editor whom the Spaniards had confined in Moro castle, but Homer Reed says he found out the other day that the editor was a coal-black coon who had been very scandalous in his paper. And so the question comes up, "Is Cuba worth helping?"

David wrote, "I said in mine haste all men are liars," and the old Scotch preacher took that for his text and remarked: "Ah, David, David, if ye had lived till now ye might have said it at your leisure, me mon."

Are we a nation of liars? Read the papers and say! Who knows what to believe? While I was in Florida the other day I read from The New York Recorder an awful account about Tavares being attacked by rattlesnakes and the people had to turn out with guns and rocks and thrashpoles and they killed over 400 in the streets one Sunday morning and in two days had killed over a thousand and the people were terror-stricken. The article went into many details and told about a woman who put her infant child in a tub while she was washing in another tub, and a big rattler got his head over the edge of the tub and she had to kill him with her battling stick. I asked a Tavares man about it and he was amazed. "Why," said he, "it is a lie—a lie without any foundation. Some lying reporter made it up for a sensation." And not long after I read that there was yellow fever in Tampa and the people were flying from the city. I was in Tampa that very day and knew it was a lie. Of course the paper took it all back the next day and said it was a mistake, but there is no telling the damage that such mistakes do. If a reporter who is running around for news gets up a lie for a sensation he should be turned off instanter.

And here is the silver question that has been the subject of more exaggeration than will ever be forgiven in the day of judgment—more crimination and slander and suppression of the truth. And nothing is yet settled about it. Who knows what is best? When we see such statesmen as Morgan and Vest and Harris and Daniel and George and Blackburn and Crisp and Black and McLaurin and a host of others on one side and as many notable men on the other side, what right has a common man to jump up and swear that he knows all about it and that those who don't think with him are fools. But I reckon the next election will settle it, and I wish it was over, for the people are getting mighty tired of the whole business.

And there is another question that comes up periodically and has recently come up again. Does education lessen crime? Some philanthropists are getting concerned about this, and well they may; for the statistics of every state in the union establish the fact that education of the kind the pupils are getting increases crime—not a little, but immensely, and yet we go on with it and the clamor comes for more and more. Just look over the daily papers and see how the record of crime is increasing—not misdemeanors, but the most awful crimes—not only away off in Ohio, but right here in Georgia. But I forbear. I wrote this all up two years ago and gave the figures from the approved reports of the penitentiary and the prisons and the jails and the workhouses from Massachusetts to Texas, and they were all alike, so far as increase was concerned. Hadent we better stop and think about this and take a lesson from Prussia as to the kind of education that will diminish crime? Who shall the good and virtuous girls marry nowadays? Where are the young men who are worthy of them? There are at least forty young marriageable girls in this town of good families who would make good wives, but where are the young men to whom the fathers would entrust them? There are not ten—are there five? Marriage is at a discount—not because these girls are fast or extravagant or ride a bicycle, but because the young men are generally no account, or dissipated or can't support a wife. Some of them will spree all night long and go to a dance the next night with a respectable girl.

How many young married women have separated from their husbands or been divorced or abandoned?

About that bicycle craze, as it is called. I confess that I cannot see anything wrong or immodest about it when the dress is modest. It all depends upon that. I saw two young girls in Tampa ride up the street and alight at the postoffice and get their mail and mount again and ride away and nobody thought it anything wrong or immodest. I am sure it never occurred to me, and I was obliged to admire them and the grace of their evolutions. I don't think that married women who are settled, as they say, nor very large 200-pounders, should ride them. There are many things that young girls may do that their mothers should not. As to the dress we are all the creatures of prejudice, and the costume of the country we live in has much to do with our prejudice. In Italy and Switzerland and Andalusia the grown up maidens all dress in short skirts that show the ankle and a pretty cross-laced hose above it, and it is all right over there. I've seen the pictures of these pretty maidens and like their costume, but it would be shocking over here. I will make another confession. I can see no good reason—save custom—why ladies should not ride a horse like a man if they ride at all. It is certainly the safer way. I can't see any good reason why a woman should not practice medicine among her own sex. In fact, I have wiped the Savior's feet with her hair if it had been a switch or was done up with pins. Paul no doubt was fascinated with woman's tresses as we all are. Even some of our notable men admired long hair so much that they wore their own hair down upon their shoulders. Joseph Henry Lumpkin and L. Q. C. Lamar wore theirs very long and so does Dr. Hawthorne and Roger A. Pryor, and I don't suppose there is any harm in it, even though they were not Nazarenes. A great man can afford to do it, for it does give him a "Jupiter tonans" appearance. "He shakes his ambrosial locks and gives the nod."

