# 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 21, 1895. VOL. XX.—NO. 52.


### THE BACKLOG.

Quarried and knotted and richly incrused, a giant stark in a velvet pall,
Cloven of steel to his purple heart, cloven of steel to a crashing fall,
Prone he lieth. In curling smoke, dryads are sighing his vanished name.
Behold, his bier is the chimney-place! For censer-priests he hath singing flame.

The sere world rocks in a lusty wind: each eave-drip bristles a diamond spear.
From the hollow sky there rings a cry, the wildest note of the passing year.
Honk! Honk-k! E-hon-nk!!—as wild fowl sweep through the rainy wrack upon weary wing.
Turn, turn thee back to the hearth's warm light, and list what the censer-priests may sing!

"Oh! the summer won, and the autumn held, and the winter strengthened," the flame-notes ring.
"Till they made him bravest in good green wood, and the birds of the air all owned him king.
It is given a king to be nobly wise—with potent magic he subtly wrought
Till his sap was vital with golden heat, and his heart the strength of the frost had caught.

"A king he stood, a king he fell, doubly a king he lieth low.
We waste his strength, and his true heart thrills as the dusk is thrilled with its leaping glow.
A royal reckoning thus he makes with sun and summer and hardy frost,
Whose lesson runs, in tree, in life, the warmth of loving can ne'er be lost."

—Martha McCulloch Williams, in Outlook.

## THE LITTLE CASK.

Mister Chicot, innkeeper of Eperville, stopped his tilbury in front of Mother Magloire's farm. He was a big fellow of forty, red-faced, high-stomached, and passed for being mischievous.

He tied his horse to the way post at the gate, then took his way into the court. He possessed an estate adjoining the old woman's land, which for a long time he kept watch upon. Twenty times he had tried to buy it, but Mother Magloire obstinately refused.

"Here I was born; here will I die," she said.

He found her peeling potatoes in front of her door. Being seventy-two years old, she was dried up, wrinkled and bent, but as indefatigable as a young girl. Chicot tapped her in a friendly way on the back, then seated himself on a stool beside her.

"Well, mother, and is your health always good?"

"Not so bad; and yours, Mr. Prosper?"

"Eh! eh! A few pains, otherwise it is satisfactory."

"Well, so much the better."

And she did not say anything more.

Chicot watched her accomplish what she wanted. Her crooked fingers, knotted hard like crab's claws, seizing, pincher fashion, the grayish tubercles with one hand, and quickly she moved it, taking off long strips of the skin with the blade of an old knife which she held in the other hand. And when the potato had become quite yellow she threw it into a pail of water. Three fearless fowls came, one after the other, close to her skirts to pick up the peelings, then ran off as fast as their legs would carry them, bearing their booty in their beaks.

Chicot seemed ill at ease, hesitating, anxious, with something on the tip of his tongue which would not come out. At last he begins:

"Tell me, Mother Magloire—"

"What can I do to oblige you?"

"This farm, you still will not sell it to me?"

"As to that, no. Do not count on it. I have said it. Do not talk about it again."

"The fact is, I have found an arrangement which will suit us both."

"What is that?"

"Here it is. You will sell it to me, and still you will keep it. Don't you see? Follow my meaning?"

The old woman left off peeling her vegetables and fixed her quick eyes with their crumpled eyelids on the innkeeper.

He resumed: "I will explain myself. Every month I will give you one hundred and fifty francs. You hear me well—every month I will bring to you here, in my tilbury, thirty crowns of one hundred sous. And so there is nothing changed—nothing at all. You remain here at home; you need not trouble yourself about me, you owe me nothing. You only take my money. Does this suit you?"

He looked at her with a joyous air, with a good-humored air.

The old woman, looking for the snare, considers it with misgivings. She asks:

"That is for me. But for you—that does not give you this farm at all."

He continued: "Don't worry yourself about that. You will remain as long as the good Lord lets you live. You are at home. Only you give me a little note from your lawyer to say that after you it comes to me. You have no children, only nephews, for whom you care little. Does this suit you? You keep your land during your life and I give you thirty crowns of one hundred sous every month. It is all gain for you."

The old woman remained surprised, but tempted. She replied:

"I do not say no, only I want to think it over. Come again and talk about it the middle of next week. I will tell you what I think of it."

And Mister Chicot went away as contented as a king who had just conquered an empire. Mother Magloire remained thoughtful. The next night she did not sleep. During four days she had a fever of hesitation. She smelt something bad for her in it, but the thought of thirty crowns a month, of this lovely, clinking money which would come rolling into her apron, which, without her doing anything, would fall to her as if from heaven, consumed her with desire. She went, therefore, to see the lawyer and told him her case. He advised her to accept Chicot's proposition, but instead of thirty to ask fifty crowns of a hundred sous, her farm being worth at least sixty thousand francs.

"Should you live fifteen years," the lawyer said, "in this way he only pays forty-five thousand francs."

