# 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, DECEMBER 7, 1895. VOL. XX.—NO. 50.


## WHERE WE WERE BOYS.

D'you mind the mountain farm, old boy, where
you an' me was kids?
An' how we laid o' summer nights an' heard
the katydids
An' whippoorwills a-pipin' out and fiddlin'
'mong the stooks,
An' how we usen't dare to speak fer fear we'd
raise the spooks?
Can't you mind the spring-house still, where
all the milk was kep',
An' how our little toes would ache, a-standin'
on the step?

Our house was neat an' tasty, the barn was
full o' hay,
A-purpose so as me an' you could romp a rainy
day.
What fun to climb fer huckleberries, tip-top
of the hill,
An' set our traps fer rabbits in the meadow by
the mill!
An' don't you know that moss-grown trough,
deep in a forest glade,
Where tinkle, tinkle, went the spring, a-singin'
while we played?

Somehow I took to hankerin' to see the farm
again
An' view the spots that seemed so bright before
we two was men.
Ez frisky ez a colt I clum the dear old hill
once more—
I wish to God I'd stayed away; my heart is
sick an' sore.
The farm, old boy, was dead an' gone—the
bones was scattered 'round;
I felt like in a graveyard, where ghouls has
tore the ground.

The chimbley's fallen off the house, the barn's
without a roof;
The spring-house shed is tumbled in—it's full
o' leaves an' stuff
Where mother used to set her crocks down in
the spring to cool.
An' turn an' kiss us when we'd come a-bouncin'
home from school.
The wind sweeps through the stable, an' the
stall where old Nell died
Is filled clean to the manger top with snow
that's blowed inside.

A great big lump come in my throat thet
cough drops couldn't cure;
I turned to hunt the moss-grown trough and
spring so cold and pure.
I found the trough upon its side and rotted
quite away;
The spring was dried—I dunno why, but I jes'
couldn't stay,
Fer's seemed so sad an' lonesome there, an'
voices filled my ears
That you and me hain't heard at all fer more'n
twenty years.

I couldn't somehow trust myself to go back
past thet scene,
But sneaked away along the creek—I never
felt so mean
Sence when our little bluejay died, an' we
tried hard not to cry,
An' made a drizzling failure at it, blubbering
on the sly.
I hain't a-tellin' what I done a-comin' down
thet road,
But when 'twas over, like, I felt relieved of
quite a load.

I'm never goin' back no more t' thet graveyard
of a place,
Fer spooks walks there in broad daylight thet
I don't care to face:
I'd ruther treasure up them scenes, afore the
place was dead,
An' hang 'em round like pictures on the inside
of my head.
An' ef any man should ask me: "Where's the
farm you once lived on?"
I'll say: "It's gone to Heaven, where the dear
old folks is gone."

—Edwin L. Shuman, in Chicago Journal.

## THE SECOND FIDDLE.

HE has played second fiddle all her life. Not that she liked this part; not that nature had intended her for it, apparently, but fate had so arranged it. In youth she had fought bitterly against the secondary place to which she was perpetually relegated, but to no purpose.

"I will play any part in the whole orchestra, from the conductor down to the man who looks after the cymbals and the drums," she said once, "but I absolutely decline to be the second violin."

But as she grew older she recognized that only by playing this very instrument could she have any part in the great orchestra of life, and she patiently began to accustom herself to being second fiddle. And all her life this fate pursued her.

She loved a man, and he fancied he loved her long enough to give her that fleeting glimpse of bliss which Satan is supposed to allow his victims before dragging them down to the bottomless pit, but just as she began to think that the wonderful gift of love was really to be hers, he fell in love with her sister, and she became the second fiddle again.

Love was offered to her again, and because her heart was hungry she accepted it, and became the wife of a man who harped on the string of his first wife's virtues until it jarred her nature out of tune; motherhood came to her in the same secondary way. Her husband's child, whom she loved with a perfect, self-abnegating, altruistic love, cared far more for her selfish father than her unselfish stepmother, and again she struck the chord assigned to the second fiddle.

Fame came to her late in life, but just as she tasted its glories her sister

TOLD HER THAT HER HUSBAND WAS DYING.

also became famous in a greater degree, and once more she sank from the new, sweet, longed-for rank of first violin to that of second fiddle.

Even in death she was denied the fleeting honors and dignity which comes to most lives this once. She had often wondered how this would be. In her bitter moments she had foreseen and prophesied it, saying that she would be only the second fiddle even in death, but the sting of it embittered her last moments.

She died suddenly, death resulting from a railroad accident, and for one whole, long, perfect day she was the only care of those who surrounded her. "I shall be first once after all," she was thinking in the vague, wandering, unreal manner common to those who are near to death, when a nurse came softly into the room and told her that her husband was dying.

She shrank back upon the pillow shocked, less at the dreadful news that at the sudden realization of the fact that now she must die as she had so often dreaded, with only a casual sorrow to bless her memory, and the hopeless look, so strange in death and so noticeable when she lay in her coffin, settled slowly over her face.