As to women talking in church, I think they should have the preference and if some enterprising woman should establish a female medical college it would be liberally patronized. The time is near at hand when the women will have to run the machine or it will not be done. The time is past for confining women to the fireside when there is no support for them there. Paul spoke for his own time and its customs—not for ours—when he said that long hair was the glory of woman. It was worn long, but now it is done up and secured with hairpins. Who ever saw a painting of Eve or of Mary Magdalene or any Jewish woman of that day with her hair done up in a wad on the back of her head. How could Mary hope they will not make a business of it and we could say the same of some men we know. But if she talks well and makes the world better, let her talk. She teaches our children in the public schools and Sabbath schools and why not in the church? The fact is, if a woman was allowed to be our lawmaker for the session she would wake up the nation on the whisky business, wouldn't she? Then let her make progress in every good work. We know very well that it is her natural desire to marry and be a mother, but if there is no prospect of that, what must she do? Go to the missionary society or visit the sick, you may say. That won't buy bread nor clothing. I heard a preacher say, "Would you make amazons of our women?" There were no Amazons and Amazonia has been stricken from the modern maps, for neither the country nor the women could be found. Humboldt says he searched diligently and found an old man over there who said his grandfather told him he saw four one time—four women astride of horses and armed with spears—but he says from his best information these were a few dusky slave women who escaped from their captors and fled far into the interior and built a fort to protect themselves, and there, in course of time, they all died. The amazon story is all a myth, but if it was not, it does not follow that our men will ever get so low as to let the women do the fighting. And now there is a big controversy about the old woman who killed her husband. No, I wouldn't hang her. It was an awful crime for a woman to do, but I wouldn't hang any woman. But look how many men have killed their wives or sweethearts in the last six months. It is getting as common as suicides. What is the matter with the country and who will protect the girls when we are gone?

BILL ARP.

In Atlanta Constitution.

PICKED IN PARIS.

NO FEWER than 576 architects entered the competition for the preparation of plans for the projected Paris exhibition of 1900.

AN enormous flight of carrier pigeons was gotten up in Paris lately. Sixty thousand birds were let loose in one morning from the neighborhood of the Eiffel tower, five thousand of them at one signal.

PARIS papers announce the coming sale of the Chateau de la Chesnaye, where Ferdinand de Lesseps died. Over 160 acres of forest land in Lorme belonging to the great Frenchman must also come under the hammer.

M. GRANDIDIER'S collection of Chinese ceramics, numbering 3,000 pieces chronologically arranged and presented by him to the Louvre museum, has been formally opened. The donor has been appointed curator for life, and will receive $1,200 a year to keep up the collection.

PASSED THE AGE OF LIMIT.

ESTHER HORNBACK (colored) died at Centerville, Tenn., recently at the age of one hundred and nineteen years. The local newspaper says the records of her age are practically unimpeachable.

MOSES AMBROSE, a colored man, died at Salem, Oconee county, Ga., a few days since at the apparently authenticated age of one hundred and four years. His son says the old man was the father of more than a hundred children.

HOME HINTS AND HELPS.