The old woman quivered at the prospect of fifty crowns of one hundred sous per month; but still she had her doubts, fearing a thousand things unforeseen—tricks hidden—and she remained until evening asking questions and unable to decide or to go away. At last she orders the act to be prepared and the great house, dazed as if she had drunk four pots of new cider.

When Chicot came to know the answer she allowed herself to be entreated, muttering that she would not. But, governed by the fear that he would not consent to give the fifty crowns of one hundred sous, as he insists, she at last announces her pretensions.

He had a shock of disappointment and refused. Therefore, to convince him, she began to reason with him upon the probable duration of her life.

"I have little more than five or six years for certain. Here I am nearly seventy-three, and at that not vigorous. The other night I thought I was passing away. It seemed to me that they were obliged to carry me to my bed."

But Chicot was not to be caught. "Come, come, old experienced one, you are as solid as the church bell. You will live at least one hundred and ten years. For certain it will be you who will bury me."

The whole day was lost in discussion. But as the old woman would not concede the innkeeper at last consented to give the fifty crowns.

The following day they signed the agreement, and Mother Magloire demanded ten crowns for some measures of wine.

Three years passed. The old woman was miraculously well. She did not seem to have aged at all, and Chicot despaired. It seemed to him that he had been paying this income for half a century; that he had been deceived, cheated, ruined. Sometimes he went to pay a visit to the farm, just as one goes in the fields in July to see if the wheat is ripe for the flail. She received him with a mischievous look. One would have said of her that she congratulated herself on the good joke she had played on him, and he remounted his tilbury, muttering: "You old carcass; you won't die!"

He did not know what to do. On seeing her he would like to have choked her. He hated her with a sulky, ferocious hatred—with the hatred of a peasant who had been robbed.

Well then he would find the means.

Accordingly, he came one day to see her, rubbing his hands as he had done the first time when he came to propose the arrangement. Then, after chatting a few minutes:

"Say, mother, why do you never dine at my house when you go through Eperville? People tattle; they say that we no longer are friends, and that makes me mourn. You know that at my house you do not need to pay. I do not grudge a dinner. Any time you feel inclined to come, come, without ceremony; that will please me."

Mother Magloire did not wait for a second invitation. Two days after, on her way to market in her jaunting car, conducted by Celestin, her groom, without formality, she put her horse in Mister Chicot's stable and claimed her promised dinner.

The innkeeper, radiant, treats her like a lady, serves her with chicken, meat pudding, leg of mutton, and cabbage with bacon. But, being from her infancy temperate, having always lived on a little soup and a buttered crust, she ate scarcely anything. Chicot, disappointed, insisted. Neither did she drink. She refused to take coffee.

He asked: "You will accept, of course, a small glass of brandy?"

"Ah! as to that, yes. I do not say no."

And he called across the inn with both of his lungs: "Rosalie, bring the brandy, the superfine, the Eau-de-vie."

The servant appeared, holding a long bottle, decorated with a paper vine leaf.

He filled two small glasses.

"Taste that, mother; it is famous."

And the good woman began to drink, very slowly, taking small sips, thereby making the pleasure last longer. After emptying her glass she drained it, declaring:

"That, yes—that is the fine champagne brandy."

She hadn't finished speaking when Chicot poured her out a second dose. She would have refused, but it was too late, and she slowly tasted it, as she had done the first.

He then wanted to make her accept a third allowance, but she resisted. He insisted: "This, this is milk, do you see? I drink ten, twelve without harm. It goes down like sugar. Nothing in the stomach, nothing in the head; one might say it evaporated on the tongue. There is nothing better for the health!"

As she had a desire for more she acquiesced, but she took only half a glass. Thereupon Chicot, with a breath of generosity, cried out to her:

"See, since it pleases you, I will give you a small cask; this will let you see that we are always a pair of good friends."

The good woman does not say no, and she goes away a little tipsy.

The next day the innkeeper entered Mother Magloire's court, and from the bottom of his carriage pulled out a little barrel encircled with iron. Then he wished her to taste its contents to prove that it was the same brandy; and when both drank three glasses on going away he declared:

"And besides, you know, when this is finished there is still more. Do not feel embarrassed. I am not grudging. The sooner that is finished the more pleased I will be."

And he remounts his tilbury.

Four days later he returns. The old woman was in front of her door cutting bread for her soup. He approached her, wished her good day, talked close to her face in order to inhale her breath. He noticed a whiff of alcohol. Now his face brightened.

"You surely will offer me a glass of brandy?" said he.

They touch glasses two or three times.

But soon the news spreads through the country that Mother Magloire got intoxicated when alone. One picked her up sometimes in her kitchen, sometimes in her court, sometimes in the neighboring roads where they were obliged to carry her home as inanimate as a corpse. Chicot did not go to see her any longer. When one spoke to him about the peasant he murmured, with a sad face:

"Is it not sad, at her age, to have taken such a habit as that? Don't you see, when one is old there is no help for it. Some day it will likely end badly for her."

It did, indeed, and badly for her. The winter following, near Christmas, she fell drunk in the snow.

