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, OCTOBER 12, 1895. VOL. XX.—NO. 42.

HIS MOTHER'S KISS.

It was her wont when, tired of play,
He to her bosom crept,
With golden locks in disarray,
To kiss him as he slept.
And still her plea would be but this:
"I shall not wake him with a kiss!"

"So heavenly sweet his sleeping face—
So beautiful and bright.
I know the angels lift the lace
To kiss my boy good-night.
For, see! he smiles in dreams of bliss;
How should I wake him with a kiss?

So did his mother say, and when
God whispered His sweet will,
She only moaned: "He sleeps!" and then
Kneeling, she kissed him still;
And weeping, murmured only this:
"I cannot wake him with a kiss!"
—Frank L. Stanton, in Chicago Times-Herald.

THE BIBLE READER.

BY H. D. LOWRY

"BUT, there!" said Sam'l, as he reached the end of his story. "There's a bra' many Christians, as they do call themselves, that do read the Bible in no better fashion than old John Sampson. G'wan, Jess!"

He shook up the reins and awaited the question which he knew would not be long delayed.

"Who was old John Sampson?" I asked.

"Another of the many people I knew before you came into these parts," was the answer. "Wheal Dream had not been stopped in those days, and John Sampson came from over to Tallywarn to work there, and took lodgings with mother, for she was a widow, and hard pushed to find food and home for a family of young children."

"And he did not read his Bible very wisely?" I persisted.

Sam'l chuckled. "He didn't read it at all first going away," he answered. "Mother was a woman of some conscience; she used to wonder whether it wadn' laid upon her to turn him to doors and starve, rather than have such a man under a Christian roof. I believe he was sober enough and no great swearer. Indeed, so far as I can remember him, he was a man that hardly ever talked about anything. But he never went to chapel, nor even to church, all the time he was lodging wi' mother. He used to spend Sundays out upon the moors in good weather, and when it rained he would sit smoking in a little shed where the donkey-cart was kept. If he was by when mother prayed before sending us off to bed he would go outside and sit on the garden wall with his pipe in his mouth. I've known her pull down the window and pray almost in a shout, on the chance that some word in season might strike him like a javelin and bring him to a proper frame of mind.

"He stopped in Pentreath for some years, and 'twas always the same with him. Then one day he came into the kitchen with a very strange look upon his face. 'Beggin' your pardon, Mis' Gurney,' he said, 'but could 'ee give me the loan of a Bible?'

"I can see mother's face now, for I was growing a big boy by this time. 'A Bible?' she said. 'Thee's want a Bible?'

"'Iss,' he said, 'if there's one handy.'

"'Praise be for that!' she said. 'I'll give 'ee a Bible.'

"Well, she gave him a Bible, and after that she watched him pretty closely. And, 'Ah,' she said one day, 'the influence of a Christian family is a thing that must tell.' For old John Sampson stuck to that Bible like a limpet to a rock, and was all the time reading it. Mother noticed that he began at the beginning and read straight through, genealogies and all; and that pleased her, for she was always thorough herself.

"This went on for some little time. There was a bra' deal of talk about it in Pentreath, and to begin with very few would believe the story mother told. However, old Mis' Shewes dropped in one evening, all by chance as she made out, and sure enough

HE WOULD GO OUTSIDE AND SIT ON THE GARDEN WALL.

John Sampson was sitting in the doorway reading away for dear life. So she went forth and told the news all over Pentreath, and there was no end to talk and wonder.

"Mother was pleased enough to have matters as they were for a time. However, after a bit, she thought 'twas a pity the old man shouldn't go further, having begun so well. So one Sunday morning, when he took up the Bible and was going out to sit on the little seat that stood against the front of the house, she spoke.

"'Wouldn' 'ee like to come to chapel, John?' she said.

"He looked back with a curious bit of a smile on his face.

"'No,' he said, 'I'd rather stop here and read the Bible.'

"'Well,' said mother, 'I suppose you do know what's best for 'ee.'

"Very soon John Sampson went into town one Saturday by Jimmie Hayle's van, and brought back a fat red book, which turned out to be a dictionary. After that he always had the two books by him at the same time. He would stop in the midst of his Bible-reading and turn over the leaves of his dictionary like a man hunting for something. But he never seemed to find it—whatever it might be. And presently he finished the last chapter of Revelation, and shut up the book with the air of a man come to the end of a long job and not too well pleased with what he'd done. He laid it down upon the table.

"'I suppose you haven't got another Bible in the house?' he said. 'I should like to get the loan of it if you have.'

"'Why, man,' said mother, 'isn't your own Bible, that I gave 'ee, good enough for 'ee? What difference is there between one Bible and another?'

"'If you've got another,' he said, 'I should like to get the loan of it.'

