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, JANUARY 4, 1896. VOL. XXI.—NO. 2.

TWO BROTHERS.

There were two brothers reared together
In a low-eaved house by the fields of corn,
Who rambled among the fields and meadows,
Content and happy, though country born;
And one was a dreamer, ever listless,
As if hearing sweet whispers far away.
"The flowers are sweet in the waving meadows;"
They are summer's kisses" the dreamer would say.
"The grass is better," responded the other.
"And fills the mows and stacks with hay."
But, ah! the dreamer, he loved the singing
Of the waving leaves and the wanton brook;
He loved the song of the warbling red bird,
He loved the hush of the shady nook.
"Hear the robins sing?" he would sometimes murmur.
"Hush and listen." But the other one
Cried: "Ho! they are stealing our ripest cherries!
I would that we had our father's gun."

The soul of the dreamer was filled with music,
And he sang as the thrush in the tangled briers;
And oft at eve, when the sun was setting
And the good wives builded their supper fires,
They would hear his song float over the meadows,
Sweet and clear as the chapel's bell.
The plowman stopped in the clodded furrow;
The lifted lash unheeded fell.
"God bless the child," they would softly murmur,
"With his bird-like song and angel face."
While their lips took up the mellow chanson,
While their hearts took in the saintly grace.
But still more able they reckoned the other—
The silent brother, who sturdily strode,
Quickening the pace of the lagging cattle,
And plucking the berries along the road.

To manhood grown in the busy city.
Two brothers lived, their ways apart;
For one bent low in a lonely attic,
And one strode bold in the city's mart.
The people praised the sweet-voiced singer;
The songs of his soul were on every lip;
But they cringed and bowed to the wealthy merchant,
And worshiped his hoard of gold and scrip.
The years passed on: in the mighty city
Death came at last alike their lot;
But one he found in a stately chamber,
And one he found in a humble cot.

Two graves there are in a country churchyard,
O'er one a mass of marble stands;
O'er the other naught but a humble rose bush,
Planted in pity by loving hands.
Strangers come where the two are lying.
Admiring they pause by the rich man's grave,
But with tears and flowers they remember the dreamer,
Who, glorified, sleeps where the roses wave.
—Maurice Clayton, in Inter Ocean.

SOCIAL INQUISITORS.

BY C. A. PASSKER.

DORINDA dropped in the other day, after the free and easy and altogether delightful fashion that she has of so doing whenever she feels inclined. I should not like this custom in every one I admit, but I do like it in Dorinda, and she knows it. She would also know if I did not, and would order her ways accordingly. Dorinda is a person of excellent sense. I saw at once, on this particular occasion, that she was feeling much annoyed, but I did not make any inquiries, conjecturing that they would be unwelcome, and knowing them to be unnecessary. I am very well acquainted with Dorinda.

She pulled off her gloves with a nervous gesture and tossed them on the table; her hat followed, then she unfastened her wrap and sank wearily into a comfortable chair, while I proceeded with my task of endeavoring to repair, as inconspicuously as possible, a very conspicuous rent in a diminutive pair of trousers.

Dorinda watched me absently a few moments, then inquired: "How did he accomplish it? Was there a nail in the cellar door? or did the poor child attempt to hang himself in a fit of desperation over the appalling amount of unpunishable rudeness in the world?"

I lifted my brows with an "O, that's it, is it?" expression, and asked "From what point of view has it presented itself this time?"

"The interrogation point," Dorinda replied, then taking off her wrap, announced that she would stay to tea.

"Very well," said I. "You see this basket, and Jane is away. However, if you are willing to risk it, I don't object in the least."

"I'll take the chances, I'm not very hungry," and picking up a pair of stockings, Dorinda began deftly to fill the gaping heels.

There was silence for a few moments, then she exclaimed impetuously: "Isn't it the strangest thing that people who consider themselves well-bred should ask the questions that they do, and sometimes very evidently with the idea that they are being polite and agreeable!" and she darned away with energy, which method of relieving her

DORA BEGAN DEFTLY TO FILL THE GAPING HEELS.

feelings was, I confess, quite satisfactory to me."

"Who is the offender this time?" I inquired, critically inspecting at arm's length the results of my labor on the trousers aforesaid.

"There are several of her. I've been making calls all the afternoon, and I feel ready to renounce the custom forever. Now you know it is not my way to discuss in detail my own or family affairs. Some people enjoy it, and I suppose the best intentioned of the questioners take it for granted that every one does, their bumps of discrimination being but slightly developed; other well-meaning persons are thoughtlessly curious, while as for those nominal members of polite society who catechise one out of pure inquisitiveness, they, of course, cannot be expected to take into account the question of acceptability. Inquisition," she concluded, [illegible] pause she continued [illegible] given to unpleasant [illegible] now and then un[illegible] to me as on this occasion [illegible] to go to Mrs. Bayne's; I never do go except when persuaded that it will seem decidedly rude to stay away any longer, she is so kind and friendly. To-day she asked if I were going home during vacation, and when I replied that I did not expect to do so, she looked so surprised, and then inquired, point blank: 'Why not?'