—Strawberry Sirup: Take fresh strawberries and inclose in a coarse bag. Press out the juice and to each quart add one pint of water and six pounds white sugar. Dissolve by raising to the boiling point and strain. Bottle and cork while hot, then keep in a cool place.—Western Rural.

—Fish Salad: It is generally imagined that salmon is the only fish, except shell fish, that is good in salad. This is a great mistake, for nearly all kinds of cold fish can be used in this way, and cold turbot or cod is especially good. Take the fish, free from all skin and bone, and cut it into square pieces; arrange a salid prettily in a dish with the fish on the top, and over it pour a rich mayonnaise, or salad dressing. Garnish with slices of tomatoes, hard-boiled egg, and small pieces of pickled gherkins. A salid of this kind is very good, especially in the summer.—Leed's Mercury.

—Boiled Salad Dressing: Take the same quantity of mustard, sugar and salt as for mayonnaise. Melt a tablespoonful of butter and add to these ingredients; add two eggs well beaten, half a cup, or four ounces, of vinegar and half a pint of milk. Pour all into a graniteware double boiler, or a large bowl set in a pot of boiling water, and stir until it thickens like boiled custard. Remove as soon as it grows thick or it will curdle. If put in a wide-mouthed bottle or self-sealing jar, and kept covered, this dressing will keep for a fortnight or more.—Ladies' Home Journal.

—Potato Croquettes: Potato croquettes make a pretty dish to serve with cold meats of any sort. They are made from finely-mashed potatoes whipped with the yolks of eggs until very light, then seasoned with pepper, salt, a little onion juice, some finely-chopped parsley, and further moistened with a little cream. When thoroughly mixed, heat in a double boiler, and when cool enough to handle form into croquettes, dip in egg yolk and cracker crumbs, and drop into boiling lard. When brown, remove with a skimmer, place for a moment on a sheet of brown paper, and then remove in a hot platter; garnish with parsley and serve.—Farm, Field and Fireside.

—Mock Duck: Three good-sized veal cutlets trimmed into neat shape. Have ready a stuffing made of large cupful of bread crumbs and two tablespoonfuls of chopped pork, one small onion chopped fine, a tablespoonful of butter, salt and pepper. Roll and tie up the cutlets, after having spread them with the stuffing. Put them into a baking pan with cold water to cover them; bake about three-quarters of an hour, covered closely. When nearly done take half a cup of gravy, half a cup of water, a tablespoonful of butter and let them come to a boil. Put the steaks on a hot dish, removing the thread carefully so as not to injure the shape of the roll. Pour on the gravy and cover them, adding a teaspoonful of catchup, a squeeze of lemon, a little salt and pepper, the last thing before taking up.—Chicago Record.

YOU SHOULDN'T DO IT.

Some Don'ts Laid Down by Those Who Set the Fashion.

You shouldn't carry a flower, lace or chiffon-trimmed parasol in town except for carriage use.

You shouldn't allow your dressmaker to stiffen your summer gowns except with the very lightest and most pliable material.

You shouldn't wear high stock collars with bows, which make you look as if your head was tied on—they are passee.

You shouldn't have your gown measure more than seven yards around the hem; five and a half if you are small, four and a half if you are sensible and small.

The girls can tell their brothers and beaux that they shouldn't wear cuff-buttons if they wish to be "English, you know." The latest fad is to fasten the cuffs with a bow of narrow black satin ribbon, leaving the ends about four inches long.

You shouldn't wear a cloth cap in the summer either for cycling, golf or tennis. It collects the dust and is very warm; straw or duck is more up-to-date and comfortable. You shouldn't ignore fashion altogether.

You needn't be in the fashion if you do not want to and happen to be an exceptionally pretty woman.

You shouldn't be extreme.

You shouldn't wear tan shoes with a silk or any dressy gown.

You shouldn't sacrifice your individuality at the shrine of fashion.

You shouldn't wear a silk or satin bodice with a linen coat and skirt.