"Well, mother was only too glad to have the old man read the Bible at all. She humored him and fetched out the great big family Bible. And he began again at Genesis and went right on to Revelation. He still kept the dictionary by him as he read, and would still turn away from his reading about once in ten minutes to hunt in that dictionary for something he never seemed to find. More than once mother hinted about his going to chapel, but his answer was always the same. 'No,' he would say, 'I'd rather stop at home and read the Bible.'

"And when he came to the end of the family Bible a strange story began to be told about him. For he went forth and borrowed another Bible and commenced again at Genesis. At the end of a year he had come to Revelation again, and then he went and borrowed another Bible. 'Twould be a bold thing to say a man was touched in the head and gone totelish because he was all the time reading the Scriptures. But what puzzled everyone was that John Sampson should never be willing to read the same copy of the Book more than once.

"At last, after much talk upon the subject, everyone was convinced that he really was a little bit dotty; for a man came into Pentreath selling cheap Bibles, and John bought three copies, varying in size like three children of o' one family. He put two in his drawer, and went through the other in the usual way, turning aside continually to hunt for something in the dictionary that he never seemed to find.

"I was a young man by this time, and working in the same pare with him at Wheel Dream. 'Twas common practice for some of the young men to laugh at him about his Bible reading, but they couldn' do so very openly, for the elder men wouldn't hear of it.

"'Perhaps he is mazed,' said one of them. 'But 'twould be a good thing for Pentreath if the whole of you was touched with the same madness.'

"Now, can 'ee guess what he read the Bible for? No need to answer, for you wouldn't be right if you guessed till

READING AWAY FOR DEAR LIFE.

Doomsday. Nor did anyone in Pentreath ever dream of what had worked the change until John Sampson died suddenly, when he was about half-way through the third of his Bibles. Of course, they searched his drawers and so on. And at last they found an old pocketbook. In it was a piece cut out of the 'All Sorts' column of the Argus:

"'Anyone who discovers a printer's mistake in a copy of the Bible is entitled to receive a reward of one guinea.'

"Mother was very much surprised to find how much the old man's savings amounted to; 'twas plain he must have been a miser. And, knowing that, she coudn' misunderstand the meaning of that bit of newspaper. John had read the Scriptures daily for years past in the hope of finding a mistake in the spelling of it, and earning a guinea. Whether he would have got it, I can't say; for he certainly never found a mistake. And yet I could never get mother to own up that all that reading of the Scriptures wouldn' stand to his credit for so much as a halfpenny, being undertaken in a wrong spirit."

Sam'l ceased, and flourished an ineffectual-looking whip at the pony. "Now, make haste, Jess," he said; "'tis late, and I got to go to prayer meeting to-night."

But Jess jogged onward at the old sober pace, which nothing could alter, and Pentreath was still miles away.—Black and White.

An Anecdote of Seashore Life.

Some people find it great fun to wallow in the sand after a sea bath and be covered up to the tips of their noses. It seems to me like an excellent method of catching cold, but worse than that happened to a young girl with whom I am acquainted. She had come dripping from the sea, and kind friends hollowed out a trench in the sand, and after she lay down in it she was covered up until only her face was in sight. Then her friends went back to wrestle with old Neptune, and she reclined in a delicious, dreamy state. She dozed off for a few minutes and was aroused by a severe slap in the face. She screamed out, and as she did so she was dragged to a sitting position by her hair, and a woman's voice shouted: "I've caught you, have I? Oh, you hussy! This is what you call goin' to Mrs. Mullins' and helpin' her with the baby, is it?" A coarse-faced, vixenish-looking woman was shaking her by the collar, but as the young girl pushed her assailant away the latter dropped her hands and her jaw, while a look of mortification swept over her face as she exclaimed: "Why, it ain't 'Linda, after all! Well, for the Lord's sake!" Then away she flew down the beach and was out of sight "in no time."—Philadelphia Times.

A Halting Intellect.

"Mary," said Mrs. Hume to her Irish domestic, "take this tape-line and measure the width of your room. I am going to give you a new carpet."

In a few moments Mary called.

"Mrs. Hume!"

"Yes, Mary."

"I can't measure it."

"Why not?"

"The tape-line isn't long enough!"—Harper's Bazar.

—Maude—"Do you know, Mr. Jinks fainted last night at the dance, and would have fallen if I hadn't caught him in my arms?" Ethel (slightly jealous)—"Yes; he told me that he'd been suffering from the effects of the grip."—Scribner's Magazine.

THE BICYCLE DISEASE.

More Virulent at Washington Than Anywhere Else.

Everybody, from the Sedate Statesman Down to the Noisy Messenger Boy, Rides a Wheel—Even Book Agents Push the Pedals.

Special Washington Letter.