And Mister Chicot inherited the farm, while he declared: "That peasant, if only she hadn't become a drunkard, surely might have lived ten years longer."—From the French, for Chicago Tribune.

—How often events, by chance and unexpectedly, come to pass which you had not even dared hope for.—Tourgee.

### SOME PLAIN FIGURES.

**A Waste of Food Product that Needs Only to Be Understood to Be Appreciated.**

A spare, nervous-looking man, arrayed in a rusty suit of black and carrying a small valise in his hand, went into one of the leading hotels and addressed himself to the clerk.

"I see you use a raw potato as a pen-wiper," he observed.

"Yes," replied the hotel clerk, who happened to be at leisure and in a mood to be gracious. "It is as good as anything else, and keeps the pen from corroding."

"Have you ever made an estimate," asked the stranger, leaning forward and speaking in a confidential tone, "of the probable effect of the general adoption of the potato as a pen-wiper, or rather a pen-sticker?"

"I don't think I have," said the clerk.

"It is worth your while, sir," rejoined the man in black, speaking earnestly and hurriedly.

"There are in this town to-day probably not less than two hundred hotels that habitually use potatoes to stick their pens in. Each one takes a fresh potato every morning. That uses up two hundred potatoes a day. In a bushel there are about one hundred potatoes of the size of this one you are using. That makes two bushels a day, or seven hundred and thirty bushels a year. Do you begin to see——"

"My friend——"

"Wait a moment. That is merely the begining. I have spoken only of the hotels. The use of the potato as a pen-sticker is growing constantly. It is spreading to mercantile establishments. Imagine what will be the consequences when the hotels, and stores, and offices of this town use up one hundred thousand selected potatoes every day! Think of it! The enormous total of thirty million five hundred thousand potatoes, or three hundred and sixty-five thousand bushels in one year, in Chicago alone! And every blamed potato gone to waste! A potato, sir, is no good when it is stuck full of ink. It is rendered absolutely valueless. Imagine, if you can——"

"Say, are you—"

"No, sir, I am not Mayor Pingree in disguise. I am not a potato enthusiast. I am a plain citizen with a head for figures and the figures to show for it. With a view of doing what one man can do to prevent a custom thoughtlessly and inadvertently adopted from becoming a national calamity," he proceeded, opening his valise, "I have invented a little arrangement of wood, leather and tissue paper. I call it the Comprehensive pen-wiper. It is, as you see, very much more ornamental than a potato. It is cheaper. It involves no waste of a useful food product. Renewed once a week, it will last a year, at a total expense of—"

"I don't want it."

"At a total expense, I was about to say—"

"I don't care what the expense is. I don't want it."

"You don't, hey?"

"No. I wouldn't have a car load of them as a gift."

"Oh, you wouldn't! You don't care how soon there comes a shortage in the potato crop and the price runs up to ten dollars a bushel! That's the sort of man you are, is it? You're willing to go ahead and plunge the country into a potato famine, are you? Rather than spend twenty-five cents for a useful invention you'd see the whole darned country starve, would you? A man, sir, that will stand right up in the face of facts and statistics—a man that can't be reached by figures and doesn't care for figures—is a man, sir, that would have committed the crime of 1873 if he'd had the chance. That's all, sir."

He put the comprehensive pen-wiper back in his valise, shut the latter with a loud snap, and with a look of lordly scorn strode away.—Chicago Tribune.

### SOLD HIMSELF.

**An Incident in the Life of a Man Now Living in Pennsylvania.**

John Aufdembaus is the proprietor of a hotel in Braddock which bears his name. He is to-day a very successful business man, but his life has been filled with incidents of a startling character. Though only forty years of age, he has crossed the ocean sixty-five times. Mr. Aufdembaus was from the castellated city of Calm, on the banks of the beautiful Rhine, in Germany. His education was liberal. When he was thirteen years old both of his parents died and he entered one of the big iron mills of the fatherland. A couple of years later he became imbued with the spirit of travel and set out for Brazil, having in his possession four hundred dollars, the result of his frugality while employed in the mill.

He had not been in that country long before his money ran out and he found himself penniless and hungry. Slavery existed in Brazil at that time, and in a fit of desperation he sold himself as a slave for two hundred millreis, equivalent to two hundred dollars in United States coin. His disposition of himself in this manner meant that for the balance of his life he was the property of another, and as such could be transferred just the same as an animal. His master sent him along with two hundred other slaves out to a coffee and fruit plantation, where he labored along with his fellows, most of whom were negroes, and in return for his labor received what he could eat and the necessary clothing, and nothing else. Fortunately for the young man, he retained possession of two watches, and, giving one of them to the overseer, was made slave-driver.

One day, eight months after becoming a slave, he was sent to the coast with one hundred slaves in his charge with loads of fruit, dye wood and coffee. Arriving at the coast young Aufdembaus found that the little vessel to which the goods in his care were consigned was the same vessel on which he had come to Brazil, and he lost no time in explaining his situation to the captain, who agreed to take him back provided he could escape.

