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 14, 1895. VOL. XX.—NO. 51.

YESTERDAY.

Why should ye troop
About my way,
Oh! pallid ghosts
Of yesterday?
Why wake me
From my fitful sleep,
To think of sorrows
Past, though deep?

Shine, brightly shine,
Fair morning sun,
And gild my darkness
As I run.
Bloom, sweetly bloom,
Ye flowers of May,
Above the graves
Of yesterday.

We will not waste
Life's precious time
In chanting sorrow's
Mournful rhyme;
But, as we watch,
And as we pray,
We'll heed the lesson
Of to-day.

—Mrs. M. A. Kidder, in N. Y. Weekly.

A PICKANINNY PREACHER

Wonderful Doings of a Little Negro Girl Evangelist.

A South Carolina Squire's Story of the Child Who Is Preaching the Gospel with Such Power to Black and White.

About a dozen prominent members of the southern colony in New York met in the lobby of a down-town hotel the other evening to talk over old times with a genuine old South Carolina "squire," who is spending a few days in the city, says the New York Sun. This gentleman of the old school acquired the title of squire in the old days, when it was a little above that of "judge," and far above that of "colonel," as a mark of popularity and dignity, and he wears it gracefully still.

"Squire, suppose we all take something," suggested the big colonel from Kentucky.

"I can't do it, boys," responded the squire, and a far-away look came into his kindly eyes. "You see, I've stopped."

"Wh-e-w," whistled the colonel, with a long-drawn-out sound like a fall wind. "I can hardly believe you." And every man in the party looked as if he was thinking the same thing, but none made any comment.

"How did such a misfortune come upon you?" finally ventured a Virginian, after the first great wave of surprise had subsided, for they all knew that for nearly forty years the squire had taken his toddy three times daily after meals to aid his digestion.

"Well, boys, it was this way," he said. "The little nigger girl preacher converted me, and I've dropped a good many of my old ways, such as cussin', swearin', and drinkin'. I reckon you maybe all read that little editorial about her in the Sunday Sun suggesting that she should come to New York and preach in Madison Square garden. Well, all I've got to say is, if she comes you must all go to hear her, and if her sermon don't touch your hearts more than all the Parkhurst bombs and Talmagic Roman candles that you've listened to since you moved to this district, then I'll go back to my wicked ways."

"Who'd ever have thought that what a durned little pickaninny had to say would influence a man of your common sense, squire?" spoke up the oldest man in the crowd, testily. "I wouldn't have believed it of you. What manner of child is she, anyway, and where did she come from?"

"I don't know a great deal about her past history, which is a very short one, as she is only nine years old," commenced the squire, as he took a long draw at a corn-cob pipe, "but she was born near Washington, somewhere in Virginia, I think, in the fall of '85. Her daddy was a preacher, and died three or four years ago. This child, whose full name is Claretta Nora Avery, has always eagerly attended religious services and taken a great interest in the spiritual welfare of her people. She says that the love of God entered her heart when she was a year and a half old, and has never left it, but of course you all won't believe that, for no genuine darky has any idea of time. I'd been hearing and reading a good deal about her, and not believing much, and when business carried me to a small town in the lower part of the state, where she was holding a meeting, I decided to go around to the church to hear her. It was quite late, and I got there just in time to catch the last sentence of her sermon.

"'I'm going to stay in the field here until I die, and when death comes, some time, 'way over yonder, where my Jesus is, I'll live there too, singing always that new song with Him in glory.'

"Her voice had a mournful ring in it, and the little creature made a most pathetic picture as her head bobbed up from behind the pulpit and her great eyes roved over the congregation in an appealing way. She looked about her wearily and sadly for a moment, but soon a radiant light fell upon her face, for her sermon had struck home, and she knew it; the entire congregation began to sing, and the queer part of it all was, they began to sing the same thing. Soon some began to chant, while others cried aloud, moaning and bewailing their sins. You talk about your paid choirs. There isn't enough money in New York to buy such music as I heard that night. The voices were rich and full and sweet, and a minor chord that touched one's very soul was the predominating sound.

"Sermons and music have a most electrifying effect upon a colored congregation, and this one was soon wrought up to the highest pitch of religious excitement. Some of the mo'ners prostrated themselves on their faces, beating the bare floor with their hands until they were worn out, when they would lie in what is termed a trance. Others crawled on their knees to the pulpit. Many of them sat in the midst of this uproar and appeared neither to see nor hear, so intent were they in working out their own salvation. In the meantime the old sisters, who were sure of Heaven, kept on singing to keep things going. The leader that night was a regular old-time, befo'-the-war mammy, and goodness fairly beamed from her countenance.

"'I bin a li-ar so long, so long—
So long, so long;
I bin a li-ar so long'

she chanted in a weird, pathetic voice, and every person in the congregation who was able to lift his or her voice chanted the refrain at the end of every three lines:

"'Gin me a little time ter pray.'