Some day somebody will write a book on the "Development of the Bicycle; or Every Man His Own Horse." It is just within the memory of men who are now getting gray and bald that a two-wheeled vehicle was introduced and became popular in this country. It was a heavy machine, and both wheels were of the same size. They were made of wood, with iron tires, like the front wheels of a buggy. Everybody wondered that men could sit astride of two wheels and propel them without falling off; and the men who pedaled

EVERY MAN HIS OWN HORSE.

them had to exert a great deal of strength in their exercise. In those days they were bent on speed over pedestrianism, and worked hard to push their wheels. To-day, however, the bicycles are very light, and it is really easier to propel them than it is to walk long distances.

When the velocipede came here from France, the capital city was unprepared for it. Our streets were cobble-stoned. They were either muddy when wet, or full of ruts when dry. Hence the velocipede became popular in all other cities before the people here undertook to use them. But, with the development of our beautiful city, with its hundreds of miles of smooth concreted streets, the modern bicycle has become popular. Men and women use the wheel nowadays, and many a family has discarded the old horse and buggy for the silent steed. The introduction of cable and electric cars, supplemented by the popularity of bicycles, have combined to drive horses out of the market, and they are so cheap to-day that almost any man of moderate means could afford one; but the wheel is generally preferred.

We have many visiting clubs of bicyclers from all parts of the country every year, and our city is properly as well as popularly known as "the wheelmen's paradise." The smooth asphalt pavements in all parts of the city make the best possible roadways for wheels, while the wide streets give plenty of room, and the usually mild weather makes wheeling a pleasant exercise at almost any season of the year. Rain rolls off of our streets so rapidly that within half an hour after a shower they are as dry as ever and glittering as glass. The roadways leading into the country are so carefully macadamized and so heavily rolled that there is never any mud to speak of, and the only time when it is impracticable for bicyclists to be out is during the very brief periods when snow is on the ground. It is easy to wheel to the soldiers' home, and there, amidst the trees, there are miles of hard roadway. Over hill and through dale, past monuments, brooks, lakes and over bridges, the young men and women spin from early morn till dewy eve, without let or hindrance.

This is essentially a city of offices, and one may go into any of the executive departments during business

AN OUTING.

hours and see the courts and basement walls lined with bicycles belonging to the clerks. Ladies as well as gentlemen use them as horses used to be driven from their homes in the morning to the departments, and back to their suppers when the light labor of each day is over. At almost any hour of the day or evening these flying vehicles will sweep past, like swallows skimming the surface of a pond. Ministers, clerks, letter carriers, business men, messenger boys, all use them, and can make the distance from the capitol to the treasury in three or four minutes, leaving street cars and hedges far behind. The district messenger and telegraph boys cannot go to sleep on their errands now, their bicycles keep them awake. Moreover, the managers know exactly how long a boy ought to be gone on an errand covering a given distance; and the boys must push their pedals in order to keep pace with the inexorable clocks.

Some wonderful and daring feats have been performed in this city by expert cyclers. Many of them have been foolhardy, perilous, unnecessary and worthy of condemnation for their hazard; but, having been accomplished, they are noteworthy. For example, the marble steps leading to the east or main entrance of the rotunda of the capitol are eighty in number, and at an angle of forty degrees. H. S. Owens, a cycler of local note, descended these steps from the bronze doors to the ground on a single wheel. Of course, this might not be regarded as much of an achievement on a safety bicycle with its low wheels, but on a veritable machine it was certainly a very dangerous and difficult performance. Another very hazardous feat was that of riding over the coping of Cabin John's bridge. This was achieved by W. S. Robinson. The coping on the side of the bridge is four feet above the bridge floor, is 300 feet long and 100 feet above the canal. There were two jogs or offsets in the coping, which made the achievement more difficult and dangerous. The bridge is the longest single span of arched masonry in the world, and the height above the ravine is such as to make any man or woman dizzy. A single error in manipulating the handles would have resulted in certain death on the one hand, or a dangerous and crippling tumble on the other. It has never been attempted since; and Mr. Robinson was glad enough to get back upon safe ground without a mishap. He would not try it again.

There are several clubs of wheelmen here, but the Capital Bicycle club is the oldest of its kind in this country, having been formed in front of the capital in 1879. Its organization, growth and prosperity are evidences of the great interest in wheeling. Its membership is limited to men, and it has become of late a good deal of a social organization. It has more than one hundred active resident members. These are chiefly young professional men and men of good positions in the various departments. There are also about forty-eight non-resident members, and a number of honorary members. Some men of prominence are attached to this club, and when they have regular outings they are accompanied by lady friends and present a gala spectacle on the streets, avenues and country roads. Quite a number of congressmen take to the wheel when in Washington, and many of them are warm personal friends of the members of the capital club and their lady friends. Jerry Simpson, of Kansas, far-famed as the sockless statesman, is one of the most enthusiastic of cyclers. This club of wheel-pushers long since erected a homelike building on Fifteenth street and fitted it up very neatly. The total cost was $20,000. The building is a three-story structure, of modern architecture, and is entirely occupied by the club. The moving-in took place in September, 1886. On the lower floor are the wheel room, the repair shop and the buffet. On the second floor are the parlor, the room for the club meetings and for smoking, and the library and committee rooms. The club possesses an excellent collection of bicycle literature, including complete files of every leading wheelmen's publication. On the third floor are the billiard room and some living rooms for the use of officers and members. Above these is an attic. The parlor is hung with pictures presented by local artists and with engravings. The building is supplied with bathrooms and closets, and altogether has a very attractive appearance, within and without. It is a popular place, for members have the usual club privilege of bringing their friends as guests, and many happy hours are spent beneath the hospitable roof, and in the cheerful homelike rooms.