The vessel was to sail in the evening, and the last of the goods had been placed on board and the slaves had been ordered ashore, and before they had reached it the big ship had spread her sails and was sounding homeward, and the heaven of the slave pen was left behind. The return trip was made in safety, but young Aufdembaus was not satisfied, and entered the employ of the Red Star line, and remained with that company for a period of six years in the capacity of cook and butcher. While thus engaged he crossed the Atlantic sixty-five times, winding up his last voyage by winning a wager of five hundred dollars by swimming from his vessel to a point at one of the piers in New York harbor, reaching the goal ten minutes ahead of time, having been in the water two hours and twenty minutes.

Seventeen years ago he came to Braddock without one dollar in his pocket, and went to work in the mill. To-day he is the successful proprietor of one of the town's most prosperous hotels.—Pittsburgh Post.

### OLD CUSTOMS KEPT ALIVE.

**Quaint Antique Formalities Still Strictly Observed in England.**

There are some exceedingly quaint and curious customs which are yet observed in England, some daily and others only at certain seasons of the year, whose origin is so ancient as to be unknown.

In the tower of London every night, for example, a little before eleven o'clock, the yeoman warder on duty calls to the main guard for the "escort of the keys." The main guard immediately turn out under charge of an officer, and on their approach the sentry challenges: "Who is there?" The yeoman warder answers, "Keys." "Whose keys?" the sentry then demands, and the reply is: "Queen Victoria's keys." The sentry then calls out: "Advance, Queen Victoria's keys. Guard, turn out!"

The guard then present arms, the warder advances, and, standing in front of the guard, holding the keys up in his hand, calls out, "God preserve Queen Victoria!" to which the guard respond with a chorus of "Amens." The yeoman warder then proceeds to the apartments of the governor of the Tower and there deposits the keys.

It is in the provinces, however, in the secluded villages, where time seems to have stood still for centuries, that the most interesting observances are to be met with. In Wiltshire a favorite form of sale is the "auction by candle." No one knows the origin of this method of sale, but it has been kept up for hundreds of years. The auctioneer lights a bit of candle about half an inch in length, and while it burns extols the merits of what he has to sell. As the candle sputters and is about to expire the bidding begins, and the article is knocked down to the purchaser whose bid is received the instant the candle goes out.

The institution known as the "Dunmow flitch" has been in existence for over nine hundred years. Early in the eleveth century Robert Fitzwalter made a bequest that whatever married couple shall go to the priory, and, kneeling on two sharp-pointed stones, will swear that they have not quarreled nor repented of their marriage within a year and a day after its celebration, shall receive a flitch of bacon." It is interesting to note that this flitch of bacon was not claimed until some two hundred years after the death of the legator, but that nowadays there are frequent claimants for it.

"Pancake Day', at the Westminster school is another ancient custom. On this day at eleven o'clock, the senior verger of the abbey, silver wand in hand, ushers the cook of the school—carrying a silver frying-pan in which reposes a "pancake" of substantial proportions—into the presence of the assembled school. Then the cook steps forward and tosses the pancake high in air and the boys make a grand scramble for it. The one who gets it, or the largest piece of it, secures the prize from the dean. The prize is a guinea, and the cook receives two guineas for his part in the affair.

At Hungerford there is a quaint custom which has not been allowed to fall into disuse since it was originated in the days of John of Gaunt. Two townsmen are chosen each year, and, carrying a pole decorated with flowers, they go about the town, visiting every house and demanding a kiss from every lady.

In several of the seaport towns of the eastern coast of England every Good Friday the "castigation of Judas" is indulged in. An effigy of the betrayer is hoisted to the rigging of a ship, then lowered and ducked three times in the sea. It is then hoisted on board and soundly flogged by the sailors, who keep up a continuous rude chant. The custom is said to date from soon after the introduction of Christianity into Britain.—N. Y. World.

### HABITS OF THE MANATEE.

**A Harmless Monster that Feeds Under Water on Grasses.**

A manatee belongs to a mammalian order called Si-reni-a, or sea cow, which contains only three species—our manatee, that of west Africa, and the dugong of Australia. As its clumsy form suggests, it is an animal of quiet and even sluggish habits, entirely harmless, and easily taken when once its haunts are known. When at home its food consists of tender aquatic plants and grasses, always eaten under water, and its presence generally revealed by the bits of broken stems and grass which escape and float to the surface above which it is feeding.

In captivity it feeds on cabbage, lettuce, the leaves of the canna, celery tops, watercress, spinach, and also certain kinds of ocean sea-weed. In the St. Lucie river, its favorite food is a luxuriant, trailing, aquatic grass, called manatee grass, in which the manatee finds not only good food, but good hiding places from its human enemies.