"Every one was in motion. Some swayed their bodies backward and forward, some shuffled their feet in time to the music, and the very happy ones clapped their hands and shouted: 'Glory, my Lawd!' This kept up for hours. Several prostrate forms were carried out, and a number were left in the church, where they lay until next day. When I got tired and went away that night the little preacher, utterly worn out, had curled herself up in a splint-bottom chair, and was enjoying the sleep of innocent childhood. I could hardly sleep that night for thinking about that meeting. I tell you, boys, I was impressed."

"I always thought you were above such superstition, squire," remarked some one, as the squire stopped to refill his pipe.

"Well, anyway, I went back the next night," resumed the squire, "and for the first time got a good view of the little preacher. She is a perfect child in looks and ways. Her complexion is about the color of an old mustard ground ginger cake, her teeth white and even, the whites of her large, mournful eyes prominent, and she doesn't weigh more than sixty or seventy pounds. There were a lot of white people in the congregation, but she took no notice of them. Curiosity prompted me to go to listen to her, but interest held me there. She spoke right out in the most earnest way, as if her only thought was preaching the Gospel. Her delivery and gestures were easy, and, in fact, what she said and the way she said it beat nine-tenths of the preachers—especially these evangelists—white or black.

"She opened service with a very good prayer, and read, or rather recited, a chapter from the Bible, which did not bear on the sermon in the least. Her one thought seems to be to prepare for the Great Beyond, which she designates as 'way over yonder.' She talks about the hereafter in a most pathetic way, and I remember on that particular night her text was: 'Business in Heaven.'

"'I'll meet you there, sinner,' she said, 'for I got business with Capt. Jesus. I must 'tend to it. I must go where partin' is no mo'. I got to put on a long white robe, a starry crown, silver slippers, and sit at my Master's feet. I'll meet you over yonder, way over yonder, for we all got to cross Jordan stream dry shod and go over yonder. I'll meet you there, sad-hearted mothers. I'll meet you there, wicked fathers. I'm going to get inside those pearly gates. Are you? Are you? Sinner, you must get right. Learn it now. Now is the time. Way over yonder may be too late for you,' and so on. Night after night I went, and each time she had a new sermon, each one containing a sad strain.

"She made a pathetic figure, always clad in deepest black without the slightest touch of color, that children love so well, or the faintest suggestion of an ornament. When occasion demanded she rebuked thoughtless persons for bad behavior in a few clear-cut, kind sentences, and went right on with her sermon. If the Gospel grinders would only learn that it isn't these staggering truths, which cannot be grasped by the average mind, but a doctrine of simple, earnest faith that arouses people to better living. But they never will. Now it was the sincerity of the little nigger, and the earnestness of her followers, that impressed me, and, while I can't say that she converted me, she certainly set me to thinking, and I concluded to leave off doing certain things.

"I wanted to give her something, and couldn't make up my mind what to buy her. She reads poorly, and can scarcely write at all, but somehow she didn't seem like a child that would care for toys. Finally, in a sort of desperation, I settled on a large wax doll with highly colored cheeks and a mass of yellow hair. If you could have seen her antics of delight when she found that it was all her own. She clasped it to her as if she would never let it go, and then she told me that she used always to preach sermons to her dolls, and that the people who overheard her persuaded her to preach to people, which was the very thing she had always longed to do.

"Everybody agrees that she is a wonder, and I tell you she is. Many white people think her inspired, and the blacks believe that she is sent directly from God as a warning, and that the judgment day is coming soon. I don't know, because I've never thought a great deal about such things. But I do think she is entirely different from any little child that I've ever seen, and I shall never, never forget her, with her solemn ways and her unceasing warnings about what we must do and must not do 'if we want to meet each other when we get home, way over yonder.'"

There was a great shuffling of feet, coughing and clearing of throats among the squire's visitors as he concluded, and the blustering gentleman from Kentucky began to denounce the excise law in loud tones. But the squire looked at the rings of smoke as he blew them upward from his corn-cob pipe, and had little to say the rest of the evening.

English Self-Reliance.

In a recent controversy on the question of foreign clerks in the city, a London merchant wrote to explain that German clerks were in all respects but one vastly superior to English clerks. They talked more languages, they were more regular in their hours, they cost half, they never grumbled, they took shorter holidays and worked longer, and they never drank or gambled, or gave any trouble. The one drawback was that they could not be induced to take responsibility, whereas, the stupid, ill-educated, tiresome Englishman would, and that made him, after all, worth twice as much as the German. No; the failure to take responsibility is not the vice of our race, and while this is so, we need not fear the burden of empire becoming too great. Be the problems that beset us what they may depend upon it, there will always be Englishmen perfectly willing to assume them, and cheerfully and without any histrionic heroism, to do their best in a spirit worthy of the occasion.—London Spectator.