The membership is not now composed exclusively of wheelmen, although the large majority of active members are experts at cycling and have their own wheels. They have card parties, dances, musical entertainments and public receptions. Their lady friends assist them upon public occasions with piano recitals, songs, solos, duets, quartettes, and in serving refreshments. Altogether the club is a credit, not only to itself, but to the wheelmen of the entire country.

Bicycles are also used nowadays by a number of newspaper correspondents. One of the pioneers in journalistic wheeling was William Eleroy Curtis. He and Perry Heath, now proprietor of a Cincinnati paper, used a tandem cycle, and spent considerable time together in their work. They made a great team, and are both successful business men. J. A. Truesdell, formerly representing a St. Paul daily, and C. P. Austin, founder of the Press News association, were early newspaper wheelers. But to-day fully a score of diligent correspondents of prominent newspapers traverse the city, going from department to department, and ultimately to the capitol, on their fleet flyers.

Insurance agents, and even book agents, use wheels in this city, and many prominent business men have taken to this mode of traveling from their homes to their stores. Apparently the bicycles have come into our civilization to stay, and seem to be becoming as necessary as telegraph wires and telephones. SMITH D. FRY.

The Scorner Scorned.

A skeptic, engaged in a religious discussion with a country pastor, thought to end the whole matter by declaring that there was no such place as Heaven, and that, for his part, he believed in metempsychosis.

"You believe, then," said the pastor, "that your soul may enter the body of a beast after your death?"

"Certainly."

"And you expect to feel quite at home, I suppose?"

Thereupon the skeptic decided that the last word was with his antagonist.

Loss Not Total.

Weeds—Now that we are married I hope that you will destroy your mourning paper, envelopes and cards.

Mrs. Weeds—Yes, of course; I shall never have any further use for the cards.—N. Y. World.

A Heartless Woman.

"If I die will you promise to visit my grave?"

"Yes, every Sunday afternoon I'll take the children out and show them your grave. They ought to have some amusement."—Texas Siftings.

Ha! Ha!

Smith—It is understood that the breweries have engaged a carload of frogs.

Brown—For what purpose.

Smith—Because they're so full of hops.—Atlanta Constitution.

Their Redeeming Quality.

"Dudes will smoke the deadly cigarette."

"Yes, that's one good thing about dudes."—Life.

Having Lots of Fun.

Belle—How are you and Jack getting along?

Lena—O, lovely. He's going to propose again to-night.—Town Topics.

One Advantage Left.

"Thank goodness," exclaimed the proprietor of the livery stable, "they can't use bicycles for funerals."—Chicago Tribune.

WHO ARE HAPPY?

The Rich Say That Wealth Does Not Bring Happiness.

Arp Thinks it Helps Some But He is Sure That the Woodhauler Has About as Much Genuine Happiness as Anyone.

The blues are a masculine malady and afflict men more than women. Women have more grief and sorrow, but when there is no great trouble in the house they are naturally more cheerful than the men. I notice it very frequently that while I am worried and perplexed about temporal things and can't see my way out and find myself in a fit of the blues, my wife and daughters keep their spirits up and other women come and go and talk and laugh and say bright things. That is all right. It would be awful for the whole family to have the blues at the same time. In fact, nobody ought to have them and nobody is obliged to have them. They creep steadily upon a man sometimes, and if he does not fight them off he is very poor company. My wife says I look like I dident have a friend in the world. The best remedy is to quit thinking and go to work. Do something—work in the garden, chop some wood, fix the window curtains, tie up the flowers, swing the grandchildren—do something to divert your mind from yourself. It is better to read a story than to think and brood over trouble that may never come. The body is so mysteriously connected with the mind that the blues impair digestion and that causes loss of appe'te and the first thing a man knows he is sick sure enough. It has been supposed that the heart was the seat of the affections and emotions, but that is a mistake. It is the stomach, and if that is out of order the whole body is sick. The Bible tells about bowels of mercy and bowels of comparison.