The bones of this animal are massive, solid, and quite heavy (some hunters will tell you its bones are "solid ivory"), and its skin is as thick and tough as that of a hippopotamus. I have seen very good canes made of strips of manatee-skin, twisted like a lightning-rod, and dried. Its flesh is very good, and to me it tastes quite like lean pork. Curiously enough, this strange creature actually sheds its outer skin every year, as does a serpent. The living specimens that from time to time have been captured and kept for exhibition in Demerara, Philadelphia, New York and London, have in all cases been of small or medium size, varying in length from four to seven feet. The one which was shown in the Central park menagerie, in 1873, was six feet nine and one-half inches in length, and weighed four hundred and fifty pounds.—W. T. Hornaday, in St. Nicholas.

**A Literary Man.**

She—I understand Mr. Kinks is quite literary.

He—Not that I have heard of.

"Why, some one told me he wrote for the magazines regularly."

"Of course he does. He's our newsdealer and supplies the trade."—Detroit Free Press.

### FOREIGN GOSSIP.

—The British government, after a year or two of hesitation, has finally decided to raise Uganda and the region lying between Victoria Nyanza and the east coast to the estate of a protectorate, has voted a snug sum for the maintenance of order, and in due season is likely to construct a railroad.

—Montenegro is to have a standing army. Hitherto, though every man is liable to serve in time of war, the prince's body guard of one hundred men has been the only organized force kept up during peace. Now the whole population will gradually be drilled in the use of the new arms provided by Russia, one section following another in continuous service for three months.

—Sir William Vernon Harcourt has been elected a trustee of the British museum. The museum is governed by a board of fifty members, only fifteen of whom are elective. Nine, called family trustees, are hereditary; one, the royal trustee, is nominated by the crown, and twenty-five are official trustees. These thirty-five fill fifteen other places, as vacancies occur, by election for life.

—Italy will issue a new postage stamp to commemorate the twenty-fifth anniversary of the taking of Rome. In the upper half is a figure of Italy, with the iron crown; below Victor Emanuel's saying, "In Rome we are and in Rome we stay," and Umberto's, "Rome is intangible." There are also a number of symbols—the she wolf of Rome, the eagle of Savoy, profiles of King Victor and King Humbert, the Italian crown, and the dates 1870-1895.

—The Western railroad of France has adopted a plan by which a person notifies the St. Lazare station in Paris of his intention to take a train to any station on the line, the company will send to his address for his trunk, take it to the station, register it for its destination, inclose the receipt (answering precisely to our check) in an envelope with the ticket for destination, and hold it at the station till the passenger applies and pays for it.

—The railroad from Beyrout to Damascus, 90 miles, was opened for traffic early last June. There are 25 miles of it with grades as steep as 370 feet per mile, and curves as sharp as 400 feet radius, on which the Abt cog-wheel system is used. The line passes the crest of the Lebanon mountains in the Mezar pass at a height of 4,900 feet above sea level only 20 miles from Beyrout. It then descends about 2,300 feet to the plateau, and again climbs the opposite chain of Ante-Lebanon and descends to the plain of Damascus.

—Defects in development of the body of English city children are more common among the boys than girls, according to Dr. Warner's report to the British association, the proportion being 8.7 of boys to 6.8 of girls. Girls' skulls, however, are more apt to be abnormally small, especially in the neighborhood of large buildings. Thirty-six per cent. of the boys and 45 per cent. of the girls were dull. Defective skulls are much more frequent among Irish children than among any of the other nationalities found in English towns.

—The Chateau of Amboiso has been bought from the executors of the Comte de Paris by the Duc d'Aumale, who intends making it a home for the soldiers that fought under him in Africa, after which it will become a state museum like Chantilly. Charles VIII. was born and died in the chateau; it was the scene of the bloody massacre following the Conjuration d'Amboise in 1560; Leonardo da Vinci is buried in the chapel, and Abd el Kader was imprisoned there for two years. In 1848 the chateau was confiscated, but it was given back to the Comte de Paris in 1872 by the national assembly with the other domain lands that had belonged to Louis Philippe. The restoration of the chateau was begun twenty years ago by Viollet le Duc.

### A KLEPTOMANIAC DUCHESS.

**Speculation Rife in England as to Her Identity.**

Speculation is rife in London as to the identity of the English duchess who, according to the annual police reports of the French government just published, has been arrested during the last twelve months in one of the great Parisian emporiums for shoplifting, quantities of stolen articles being discovered about her person.

Her grace was subjected to the indignity of arrest and search by the police and to the even still more intolerable ignominy of detention for forty-eight hours at the depot, or central police station, among the crowds of drunk-and-disorderlies and criminals of every description who are assembled there previous to being brought before the magistrates.

The duchess was with great difficulty extricated from this disagreeable situation through the intervention of Lord Dufferin, the British ambassador, and only after the payment of a fine of ten thousand dollars, which has been devoted to the relief of the Parisian poor.

The Parisian police, with the gallantry that belongs to their race, have had the commendable consideration to abstain from mentioning her grace's name in their published report. Unfortunately, however, the number of English duchesses is exceedingly small. There are not more than twenty of them altogether, and they are such important personages that their migration to and fro on the continent are considered worthy of mention in the newspapers, English and foreign.