—Condemn no man for not thinking as you think. Let everyone enjoy the full and free liberty of thinking for himself. Let every man use his own judgment, since every man must give an account of himself to God. If you cannot persuade a man into the truth, never attempt to force him into it. If love will not compel him to come, leave him to God, the judge of all.—John Wesley.

THE SCIENCE OF WOOING.

How It Is Practiced in Many Strange Lands.

Talk with a Man Who Has Made the Subject a Study—The Origin of Some Old Wedding Customs — The Modern Marriage Broker.

Written for This Paper.

There are fads and fads. Some are vicious, others lead to the loss of time and money, and still others are perfectly harmless. Not long ago I met a long-haired gentleman who has devoted years of travel to the study of marriage customs in various parts of the world. He allowed his love for the subject to develop into an innocent fad and, according to his own testimony, spent thousands of dollars in the purchase of wedding gifts peculiar to different countries. But in spite of this seeming extravagance his fad has remained perfectly harmless. In

A MARRIAGE IN COREA.

fact, it has proved itself of great value, as it enables me to present to the readers of this paper facts in condensed form whose collection has cost many thousands of dollars.

Marriage among primitive people, according to my informant, is purely a business transaction. The natives of southern Siberia, for instance, buy their wives from the parents, paying for them sums ranging from twenty to seventy-five dollars, according to the physical attractiveness of the girls. Among the Tartars the same custom prevails, but the brides are more valuable, some commanding as much as one thousand dollars. A still more simple way of wooing is that of the Tchuktches, a Siberian tribe, among whom the would-be groom serves his prospective father-in-law for a certain number of years, according to agreement, like Jacob served Leban in patriarchal times.

A wedding in Corea is described as a unique ceremony. The groom, clothed in a gorgeous gown hired for the occasion, is preceded by his best man who carries a goose in his arms. The procession marches toward a small table before which the groom bows profoundly. Then he releves his attendant of the goose, whose feet are securely tied, and sits down. Soon afterward the bride, chaperoned by two elderly females, makes her appearance. Her face is painted white, with ghastly red spots on the forehead, on each cheek and on the lips, and her eyes are sealed. She is led across a large mat in the center of the room. At the end of the apartment her attendants place a white handkerchief over her clasped hands and lead her back to the mat. At this moment the bridegroom is supposed to appear at the other end of the mat. The bride salutes him by raising her arms to the level of her eyes and bowing three times. This greeting is returned in kind by the groom. Then they sit down at opposite ends of the mat, and the goose—an emblem of fidelity—is released after having been fed by an old woman. This completes the ceremony and the twain are one.

In Burmah the love-sick swain follows his inamorata for several days, at a respectful distance. If she is favorably disposed toward him she will smile at him on the third day, and the

KABYLE BRIDE READY FOR BEGGING RIDE.

young man can begin his wooing in earnest. In China girls are betrothed at a very early age, many brides being scarcely ten years of age. After marriage the girl is taken to her husband's home, where she becomes the virtual slave of her mother-in-law, whose every word is law. My informant argued from this that the stale mother-in-law jokes of our period must have had their origin in the celestial empire.

The most nonchalant method of courting of which we have authentic records is practiced in the Tonga islands and among some Australian tribes. When a man happens to see a maiden who pleases his fancy he knocks her down with a club and carries her to his hut. Among the Bengalis of India the maiden does the chasing. She pursues the youth of her choice in true foot-race style. When she has caught him he is carried to a river or creek by the girl and her friends and immersed with a vengeance, a proceeding which always terminates in a wedding.

All of the Mohammedan peoples and tribes, including the Turks, Egyptians, Persians and Arabs, cling to the tradition that it is improper for the groom to see his bride until after the marriage ceremony is performed. Among the Kabyles prevails another ancient custom. After the couple has been married the bride rides through the principal streets of the village on a mule, surrounded by a picturesque mob of relatives, who exhort the villagers to contribute victuals of various kinds toward the establishment of the new household.

In rural Russia the bride is conducted to the church by two young men and the groom is escorted by two bridesmaids. After the marriage ceremony the bride is conducted to her new home by the relatives of her husband and the groom is placed in charge of his wife's people. The Kirghese, sometimes called the lords of the steppe, are very fair towards their young women. If a girl objects to the youth who wants to marry her she has the right to challenge him to a foot race which is conducted on such a basis that she can easily escape, as the sympathy of the crowd usually is with the maiden.

But the material supplied by my informant is so voluminous that I could fill column after column with interesting details of primeval courtship; and I might as well close here and devote a few paragraphs to the symbolical customs in vogue in different lands.

Not so very many years ago betrothment was recognized by the laws of most European countries. These enactments, whose penalty was excommunication, have, however, been repealed. Instead of being made a social outcast the man who now refuses to marry a girl after having plighted his troth becomes defendant in a breach-of-promise suit.