Next day her husband died, and she followed him closely—so closely that the people who paid the last honors to him found it almost impossible to do the same for her, and she was buried as she had lived and died, as she had been born even—the second fiddle.

But once, just once, and once only, during the course of her life she had been first, and this was how it happened:

She had lived as a child in a small country town where religious dissipation was the only kind of pleasure tolerated; the kind of place where a camp-meeting is a diversion, and a temperance revival (barren of converts save stray strangers) a wild exhilaration; the kind of place where the Bible forms the subject of ordinary conversations, and where every baby, not to mention every man, woman and child in the village limits, can quote Scripture and do battle with texts.

Upon one occasion the Sunday school superintendent, wishing to still further promote this habit, offered a prize to the child who could in a given time learn the greatest number of Bible verses. The Second Fiddle, just then displaced from her accustomed niche in the household and her mother's heart by a newer arrival and addition to the family list of children, took for

HE HANDED HER A NEW TESTAMENT.

her text "Desolation," and collected such an overwhelming number of texts bearing upon this word and condition that she was easily first in the race. In fact so long was her list, so perfect her command of her strange spiritual wares, that the entire time usually devoted to the Sunday school session did not suffice to enable her to repeat them all. She stood up there on the platform and reeled off melancholy texts in her even, mournful, monotonous voice until the sun had sunk and it began to grow dark. Then the superintendent advanced, and, lifting his hand to stop her, announced that she had so palpably won the prize that it was needless to hear any of the other aspirants or even to allow her to finish.

"We congratulate our little friend," he said, pompously, "upon her diligence and fine knowledge of the Scriptures, and we take great pleasure, the minister and I, in giving into her hands this token of our appreciation and approval."

He handed her a small, shoddily-bound scarlet-covered New Testament, and she took it and sat down with a swelling heart. She recognized the pomposity of the superintendent's tone, she knew how worthless was the triumph she had achieved, but she did not care. Nothing mattered to her now but this sweet, perfect joy of conquest. Perhaps fate, knowing how little of triumph would fall to her share, made this small victory the sweeter, perhaps the God who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb made this breeze of success even more bland and delightful than the air of prosperity usually is, perhaps—who can spell out the causes of human joy or sorrow?

She went home that day walking on air, treading on roses. What mattered it that other children sneered at her choice of subjects? What mattered it that some of them had even hinted that she had won the prize unfairly? What mattered it that even her mother thought the time spent in earning her poor little joy a little excessive? The law of compensations is a sure if slow power, and there was bliss enough in this one minute of success to balance a lifetime of failures. And this was the purpose, apparently, of that Sunday school prize. It gave her the only perfect gladness she ever knew; it furnished the element of success necessary in some degree to the completion of every human life.

She cherished that small, common Testament far more than she did either of the gorgeous gilt and leather combinations given her on her dreary wedding day; she treasured it far more than the plain little copy of Tennyson's poems which had been presented to her on her graduation day, and which had given her a nearer approach to pure pleasure than usually fell to her lot.

For the Testament represented her share of that which is the desire of all human hearts—the longing to be first with somebody, something, sometime. The Testament was the only "outward and visible sign" of her worldly success. It was the insignia of rank won in the only victorious battle of a long campaign.

And this is why she loved it; this is why, when she was dead, they found it clasped in her cold, stiffened fingers, and pressed close to her silent heart.

O, tragedy of the second fiddle! O, strange, harsh, echoing minor chord! Can it be that in some far-away land where love, music and success are as commonplace and normal as heart hunger, discord and failure are (or seem to be) here the second fiddle may be promoted to the rank of first violin, perchance even of conductor? Or is it true that in the life which touches ours "the last shall be first," and the first violin of less import than the second fiddle—which makes a perfect interval possible?—Chicago Tribune.

### Where to Go.

Jimbly—There is something the matter with my head and the doctor doesn't seem to know what it is.

Jorkins—Why don't you go to a wheelwright?—Indianapolis Journal.

—Calumny always makes the calumniator worse, but the calumniated better.—Colton.

## FOREIGN GOSSIP.

—The search for petroleum in India has been singularly unprofitable, most of the sources being too small in yield to pay for working, while the richer deposits are, for the present, too far removed from means of transport to be commercially valuable except in Burmah.

—As bull fighting has been going on in the south of France in defiance of the prohibition of the government, M. Leygues, minister of the interior, has ordered all Spanish toreadors to be expelled from France, and all French bullfighters violating the law to be prosecuted.

—The wearing of hats in parliament by the members is explained back to the time when those who were summoned to legislate, or rather to authorize the king to make levies, came wearing helmets, which were not easily removed. It is another illustration of the fact that in England things are now as they used to be, and as they will be.