Another good way to drive off the blues is to write letters to kindred and friends and ventilate your troubles and abuse somebody. Give your feelings an explosion and you will find relief. I had such a letter from a friend the other day and he wound up by saying: "And now I think I feel better, plague take 'em." Sometimes a view from the other side produces a reaction. Consider the folks around you who are worse off and yet keep cheerful and thankful. "Yonder comes the old man with his wood," said my wife. Yes, he is about as old as I am and is wearing my old hat and coat that she gave him, and like the "son of Alknomoc, he never complains." He lives six miles away. He cuts a load of wood one day and hauls it to town the next day with a yoke of steers, and when he can't sell it for 75 cents he knows he can haul it to my house and Mrs. Arp will take it. He always wears a smile and says: "We are getting along fairly well at my house—is your people all well?" He throws two or three chunks of lightwood on top so as to keep the cook in good humor. Oxen are an awful slow motor in these lightning times, but they are cheap and don't die and nobody will steal them and they suit an infirm old man better than mules. They never run away or kick or get out of temper. A man can drive oxen until he gets slow and amiable and serene. He becomes thankful for what little he has got and he goes to meeting on Sundays and chews his tobacco and enjoys his religion. Poor folks ought to enjoy religion, for they don't have much else to enjoy. Just think how many things the upper crust have to distract their minds from the comforts of religion. There are the shows and theaters and sewing societies and the parties and buggy rides and bicycles and shopping and fashion magazines and going to the springs and visiting and receiving visits, besides the domestic affairs of putting up jelly and jam and pickles and preserves. The old wood hauler has none of these things, but he does have a few texts of scripture that are worth them all and more too. The meek shall inherit the earth and the poor in spirit the kingdom of heaven, and if there is anything else to inherit I don't know it.

Poets, philosophers and rich men have all testified to the vanity of riches, and yet every rascal of them wants more than they have got. And so do I. Some of us are fools enough to believe that we want money to do good with and help other people. There are a few rich men of that kind, but they are rare. There are still left here and there at lonely distances a Peter Cooper or Peabody or George W. Scott, who do not wait until they die to do good with their money. Carnegie and Rockefeller give off a slice occasionally, but they hold fast to the big end of the rope and keep on piling up. The New York World sent out inquiries not long ago to all of the millionaires to know whether or not great riches brought happiness. Carnegie said: "Wealth brings happiness only when the possessor feeds the hungry, clothes the naked, endows institutions of learning, founds hospitals and does other countless good works."

Rockefeller said: "Wealth does not bring happiness, for no man thinks himself wealthy. No man is so rich but what there are others richer than he is, and that fact makes him feel poor. Practically, there is no such thing as a rich man. Money is like strawberries and cream—nobody ever gets enough. 'Don't you think you have had enough, Ethel?' said her aunt. 'I may think so, auntie, but I don't feel so,' said Ethel. No, the fact is that great wealth brings unhappiness."

Russell Sage said: "Riches are all vanity and vexation of spirit. Few people have any idea of the trouble and inconveniences that wealth brings. The rich never ask such a foolish question as 'Does wealth bring happiness?' A rich man is constantly in the public eye. Privacy is impossible for him. The public is curious even to know how he opens his letters and puts on his shoes and what he has for breakfast. An incognito is impossible. No, riches do not bring happiness nor contentment."

Russell A. Alger says: "Men are no happier when rich than when poor. A millionaire is no happier when driving a $50,000 horse than a clerk who gets only $15 a week and is out driving a livery stable horse on Sunday evenings with his best girl by his side."

John W. Mackay said: "I am surprised that any one would for a moment think that riches brought happiness. I was happier during my early struggles with poverty than I have ever been since. I enjoyed the toil, privation and hardship I endured to win wealth. When swinging pick and shovel as a miner I was as happy as I now am be."

Levi P. Morton said: "When I was a poor young man of twenty years, clerking in a country store I used to think that if I ever got to be worth $100,000 I should be the happiest man alive. Now I am worth that and more, but feel that I am no happier than in my poorer days."

George W. Pullman said: "I am certainly no happier than when I had not a dollar that I could call my own save that for which I worked from morn till night. I can wear but one suit of clothes. I ate three square meals a day then and can eat no more now. Then I had no responsibilities and could go to sleep when my head touched the pillow. Now that I have vast interests and business cares resting upon me, I cannot sleep like I did then. I was happier then than I am now."