You shouldn't wear a floral collar if your complexion is faded or inclined to yellowness.

Redfern says you shouldn't wear bloomers without a skirt, unless you wish to look vulgar.

You shouldn't wear silk or velvet for travelling; washable materials or brilliantine are the best.—Philadelphia Times.

Fashion Notes.

A handsome dress of soft satin has the wide, flaring skirt made with many gores. Each seam has a band of fancy galloon or passementerie extending the full length from braid to belt. The waist has an Eton jacket-shaped upper portion, made of passementerie. This curves away from the collar to a point just below the arm-holes. From this soft crape is puffed, forming a full front, which is in turn held in place by a passementerie corselet. The sleeves are of satin and crape, with points of passementerie set in at the shoulders and falling over the sleeve-tops. Skirts are showing more trimming with every new importation. One skirt has two fluted ruffles arranged in deep scallops, the points of the scallops finished with rosette bows. Another skirt has a ten-inch, flat, side-plaited ruffle. Another a four-inch band of Grecian embroidery at the hem. Another has wide bands of galloon just above the hem. And yet another a four-inch finish of embroidery just above the braid.—N. Y. Ledger.

Household Economy.

A woman noted for the good food provided for her family at a comparatively small cost says: "I found the outlay for meats the largest weekly item, and so I paid special attention to all those dishes made from meats that do not require the most expensive cuts. I buy oysters by the bushel, and open them myself; they will keep a long time in cool weather if you learn how to lay them on the cellar-bottom. I can my own fruits and such vegetables as corn and tomatoes."—N. Y. Post.

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

—Cowper was devotedly attached to his mother, and often mentions or alludes to her in his writings. One of his most charming poems was written in her honor.

—Fanny Mozart was a petite beauty, of exceedingly pleasing address. Her manners were very fascinating and she had a confiding, sympathetic way that won all hearts.

—Leopold Schefer, the German writer, had a good mother, as well as a good wife. He said of both: "But one thing on earth is better that the wife; that is the mother."

—Cleopatra was not an Egyptian, but a Greek beauty, with perfectly white skin, tawny hair and blue eyes. Her chief fascination was her voice, which is described as low, well modulated, and singularly sweet in tone.

—Col. Switzler, the nestor of Missouri journalism, still a vigorous and capable newspaper man, wrote his first editorial for his own paper in 1841. The Sedalia Capital claims for him the distinction of being the oldest editor in the United States.

—Walter Besant's most recent book, "In Deacon's Orders," is rather of the dismal variety. Mr. Besant's heroes in this work are selected, it is said, "from among a grewsome crew of conscienceless reprobates, dipsomaniac felons, swindling company promoters, moral cowards, treacherous friends and self-tormenting hallucines."

—Harry C. Evans, of Ottumwa, Ia., has during the last two years worked in the treasury department and studied law at night. He has been graduated as No. 3 in a class of 117, and was one of the six who received honorable mention by the faculty for scholarship. For excellence in debate he won the first prize—a set of law books costing $100.

—At last M. Andre, the Swedish aeronaut, and man of science, who proposes to reach the north pole by balloon, has secured a companion in the person of Mr. Elkholm, of the Stockholm Meteorological bureau. Mr. Elkholm has recently devised a scheme of determining the velocity of the upper current of air by observing the clouds.

—Mascagni and Leoncavallo have quarreled fiercely. The latter wrote an article attacking "Cavalleria Rusticana," giving a long list of passages which he said were not original, with the sources from which they were taken. Mascagni retorts that he is preparing an account of what is original in Leoncavallo's work, and that it will be a very short one.

—Nazr' Ullah Khan, the Afghan ameer's son, is rather light of complexion for an oriental. His face is not darker than the shah's. He is rather a gorgeous figure in his uniform, with its gold embroidered coat, blue sash, and blue and black astrakhan caftan. Gold stripes set off his trousers, and he wears gold spurs on his patent leather boots.