—How little the population of France moves about is shown by the last census. Out of thirty-eight million inhabitants twenty-one millions live in the town or village in which they were born and thirty and one-half millions have not moved out of their native departments. Only a million and a half have emigrated to France from colonies or foreign countries.

—Paris will be freed soon of the greatest part of her sewage, as the "aqueduct" of Acheres has just been completed. It will convey the sewage, by the way of Clichy and Asnieres, where it passes under the river bed by a siphon, to Argenteuil, where it recrosses the Seine over a bridge, and thence to the plain of Archeres, where the sewage is disposed of.

—Gigantic remains of elephants have been found in a new railroad cutting in the department of the Charente, France. Besides two tusks, one of the extraordinary length of nine and a half feet, there are elephants' molars and bones, remains of mammoths, teeth of rhinoceros, bison and hippopotamus, and a large number of flint implements. The discovery of human relics with remains of such antiquity is very unusual.

—A messiah has appeared in Sicily at a place called Calamanti, near Syracuse. His name is Sebastiano Rioggio. He preaches plurality of wives, and hundreds of persons have gathered around him, all of whom have been excommunicated by the bishop of Syracuse. Similar pretenders appeared two years ago before the political outbreak. Throughout Sicily the peasants are discarding their old caps and wearing broad-brimmed hats, which they call "Socialist," they are also wearing red neckties and carrying heavy sticks with knobs. The government expects trouble.

—New Zealand has a kind of green parrot, called kea, that attacks sheep, and is held up by evolutionists as one of the most striking instances of rapid adaptation on record. Mr. Wallace has argued that it deserted the forests and its natural food of berries, first for the picking of the slaughter house, then for the live sheep, and finally, by an extraordinary refinement, it now only strikes for the delicate fat around the sheep's kidney. A New Zealand sheep farmer has lately brutally demolished this fable. The kea, he says, is only found above the forest line, and does not feed on berries, but on the lichens on stones; it did not train itself to eat meat, but probably only took to it by accident, mistaking the long hair of unshorn sheep for lichen. It never touches the kidney now, but only wants blood, and strikes the sheep far back, not to reach a special delicacy, but because the sheep can not reach it there. The only fact left to the evolutionists is that the parrot sometimes kills sheep.

## FOX FARMING IN ALASKA.

### A Successful Experiment on the Semedies Group of Islands.

Fox farming in Alaska, which has assumed immense proportions, was originated by a Pittsburgher. In 1879 George Wardman was traveling about the coast in the steamer Rush. He saw a valuable black fox skin sold for two hundred dollars, and conceived the notion that farming the fox would be profitable. He got Preach Taylor, Thomas E. Morgan and James C. Redpath interested, and a company was formed. The gentlemen are agents of the Alaska Commercial company at St. George.

Morgan suggested as a place for the experiment the Semedies group of seventy rocky islets, sixty miles west of Kodiak, which produced nothing but sea birds and sea lions, and are uninhabited. At the seal islands of the Pribyloff group the Alaska Commercial Co. catch from one thousand to one thousand and six hundred blue foxes every winter. The black foxes are scarce, while the blue fox is not nearly so valuable.

During the winter of 1880 arrangements were made with an agent at Koniak to get some black fox cubs. He secured half a dozen, and while he was away on business the natives killed the curbs by kindness and by overfeeding them. No more of the curbs could be found, and no further effort to carry out the scheme was made until the summer of 1884, when about twenty blue fox cubs were caught. They were taken in a steamer to Unalaska, and thence in a chartered schooner, with a quantity of seal meat, to the Semedies islands, where they were released.

The islands are inaccessible except in calm weather, which helped the enterprise, as it kept poachers and Indians from catching the stock. At first it was difficult to get any right on the land. The treasury department, however, addressed a letter to the revenue steamers, and the provisional government of Alaska, to give their protection to the fox farmers under the law protecting squatters, and the company has not been molested in its enterprise.

The foxes eat eggs and catch birds in the summer. They are also adepts in killing sea lions, which serve them for food. They are very intelligent. They take the eggs in summer and hide them in the thick moss, which is like mattresses, and leave them until they get hungry in winter and can find nothing else to eat. If they hid the eggs in the dirt they would be unable to scratch the frozen ground away from them in winter, hence the wisdom displayed in covering them with moss. The foxes have been watched during the months of July and August on the cliffs searching for eggs, and have been tracked to their hiding places.

The blue fox pelt is valued at fifteen dollars, and as seals become scarcer it it becomes more valuable. All attempts to catch black foxes have proved failures, as they are so scarce. Natives are hired to live on the island and watch the foxes. The latter are trapped in certain seasons, killed and skinned. The carcasses are valueless, as the Indians, who will eat almost anything, will not touch the fox meat. The number has been multiplied from twenty cubs to about five hundred foxes, and they have been trapped every season since they were large enough to be of value. Mr. Wardman sold his interest to Byron Andrews, of Washington. The company is in a fair way to make large fortunes from fox farming.—Pittsburgh Commercial-Gazette.