And many others answered on the same line. Now the question comes up why don't they lighten the load. If the surplus brings care and trouble, why don't they stop trying to make it bigger? Why not divide out the responsibility? I know lots of men who would help to carry the load. In fact, I would volunteer my own services. I don't understand why these men all write one way and do another way. But maybe it is the force of habit—like the poor fellow who had staid in jail so long he wouldent come out when his time had expired. We all like to see a man succeed in his business, but we like him still more if he becomes his own executor and does not hold on to his riches until grim death has to prize his hand open to make him let go. It seems to me there would be great reward in helping the unfortunate. Some men say that poverty and misfortune come from bad conduct and bad management. Well, it does as a general rule, but there are so many exceptions that it can hardly be called a rule. Good luck has made many a man rich, but he thinks it was his smartness. And bad luck has made many a one poor. The Germans have a word for an unlucky man that we have no equivalent for. They call him a schlemiel—that is a person who never prospers, with whom everything goes wrong, misfortune has marked him—bad luck follows him. Yet, as though providence had pity on him, the schlemiel is always good natured and light hearted. A smile illuminates his face, just such a smile as our wood hauler wears. I reckon he is a schlemiel. But the good Lord shapes the back to the burden. The German schlemiel is conscious of his misfortune and will say with a merry twinkle of the eye. "I ain't no good. I got no sense. I ish a schlemiel."

I know some such people—good people they are, too, but bad luck has followed them ever since I knew them—bad luck in a money way, I mean, but I like to meet them; they are so cheerful and amiable and they laugh so merrily at a joke. BILL ARP.

RELIGIOUS AND EDUCATIONAL.

—Kansas has twenty women holding office as county superintendents of public instruction.

—The world has often got rid of God's man, but it has never got rid of God's truth.—Ram's Horn.

—Dr. Ernst Ritter, one of the foremost of the younger mathematical scholars of Germany, has been elected an assistant professor of mathematics at Cornell.

—Le Signe, the only French Protestant daily journal, has now attained a year of existence, and is steadily gaining support among the French Protestant population.

—When a certain medical missionary in South China first went to his nation, he was called the "foreign devil." Now he is known as the "angelic healer from beyond the seas."

—Seven hundred and eleven female missionaries are at work in India. During the last year these visited 40,513 heathen families and instructed 62,414 heathen girls in the different mission schools.

—While recently on a tour among the missions of the Chinese empire, Mr. Baring-Gould was impressed by "the great influence of medical work, the heroism of the women and the devotion of many of the converts."

—During the past year twenty teachers have been supplied for a mission Sabbath school by the Lincoln Park Christian Endeavor society, of Chicago, and $100 has been given for foreign missions $100 for home missions and $300 for city missions.

—The amount raised by the Free church of Scotland during the twelve months which ended March 31 last was £603,090. This amount is less than that raised during the preceding twelve months by £62,329, and less than that for the corresponding period of 1892-'93 by £42,747.

—Lord Selborne drew up his own will and left some money to St. Matthew's church, Blackmoor, in rather significant terms, for, "for maintaining divine service therein according to the order and principle of the Church of England, whether connected for the time with the state as an established church or not."

—The Frauenkirche (church of Our Lady), at Dresden, is built entirely of stone, even to the dome, which is of such solid construction that the shells and balls directed against it by Frederick the Great, during the seven years' war, in 1760, rebounded from its surface. The inside is fitted up just like a theater, with pit, boxes, etc.

—The supreme court of Pennsylvania having declared last year that it was not illegal for Sisters of Charity and others wearing a religious garb to serve as teachers in the public schools of the state, the legislature has just passed a bill, which the governor has signed, forbidding the wearing of any sectarian dress by public school teachers.

WIT AND WISDOM.

—Be careful to make friendship the child, and not the father, of virtue.—Sir P. Sidney.

—A man has generally the good or ill qualities which he attributes to mankind.—Shenstone.

—Experience has convinced me that there is a thousand times more goodness, wisdom and love in the world than men imagine.—Goethe.

—Mistress—Did you manage to find the basket of eggs that was on the pantry floor, Kate? Servant—Oh, yes, mum—airly. I shtepped in it.—Tit-Bits.

—He—Is this the first time you've ever been in love, darling? She (thoughtlessly)—Yes; but it's so nice that I hope it won't be the last.—Tit-Bits.

—"Me Too."—"Take away woman!" shouted the orator, "and what would follow?" "We would," said a man at the back of the audience, promptly.—Wonder.

EARLY TIMES ON THE HUDSON.

The Fish Business Forty Years Ago, Before the Railroads Came.