"Was I under any obligations to tell her I couldn't afford it? I didn't anyway, but gave an evasive answer, and her countenance continued to express the most exasperating surprise and interrogation, and I left as soon as possible, fully determined never to go there again.

"O, of course I shall," she added, in response to my look of disapproval—Mrs. Bayne is an excellent woman, "but it will not be for the pleasure of going, certainly.

"Mrs. George Smith inquired what wages Tom is getting now, and I did not tell her. I laughed and said that he hadn't authorized me to inform people. I know she was offended, and of course she will conclude that his salary is less than it actually is."

"Anything more?" I queried, as Dorinda paused and fished somewhat

I PREPARED ONE OF HER FAVORITE DISHES.

savagely from the basket a fresh needle.

She gave a rueful little laugh.

"O, yes, plenty. You think me a wretched grumbler, I dare say, but I have been unusually tried this afternoon by these petty annoyances.

"Dora Gregg quizzed me about my hat, under pretence of admiring it, until I was obliged either to lie about it or tell her that I made it myself. You know without being informed which horn of the dilemma I grasped, and numerous acquaintances will forthwith have the pleasure of passing judgment upon my taste and skill.

"Now, as I do not voluntarily proclaim myself my own milliner, what right, pray, has anyone to compel me to do so? Dora is an old friend, and a nice girl, but I do not enjoy her society because she asks so many questions that are not warranted by old friendship.

"Why, O why, will people be inquisitive? Why can't they see that it must make others afraid of them?

"There's one place where I love to go, and that is Mrs. Spalding's. She is a perfect lady. She never asks annoying questions. She makes one entirely at ease, and draws out the best that is in one also. You are comfortably conscious, too, that she will not make disagreeable remarks about you after you have gone. Ah! think what a place this world would be if it were made up of Mrs. Spaldings," Dorinda rapturously concluded, then relapsed into mournful, meditative silence.

As I prepared one of her favorite dishes for tea, hoping it might have a slightly soothing effect, I pondered over the class of offenses bewailed by my young friend, and reflected that if the attention of those who thus transgress the laws of politeness were called to this matter, some might thereby be led to take heed unto their ways, for it cannot be supposed that any right-minded person wishes to make her friends afraid of her, or desires to be numbered among them, and hold a place upon their visiting lists simply through sufferance.

But do you not perceive, beloved questioners, that as regards certain of your acquaintances, presumably, too, those whose friendship you most prize, these things will result from your thoughtless, possibly politely intentioned inquisitiveness, as surely as from the impertinent curiosity of Mrs. A. or the mischief making of Mrs. B., whose failings you deplore and whose society you avoid?

Doubtless to persons of a certain mental cast your interrogations are agreeable, but Dorinda and many another are not of these, and if it be not clearly manifest to you to which class an individual belongs, then, I beseech you, steer your conversational bark clear of all personal questions that are open to a doubt on the score of acceptability.

Let this rule, dear inquiring friends, lay, from henceforth, its restraining hand upon your lips, and many a sensitive soul shall bless instead of fear you.
—Good Housekeeping.

AT ONE FELL BLOW.

Agatha Dispelled the Hopes of Algernon Herringafield Forever.

They were sitting in a settee in a sequestered corner of the porch. The dipping moon was hanging low in the hesitating sky, but the beams scarce penetrated the mass of morning-glory and honeysuckle vines that hung down in dark, fascinating ropes before them.

He felt that the time had come, and by devious and circuitous paths proceeded to direct his conversation to the critical point.

"This reminds me of a Spanish night," he said at last. "The mellow moon and rustling vines fill one's soul with poetry."

"Yes," she answered with a soulful sigh, "I can almost imagine that I see before me a dark hidalgo and hear the notes of his soft guitar."

He thought for a moment. Her words were like burning brands to his heart. Then, leaping to his feet, he went on, with the impetuous ecstasy of a madman:

"It's no use, Agatha; I can't keep what I feel from you any longer."

If a blush or any other evidence of emotion came to the fair girl's face it could not be seen in the darkness. She remained listless as he continued:

"I am being consumed—"

It was then that she interrupted him. Turning her face toward the door leading to the hall, she called in languid though kindly tones:

"Papa, do come and smoke a cigar; these horrid mosquitoes are taking Mr. Herringafield up."—N. Y. World.

EXPOSITION ECHOES.

Notes of the Great Fair Being Held in Atlanta.

The Show Is a Great Financial and Artistic Success—Variety in the Scenes and Attractions—Features Not to be Overlooked.

Special Atlanta Letter.

