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, MARCH 14, 1896. VOL. XXI.—NO. 12.

THE OLD BELL COW.

When I was but a boy I used so happily to roam
Through every nook and corner of the dear old country home.
At dewy morn to pasture I would drive the cows, and when
The sun was fading in the west I drove them home again.
There was one among their number I remember very well,
It seems but yesterday I saw the cow that wore the bell.
She wasn't any prettier nor of a better breed,
But all the others followed her wherever she would lead;
And in my youthful mind I used to wonder why and how
It was that all the cattle tagged the old bell cow.

Strange years of shadow and of shine have passed away since then,
And now I mingle daily with the busy hosts of men,
And still I muse as earnestly as what I used to do,
For men, I find, are likewise quite peculiar creatures, too.
And some have natures made of gold, without a speck or flaw,
While some are only gilded forms all padded out with straw.
And while the modest, worthy man the world may never heed;
The counterfeit, who loudly brags, steps in and takes the lead,
The one who "toots his horn" is sure to get the crowd, and now
I know why all the cattle tagged the old bell cow.
—Nixon Waterman, in L. A. W. Bulletin.

STEMBLE'S INVESTMENT.

BY CHARLES DUDLEY RHODES.

The town marshal, ex-officio editor of the Lariat Exponent, afterwards declared that his bad luck came that night with the rain. It first came leaking through the roof about midnight, and, finding a convenient crease in his blankets, trickled slowly downward, until it awoke him with a start. Being a man of few words, he simply gave a grunt of disgust, leaned over to a corner of the diminutive room, seized an umbrella, opened it, thrust it accurately under the leak, and calmly fell asleep.

In the morning things were in even a worse state. The bed was a miniature island, the type-cases were half filled with water, and the press, a foot-power affair, stood cheerlessly in a damp corner as if waiting to be resuscitated from its all-night exposure. Even then, Hank made no remark—his first act after sitting up in his blankets being to pull forth slowly a huge plug of tobacco from his hip-pocket, take a generous chew, and then, as if fortified against all manner of disagreeable things, to spring up and begin putting things to rights.

There was a knock at the door.

"Come," he shouted, gruffly; and there appeared to view a little old gentleman whose black frock-coat, white collar—an unusual luxury in Lariat—and air of quiet dignity accorded well with his gray hair and mustache.

"Pardon me," he said, with a slight air of diffidence, "but is this the editor of the Exponent?"

Hank nodded.

"I am Col. Stemble," the little old fellow continued, affably, "and I am up here on special business for the Black Butte Cattle company. Now, to come to the point, I am very anxious to have a special edition of your paper published to-day."

Hank kicked an empty tin can under the press, and looked hard at his boots. People were wont to say that he was a cautious man.

"It will pay," the cattle man continued; "and this will give you some idea of my wishes." He handed the editor some pencil notes and a new greenback.

"Get the paper out by three o'clock at the latest, and above all things make it interesting."

"I'll do it," Hank replied, with customary brevity; and then, with renewed energy, he resumed the renovation of the little one-story shanty which served as editorial office, press-room and home.

The old gentleman smiled to himself as he trudged away—such a paternal, benevolent smile as to seem almost out of place in such an unconventional wicked little frontier town as Lariat. As far as the eye could reach were to be seen the temporary structures of canvas and tarred paper which were the homes of the inhabitants. Up and down the railroad the first-comers had pitched their tents, and as the town grew rough streets had been formed, ranging back to the line of low hills at the east. Lariat enjoyed the distinction of being the extreme end of the new railroad which was rapidly pushing its way through Wyoming towards the great northwest. Crouch's, down the road, had until recently enjoyed that honor. But one fine morning after the first train had pushed on to the present site of Lariat, the inhabitants of the older town had emigrated in a body, and Crouch's was no more.