Betrothment in all civilized countries has always been sealed by a pledge. In Turkey and other Mohammedan countries the groom-to-be sends to his prospective bride a gold amulet which is worn around the neck. In China red cards are exchanged in token of an engagement. The ancient Romans exchanged rings, a custom which has been adopted by all civilized nations.

Moldavia, a province of the kingdom of Roumania, is the home of the time-honored custom of throwing grain at newly-married couples, which is equivalent to expressing a wish for their prosperity. Another custom prevailing in that and adjoining provinces compels the bride to sweep the hearth of her new home in the presence of the assembled guests to indicate that she is willing to assume the duties of a housewife.

In the country towns of Germany the custom of throwing broken dishes

A KIRGHESE BRIDE.

and earthenware vessels against the door of the house occupied by a bridal couple is stil maintained, the object of the fusillade being the driving-away of "scolding sprites." This custom also prevails in Sardina. In some parts of the orient the bride cuts off her hair in tokens of submission to her husband, and in certain sections of Russia she pulls off her husband's boots, the groom at the same time giving her a slight cut with a whip.

Betrothments are still announced in newspapers and by card in Germany and Austria as well as most other European countries. In the United States this custom has never obtained a foothold, except among the Jews and the direct descendants of foreigners.

An important factor, of comparatively recent development, in matrimonial negotiations is the marriage broker. Adepts in this profession have existed from time immemorial. In parts of Asia and in the rural districts of eastern Europe, they have always been considered important personages; but in genteel society they were not recognized until very recently. The marriage broker of Paris is the prince of his profession. He usually maintains a costly establishment on one of the fashionable boulevards. Applicants for husbands or wives are listed and scheduled. They have to give their names, age, titles, possessions and prospects. Their statements are carefully investigated, and if found correct, they become clients of the establishment. The modus operandi of the brokers is as follows: After an applicant and his wants have been entered on the books, the agent proceeds to employ subagents who are familiar with the financial circumstances of all wealthy or titled families. These designate a man or woman, as the case may be, whose social position corresponds with the requirements of the applicant. The agent next ascertains what places of public amusement are frequented by the person he wishes to meet. Having accomplished this, he makes use of his large circle of acquaintances in all classes of society and secures an introduction. It is then a very easy matter to bring the two young people together; and in nine cases out of ten a marriage results. For his trouble the broker receives an entrance fee and a certain percentage of the bride's dot, without which no marriage is made in continental Europe. Many attempts have been made to establish similar matrimonial bureaus in the United States, but hitherto, let us thank the good sense of our people, without success.

G. W. WEIPPIERT.

It Made a Great Difference.

A Linn Grove girl found a package of love letters that had been written to her mother by her father before they were married, says the Sioux Rapids Republican. The daughter saw that she could have a little sport and read them to her mother, substituting her own name for that of her mother and a fine young man for that of her father. The mother jumped up and down her chair, shifted her feet, seemed terribly disgusted and forbade her daughter having anything to do with a young man who wrote such sickening and nonsensical stuff to a girl. When the young lady handed the letter to her mother to read the house became so still that one could hear the grass growing in the back yard.

Couldn't Have Understood.

"Yes, I had a long conversation with Miss Beaconhill, of Boston, but I don't think she understood half I said."

"What makes you think that?"

"Well, she didn't have her spectacles on."—Judge.

Wanted Truly Feminine.

Miss Chatterly—I wonder why Jack Manley is so devoted to the old ladies of late?

Grafton—I suppose it's because they're not new women.—N. Y. World

INDIANS ON WHEELS.

The Bicycle Fever Spreads Among the Last of the Mashpees.

The last of the Mashpee tribe of Indians have taken to bicycling, and if Secretary Lamont really has any desire to keep his western red men peaceable and happy he should send an expert down here to study the effect of the bicycle on the Cape Cod Indian.

Long ago the Mashpee Indians possessed all the Great Neck on this reservation. The largest remnant of the tribe to be found in New England, west of the Penobscot river, lives here. They are attractive to summer visitors, especially to the fishermen, because they know where the biggest fish are to be found. Although they once were good fighters, it is a long time since they have shown any warlike inclinations. Some of them have mingled the red man's blood with that of colored settlers by intermarriage.

Hitherto the Mashpee bucks have been content to stick to hunting and fishing, with a little agricultural labor now and then, while the women told fortunes, raised pappooses and made sweet-smelling grasses into baskets to be sold to summer visitors. But a change is in progress. The bicycle has invaded Mashpee. Usually the Indians make good profits of the summer and fall seasons, but this year, if everybody who wanted one had been able to secure a bicycle, the cash results from the hunting and fishing season might have suffered.