THE ATLANTA exposition is now in the full tide of success. In spite of the fact that for some time after its gates were opened the exhibition was incomplete in many of its attractions, it has up to the present time paid expenses. The attendance during September, notwithstanding the severely hot weather, was larger than had been expected, and has since been steadily on the increase. Large excursion parties from the surrounding states have become quite the fashion. One day, not long since, several thousand Tennesseeans passed through the exposition turnstiles. Large parties of journalists have made themselves familiar with the principal attractions. The last week of October, including the first days of November, Atlanta welcomed within her gates 500 newspaper men. Three of the largest state press organizations in the country arrived at

THE WOMAN'S BUILDING.

the same hour. The editors came from Missouri, Illinois and Arkansas. Said one of the editors: "When we entered the grounds what we saw astonished us. We looked in amazement for several minutes from the terrace near the auditorium upon the beautiful buildings and the grand panorama that was before us. If we were going to have an exposition in our state we would have the exposition here as our model." Quite a number of Chicago business men, together with the First regiment and a brass band, are on the eve of invading the great fair.

The success of the exposition in the matter of attendance comes from the tremendous attractiveness of that enterprise. Nothing could be imagined more complete and harmonious than this show of the great cotton states of the south. The reduced rates of travel on the railways have also contributed largely in the direction, though not going nearly so far as the cordial hospitality of the Atlanta hosts. The action of the managers in declining to open the exhibition grounds on Sunday has given widespread satisfaction throughout the south, where reverence for the Sabbath has not yet given place to the loose ideas which prevail in some other parts of the country.

But a word of caution is not out of order. The exhibit of rascals and impostors in connection with the Atlanta exposition is as rich and varied as it has been at other great fairs, and the visitor might do worse than look to his purse strings. It is not the fakirs of the Midway who are to be feared, not those who sell pure gold badges for a quarter of a dollar, who lure you into cheap shows or bad dining halls, not even those who pick your pockets in dense crowds or sandbag you in dark alleys. These are open-hearted, honest rogues whose designs may be anticipated and whose deeds may be averted by a keen eye and a stout cane. The dangerous rascals are those who shake your hand.

The peerless of fraud thrives on crowds and vanity. There is no opportunity at such times as these to analyze society. Everybody is on the rush, seeking invitations, parting their hair in the middle, wearing their best gowns and brightest jewels, spending money

FINE ARTS BUILDING.

with careless grace, holding their heads as high as they can, in fine, being of the world worldly and striving for distinction in cosmopolitan society.

In this turmoil and passion, when heads are turned with the thunder of high names, when eyes are blinded with glares and glitters, when even the poor brain becomes soft because the legs are tired and the arms are weary and the stomach is jaded with beautiful foods and bad hours, the soft, smooth, oily rogue of society glides around in high carnival. One invitation to a swell function, and the rogue's career is easy; one introduction, and his snare is set.

If there is any one thing that the promoters of the fair pride themselves upon, it is the variety in its scenes and attractions. This is found in plenty among smaller buildings erected by states and corporations, such as the handsome Knickerbocker mansion, of New York state; the Longfellow home, of Massachusetts; the superb villa, of Illinois; the quaint old Catholic mission, of California; the queer looking barracks of Alabama; the Cozy bungalow, of Costa Rica; the giant log cabin, of the creole kitchen; the pretty Renaissance, of the women's annex; the wonderful plant pyramid, of Florida; the railway sheds or stables, in which the iron horses stand upon exhibition; the campanile, the graceful music stand, where Gilmore's band pours forth its flood of melody every day; the Alsatian village, with its interesting representation of Alsatian, Spanish and Saracen types of construction; the Japanese and Chinese villages, which transport Tokio and Canton to the Gate City of the South, and the Indian village and Dahomey village, where savage Africa confronts savage America in equal ingenuity and dirt.

Here and there, in rhythmic undulations, winds the main road, one-half macadamized, as if to show the modern age, and one-half corduroy, that is to say, composed of a solid roadway of heavy pine planks, as if to represent the beginning of the century. The clever artist of the exposition so arranged road and meadow, hill and building, that from every point along the thoroughfare are two or three long vistas, each different from the rest, and yet each of the greatest attractiveness.

Devotees at the Napoleonic shrine will find some interesting mementos of their idol in the Virginia Colonial case. These relics are genuine, having been inherited by the exhibitor from Mons. Pascal Schisano, to whom they were given by Charles de Montholon, consul at Richmond, Va., who had received them from his father, Marquis de Montholon, and from Gen. Bertrand, both devoted friends of the emperor. Minnesota, however, has the most valuable Napoleonic relic at the fair; it is on exhibition in a small case in the Decorative art room, and is a small iron chest, with a curious lock, in which Napoleon carried his private papers when on his campaigns. Other interesting things connected with the French revolution are also to be seen in this exhibit.