Now there are only a few of the strawberry-leaf-coronoted ladies who crossed the continent to Paris last year, hence there are about three among whom the titled shoplifter must be.

People are inclined to ascribe the identity of the kleptomaniac duchess to a lady twice widowed, a commoner by birth, but married into a ducal house.

It is well known that last year something happened which suddenly caused this until then frivolous lady to entirely change her mode of life and to become very penitent, her days now being spent in fasting, prayer and in the endeavor to do good to the poor. Moreover, she has abandoned Paris, once her favorite residence. Presumably it was the arrest and forty-eight hours in the police depot that effected this radical transformation.

Yet her grace may console herself with the knowledge that she is by no means the only lady of rank afflicted with kleptomania or who has been arrested while engaged in shoplifting. The daughter of a reigning prince in Germany and Anna Rankin, princess [illegible] were detected some [illegible] purloining small articles in a Paris shop and were only let go after paying heavy fines.

Kleptomania is a form of insanity far commoner among the high-born and delicately-nurtured classes than people realize, and inasmuch as Paris is the headquarters of everything in the shape of feminine elegance and articles of one kind and another calculated to tempt the purse and the wishes of the fair one, it is only natural that those afflicted with this moral ailment of kleptomania should find it impossible to suppress it on the banks of the Seine. Consequently the foreign embassies at Paris are put to a good deal of trouble in extricating their country-women from scrapes of the kind in which the English duchess above referred to involved herself.—Chicago Record.

### LABOR ORGANIZED IN RUSSIA.

**Trades Unionism Has a Firm Hold in the Domain of the Czar.**

So little is known about conditions of life in Russia that the fact of the existence of labor organizations on a large scale has generally been overlooked. These associations or artels form an important part of the industrial organization and are almost entirely free from government control. It is doubtless to this that so little has been said about them. Some reference, however, was made to them in a report issued by the British foreign office in 1892, and now a fuller account is given in a report made by Mr. Carnegie of the British embassy in St. Petersburg. From this report it is learned that the artel system had its origin as far back as the tenth century, when organizations were effected for hunting, fishing and trading purposes. From these early beginnings the system has been so far extended that there are few occupations or trades in Russia in which artels are not or have not been formed. There are artels of carpenters, painters, blacksmiths, masons, porters, bargees, waiters, etc.; artels of workmen are employed in making pottery, cheese, percussion caps, boots, gun carriages and ropes, and there are even artels of beggars, traveling musicians and horse-stealers. They are, it seems, generally guided by the old customs and regulations which have been handed down for generations. The whole system is based upon the following fundamental principles: (1) Each member of the association has an equal share in the duty and work; (2) each member receives an equal share of the profits, and (3) all the members are mutually responsible for the work and conduct of each. As a rule, women are not admitted to the artels of the men, but they have a number of their own, such as that engaged in the cultivation of tobacco in the province of Tchernigoff. There is another artel composed of women engaged in loading ships with grain at Archangel, the members speaking a kind of polyglot language which can be understood by the captains of any foreign ships visiting that port.

Mr. Carnegie thinks that the artel system undoubtedly leads to better work, because it is for the interest of the members that all perform their full share and are punctual and sober. The whole system seems to be very similar to the mediæval guilds, therein differing from the labor unions of to-day in that more matters of detail are attended to. Trades unions occupy themselves with many matters, but individualism has grown to so great an extent that the multitudinous rules of the guilds are not tolerated.—Buffalo Express.

### TOO BUSY TO GET MARRIED.

**A Kansas Girl Who Owns and Trains Trotting Horses.**

It is doubtful if anyone is better known at race meetings in Kansas, Missouri and Iowa than Miss Ann Wilson, who was born fifteen miles west of Topeka, and has always had her home in the Sunflower state. In years gone by her father, Andy Wilson, was one of the most prosperous stockmen in Kansas, his estate at one time being valued at half a million. Mr. Wilson always had a few blooded horses, and Mina inherited her father's love for the racer. While yet a mere baby she learned to manage the most mettlesome among the lot, and no challenge for a race across the prairie ever passed by her unaccepted. In the days of his prosperity her father sent her to Bethany college, Topeka, where she advanced rapidly in her studies, shining particularly in the art class. While Mina was at college her father met with sudden business reverses, and in a short time his entire fortune was swept away, nothing being left but the old homestead. At that time Mina had several thoroughbreds of her own. Some of these she sold for sufficient funds to finish her education at Bethany. Then she returned home, and with the few animals she still owned began to raise racing stock. This work was interrupted for a time when Miss Mina went to Washington state to conduct a school. The confinement of this life so wore upon her that she soon gave it up, returning to the old homestead, where she has remained ever since. She has been remarkably successful in raising good race horses, her favorite pair at present being Ding and Valencia, a pacer and trotter respectively. She is making money, and means to keep on until she has enough to pay her expenses for a year at one of the best art schools in Europe. Miss Mina has had numerous offers of marriage, but always declares that for the present she is too busy to think of such a thing; when her education has been completed it will be time enough to consider matrimony. The walls of her home are plentifully adorned with paintings from her brush, not a few of the efforts showing considerable power. The dream of her life is to become an artist—not a famous artist, she says, but so successful as to win commendation from some of the European critics. If determination and honest effort may be relied upon she will doubtless realize her dream.—Chicago Chronicle.