—Mrs. Elizabeth E. Hunter, who died at Philadelphia recently, was highly esteemed by Lincoln and Grant for services in caring for the wounded in the late war. She was the first woman to go to Gettysburg after the great fight, receiving permission from President Lincoln and going in a special car. She founded the Northern Home for Friendless Children in Philadelphia.

HUMOROUS.

—May—"Are your skirts divided, Madge?" Madge—"Yes. After I get through with them they are divided among my younger sisters."—N. Y. World.

—Not an Author.—"Do you mean to tell me you write for the newspapers?" "What's to prevent me as long as I inclose the subscription prices?"—Detroit Free Press.

—"The thermometer will never recover," said the wind. "What seems to be the matter?" asked the rain. "It has some internal trouble, and is dying by degrees."

—Not to be Seen.—Judge—"You say you have some means of subsistence?" Tramp—"Yes, your honor." Judge—"Then why is it not visible?" Tramp—"I ate it."—Harlem Life.

—"I want a thermometer," said the old lady to the clerk as she mopped her damp brow with a big handkerchief; "and please set it at sixty degrees."—Philadelphia Record.

—Reasonable Complaint—"Waiter," said the guest, "I wish you'd ask the proprietors to turn on a little more light. It's so dark in here I can't tell whether I'm eating planked shad or a paper of pins."—Chicago Tribune.

—Blobbs—"They say an actor is never afraid to live in a haunted house." Slobbs—"I suppose because he is usually full of 'spirits' anyhow." Blobbs—"Yes, and then he always likes to see the ghost walk."—Philadelphia Record.

—Brown—"But why do you stop so often? Can't you keep up with me?" Typewriter (who is rather shaky in her orthography)—"Oh, yes; but your language is so eloquent that I frequently find myself spell-bound."—Boston Transcript.

—Husband (whose wife has been reproving him for smoking in her presence)—"You often used to say before we were married: 'Oh, George, I do so love the odor of a good cigar.'" Wife—"Yes, that sort of thing is part of a young lady's capital."—Texas Siftings.

—"I have come to ask for your daughter's hand, Mr. Herrick," said young Waller nervously. "Oh, well, you can't have it," said Herrick, "I'm not doling out my daughter on the installment plan. When you feel that you can support the whole girl, you may call again."—Harper's Bazar.

—A little girl who had heard her family talking about hysteries, was present when a story was told at which her mother laughed immoderately. The child seemed much impressed, and looking anxiously at her mother, she said gravely: "Mamma, ain't you afraid if you laugh so much you will get historical?"

Pleasant Prospect.

Neighbor—I hear your master has married again and is taking a bridal tour.

Uncle Mose—Don't know 'bout him takin' a bridle to dis one, boss, but he did tuck a paddle to his fust wife, shure.—Texas Siftings.

A Logical Deduction.

Bobby—Mamma, do the streets of Heaven flow with milk and honey?

Mother—So the Bible says, dear.

Bobby—And is that why the angels have wings, 'cause the walking's so bad?—Puck.

CATCHING LIVELY BURGALLS.

They Are Not Very Big, but Will Furnish Lots of Amusement.

The burgalls, or cunners, as the Connecticut fishermen call them, are commonly considered a nuisance. They steal the bait from the hooks of bass and blackfish anglers, and, some claim, drive away the larger fish. But of late certain knowing anglers have discovered that, properly handled, the burgalls will furnish great fun. They are a plump, active little fish, seldom attaining a weight of more than a pound and a half, and averaging about half a pound. Their coloring is very beautiful, showing in different lights all the rainbow tints. They are gregarious, and where one bites you may know that a whole shoal is feeding. Rocky bottom, with plenty of rockweed and sea moss growth, is their natural habitat, and they feed greedily on hard or soft clams, crab meat, bits of shiner and killie, cut up, and sand worms.