In the Lucy Cobb room, Woman's building, are three old prints, date, 1601, one of the Vatican library, one of the Ducal palace, Venice, and the third of the garden of the Tuileries, printed for Carrington Bowles, St. Paul's church yard, London, the artist's name, Mareschi. The lucky owner of these rare prints bought them only a few years ago for $1.50.

The cradle in which Jefferson was rocked is exhibited in the Forestry building. It is not like that of Jefferson Davis, in the Confederate hall. Massachusetts should send for the celebrated Adams cradle, in which seven generations of that great family have been rocked.

In the Louisiana case, Colonial room, no one should fail to note the large repousse silver pitcher, bearing the Campbell coat of arms, and which once belonged to the duke of Argyll and descended in the female line to the present possessor, Mrs. Story, of New Orleans.

There is no doubt that the exposition is destined to exert a most potential influence in obliterating some of the prejudices which have operated to the disadvantage of the south, and that it will promote that spirit of national unity which must constitute so largely the buttress of our life and security.

H. C. L.

Varied Hauls.

A summer visitor in Mount Desert fell into conversation with a native who was busily engaged in doing nothing. "How in the world do you manage to make a living here?" inquired the summer visitor, when the conversation had become somewhat confidential.

"Wa'll, stranger," said the native, slowly, "there ain't anythin' to make hereabouts, true to say. But ye see, in winter I haul logs, an' in summer I haul mealers, an' 'twixt them two I scrape along."

"Mealers!" repeated the visitor, doubtfully.

"Cottage folks that take their meals to the hotels, an' ain't got stren'th to walk half a rod," explained the native.

"Ah! And which do you enjoy better, summer or winter?" inquired the summer visitor.

"Weather don't trouble me one way nor 'nother," replied the native; "but when you come to haulin'—well, I dunno. Logs is harder to h'ist, there isn't any two ways about that. But when you git 'em h'isted, there they be. An' there's no high-heeled shoes nor trellin' skirts to a log to ketch. I reckon, on the whole, logs is jest about as pa'nful, an' consider'ble less precarisome than mealers."—Youth's Companion.

Chloroform's Effect.

"I dare say many of us," said Sir James Crichton Browne in his late lecture on dreamy mental states, "recollect the story of the professor who, having experienced a magnificent thought in the early stage of chloroform inhalation, resolved that he would by one bold sally lay hold of it and so read the riddle of the world. Having composed himself in his easy-chair in his study, with writing materials at hand, he inhaled the chloroform, felt the great thought evolve in his mind, roused himself for an instant, seized the pen, wrote desperately he knew not what, for even as he did so he fell back unconscious. On coming to himself he turned eagerly to the paper, to find inscribed on it, in sprawling but legible characters, the secret of the universe in these words: 'A strong smell of turpentine pervades the whole.'"—London News.

[illegible]

Goldfish were brought to England from China at the end of the 17th century and were called Chinese [illegible]

HOME HINTS AND HELPS.

—Sweet Wafers: Six eggs, one pint of flour, two ounces of melted butter, one cup of milk, one and one-half cups sugar; vanilla or lemon extract can be used for seasoning if desired. Bake in wafer iron.—Detroit Free Press.

—Breaded Sausages: Wipe the sausages dry. Dip them in beaten egg and bread crumbs. Put them in the frying-basket and plunge into boiling fat. Cook ten minutes. Serve with a garnish of toasted bread and parsley.—Farm and Home.

—Raspberry Fritters: Make a batter of a pink of milk, one egg, a little salt, and enough flour to make a mixture that will drop from a spoon. Add a cup of fine raspberries, with a tablespoonful of granulated sugar mixed with them. Fry in hot lard and dash with powdered sugar.—Farmers' Voice.

—Pork and Apples: Cut a joint in thick pieces, peel two baking apples, four onions and eight potatoes; cut them in slices, season with pepper and salt, and, if liked, a little powdered sage; intermix with the vegetables, lay the slices and the vegetables together; half a pint of water or enough to cover same. Bake two hours.—Leeds Mercury.

Stuffed Onions: Peel medium-sized onions and punch out the hearts. Mince a little beef or mutton, parsley and bread crumbs. Beat with an egg, salt and pepper. Stuff the onions with this, and lay in a baking dish with a little gravy. Bake until the onions are tender, and serve very hot. Baste the onions frequently to prevent burning.—Orange Judd Farmer.

—Plain Cake: Three whisked eggs, one-fourth cup pulverized sugar, one-third cup sweet, fresh butter, two-thirds cup sweet milk, two cups sifted flour, one large teaspoon baking powder. Cream the sugar and butter; add the milk; beat the mixture well after adding each ingredient to insure fineness of grain. Sift the baking powder in the flour. Line the cake pan with greased paper and bake the cake steadily until a light pressure proves the loaf firm. If used as a layer cake, omit the flavoring.—Mrs. Dr. J. H. Ballou, in Housekeeper.