For miles around natives and summer residents have been accustomed to meeting Indians, wheeling briskly over the sandy roads, through the country their ancestors bartered for the pots and hatchets. No doubt some of the ancestors of these bicycle riders were swift-footed runners, who carried messages from the Indian chiefs to the Pilgrims and Capt. Miles Standish at Plymouth.

The Indians make capital riders, and catch the fever as quickly as do white men. They have not come yet, however, to knickerbockers, Norfolk coats, Scotch golfing hosiery and bicycle caps. Long trousers, dark flannel shirts and broad-brimmed, dark hats are becoming to the tall, swarthly men. Only a few of them are able to buy bicycles, but by next summer there will be enough of them to form the first Indian bicycle club in the country. None of the women ride, but they may be all learning in secret, as the society woman does.

A few miles away, at Onset, are supposed to be numerous spirits of great Indian chiefs, who haunt the spiritualist camp ground and controls the mediums. When these great chiefs learn of the new freak of their descendants there ought to be some interesting doings at Onset.—San Francisco Examiner.

EVOLUTION EVEN HERE.

The Dog's Bark Has Become More Expressive as His Culture Advanced.

The most curious imitation which we find in dogs is as to the measure of expression to which they have attained. Among the savage forefathers of the modern dog the characteristic of all their utterance was, to a great extent, involuntary, and once begun the outcry was continued in a mechanical manner.

The effect of advancing culture on the dog, however, has been gradually to decrease this ancient undifferentiated mode of expression by howling and yelping, and to replace it by the much more speech-like bark. There is some doubt whether dogs possessed by savages have the power of uttering the sharp, specialized note which is so characteristic of the civilized form of their species.

It is clear, however, that if they have the power of thus expressing themselves they use it but rarely. On the other hand, our high-bred dogs have to a great extent lost the power to express themselves in the ancient way. Many of our breeds appear to have become incapable of ululating. There is no doubt but the change in the mode of expression greatly increases the capacity of our dogs to set forth their states of mind.

If we catch a high-bred dog—one with a wide range of sensibilities, which we may find in breeds which have long been closely associated with man—we may readily note five or six varieties of sound in the bark, each of which is clearly related to a certain state of mind. That of welcome, of fear, of rage, of doubt, and of pure fun are almost always perfectly distinct to the educated ear, and this, although the observer may not be acquainted with the creature. If he knows him well he may be able to distinguish various other intonations—those which express impatience, and even an element of sorrow. This last note verges toward a howl.—Scribner's Magazine.

The Absence of Odor.

The girl of small experience with the ways of cologne and sachet makers finds it difficult to resist such alluring titles as "White Rose," "New Mown Hay" and "Wood Violet." She may not possess a sufficiently cultivated sense of smell to perceive how crude and obnoxious these perfumes, when of the cheaper varieties, really are, and she is too apt to drench herself with them. The "tawny" tresses of one of Amelie Rives' erratic heroines are described as exhaling a natural perfume, which with righteous vehemence is declared for being "Lubin's Extract." And Henry Ward Beecher used to say that the most universally agreeable smell was no smell at all.—Philadelphia Press.

And Had No Returns.

"Odd about that killing of Smedly, wasn't it?"

"I hadn't heard."

"Yes; took out a five-thousand-dollar policy only last week and yesterday was shot and killed."

"Well, some fellows were born lucky—I've been paying premiums for twenty-five years!"—Chicago Record.

A Joke?

One exceedingly warm day a neighbor met an old man and remarked that it was very hot.

"Yes," said Joe; "if it wasn't for one thing I should say we were going to have a thaw."

"What is that?" inquired the friend.

"There's nothing froze," said Joe.—Tid-Bits.

The Arithmetic of It.

Mr. Grumps—I don't see how it is those Morman women could be contented with only half a husband.

Mrs. Grumps—A woman with half a husband has only half as much trouble as a woman with a whole husband. That's why.—N. Y. Weekly.

AN ODD NEGRO COLONY.

Thirty Bachelors Who Dwell in an Old Time Pennsylvania Town.

No one passing along Germantown avenue where it crosses Broad street can fail to observe the dilapidated old building which stands some distance back from the street on the southwest corner of Broad street and Germantown avenue. The house presents a striking appearance on account of its pretentiousness. It is built of stone, three stories in height, with a wide-spreading porch extending in full length of the building and carried around the side.

The mansion was built between seventy-five and a hundred years ago for inn purposes. From the time of its erection and for forty or fifty years afterward it was the only hostelry between the city proper and Germantown, and, consequently, a very popular road house. Its convenience to Broad street made it one of the greatest resorts in old times for sleighing parties from the city, who would drive out there on cold winter evenings for a good supper and something hot and strong to quench the thirst and warm the inner man.

Several years ago the property was purchased by F. G. Palmer and George A. Rice for $105,000. It was given out at the time that Messrs. Palmer and Rice intended to construct a large manufactory on the property, but up to the present date this has not been done, and the house is now occupied by about thirty young colored men, who have formed a kind of community among themselves in the old building.