Forty years ago the Hudson river furnished all the shad for New York city and for a district included in two strips thirty miles back from each bank of the river as far north as Troy. Farmers drove in to the fishing grounds and bought shad to salt for winter use, and in the height of the season they could be bought at the nets for from three dollars to five dollars per hundred. In Albany they retailed at two for a quarter of a dollar, and sometimes for less. Lobsters were retailed at about five cents per pound, and were seldom seen under four pounds weight, oftener six to eight pounds. Before the building of the Boston & Albany railroad teams came through to Albany from Boston, when sleighing was good, loaded with boxes of fresh codfish, haddock, pollock and kegs of opened oysters. The latter were in quart, two-quart and gallon sizes. The Hudson river railroad was not built, and the only source of supply of sea food in winter was Boston. In summer the steamboats brought some shell oysters to Albany, but the demand was light and the shipments were not as prompt as now, and I often heard it said that we never got good oysters in Albany! To-day they can be had in Omaha, owing to fast trains, prompt express service and the use of ice, for it must be remembered that there were no express companies in those days, and the great New York Central railroad did not exist as a continuous line. From Albany to Rochester there were three railways—the Albany & Schenectady, the Schenectady to Syracuse, and the Syracuse & Rochester, via Auburn and Canandaigua. These roads did not sell tickets or check baggage beyond their own lines, and if passengers were delayed by stops to transfer and recheck baggage, freight was sure of long delays. No wonder, then, that the inland towns of the state of New York in those days never saw an oyster in the shell or a shad. Ice was then a luxury, and we only got a few lobsters, because they spoiled so quickly that it did not pay to risk large shipments. Under those circumstances it is plain that shad, lobsters and sea fish did not get far beyond Albany and Troy, the head of navigation on the Hudson.

In boyhood days, forty-five to fifty years ago, I did not see either hard or soft crabs in Albany, but my father was part owner in and agent for the Eckford line of barges, engaged in freighting between Albany and New York before canal boats were towed down the river, and my main desire for a trip to the great city was to buy boiled hard crabs along the dock for a cent apiece and go down the pier and eat them, regardless of smeared face and fingers. Now soft crabs are common in Chicago; packed in sea-weed and keep cool, they are whirled through in good shape.

In the early days of which I have spoken, and up to twenty years ago, no shad came to New York from Florida, nor even from North Carolina, where some of the finest come from to-day, and the citizens of the great metropolis waited for the first shad to be taken in New York bay. This was an event in the year that was heralded far and wide, and hotels bid high for the first fish, as much as twenty-five dollars having frequently been paid for the honor of serving the first shad of the season by Astor house and other hotels. Now that Florida begins to send shad in mid-winter, the strife for the first "North river" shad is ended.—Fishing Gazette.

THAT BLACK RING.

How the Mark Left on the Neck by the High Stock Collar May be Removed.

Is anything more aggravating than that black, gray or brown streak that comes about the neck from the wearing of the high stock collars that have so long been in vogue. The mark is not only disfiguring, but, though it be scrubbed so it can't be dirt, it looks as if soiled and adds disgrace to annoyance. The mark is often the result of bad dye in the facing of the collar, and a half hour of facing all the collars with white silk or even white cotton will be well spent. Sometimes just the constant rubbing of the stiff band scars the neck, and constant scrubbing with hard soap only makes the skin seem more sensitive, and so the more darkly bruised. Loosen the collars a little and have them finished at the top with a soft roll of the goods. Such a finish is always becoming and often settles the difficulty in a little while.

So much for prevention; now for removal. If the mark must be taken off and at short notice, perhaps because a dress cut a little low in the neck is to be worn, then annoint the flesh thoroughly with warm vaseline. Use a soft linen cloth dipped in the vaseline, applying it as if it were soap, and turning the cloth whenever the applied surface gets soiled. This is very important, or you will only scrub the stain in deeper.

Let the neck "rest" a little while, and then with warm soap suds and a very soft sponge wash off the grease thoroughly. Rinse with hot water several times and then bathe with cold water till the skin is chilled. This should close the pores and leave the skin dry and smooth. Unless this is accomplished, open pores and greasy surface will only promptly attract stain again. When the skin is entirely dry, dust well with a pure powder, or apply a dry bag of oatmeal. Rub off lightly, and when the natural color of the skin is resumed after all the manipulation the neck will in nine cases out of ten be pretty and white.

When you are not quite so much in a hurry use warm soapsuds and sponge rubbing, rinse thoroughly and chill with cold water. In stubborn cases a paste of bread dough bound about the throat over night by a linen scarf will leave the skin smooth and pure when washed off with warm water in the morning. Don't employ rough methods, don't use ammonia, and don't scrub. Whatever bruises or enlarges the pores of the skin only prolongs the difficulty.—Philadelphia Press.

—The Roman Catholic church in the United States claims a membership of 6,350,045, and owns property valued at $118,381,516. This denomination holds 6,765 church buildings, seat 3,566,633 people, and, in addition, worships in 1,469 halls and other places, having a seating capacity of 60,150.

—Many names of Indian tribes are nicknames given by the whites: the Hurons, Iroquois, Nez Perces, Gros Ventres, Diggers, Blackfeet, Flatheads and others are of this character.

AT KING'S MOUNTAIN.

A Notable Contest Fought in the Revolutionary War.