—Compote of Apples: Make a sirup with one cup of sugar, one cup of water, and a square inch of stick cinnamon. Boil slowly for ten minutes, skimming well. Core and pare eight or ten sharp apples, and cook till nearly done in the sirup. Then drain and cook for a few minutes in the oven. Boil the sirup till almost like a jelly. Arrange the apples on a dish for serving, and fill the core-cavities with jelly or marmalade. Pour the sirup over them, and put whipped cream round the base with a garnishing of jelly.—Home.

ODDS AND ENDS.

Some Stylish Adjuncts to Feminine Costumes.

A new garniture is made of side-plaiting. Bands about eight inches wide are hemmed at either edge, closely plaited and stitched down about an inch and a half from either hem. This band is then set on the waist from collar to belt, also down the seams next the front of the skirt. Narrow trimmings of the same sort are used as a standing collar, epaulets and bands from the shoulders down the outside of the sleeves to the cuffs. This is appropriate only for light-weight materials.

Cord passementerie makes a very handsome waist garniture. A new suit has a narrow V from the collar to the waist-line at the back, wide shoulder sections with lappets over the tops of the sleeves, and an Eton-jacket-shaped front. This is worn on a dress of navy-blue cloth, the garniture being made in ecru and white.

A fur collar and vest is a novelty. The collar is high and wide and slightly flaring. The vest extends to the waist-line, and a ribbon tied around the waist holds it in place. The cape or cloak is put on over this, and, with the lapels turned back, makes a pretty finish.

A handsome jacket of velvet is lined with ermine. The sleeves are in leg-o'-mutton shape, and the fur extends just below the material to give a finish at the wrists. An edging of the fur is placed all around the garment, and the pocket-lids are lined with the same.

A wide-brimmed hat of felt has a trimming of wide ribbon in Alsatian-bow fashion. There is no other finish, except a jeweled ornament.—N. Y. Ledger.

Emergency Chest.

Take six of the two-by-three-inch slide boxes that druggists use to put prescription powders in, and paste these boxes one on top of the other, making them two abreast and three deep. Tie a string firmly about them and set away to dry. Slip out the six sliding boxes, and cover the sides and ends of them with pieces of inch-wide ribbon ten inches long, being careful to have the joined edges come on a side instead of an end of the miniature drawer. Sew on end of drawer No. 1, to stimulate handles, a large safety pin; on No. 2 a small safety pin; on No. 3 two glove buttons; on No. 4 a plain agate button or shoe button, and on one of the two lower ones a hook and eye, and on the other a roll of court plaster. About the tiny chest, fastening on top in a big stiff bow, tie a yard of wide ribbon the width of the chest, which will probably be three and a quarter inches. This little chest is extremely useful, and will not exceed fifty cents in cost.—N. Y. Tribune.

To Clean Your Trunk.

A woman who likes a fresh, new-looking trunk, quite unconscious that there are travelers who prize each label and dent on their baggage as one of the evidences as having seen the world, restores hers after the summer's journey in this way: All the labels are washed off, the torn places in the canvas are fastened down with fish glue, and the whole outside is then washed with a flannel cloth dipped in warm water, containing a little ammonia, and the brass corners rubbed with a polisher and metal paste. Stout cambric, tacks and paste put the inside in order, and if the trunk is very shabby it gets a coat of gray paint over the gray canvas. Leather bags are wiped inside and out, and the outside, if tan-colored, gets a thorough rubbing with the dressing used for tan shoes. For black leather shoe polish is used after rubbing the bag with vaseline.—N. Y. Post.

—Mrs. Ayshe—"Men are such funny things! When Ayshe asked me to be his wife he said he was the happiest man in the world. Now, I don't know what he means by—" "Yes, dear, I know what he means by that, and I don't blame him a bit."—Boston Transcript.

MUST DRAW THE LINE.

The New Woman Should Not Forfeit Her Womanly Reserve.

One of the most admired characteristics of women used to be that of reserve. Whatever her emotions might be she, if well-bred, would try to preserve a quiet and calm exterior, and so strongly was this felt to be becoming and seemly that it was quite an approved maxim that "a lady should never be surprised till the crows built in her pocket, and then she might wonder where the sticks came from."

Since those days women have greatly changed, and in some things no doubt very much for the better; but though we rejoice in their greater opportunities of mental and physical culture, and would be sorry indeed to see them retrograde to the old false ideas of gentility which forbade gentlewomen from earning their own living, still, in casting aside the old fetters which so long trammeled them, it would be well if they kept a firm hold of a properly womanly reserve.

At the present time women not only assert their right of freedom in their own sphere, but many of them seem to recognize no boundary whatever, and by so doing they place themselves on a lower level in the eyes of men than women should ever occupy.