These men rent their rooms separately from the owners of the property. Some club together to pay this rent, three or four living in one room, while others who are more prosperous occupy and pay for a room for themselves. The men are all employed in various occupations in the vicinity of the building where they reside, and the majority of them earn good wages. If one man happens to get out of work, if popular with the rest, he is usually assisted by the crowd to pay his board until he can secure work again, when he is expected to reimburse those who have helped him.

As a rule the cooking of the crowd is done by one man, who is delegated by lot or some such arrangement to cook for the household for a week. The men all buy their own food, which is prepared for them to their liking. Among the appointments of the house is a chapel, where service is held every Sunday, a colored preacher being brought out from the city for the purpose. There is a barber-shop also in the house and an oyster saloon, where the men, when particularly flush, can regale themselves on a stew made of the choicest bivalves.—Philadelphia Times.

BREAKING A MIRROR.

Its Significance to the Girl With a Superstitious Turn.

"There!" said the girl who was getting ready to go out. "I've broken my hand mirror! What does that mean?"

"Seven years of sorrow," said her friend; "it also betokens that you will quarrel with your dearest friend."

"Charlie? That would be too dreadful!"

"Charlie? I thought you always counted me your dearest friend! So you have let the cat out of the bag. That pudding-headed Charlie Strong! Before I'd—"

"You needn't say anything more, Sue Garland, I hate you! And as for Charlie, you know you would have given your eyes to have caught him!"

"Pooh! I refused him half a dozen times before he ever looked at you. I wish you good afternoon and a better temper, my dear," and the friend slammed the door behind her.

There were several other girls left and they one and all began to condole with the girl who had broken her hand mirror. But she was inconsolable.

"You see how it has acted already, and if there are to be seven years of it I shall just died, I know I shall! There, I've quarreled with Sue, the dearest girl in the world, and that's only the beginning!"

"Let me see where it's broken," said one of her chums as she picked up the cause of the trouble.

"There's a fracture right through the length of the glass, but I don't know how it came there. I didn't drop it or strike it against anything. Seven years? Ain't it just awful?"

"Seven grandmothers!" exclaimed the other girl; "that isn't a fracture; it's nothing but a streak of moist air. Look. I can wipe it off with my handkerchief!"

"So it is. Oh, you dear thing, run right after Sue and bring her back. Tell her the glass wasn't broken, and we haven't quarreled after all! And the seven years are up already, and oh, ain't I just thankful!"—Detroit Free Press.

The Law's Loops.

Pennsylvania Justice — You are charged with a gross outrage, sir, in throwing eggs at the distinguished lecturer, Col. Brownay—

Prisoner's Attorney (interposing)—Did I understand the court to define the charge as a "gross outrage"? If so, I move to quash the whole proceeding.

"On what grounds?"

"There were but eleven dozen thrown, sir—"

"The point is well taken. It is a good sign that men restrain themselves before transgressing the law. He might even have thrown half a dozen more—but seems to have exercised wonderful judgment. Discharged!"—Cleveland Plaindealer.

The Man and the Clothes.

Gosling (in his first dress suit)—What do you think of it, Tom?

Tom—Well, if you could only put on a more haughty air you would look almost as gentlemanly as our head waiter.—Tit Bits.

Hands or Heels.

Teacher—What is the chief end of man?

Sharp Boy—It all depends on whether the man is a statesman or a dancing master.

—Agesilaus of Sparta was known in his time as The Lame, on account of a slight physical deformity. For the same cause Albert II. of Austria, Charles II. of Naples, Heinrich II. of Germany, received similar designation.

—Solitude relieves us when we are sick of company, and conversation when we are weary of being alone, so that the one cures the other. There is no man so miserable as he that is at a loss how to use his time.—Seneca.

A doubtful rumor has gained currency that the queen will make a visit to Ireland next summer.

USEFUL AND SUGGESTIVE.

—Sand Tarts—One cup of sugar, one cup of butter, three eggs well beaten, just enough flour to roll out thin.—Womankind.

—Breakfast Gems.—One pint of flour sifted with one heaping teaspoon of baking-powder; mix with one beaten egg, one pint of sweet milk and a salt spoon of salt. Beat together thoroughly and bake in hot greased gem irons.—Chicago Record.

—Ginger Pudding.—One cup of molasses, one cup of milk, one teaspoonful of soda, one teaspoonful of mixed spice, one tablespoonful of ginger, one-half tablespoonful of butter, one teaspoonful of salt. Flour to make the consistency of soft gingerbread. Boil three hours.—Boston Budget.

—For Burns.—Balsam of copaiba and linseed oil, in equal parts, applied directly to the burn will stop the pain instantly and facilitate recovery. Cotton saturated with oil may then be placed about the burned parts as a dressing. The application excludes the air from the burned tissues, and so relieves the pain at once.—Christian Inquirer.