## MADAGASCAR'S CAPITAL.

### The Strong Feeling Against Missionaries and Other Foreigners.

Of late burglaries have been unusually frequent in the capital, and attempts have been made to break into the consulate and other British houses. The thieves prowl in bands on the moonless nights, and, as they go stark naked, are difficult to catch. Many of them are the slaves of certain nobles of ill-repute and broken fortunes, who organize these plundering expeditions and receive the larger share of the proceeds. Some of the unscrupulous nobles of this class own several hundreds of armed slaves, and it is these the European residents have most to fear in the event of riots in the city. It is doubtful whether an Antananarivo mob would venture to face even a handful of armed Europeans, but unfortunately the majority of the British community have neglected to provide themselves with weapons of any description.

Some of the missionaries in the capital are determined at all hazards to remain here with their wives and families and to carry on their labors as usual. The girls' schools are not to be broken up, and the missionaries do not seem to consider that they incur any responsibility in keeping all these young women in the capital at such a time as this. They argue that it is their duty to teach so long as the parents think proper to send their children to school; and they will not even take it upon themselves to suggest to parents living in the country the advisability of withdrawing their children from the city schools until the war is over. The missionaries contend that it would be inexpedient for them to take any steps likely to inspire the people with alarm. They therefore practically encourage the prevailing treacherous feeling of false security, and the panic when it does come will be all the more dangerous. Some of these missionaries in their fanaticism not only refuse to leave the capital, but declare that, however great the peril, they will not join the other Europeans in any scheme for mutual protection. A Quaker—whose wife and young daughters are here with him—told me that under no circumstances would he go into any house, or behind any barricade, or into any place whatsoever in the company of men carrying arms. This surely is Quakerism carried to an insane conclusion. If the cowardly mob of Antananarivo does rise, the people with these notions will allow themselves to be slaughtered like so many sheep.

The anti-European feeling is increasing daily. It is no longer safe for an Englishman to visit the Friday market or to go wheresoever natives are collected in large numbers. Even the most respected missionaries are received with insulting cries and threats as they travel through their districts. Up to now the people have not summoned sufficient courage to assault a white man, so they vent their spite on our native servants. The Hova soldiery two days ago fell upon an unfortunate boy who was carrying an Englishman's camera, and beat his brains out with the butt ends of their muskets. It is an ominous sign, too, that the prime minister, hitherto always so scrupulously courteous in his dealings with our vice consul, now refuses to receive him; and, though Mr. Porter has laid before his excellency several complaints of recent outrages on British subjects, he can obtain neither reparation nor reply to his official letters.—London Times.

### Illiberal New Zealand Government.

The minister for labor last year brought in a bill to restrict immigration. No emigrant was to enter New Zealand unless he had twenty pounds in money, married men thirty pounds, with ten pounds for each child. Tourists were only to be allowed passes for six months, with possible extension for another six months. Before anyone landed a strict medical examination was to be enforced, similar to that for an army recruit. Invalids who might wish to come to New Zealand on account of their lungs were to be most rigidly excluded. Captains of ships were to be held responsible for the wealth, health, and previous history of every person they brought to New Zealand. It was also proposed that "if any person, tourist or emigrant should within one year apply for aid to any public institution, the owner of the ship from which such person landed shall forthwith take him to the port whence he came, and shall pay to the emigration office the cost of his maintenance which has been borne by any public institution, and any expenses incurred by the general government." For certain breaches of the act the vessel itself is liable to be seized and condemned as a forfeit to the state.—Nineteenth Century.

### "My Eye!"

The chief of the anthropometric station at St. Petersburg has made a truly startling discovery. According to that gentleman, the order of criminals may be determined by the color of their their eyes. Thus, "thieves and murderers always have chestnut-colored eyes; those who abuse confidence in various ways have cinnamon-colored orbs, and vagabonds have sky-blue eyes." Black and dark eyes, are, on the other hand, the color of the eyes of honest people, and, adds M. Kerloff, the twentieth century will base its theories of the crime on this incontestably sure sign. Which shows that M. Kerloff has no need for uttering the petition: "Give us a good conceit of ourselves."—Philadelphia Record.

—A Blunder Atoned.—He (just introduced)—"What a very ugly man that gentleman near the piano is, Mrs. Hobson." She—"Why, that is Mr. Hobson." He (equal to the occasion)—"Oh, indeed! How true it is, Mrs. Hobson, that the ugly men always get the prettiest wives."—Tid-Bits.

## SQUIRE RUFUS SANDERS.

### Always at the Front With a Few "Scatterin Remarks."

### A Blood and Death Question Raised in Arkansas—What Was the Matter With Old Buck?—The Gold and Silver Issue—Aunt Nancy Newton "Ain't Gone Nowheres."

(Copyright, 1895.)