Two or three days later word was brought to Ferguson that the Backwater men had come over the mountains; that the Indian-fighters of the frontier, leaving unguarded the homes on the western waters, had crossed by wooded and precipitous defiles to the help of the beaten men of the plains. Ferguson at once fell back, sending out messengers for help. When he came to King's mountain—a wooded, hog-back hill on the border line between North and South Carolina—he camped on its top, deeming that there he was safe; for he supposed that before the backwoodsmen could come near enough to attack him, help would reach him. But the backwoods leaders felt as keenly as he the need of haste, and choosing out their picked men—the best warriors of the force and the best mounted and armed—they made a long forced march to assail Ferguson before help could come to him. All night long they rode the dim forest trails and splashed across the fords of the rushing rivers. All the next day—the 6th of October—they rode too, until in mid afternoon they came in sight of King's mountain.

The little armies were about equal in numbers, Ferguson's regulars were armed with the bayonet, and so were some of his Tory militia, whereas the Americans had not a bayonet among them; but they were picked men, confident in their skill with the rifle, and they were so sure of victory that their aim was not only to defeat the British, but to capture their whole force! The backwoods colonels, counseling together as they rode at the head of the column, decided to surround the mountain and assail it on all sides. Accordingly, the bands of frontiersmen split one from the other, and soon encircled the craggy hill where Ferguson's forces were encamped. They left their horses in the rear, and immediately began the battle, swarming forward on foot, their commanders leading the attack.

The march had been so quick and the attack so sudden that Ferguson barely had time to marshal his men before the assault was made. Most of his militia he scattered around the top of the hill to fire down at the Americans as they came up; while drawing up his regulars and a few picked militia, he charged in person, with the bayonet, first down one side of the mountain and then down the other. Sevier, Shelby, Campbell and the other colonels of the frontiers men led each his force of riflemen straight toward the summit. Each body in turn, when charged by the regulars, was forced to give way, for they had no bayonets wherewith to meet their foes; but the backwoodsmen retreated only so long as the charge lasted, and the minute that it stopped they stopped too, and came back ever closer to the ridge, and ever with a deadlier fire. Ferguson, blowing a silver whistle as a signal to his men, led these charges, sword in hand, on horseback. At last, just as he was once again rallying his men, the riflemen of Sevier and Shelby crowned the top of the ridge. The gallant British commander became a fair target for the backwoodsmen; and, as for the last time he led his men against them, seven bullets entered his body, and he fell dead. With his fall resistance ceased. The regulars and Tories huddled together in a confused mass, while the exultant Americans rushed forward. A flag of truce was hoisted, and all the British who were not dead surrendered.—Theodore Roosevelt, in St. Nicholas.

The Teeth of Elephants.

"Whoever has looked inside an elephant's mouth has seen a strange sight," said an elephant trainer. "Elephants have no front teeth, and they never eat flesh or any food that requires tearing apart. Eight teeth are all they have, two above and below on each side, huge yellow molars as wide as a man's hand and a couple of inches thick. Over these hay or fodder is shifted by the queerest, ugliest tongue in the whole animal kingdom, a tongue that is literally hung at both ends, having no power of movement except in the middle, where it shifts back and forth from side to side, arching up against the roof of the big mouth like an immense wrinkling, pink serpent. There is nothing stranger than the working of an elephant's tongue, unless it be the working of his breathing apparatus when he sleeps. Elephants, like human beings, have two sets of teeth; the milk teeth, which are smaller than the permanent molars, fall out when the animals are about fourteen years old. These baby teeth, which are nevertheless enormous, are occasionally picked up by circus men among the fodder and preserved as curiosities. Such a thing as an elephant having the toothache or a decayed molar is absolutely unknown.—N. Y. Sun.

Artistic Keys.

Keys, in our own day, have not only lost their former beauty, but are fast losing their significance as well. With the adoption of patent contrivances and strong-box "combinations," the whole tribe of portable keys threatens to become as extinct as tirling pins, tinder-boxes and warming-pans. One of the most curious is that of the unfortunate Mary, queen of Scots, which had, in addition, a rather curious history after it left the hands of its royal owner. It is said to have passed into the possession, successively, of the late duke of York, a nurse, a physician, a locksmith and an Edinburgh architect before its origin was known—the cipher "Marie" being very intricate, although the thistle, joined with the crown of France, might have given some clew to its possessor.—Cassell's Magazine.

An Unappreciated Suitor.

He—Your-er-father and mother have noticed that I am-er-calling on you quite frequently, haven't they?

She—They couldn't very well help it.

"Are they mad?"

"Not a bit."

"Truly?"

"Certainly. They know it isn't my fault that you come so much."—N. Y. Weekly.

New Legal Point.

The Judge—Have you any reason to offer why sentence should not be pronounced upon you?

The Prisoner—I ain't got much to say, but it's right to the point. When I shot the feller, I was only doin' it for fun; an' here you fellows are wastin' to hang me in cold-blooded malice, so you sin.—Indianapolis Journal.