Veal Loaf.—Chop and pound to a paste three pounds of the fat and lean of a leg of veal. Cooked meat may be used, but raw meat makes a more juicy dish. Add six butter crackers, pounded to a powder, and a lump of butter as big as an egg, a teaspoonful of pepper, a pinch of cloves, a tablespoonful of salt, a teaspoonful of minced parsley, and, finally, two well-beaten eggs. Work the whole mass into a loaf. Rub it well with softened butter, and bake it on a rack in a dripping-pan, with water in the bottom to catch the drippings. Baste the loaf once in fifteen minutes. If cooked veal is used, add a cup of brown gravy to the other ingredients in a veal loaf, and cook it only one hour. Cook raw veal an hour and a half or two hours, or until thoroughly done. When the loaf is cold, cut it into the thinnest slices.—Housekeeper.

—Potato Salad.—This received great praise. Over the yolks of two eggs in a bowl, pour two tablespoonfuls of boiling vinegar. Set the bowl in boiling water, and stir till the mixture thickens, then beat in gradually a tablespoonful of butter. When cold add a teaspoonful of mixed cayenne pepper and salt in the proportion of one part pepper to six of salt, half a teaspoonful of dry mustard wet to a paste with cold water, and half an onion chopped fine. Mix this dressing gently with a pint of thinly-sliced cold potatoes. In their season a few sliced cucumbers, a little chopped cabbage or celery, a little more vinegar, with a few tablespoonfuls of slightly acid cream added to the above, make a still more delicious salad.—Ohio Farmer.

COMING STYLES.

What Will be Worn Next Winter by Women of Fashion.

Fashions for the coming winter are going to show many marked departures from the styles of the past few months, and not the least conspicuous new feature will be the presence of what may be called "shepherdess" styles. In some of these the over part of the skirt is looped up so that a petticoat shows all around. The petticoat may be short enough to show high, red-heeled slippers and their big instep rosettes. The over part of the gown is one with the bodice and is made in big flowered silk, the petticoat a contrasting satin. The neck is cut square, the sleeves are close fitting over the shoulder, and below the elbow are finished with a frill that sets out jauntily. A fichu may be worn with this rig to take from the plainness at the shoulder, but women are sure to grow accustomed to this plainness very soon, odd as it will look at first.

Just so long as there is the slightest suggestion of anything less than winter's rigor many of the features of women's dress that have prevailed in summer will hold correctness. Sleeves of billowy soft stuffs, swirling skirts, beribboned throats and wide hems grew more extravagant as summer waned, and will not surrender their vogue easily. When they finally do give up the losing contest there will be one comfort—the fact that there is lots of material in these dresses, and ways will appear of "making over" that will gladden many hearts.

Though crepons are commonly said to have had their day, some of the finest and costliest examples of this weave are still to be found in the stores. The skirt of one dress is of this rich stuff, and is topped by a blouse waist of silk, checked finely and faintly with red and white. For it the silk is gathered at neck and waist, and is banded at the top with two rows of white valenciennes lace. It fastens invisibly at the side and has a ribbon collar with rosette garniture. The trimming consists of bretelles, belt and sleeve finishing of red satin ribbon, dotted with bows of the same on the shoulders.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Preparing Codfish.

Salt codfish, unless properly soaked, is most indigestible. It ought, according to the famous Boston Cooking school teaching, to be steeped at least twenty-four hours, changing the water several times and mixing one-third milk to the last steeping water. Prepared in this way it is wholesome enough. It can then be boiled either in milk or in plain water, or half and half, taking care that after the liquid into which the fish is put when it is cold merely simmers after it once gets to the boiling point. Serve with a garnish of salsify or parsnips, sliced lemon and bits of crisp parsley. Hand round brown bread and butter and egg sauce. Salt cod can also be served appetizingly after it is boiled in a wall of mashed potato with anchovy sauce over it, or after it is boiled marinade it for a couple of hours in lemon juice and oil, with salt, pepper, sliced onion, carrot and parsley. Then lift it out, drain well, flour and fry it. Serve with fried parsley and tartar sauce. Plain boiled salt cod can also be served with brown soubise, black butter, cream or maitre d'hotel sauces.—St. Louis Republic.

A Deluded Tramp.

"If you have any wood to chop, ma'am," said Tired Tatters to a rural housewife in the gas region. "I'd like to chop it in return for a square meal."

"Very well," replied the woman with alacrity. "You'll find some in the cellar; you can go to work on it."

"Fooled again!" ejaculated the poor man, wringing his hands in agony. "A fellow over yonder told me you used natural gas for fuel!"

He went away disconsolate.—Pittsburgh Chronicle

UNEMPLOYED WIVES.

The Natural Tendency of Women Who Have Nothing to Do.