It was one of them bright and bracin days in October. A tremendius big white frost had fell that mornin, but the wind had shifted around to the northwest and was blowin at a fast and furious lick acrost the country. A natural-born saddle horse, with a long swingin fox trot, had took me out through North Texas and over the Red River the day before, and I was now plungin into the hill country of Arkansas.

#### A Blood and Death Question.

The sun was now on the greasy side, you understand, and slippin down fast behind the western slopes. It was fifteen miles, or maybe a little better, to the clostest railroad station, and the road was takin me through the roughest and wildest and most lonesomest country on the broad bosom of the earth perhaps. Down in Texas they have got a whole lot of devilment stacked up agin the great and growin State of Arkansas, and somehow I couldn't turn loose and forget the bloody and thrillin stories that had come to me in regards to robbers and murders and hold-ups, and the like of that. So I had figgered it out that there would be plenty of horses for other people to ride after I was dead and gone, and I was headed for the station, and ridin for blood, as it were.

Presently a suddent turn in the road brought me to a log cabin settlement. Two long, tall, ganglin boys, with red hair and freckly faces, come up out of the clearin, and stopped and stood me up in the middle of the road. I didn't know for certain what was comin next, but I didn't have so very long to lay low and say nothin and wait.

"From your general trappins and the critter you ride, I reckon as how you must of come from Texas," said the biggest one of the boys, and blamed if it didn't seem to me like he was standin seven feet high in his bare feet. They had me spotted right, the truth was more safer than a lie, so I owned up to it that I was fresh from Texas.

"In that case, stranger, you are the very man we are lookin for," the boy went on to say. "Me and my brother Bill have got tangled up together in a terrible disputation, and you will have to settle the pints between us as to which is which and who is who. Old Buck, our steer, took mighty sick last night. I lowed it was the holler horn, whilst Bill he lowed it was the botts, and so we had it, up and down, and over and under. You can see the steer layin out there in the clearin, and if it ain't a clear case of the holler horn then I have told the lie and will sign the papers to that extent."

"Spose you bore some holes in his horns and split his tail open," says I. "That's the way they stop the hollow horn in Texas."

'Exactly, precisely to a nat's heel what I said from the jump," replied the boy, "but Bill he swore it want the holler horn, and the steer was as much hisin as mine. So there we was argifyin and disputin, whilst old Buck was sufferin death."

"Spose you drench him with sweet milk and sperits of turpentine," says I. "That is a dead shot for the botts in Texas."

"Didn't I tell you so?" says Bill as he bristled up to his bigger brother. "Didn't I go and git the milk and sperits of turpentine and bring a bottle to do the drenchin with? And didn't you rip and snort and swear by seventeen devils that it was the holler horn and not the botts, and old Buck should never be drenched to death with sich a mess? Didn't I tell you so?"

"Night is comin on, boys, and I have got a long ride ahead," says I. "My horse is leg weary, but we must make it to the station in time to catch the first train goin south. You will have to settle this question amongst yourselves and let me go."

"It will never do, stranger," says the biggest boy—"it will never do in the round created world. If you don't tell us which is which and who is who me and my brother Bill will have to pitch in and fight it out. We do hate to spill family blood, but one is right and one is wrong, and the pint must be settled. I ain't in no ways hankerin after a chance to stain the soil of Arkansas with a brother's blood, and neither is Bill, but last night old Buck took the holler horn, or he took the botts. Somethin must be done, or blood will have to flow."

By this time the sun had went down, and that long and lonesome road still stretched out between me and the railroad station. Naturally of course I was nervious and restless and in a monstrous hurry to move on.

"From the way you boys give in the facts, I reckon your steer must of took the hollow horn and the botts both at the same time," says I.

"Mebbe he did," says the biggest boy.

"Mebbe he did," says Bill.

"And in that case you mought bore his horns and split his tail and drench him with sweet milk and sperits turpentine," says I. "You will be more than probable to hit it right one way or the other. But I must hurry on, boys, and I reckon the sooner you git your fixments and go to work the better it will be for the steer."

"We are much obleeged to you, stranger," says the biggest boy, "but it ain't no use now. Old Buck died this mornin."

And as I roce on over that long and lonesome road I had some tremendius solemn thoughts in regard to them boys and their old steer, Buck. But I didn't write out the things that I thought, and I never will. At any rates, the train had went by twenty minutes before I got to the station.

#### The Gold and Silver Issue.

Man born of woman is a monstrous curious thing. Little Bunk Weatherford is the wildest and woolliest free silver man in our whole entire settlement. He turned out on that line last spring, and he has went on from bad to worse, and more of it till now to hear him talk you would think it was bread and meat and life and death and free silver on one side, and the world, the flesh and the devil and the goldbugs on the other.

But I was in town one day last week, and little Bunk he had went in that mornin with two bales of cotton. The price had jumped up considerable and he got somethin better than 8 cents a pound for his load.