Of course, a heavy tackle destroys all the pleasure of catching these plucky little fish. You want a light trout rod, a fine silk line, and snelled sporat hooks, size No. 4 or 5, about the size used to take mountain brook trout. A split buckshot will be a heavy enough sinker to answer every purpose. Bait as carelessly as you may, you will not alarm or disgust the burgall. He is a fish of no epicurean tastes, and quantity stands before quality in his eyes. Put a bit of bait on just large enough to cover the bend of the hook, and let one end hang off to tempt the rascals. Fish from a boat, or from a ledge of rocks, or from a pier, and select a spot where the tide does not set too sharply, for these fellows are too lazy to battle with very strong tides.

Soon a quick mincing nibble will announce the first arrived guest, and a sharp, strong pull is necessary to hook him. These fish have hard, tough jaws and lips, and gentle pulls will never strike the barb home. Sometimes the bigger ones, by running under a strongly-rooted clump of rockweed or sea kale, or under a bowlder on the bottom, will give you great trouble. At no time will they surrender without a very considerable tussle for freedom.

Just before a storm is the very best time to catch burgalls. When the sky is black, and the heavy clouds hang low over the water, and the sea gulls skim wildly over the bay, the sturdy rockdwellers begin to revel. At such a time, with two hooks on your line, you can land two at a time until your arm aches from the effort. The dead, low water and rising tide are best for catching burgalls, for, by the time the ebb sets out, these little gluttons have so surfeited themselves on the flood that they have no appetite left.

They are easy to catch, and can be found all around New York harbor and adjacent water. Barstow-on-the-sound is a convenient station on the Harlem river branch of the New Haven railroad, and there you can take a little bobtail car to City Island. Here you catch burgalls unnumbered in rocky Pelham bay and its many inlets. So, too, you can land on the Staten island shore and on the Jersey side. What is more, after you have had the fun of catching them there still remains no inconsiderable treat, for the burgalls, when fresh caught, are the finest pan fish that swim. The man who can not put at least three of them, crisp and hot, under his vest at breakfast has failed properly to appreciate his opportunities.—N. Y. Journal.

WATER POWER.

American and European Methods of Using It in a Large Way.

The standard American method of utilizing a large amount of water power has hitherto been to distribute the water to the several consumers or mill owners by means of a system of head-races, so called, with facilities for its discharge at a lower level, to be utilized as the owner or lessee saw fit, and generally on his own premises. This led to long head canals, and to insignificant tail-races, whereas the Niagara plant consists of a common tail-race, a mile and a half long, with comparatively insignificant head-races. The old-time water power company sold or leased the right to draw a definite quantity of water at defined times, with the privilege of discharging it at a lower level, and the mill owner did the rest; whereas at Niagara falls the right is leased to discharge a definite quantity of water into the tail-race tunnel, with the privilege of drawing this quantity from the head canal, or from the river. But over and above this the product—power—may be contracted for at Niagara falls, delivered on the shaft.

To create a large group of mill sites of the older sort there was necessary, in the first instance, a large, continuous body of land, properly located for the purpose. If this could not be bought up secretly, and in large blocks, the whole water-power enterprise would fail to come to fruition. In Europe, however, several such enterprises came into being in spite of the inability of the projectors to primarily buy tracts of land such as have been described. This was done by establishing central power stations near the dam, or head canal, and then transmitting the power produced, instead of the water to produce it, to the consumers or mill owners. Up to within, say, five years, this had always been accomplished by means of wire-rope transmissions of power, and it is easy to see that the invention of the electrical transmission of power would give this form of the utilization of a large water power a great impetus. Many such plants are, therefore, already in existence, many are building, but among them all no one is probably so celebrated and is attracting the attention of all intelligent men as this at Niagara falls.—Cassier's Magazine.

Was Wondering.

Little Jack—Where are you goin' this summer, Mr. Softchapp?