There are some vulgar persons who look upon a condition of idleness as a condition of happiness. Ease of body to them necessarily implies ease of mind. It is not strange, since the lot of so large a portion of humanity has been for centuries one of ceaseless toil for the mere necessities of life, that bodily ease should be so highly esteemed. Yet from the days of ancient Greece the fallacy of this idea has been frequently shown. Still the belief is popular and the idea is general that the greatest boon the young husband can promise his wife is that she shall have "nothing to do." He proceeds either on the sentiment of the poet that love is woman's noble existence, or the equally absurd fancy of others, that food and clothes are sufficient for a woman's needs. He does not for a moment put himself in her place and imagine what his life would be if he had nothing to do or think about. The primary need of every human life is an object. Among the working classes there is always housework, the care of children and much "boiling and baking" to feed many mouths, and sewing to take up the time of the wife at home. These women are the overemployed wives whose greatest need is leisure for rest and recreation. It is only the husband who is somewhat successful in the accumulation of money who can fulfill the ideal the world has set, and give his wife "nothing to do." He employs servants to do housework, governesses and nurses to care for the children and thus wipes out as far as possible every object of employment about the home, leaving his wife responsible for nothing. The superfluous task of overlooking servants where expert help is employed and choosing her own clothes at the dictates of a fashionable milliner and mantua-maker is all the work left her. Thousands of husbands live up to the last cent of their incomes in order to allow their wives to lead such a vapid existence. The sentiment of the world, of the stage, and sometimes the pulpit, seems to demand this. The modern husband is quite as apt to be a slave to public opinion as any woman. However unjust it may seem to him in his sensible moments that the last dollar of his income should be used up in order that his wife should lead an idle and useless life, he is too fond of the approbation of the world to make any change in the way of family living. When the husband is not able to provide an establishment of generous pretensions a boarding house is the popular resort of those who like to live with the greatest show on the smallest means. Myriads of families who ought to be in plain homes of their own, drudging somewhat while they have youth and strength to save money against the "evil days," are spending everything that the wife may lead a perfectly idle existence, which seems to be the popular American translation of the obligations of the promise to "love and cherish." Without social ties or acquaintances in the great city where their husband's business may be, such women spend their time in various petty ways which do not disprove the old adage that Satan still some mischief finds for idle hands. They have nothing to occupy their time, and gossip is their certain resort. These are the women who crowd into fashionable weddings where they have no invitation, who insult propriety by their overdressed appearance at funerals in which they have no interest but morbid curiosity. These are the women who fall ready victims to loud-dressed schemers who have no reputation to lose. These are the women whose scandals so often fill the divorce courts. These are the unemployed wives, the ennuied, wretched class whose time hangs heavily on their hands, and who have neither children nor homes to make life worth living.—N. Y. Tribune.

Dining-Room Belongings.

While we do not expect easy chairs or anything approaching them in character at table, pains should be taken to have chairs which are comfortable. There is no excuse for many of the patterns of dining-room chairs save the desire to make something so stiff and awkward that it could never by any possibility be spirited away to any other portion of the domicile. Then there should be a thick, warm carpet in winter, to deaden the sounds of movement, and to relieve that sense of bareness which always accompanies uncovered floors. Most emphatically, the dining-room is not a place for rugs. As there should be no necessity for the waiters to open even a swinging door, the passage through which service is rendered should not be closed; but it should be cut off by a screen, behind which the waiter will disappear, and from the mysterious receptacle in the rear of which he will again emerge, laden with those things which are to make the palate and the heart glad. Above all things, the dining-room should be well ventilated before and after meals, so that it may at all times be fresh and sweet, free from the odor of food, which soon becomes stale and very disagreeable.—Good Housekeeping.

To Cure Blotches.

Dark blotches on the face call for the use of acid fruits, much lime juice and water to drink, or weak lemonade or cream of tartar lemonade, half a dozen glasses of which may be taken daily with benefit. Slices of lemons or sour oranges with the steak at breakfast, spiced fruits and sweet pickles go well in this order, especially the inimitable Hungarian stewed prunes, which have a slightly thick sirup, piquant with lemon juice and spices, only served with roasts. This is special cosmetic food, tempting, refining, satisfying, but never satiating. You perceive it is something widely different from the melancholy stewed prune of the lunch table.—St. Louis Republic.

Punishing Children.

Moral suasion may do very well for older children, but I never could appreciate its powers during babyhood. I read the experience recently of a mother who was a strong believer in the "Come away, baby; there's a darling, do," theory, but her own little one began to creep about. Like other babies, he investigated everything within reach, being especially attracted by the books which he could reach and pull to the floor. For awhile, the mother patiently replaced the books and carried baby away. Just as often he went back again, until patience ceased to be a virtue. Then theory gave way to something more practical—the mischievous little hands were punished—and the books were left in peace.—Womankind.