Now come the questions, What should be the limit of women's work? Where should they draw the line? This, at any rate, it is safe to answer: "At that point where their work ceases to do good." As soon as a woman feels she is in a position in which the best and noblest of men cease to look upon her with reverence then she may be sure she has overstepped the limits of womanly dignity and reserve, and that there her influence will not be pure, elevating and noble.

There is plenty of real work for all of us to do beyond the sphere of home, in the fields of art, science and literature, and also, like Florence Nightingale and many other brave women, as nurses and comforters of the sick, the wounded and the dying.

Woman's influence is sometimes said to be greater now than in past times. It is more palpable, certainly, but I doubt whether more potent, for, as we know well for centuries, the hand that rocked the cradle ruled the world. The difference is that nowadays women are not content to work quietly as mere wirepullers; instead, they like to see and be seen, and to have the credit of their deeds.

The old idea was that "men must work and women must weep," but the newer idea that women should work, too, according to their talents and opportunities, seems more rational and healthy, and is calculated to make them weep less. Let them give over weeping by all means, but in all their work let them remember that "woman is not undeveloped man, but diverse," and therefore not to try to be like men, and also not to think that nothing is too high or too sacred for them to meddle with.—Home Notes.

WOULD NOT NEGOTIATE.

Heartless Insurance Officials Refused a Patron's Reasonable Request.

A man with a red nose which looked chronic and had the air of being legitimately acquired called at the office of a big life insurance company, and addressing the first official he happened to meet said:

"Sir, I am insured for five thousand dollars in your company."

"Well?"

"The policy, strange to say, is made out in the name of my wife. She has possession of it."

"Not strange at all, but eminently proper," said the official.

"And if I could get hold of the policy I would hock it," continued the man with the red nose, "but she keeps it hid. I am here, however, for the purpose of making a proposition to you, and the whereabouts of the policy is neither here nor there. Are you open to a deal?"

"We are," answered the official coldly.

"Well, here is my plan. Since I can not raise anything on that policy I spring upon you the following situation: "Before nightfall I shall be a dead man, and you'll have to pony up that five thousand dollars."

"How do you make that out?" demanded the official, in tones of surprise.

"Simply because I can not get a drink," replied the policy holder. "If whisky is not forthcoming I perish. I simply lie down and stiffen out and you lose your money. A quarter of a dollar, however, will save my life and save you five thousand bones. Twenty-five cents fixes me and I live. Without it I breathe my last and prove a dead loss to you. If I survive, however, my wife will go on paying premiums, and who knows but what I may become a centenarian?"

He looked anxiously at the official, but the latter seemed to be frozen solid.

"Do I get the quarter?" he demanded, after a pause.

"You do not," was the reply, in icy tones.

"Very well," and he sighed heavily, "that settles it. Make out your death claims and things. Fill up the check payable to the order of my weeping widow. Charge me to profit and loss." He walked heavily out. — Louisville Times.

A TWO-ACRE FISH.

How a Doubting Scotchman Insulted an English Lord.

There was once an English nobleman who told at a dinner of a tiger he shot. It measured twenty-four feet, he said, from snout to tail-tip. Everybody looked a bit astonished, but nobody insinuated disbelief in the story—nobody but an old Scotchman, who told a story of a fish he once caught. He had been unable to pull it in alone, but with the aid of six friends he managed to land it.

"It was a skate," he said, "and it covered two acres."

The nobleman looked at the Scot through his monocle, and left the table. Others followed. After awhile the host returned.

"Sir," said he to the Scotchman, "you have insulted my lord, and you must apologize."

"I disna insoolt him," said the Scot.

"Yes, you did, with your two-acre fish story. You must apologize."

"Weel," said the brave and wary Scot, "tell him if he'll take ten feet off that tiger, I'll see what I can do wi' the skate."—Washington Post.

—Mr. Bowser—"Jones would have run through his fortune in a year if it [illegible] Mrs. Bowser—"Why, what makes you think so?" Mr. Bowser—"Because he [illegible] that it would last him a year."—Boston Transcript.

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—A minister of the Gospel once approached President Lincoln for an office, and was told that he could give him no better office than he had already held.

—Mr. George Saintsbury has been appointed professor of rhetoric and English literature in the university of Edinburgh in place of David Masson, who recently retired.

—Lord Salisbury is said to have appointed nine high church bishops, six evangelicals, and two broad churchmen. Of Lord Salisbury's deans four are reckoned as high church, six as evangelical, and one as broad church.

—One of the few cities in the United States which employ a special instructor in geography in public schools is San Francisco. The instructor, who has had great success, is Miss Hattie H. Steele. She has a collection of more than three thousand [illegible] slides, which she [illegible]

—The oldest church in the world that has been uninterruptedly used for church purposes is St. Martin's cathedral at Canterbury, England. The building was originally erected [illegible] has been regularly used as a place for religious gatherings for more than fifteen hundred years.