**Not a Proper Question.**

Among the questions given in the Summer school examination by the directors in a small town was the following example in arithmetic: "If Alexander can fire off nine crackers a minute for one hour and six minutes and Robert can fire seven crackers a minute for the same time, how many more will Alexander have fired off than Robert?" When the question was propounded, a little girl immediately arose and piped out: "Please, teacher, I don't want to answer that. Five crackers has powder in them, and powder is used in war, and war, [illegible] wicked, and I don't [illegible]."

### TRIED TO PLEASE EVERYBODY.

**Why the Bicycle Girl Was a Weird and Wooly Spectacle.**

She was probably the weirdest-looking spectacle ever seen on Manhattan island. She came down the steps of her remote Harlem home and confronted her family on the front steps. Two bicycles of the masculine and feminine gender respectively stood at the bottom of the steps, and a masculine bicyclist lounged against the rail.

"Why, Maude!" exclaimed the apparition's mother. "What have you on your head, child?"

It was quite evident that Maude had on a big black chip hat trimmed with pink roses and black chiffon.

"My garden-party hat," replied Maude, composedly. "You know that the last time I rode papa objected to my cap. He said there was no reason why I should make myself more hideous than nature had intended me to be, and added that this was a becoming piece of headgear."

"But—Maude!" cried her eldest sister, "you have forgotten your skirt."

"Oh, no, I haven't," said Maude. "I am wearing black satin bloomers because Claude declared that no woman who wore a skirt could ever look at ease on her wheel. So I have simply left it off."

"Will you be kind enough to explain why you are wearing silk stockings and strapped slippers?" demanded Maude's father.

"Certainly, sir," replied the young woman. "Mamma says that it breaks her heart to see me with hideous bicycle shoes and masculine-looking gaiters on. And I don't wish to break her heart."

"Why are you wearing that heavy Norfolk jacket and a standing collar this warm night?" demanded Maude's brother.

"Because sister has assured me that she loves to see me look trim and trig, and has added that I look trim in nothing else.

"Well," exclaimed her aggrieved mother, "you surely can't accuse any of us of asking you to add the finishing touch to your ridiculous get-up by wearing that gold chain and heart-shaped locket."

"No, none of you. But Charles"—looking at the waiting bicyclist—"begged me always to wear it. Now, here I am, dressed according to suggestions from you all. Are you satisfied? Do you like it? Or will you let me dress to suit myself in the future?"

"Go dress yourself properly Maude," said her mother.

"Yes, go!" shouted the repentant family.

And ten minutes later a neat figure in brown cap, skirt and gaiters and a pink shirt waist, rode merrily off on her wheel.—N. Y. World.

### BAIRD'S TAPIR.

**A Common Enough Animal That Can Not Be Seen in Any Collection.**

Still less known in this country, and never seen, either in menageries or museums, are the two species of tapir found in Central America. The sleek, plump-bodied, chocolate-brown tapir of South America we do see occasionally, both alive and dead, but of Baird's tapir there is not even one adult stuffed specimen in existence, either in this country or in Europe. A few skulls and skeletons and two or three mutilated and unmountable skins are positively all the world possesses in representation of this species, and, what is still worse, no naturalist has yet had an opportunity to even write a description of the full-grown animal! The young animal is known to be of a reddish-brown color, marked with irregular white spots and stripes.

Our universal poverty in specimens of the tapir named in honor of Prof. Baird is not due to the extreme rarity of the animal, but rather to a lack of enterprise on the part of the intelligent white men who from time to time have had it in their power to procure and to preserve specimens. The animal is well known in Panama, Costa Rica, Nicaragua, Honduras and southern Mexico.

Although tapirs are usually found along small and well-shaded rivers in the hot lowlands of the tropics, they are frequently found on forest-covered mountains as well. Dr. Frantzius informs us that the Costa Rica Baird's tapir is found both in the lowlands and on the highest mountain ranges. He says also that "it is much hunted, for its flesh is very delicate; the backwoodsmen salt it, or dry it in the air, and thus provide themselves with large stores. Its thick hide is very useful. * * * Tapirs are very fond of salt-licks which are formed in the neighborhood of the numerous mineral springs by the evaporation of the saline water. Here they are either shot with bullets on moonlight nights, or are hunted down with dogs, and killed with spears."—W. T. Hornaday, in St. Nicholas.