Now the Weatherfords are all debt-payin, dram-drinkin people, and little Bunk went to work and paid up his store account the first thing. Then he bought a few dry goods and a quart of "sperits-of-cats-a-fightin," as Blev Scroggins were wont to call it, and had forty silver dollars left clean and clear.

And what do you reckon come next? Little Bunk Weatherford, the great free silver man, put out he did and chased all around town tryin to swap his silver for forty dollars in gold. After so long a time he found a man that had two twenty dollar gold pieces and made the trade and went home happy.

"I am still for free silver or bust, Rufe," says little Bunk when he found out that I had caught him in the act, "but I have got forty dollars to put away in my old sock, you understand, and the silver is too blamed onhandy to keep."

Whereas, I have likewise also took notice in regards to that—there is more than one Bunk Weatherford in this glorious old country we call home.

#### Aunt Nancy Still Lives.

Now in these days it comes to pass that I was rather somewhat too previous in givin it out that Aunt Nancy Newton had went the way of all human flesh. Her brother Andrew Jim come by with the wagons the other day. He brought me a plug of store-bought tobacco and a letter from Aunt Nancy. And this is what she had to say:

PANTHER CREEK, October, 1895.

"Dere Rufus: The weather has been so pleasant, and everybody so busy or so sick, till I couldn't find no way to git off a visitin. Chills and fevers are goin about thick and terrible in the settlement now, and you know how handy these plain old women are in case of sickness. The men folks talk big and act big and feel big, and think they are runnin of the country, whilst one sick baby is about ten times too many for a cow pen full of 'em. It has been clost about two years now since I give it out as my own personal private opinion that the third party was the devil come in new suit of sheep clothes to raise a fresh rumpus on the earth, and after that old man Rip Davis wouldn't speak to me when we met in the big road. But the chills and fevers broke out in his family. His wife was first took down, and then the children tumbled over one by one till finally at last he was the onlyest one left up and about. And one night last week here come old man Rip billin over to our house. What was he after? Aunt Nancy, of course. The whole family was sick abed and the baby havin spasms, and in a pushency like that Aunt Nancy was somebody. To be certainly I went, and I had to stay and remain over there three days and nights. They are all on the mend now, and the next time we meet in the big road I reckon maybe old man Rip will be so kind, condescendin and obligin as to say 'Good mornin, Aunt Nancy.'

"I can't say for certain when it will be so I can leave home on a visit, but in the maintime I will live in hopes of breakin bread with you along about Thanksgivin. AUNT NANCY."

The world still needs these plain old flint-and-steel women, and I am glad—glad to the bottom of my heart—that there is yet one perusin around on Panther Creek, and my Aunt Nancy Newton ain't gone nowheres.

RUFUS SANDERS.

## CUTLETS AND ONION SAUCE.

### The Preparation of a Dish That Is Very Palatable.

There is an undoubted prejudice against onions still existing in country districts. French cookery has largely rooted out this prejudice in the cities, and many city housewives do not attempt their soup or meat braizes and stews without a little of the flavor of the onion. Most croquettes and minces of meat and other "made" meat dishes require this among the many flavors of herb and vegetable which go to making them perfect. In all these dishes the onion is used sparingly, and does not assert itself as it does in soubise sauces and onion soup, of which it is a component part. The onion is one of the most wholesome and valuable vegetables we have, and it is an ignorant prejudice that has so largely prohibited its use in general cookery. For cutlets with soubise sauce egg bread crumbs and fry in boiling fat six nice cutlets. Those taken from the shoulder and neck are juicy and inexpensive. Be careful to trim them if they are lamb or mutton, removing all the fat you can, especially on the outside of the chop, as this is the fat that often imparts a strong flavor. To prepare the soubise or onion sauce boil three white onions in water for half an hour, take them up, throw off the water, put them into a mixture of half water and half milk, and let them cook for a quarter of an hour longer, or until they are soft enough to mash through a colander. Thin this puree of onion with a little cream sauce or white sauce; let it boil up once and pour it around the chops.—N. Y. Tribune.

#### Stub Ends of Thought.

The superlative egotist is the individual who finds fault with everything except himself.

Prosperity is one of the things we don't think we have until we lose it.

A man never thinks but once that a woman's temper isn't loaded.

A patient forgets how glad he was to see the doctor, when the doctor comes around with a bill, after he is well.

No man is a romantic hero to a married woman.

A man can't take a woman's word for anything—he must take a dozen or more.

A man who will borrow and not pay is too great a coward to steal.

If a man's head were broken every time his promises were broken he would be in a hospital most of the year.

Mentally only, man is the superior animal.—Detroit Free Press.

## NO TIME FOR NONSENSE.

### He Had Been Advised to Get Married and He Straightway Set About It.

A good story is told of an English minister who lived about seventy years ago. We may call him Smith, and he was a bachelor. He resisted many persuasions to marry, which his friends were constantly making, until he had reached a tolerably ripe age, and he himself began to feel the need of, or, at least, began to have new ideas of, the comfort of being nursed with woman's gentle care. Shortly after entering one of the circuits a maiden lady, also of ripe years, was strongly recommended to him, and his friends again urged that he had better get married, representing that the lady named would not refuse to accept him, notwithstanding his eccentricities.