—The Chicago presbytery has decided that the churches belonging to it must not use fermented wine at communion services, and that unfermented grape juice must be substituted at all times. To carry the work of temperance still further, temperance pledges will be placed in the Sunday schools.

—Christian Advocate, Nashville: The income of all the missionary societies of the world is about $14,000,000 yearly. The American congress recently approved of an expenditure of $14,040,000 for three battleships and twelve torpeddes. This shows the energy with which the nations are battling for the King of kings.

—The early Christians had a superstition that the black mark running down the back of a donkey, and cut at right angels by a similar mark across the shoulder, is the mark of the cross, and that it was miraculously placed upon the ass Christ rode upon His triumphal entry into Jerusalem. The superstition is said to prevail at the present day in Spain and Italy.

—The continued advance along all lines of the New York School of Applied Design for Women is most encouraging to the group of men and women who have expended so much time and energy in its behalf. The season just opened will be witness to numerous changes and improvements. The list of incoming students enrolls four hundred names more than ever before, and it has been necessary to form additional classes.

A MINIATURE SEA.

An Artificial Lake with Waves Like the Ocean.

Out in southwestern Utah there is an irrigating reservoir covering so large an area in the open sandy desert that the wind has a sweep sufficient to raise waves five or six feet high. About eight miles of the border of this reservoir is an artificial bank, and unless a method of keeping the waves off this bank were adopted the owners of the property would some day find that most of the stored water had escaped through a crevasse.

To provide the necessary protection an inexpensive breakwater was constructed, which was recently described by W. P. Hardesty in an article on the Swan Lake works, of which the reservoir is a part. The inside slope of the banks is one foot rise in a horizontal distance of five feet, and the face is protected by cobble stone in some places and by willows in others, the latter giving the best results. They were obtained early in the spring and fall, when they will sprout. A square trench is made in the bank down to the high-water mark, and the butts of the willows laid in it, which is then thrown over the [illegible] laid over the projecting [illegible] has been found to make a [illegible] protection, and the willows begin to grow immediately, reaching a height of 4 or 5 feet during the first year. This protects the bank from ordinary waves, but to keep the unusually high ones from it, which are pretty sure to cause damage, a floating breakwater is employed. This was constructed by first driving a line of piles into the reservoir about 15 feet from the toe of the bank. They were driven from 20 to 25 feet apart, and a row of cedar logs about twelve inches in diameter was strung along on top of the water between them. The ends of the logs are fastened together [illegible] and the logs are fastened [illegible] such a way that [illegible] with the waves.

This boom has [illegible] the force of [illegible] ly. The fastening [illegible] sometimes broken loose [illegible] to protect the bank in such [illegible] simple plan has been adopted [illegible] wire about the size of a telegraph [illegible] is strung at intervals from the piles to the bank. A loop or rider of wire is then passed over the first line and fastened firmly to one of the logs in the boom. In case the log breaks loose it is guided by the wires straight to the shore and still offers some protection to the bank. — Philadelphia Record.

He Exaggerated.

Apropos of railway racing, a French paper tells the following story of meridianal exaggeration. An Englishman and a Marseillais were disputing which was the faster train, the express to Edinburgh or the "rapide" to Marseilles. The southerner finally clinched the matter with the following anecdote: "Look here," he said, "the 'rapide' is the fastest train in the world, and here's the proof of it: The other day I was getting on board at Paris when the station master said something that annoyed me. My blood was up, I aimed a blow at him, when the train suddenly started and it was the station master at Avignon who had his ears boxed."—London Globe.

Her Education.

"Charley," said young Mrs. Torkins, "in a broker's office they have a blackboard with prices all over it, do they not?"

"Why—a—yes."

"Well, I'm glad to know at last what people mean when they talk about the board of trade."—Washington Post.

—Rosie Tomkins—"Oh, Mr. Bangs, you look lovely this morning." Mr. Bangs—"Why, what's the occasion?" Rosie Tomkins—"Why, I thought you looked so blue last night that I thought you must be in mourning."—Boston Transcript.

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

—It is said that William Wordsworth, grandson of the poet, is himself a writer of verse of no mean ability. He is an exceedingly modest man, however, and so far has refused to publish any of his writings lest comparison between his illustrious grandsire and himself.

—Mrs. Newcomb McGee, of Washington, D. C., who is to be only the second woman elected a fellow of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, is the daughter of the astronomer, Prof. Newcomb, is a medical graduate of the Columbian university of Washington, and a member of the Anthropological society.

—The prince of Naples, heir to the throne of Italy, is in search of a [illegible] wife. He is a [illegible] ing youth [illegible]

[illegible] mother, and when away from her sends her two long telegrams a day, besides a letter replete with [illegible]

—It is in his management of the pawns, the humblest pieces on the chess board, that Pillsbury [illegible] some of his most [illegible] chess. A chess expert who [illegible] loved the champion's play [illegible] says that frequently the machine of one of his pawns opens the way [illegible] unexpectedly for a break through his opponent's "rank line."