Mr. Softchapp—Um—why do you ask?

Little Jack—Sis said when she found out where you was goin' she'd know where to go, and I was wonderin' where Sis wasn't goin'.

Mr. Softchapp—Is your sister still in the city?

Little Jack—Yes, but she is goin' away for the summer as soon as she finds out where you're goin'.

"Indeed! So she wishes to go where I do?"

"No. She wants to go somewhere else.'—N. Y. Weekly.

—Henrietta Maria had a large mole on her neck. She was often solicited to have it removed, but always refused, from a superstitious motive, to have the operation performed.

GOLDSMITH AND AMERICA.

He Paid His Passage to This Country, Although He Did Not Come.

Oliver had but lately completed a rather wild and irregular course of study in college, and his kinfolk had insisted that he should become a country parson, as his poor father had been before him. He felt his unfitness for such a calling, but he cared less for that than some of the irksome restraints that it would impose. For instance, he could not bear the thought of being obliged to wear a long wig when he preferred a short one, or of being always dressed in a black coat when one of bright colors suited his fancy so much better. He had frankly told his relatives that he preferred pretty clothes to the hard lot of a poor parson; and yet, as neither he nor they could think of any other business for which he was better fitted, he at last consented to apply for holy orders. But when the time came for him to go to the bishop of Elphin to be ordained, he could not resist the temptation to wear a pair of beautiful scarlet breeches with long hose and the brightest buckels. For would he not become a parson to-morrow, and be forever condemned to sober black? The good bishop was horrified at such levity, and refused to ordain him. Perhaps upon examination he found that the young man was entirely ignorant of the catechism.

This failure of Oliver's had been much less of a disappointment to him than to his friends. But as he was now twenty-three years old, and his mother was very poor, it was highly necessary that he should find something to do. And so he had found employment as a private tutor in a wealthy family near Lissoy. From his pupils' point of view, he was, no doubt, an accomplished and successful teacher. He was only a great boy himself, and life would have been one long holiday to everybody if he could have had his own way. But his way did not please his employer, and finally, after a quarrel, for which Oliver was doubtless to blame, he was dismissed. The money which he had earned at tutoring, however, was sufficient to equip him as a knight errant, for it enabled him to buy the horse and the splendid new suit of clothes with which, as I have said, he rode one fine morning into the city of Cork.

To his great satisfaction, he found a ship already in port waiting only for favorable wind to sail for America. He lost no time, therefore, in selling his horse and in making a bargain with the captain for his passage to the new world. Then he sallied out to see the town. He had no difficulty in making friends; for he had money in his pocket, and he proceeded to share it with all the beggars and street loafers that he met. He was ready to relieve every case of distress that came to his notice, and many of the boon fellows whom he helped to entertain at the tavern. Several days were passed in this way, and the thirty pounds in his pocket had dwindled to but little more than thirty shillings; and still the ship, upon one pretext or another, delayed its sailing. One fine night, however, while Oliver was in the country enjoying himself with some newly-made acquaintances, a favorable wind sprang up, and the captain, entirely neglectful of his passengers, ordered the vessel to be cast loose from her moorings and the sails to be set for the voyage. And in the morning, when Oliver sauntered leisurely down to the wharf, he found that he had been left behind.—James Baldwin, in St. Nicholas.

ATTRACTIONS OF THE LAW.

Sacrifices That Young Men Make in the Hope of Fame and Fortune.

Considerably over two hundred young men are graduated annually from the law schools of this city. The graduates include not only the usual number of well-schooled young men with friends to help them and perhaps means at command, but as well a considerable percentage of men who come to their law studies without the advantage of a good grounding in English, Latin, and the sciences, without money or financial friends, and with wives and children dependent upon them for support. Some of these latter finish their law studies at an age when most lawyers have been from three to ten years in practice.

Persons acquainted with the difficulties that beset the young lawyer in New York wonder what the new graduates in