"Do you think tho?" said the dominie, for he had a very perceptible lisp. "Then I'll go and thee her."

He was as good as his word. His ring at the door bell was answered by the serving maid. "Ith Mith P. within?" briskly but calmly asked the lover. "Yes, sir; will you kindly walk in?" "No I thank you. Be kind enough to thay to Mith P. that I with to thpeak to her a momenth." Miss P. appeared and repeated the invitation to walk in.

"No thank you. I'll thoon explain my bitheneth. I'm the new Methodith preacher. I'm unmarried. My friends think I'd better marry. They recommend you for a wife. Have you any objection?"

"Why, really, Mr. Sm—"

"There; don't anther now. Will call thith day week for your reply. Good day."

On that day he appeared at the door of Miss P.'s residence. It was promptly opened by the lady herself.

"Walk in, Mr. Smith."

"Can not, ma'am. I have not time Start on my circuit in half an hour. Is your anther ready, ma'am?"

"Oh, do walk in, Mr. Smith."

"Can't, indeed, ma'am. Pleath anther me. Yeth or no?"

"Well, Mr. Smith, it is a very serious matter. I should not like to get out of the way of Providence—"

"I perfectly understand you, Mith P. We will be married thith day week. I will call at thith hour. Pleath be ready, ma'am."

He called on that day week, at that hour. She was ready. They were married, and lived happily several years.—Boston Herald.

## HANDLING GREAT CROWDS.

### As It Is Seen on an Excursion Pier on a Hot Day.

Next to the patience and long suffering of mankind there is something marvelous in the brutality with which great crowds are handled everywhere. I don't remember who originally formulated the expressive phrase, "familiarity breeds contempt," but he must have had in view some official or sub-official who is in daily contact with the people. For it is a characteristic of men occupying such positions, speaking generally, to conspicuously exhibit their contempt for the public. This is not an inherent quality, but comes of constant friction with the human atoms that go to make up miscellaneous crowds. It is the same in private as in public affairs, in individual as well as corporate management. Perhaps men who must answer hundreds of simple inquiries every day, and every hour in the day, year in and year out, may be excused the want of graceful speech and polite manners; and perhaps it is too much to ask of the man who is shoved and hustled and irritated by great crowds all his working hours that he shall be gentlemanly and considerate of voice and touch. At any rate, such men are remarkably exceptional.

If you would see this contempt carried to its highest perfection go down to the docks where excursion crowds are handled. Watch the men, women and children driven this way and that, and listen to the language and tone of those who drive them. Try the Coney Island boats on some holiday, when the crowd is greatest. You will have to live a long time and travel far to find more conspicuous brutality. A column might be written of the disgusting scenes enacted at Pier No. 1 almost any hot day. But only in lesser degree the same characteristics may be observed everywhere. It is only quite recently that some of the leading trunk lines of railway have made politeness and courtesy to the public of primary importance and mandatory on their officials, from lowest to the highest.—N. Y. Herald.

#### France's One Guillotine.

There is only one guillotine in France, all others having long since been destroyed. The one of Paris alone remains, but it travels all over the country. In the course of its peregrinations the instrument is governed by local customs, and according to their nature are executions painful or painless. In some departments the condemned is slowly taken to the place of execution through the streets, and toilet details depend on local precedents. Not long ago a prisoner was taken to early mass, and meanwhile the instrument of death awaited him by the church door. In Paris only about fifteen minutes intervene from the waking of the prisoner to the fall of his head in the basket, but in the country the hungry knife is sometimes allowed to wait for its victim for hours. The condemned is entirely in the keeping of the jailer, who is responsible for the man's life—that is to say, it is his duty to deliver to the guillotine a living being. But, as things are, the prisoner is often needlessly tormented by the timidity of the keeper, who, knowing to what penalties he would be subject, is often overanxious to guard against suicide.—Pearson's Weekly.

#### His Son's Identity.

"Augh-waugh!"

It was the baby. He had repeated the remark sixty times in the last hour.

Mr. Newleigh's hair, such as it was, stood on end.

"Gwow ahwb wowbdgow filwaugh!" added the baby, while people living across the street got up and closed their windows.

Mr. Newleigh ground his teeth. "To think," he groaned, burying his face in the pillows, "that I should grow up to become the father of a railway porter!"—Tit-Bits.

#### Liberally Translated.

Brobson—What does "In Vino Veritas" mean?

Craik—Oh, the idea implied is, that, if a man means to establish a reputation as a liar, he has got to leave liquor alone!—Puck.

## PITH AND POINT.

—Nell—"What was Mrs. Newlywed's maiden name?" Belle—"Her maiden aim was to get married."—Philadelphia Record.