—Most people know the fact, but have forgotten it, that in 1865 Mr. Lincoln commissioned Robert Lincoln a captain and Gen. Grant made him an aide-de-camp. The young captain was fresh from college, and his appointment caused a great deal of interest in the Army of the Potomac—almost as much as the coming of Sheridan from the west to take command of the cavalry.

—Rev. W. Williams, in his "Personal Reminiscences of C. H. Spurgeon," tells an anecdote about the great preacher as a smoker. Some gentleman wrote to Mr. Spurgeon saying "he had heard he smoked and could not believe it true. Would Mr. Spurgeon write and tell him if it was really so?" The reply sent was as follows: "Dear ——: I will cultivate my flowers and burn my weeds. Yours, truly, C. H. Spurgeon."

—The late Prof. Boyesen was a most entertaining conversationalist. Although a pronounced opponent of the romantic school of fiction, he had many interesting personal anecdotes to relate of Victor Hugo. Boyesen visited the great romancist while he was still in exile on the Isle of Guernsey. Prof. Boyesen said that Victor Hugo at the age of eighty was a wonderful combination of physical and mental vigor.

—The task of restoring the Carlyle house in Chelsea, which was bought recently as a memorial of the famous Scotchman, has been done with much care, in the endeavor to give the house the look it wore in the days when the sage of Chelsea made it his home. Many of his personal belongings so carefully secured have been gathered [illegible] sofa, chest of drawers, [illegible] and wash-stand which stood in his bedroom, the old-fashioned [illegible] from the dining-room, and, best of all, his book shelves and a large portion of his library, copiously annotated by himself.

HUMOROUS.

—"Take away woman," shouted the orator, "and what would follow?" "We would," said a man at the back of the audience promptly.—Tit-Bits.

—"Pop," said the young hopeful, "I saw them taking a keg of butter 'board Capt. Skipper's yacht to-day; do you suppose they use it to spread her sails?"—Yonkers Statesman.

—That Striking Costume.—Mrs. Gargoyle—"What struck you most while travelling in Holland?" Mrs. Trotter—"A good many of the men wore bloomers."—Harper's Bazar.

—Gauging Him. — Mr. Lakeside—"You are more to me than my life." Miss Detroit—"Well, I should think I ought to be, in view of the fact that you live in Chicago." — Detroit Free Press.

—Bobby—"Mamma, do the streets of Heaven flow with milk and honey?" Mother—"So the Bible says, dear." Bobby—"And is that why the angels have wings, 'cause the walking's so bad?"—Pittsburgh Bulletin.

—In the Pit.—Gentleman—"Excuse me, madame, I paid half a crown for admission, but can not see anything owing to your hat." Lady—"My [illegible] familiar—"Sir, I [illegible] much for my hat."—London [illegible]

—At the Wings.—Manager (to Comedian)—"Say, Teddy, which [illegible] post mean when he wrote [illegible] lost to sight, to memory [illegible] Lom.—"What! Don't you [illegible] addressed to a [illegible]

—Social Distinction.—[illegible] were chatting [illegible] cabaret. "My [illegible] the case, [illegible] take your cab, Pat. I see [illegible] has been on his knees." Pat [illegible] yer riverence; he say about [illegible] last place he had was wi[illegible] and faith, he had to keep [illegible] blance of religion."—Sydney [illegible]

—Teacher—"Can any lit[illegible] me the main difference b[illegible] air-pump and the ordinary pump?" Bobby—"I can. [illegible] sir, and the other pu[illegible] ma'am." And yet there are [illegible] say that children are not as [illegible] they used to be!—Harper's Bazar.

—Patent Medicine Man—"[illegible] did your husband use the [illegible] Fakeem's Balm of Life I [illegible] Wife—"Yes. It took immediately." Patent Medicine Man—"Good. [illegible] you can conscientiously say [illegible] will use no other." Wife—"I am sure of it." He's dead."—N. Y. [illegible]

—An Up-to-Date Parrot.—Mr. [illegible] gle—"I'm awfully glad to see [illegible] Mrs. Stone; I wanted to tell [illegible] our old parrot will soon be [illegible] again." Mrs. Stone—"I don't [illegible] stand you; I thought you said [illegible] deaf and dumb." "So it is; [illegible] learned to make the cook understand signals with his nose."—Pittsburgh Bulletin.

—Social Distinction.—[illegible] were chatting [illegible] cabaret. "My [illegible] the case, [illegible] take your cab, Pat. I see [illegible] has been on his knees." Pat [illegible] yer riverence; he say about [illegible] last place he had was wi[illegible] and faith, he had to keep [illegible] blance of religion."—Sydney [illegible]

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