**The Pacific Slope Still Has Gold.**

Out on the Pacific slope the old mining experts and some who are not such veterans, but, nevertheless, know a great deal about the mineral riches of that section, are filled with disgust when they see the world, America excepted, going crazy over the gold fields of south Africa, while the deposits of that metal between Mexico and Alaska go comparatively unheeded by capitalists. Both in California and in British Columbia there are plenty of men who insist that after the boom in south Africa shall have burst and the west Australia excitement shall have died out the world will come back to the Pacific slope of North America for its best and surest supply of the precious metal, which was never more eagerly sought than it is now.—Cleveland Leader.

**Manufacture of Precious Stones.**

Since science has demonstrated that artificial rubies can be manufactured, there is little doubt that before long diamonds and other gems will also be turned out from the laboratory. It can scarcely be said that made rubies are not genuine, as they differ in no respect of material or appearance from the stones manufactured by nature, but it is declared possible to distinguish them by means of a microscope. It is a curious caprice that will discard an article as spurious merely because it is turned out of the laboratory of man instead of nature, especially when there is no difference between the two products.—N. Y. Ledger.

**Women Discussed.**

Bakers—Has Wilkins succeeded in teaching his daughter to ride her new bicycle yet?

Mistaker—Yes, she is out riding now.

"Is Wilkins really [illegible]?"

"Yes, he's in a [illegible]."—N. Y. Weekly.

### FLATTERING FIGURES.

**An English Statistician Gives Us Reason to be Proud.**

The English statistician, Michael G. Mulhall, publishes in the June number of the North American Review an article on "The Power and Wealth of the United States." Mr. Mulhall's conclusion is that:

If we take a survey of mankind in ancient and modern times as regards the physical, mechanical and intellectual force of nations we find nothing to compare with the United States in this present year of 1895, and that the United States possesses by far the greatest productive power in the world.

Mr. Mulhall shows that the absolute effective force of the American people is now more than three times what it was in 1850, and that the United States possess almost as much energy as Great Britain, Germany and France collectively, and that the ratio falling to each American is more than what two Englishmen or Germans have at their disposal. He points out by a careful comparison between the conditions in these different countries, that an ordinary farm hand in the United States raises as much grain as three in England, four in France, five in Germany or six in Austria. One man in America can produce as much flour as will feed two hundred and fifty, whereas in Europe one man feeds only thirty persons.

Mr. Mulhall calls special attention to the fact that the intellectual power of the great republic is in harmony with the industrial and mechanical, eighty-seven per cent. of the total population over ten years of age being able to read and write.

"It may be fearlessly asserted," says he, "that in the history of the human race no nation ever possessed forty-one millions of instructed citizens."

The post office returns are appealed to by Mr. Mulhall in support of this part of his statement, these showing that, in the number of letters per inhabitant yearly, the United States are much ahead of all other nations.

According to the figures of Mr. Mulhall the average annual increment of the United States from 1821 to 1890 was nine hundred and one million dollars, and he adds that "the new wealth added during a single generation—that is, in the period of thirty years between 1860 and 1890—was no less than forty-nine billion dollars, which is one billion more than the total wealth of Great Britain."

Classifying the whole wealth of the union under the two heads, urban and rural, Mr. Mulhall finds that rural or agricultural wealth has only quadrupled in forty years, while urban wealth has multiplied sixteen fold. Before 1860 the accumulation of wealth for each rural worker was greater than that corresponding to persons of the urban classes; but the farming interests suffered severely by reason of the civil war, and since then the accumulation of wealth among urban workers has been greatly more than that among rural workers, a fact which Mr. Mulhall thinks explains the influx of population into towns and cities.—N. Y. Sun.

### ALL RIGHT BUT THE NAME.

**Charles Stewart Parnell's Laughable Experience in Kentucky.**

To illustrate how naturally some Kentuckians seize an opportunity to make a speech, I recall an incident that happened in the legislature in 1886, when Mr. Charles Stewart Parnell was invited by the general assembly to visit Frankfort. A member was selected by the general assembly to present him to the house and senate, and it was distinctively announced by the committee in charge that no other speech would be allowed in joint meeting.

The speaker of the house, a worthy, ambitious man, was in the chair. As Mr. Parnell, leaning on the arm of Gov. Luke P. Blackburn, entered the door of the hall, our spokesman met them, and, turning to the speaker and the large and distinguished assembly, formally presented Mr. Parnell, stating his official position, the praiseworthy motive that brought him to America and his plans for the relief of Ireland, then afflicted by famine. Our sympathy for him and his country was expressed in earnest and glowing terms. After speaking five minutes the spokesman, according to instructions, escorted him to the speaker's desk, it having been agreed that Mr. Parnell should at once address the assembly; but before he could open his mouth the speaker unexpectedly rushed into a speech, saying: "Ladies and gentlemen, I have the honor to present Mr. Cornell. [To set the gentleman right, Mr. Parnell whispered his name, and the speaker, correcting himself, proceeded:) He is a distinguished member of the English parliament, and no name is more beloved in Ireland than that of Mr. Cornell. (Again Mr. Parnell whispered the right name, and again the speaker, correcting the mistake, proceeded:) I am sure you will recall this day in after years with delight, and that a favorable report of your courtesy will be carried back