—He—"I wonder what she meant by telling me she could never marry a man." She—"Perhaps she said it to encourage you."—Life.

—Mother—"Fannie, what is the capital of Connecticut?" Fannie (severely)—"I don't know. I told you we finished geography last term."—Brooklyn Eagle.

—A Big Success.—"Did you make a hit with that red tennis blazer of yours down on the farm?" "Did I? It struck the bull's eye the first time I wore it."—Indianapolis Journal.

—Bobby—"Mamma, where is dreamland?" Mamma—"I don't know, my son. Why do you ask?" Bobby—"I dreamed last night I had a bicycle. I want to go and get it."—Harper's Bazar.

—"Papa, where are the most diamonds found?" asked Willie. "In somebody else's hand when they are trumps," growled papa, who'd been having hard luck at whist.—Harper's Bazar.

—"What makes men of mature years wear so sad an expression?" "Probably they are so mortified to think they have forgotten all they thought they knew when they left school."—Boston Transcript.

—"Good-by, old slow!" shouted the bicycle; "you are not in my class." "Anyway," retorted the cart horse, "I am not as awkward as you are. I don't fall down standing still."—Cincinnati Tribune.

—Client—"You have saved my estate. How can I ever recompense you?" Lawyer—"I am disposed to make it easy for you, with several payments, you know. I am willing to take the estate as the first payment."—Detroit Tribune.

—The Game is Off.—"I have been looking for you all the evening" he said as he approached her in the conservatory; "I want you to be my partner—" "This is so sudden," she gasped. "—at whist," he concluded, and now there is a coldness between them.—Detroit Free press.

—Ten Times One is Ten.—"No, he's no better," said a woman, when the doctor came to visit her husband. "You told me to give him as much of the powder as would lie on a 10-cent piece. I hadn't a 10, but I gave him as much as would go on 10 ones, and he's worse, if anything."—Household.

—King Oscar of Sweden once passed through a little town, which was festively decorated for the occasion. Among the rest, a huge transparency, affixed to a gloomy looking edifice, attracted his attention. It bore the inscription, "Welcome to Your Majesty!" in gigantic letters. "What building is that?" the king inquired. "That is the county prison, your majesty," replied one of the aldermen. The king laughed, and was heard to observe: "Isn't that carrying hospitality a little too far?"—Tit-Bits.

## A CHICAGO MAN SQUELCHED.

### Suppression of a Nuisance in the Smoking Room of an Ocean Liner.

It was in the smoking room of a transatlantic liner bound for New York. A Chicago musician, well known in his native city and the west, was of the number. The smoking room was crowded, for it was blowing great guns and the ship was pitching badly, so that walking was not good. Nearly all were seasick. Probably the worst of the lot was a New York lawyer, who was lying silent and suffering.

Chicago's champion was a loud talker as well as a good one. He had secured the floor very frequently that afternoon. Of course, whenever possible, he had tucked in an argument for Chicago's greatness. The hearers became surfeited. It was Che-caw-ger, Che-caw-ger, Che-caw-ger. Finally eastern politeness was exhausted, and no one answered his last sally. At this he seemed to suddenly become aware that he had overdone the job, and, as if to cover his retreat, he sought shelter by abruptly changing his subject of conversation and inquiring:

"I wonder what land we will see first?"

At this the seasick New York lawyer, who had been silently and for a long time taking it all in from a far corner, raised his head and slowly growled:

"If Chicago is half as big as she thinks she is we shall see Chicago first."

The effort was vociferously applauded. It brought down the ship, and was an extinguisher for the westerner, who was not heard to mention Chicago again during the rest of the trip.—N. Y. Sun.

#### Power Carriages.

Among the interesting developments in the way of horseless vehicles is the recent test in France, when a race was arranged with a distance of seven hundred and fifty miles. The carriages were four-seated, and could be driven by a power of any sort. There were sixty-six vehicles in the race, propeled by electricity, steam power or petroleum. The results were so satisfactory that everybody was delighted. The carriage that won the prize of eight thousand dollars went over the course, seven hundred and fifty miles, in two days and fifty-three minutes. So much enthusiasm has this test created that a factory has been started in this country. It is located at Steinway, Long Island City, and is expected to turn out some fine vehicles. American roads, save in certain favored localities, are not yet good enough to make this vehicle a great success, but the good roads commission is at work in earnest, and there is no doubt but that this objection will soon be removed. When by means of a little switch board and an easily-adjusted battery we can start out on a journey of a thousand miles, making the distance in three or four days, up hill and down dale, there will be something more in life to be thankful for.—N. Y. Ledger.

#### The Old, Old.

Just as circulation was about to cease she impulsively nestled upon the other knee.

"Edward."

"Darling."

"Tell me the old, old story. Edward."

For a moment he was silent.

He was rapidly reviewing the situation, and trying to decide which was the older, the small-boy-and-the-green-apple story or the story of the tramp and the home made pie.—Detroit Tribune.