True to the editor's promise, the Exponent appeared at the time named, but not until Hank O'Doughall, a man in whose veins ran a strain of thrifty Scotch blood, had engaged in several mysterious transactions with certain property owners of Lariat, in exchange for some ready money that the editor had been hoarding up for many a day, the latter became the owner of a considerable strip of land along the railroad—an acquisition afterwards explained by the following announcement which appeared in the Exponent:

"We take pleasure in announcing the arrival of Col. C. H. Stemble, agent for, and a prominent stock-holder in, the Black Butte Cattle company. This English syndicate, having been struck with the advantageous location of Lariat, is contemplating the erection of enormous stock yards in our city, for the shipment of cattle from the Powder river valley. It is needless to comment upon the great influence that this deal will have upon Lariat, the Star city of northwest Wyoming, as the improvements will amount to at least $40,000," etc.

It was all very quickly and amicably arranged. That evening the colonel held an enthusiastic reception at the Alaguman, the leading hotel, where there were none so confident of the future of Lariat, so jovial, and withal so lavish with his money, as he. Incidentally, it may be said that the bar of the Alaguman did a big business, and that the landed proprietors of Lariat, Hank McDougall especially, awakened to the fact that they had a good thing.

The next morning the colonel, note-book in hand, and accompanied by the leading citizens of the town, inspected [illegible] available for the uses of the [illegible] company. In the afternoon—for the agent's time was limited—the purchasing began. The courteous old gentleman who had entertained them so hospitably the night before did not haggle over prices. He paid cash for his new acquisitions in crisp, new $500 notes—a proceeding which, to make change, unfortunately, drained the town in a short time of all its smaller denominations.

By evening the English syndicate had acquired a choice tract of land lying on both sides of the railroad, in the heart of Lariat, for which it had paid out some $25,000. McDougall, editor and town marshal, had made some thousands by the deal, and had he been a ready speaker would probably have said: "These Englishmen are the biggest suckers I ever saw." But, as it was, he contented himself with the simple words: "Beats all!"

It wanted but a few minutes of train-time, next day, when the colonel, carrying his compact little valise, his face beaming with happy good nature, sauntered leisurely down to where the big engine was puffing and blowing, preparatory to its long trip down the road.

"I must leave just at this time," he said, "to transact some very important business in Cheyenne. But I'll be back in a week or ten days, and begin work immediately." And he treated the little crowd about the train to cigars.

The whistle tooted a warning note, the bell rang and the colonel cordially shook hands all around. Stepping on the rear platform of the train, he turned about once more and waved his good-byes to persons in the distance. Just at the moment that the wheels began to turn, Hank McDougall, his marshal's star gleaming on his vest—he wore no coat—came running down Wyoming avenue from the post office, a yellow paper in his hand, which he waved dramatically over his head.

"Stop that train!" yelled the town marshal. But the conductor and engineer did not hear, and the train moved on.

"Jump, you scoundrel, jump!" again yelled Hank, at the same time drawing his gun. The colonel's only answer was a polite wave of the hand. Then Hank took a snap-shot at the fast departing train, and—would you believe it?—that little old man whipped out two pistols from somewhere, quick as a wink, and for a few moments the way the bullets whistled about the heads of the crowd along the track was something wonderful. And as the train grew smaller and smaller in its straightaway course over the prairie, the last act of the lone passenger on the rear platform was to wave a white handkerchief towards the little city of Lariat and disappear within the car.

The town marshal replaced his gun in his hip-pocket and turned sadly away. Deaf to repeated inquiries as to the meaning of it all, he disappeared within the editorial sanctum; for in the midst of all excitement he still remembered that, ex-officio, he was an editor, and—he was both a thrifty and a cautious man.

An hour later another edition of the Exponent appeared, double-leaded, as if in mourning, and the copies sold for a dollar apiece. The editorial was brief and to the point:

"From a telegram received only too late by our town marshal, because of the necessity of forwarding it by mail from Crouch's, it appears that our late distinguished visitor, Stemble, was none other than the well-known desperado and confidence man Ike Rogers, lately a fugitive from the Black Hills. It is painful to be forced to state that the greenbacks which Rogers so generously distributed while in Lariat are clever counterfeits, in exchange for which he carried away thousands of dollars of our citizens' earnings.

"The editor of the Exponent bids farewell to his many friends, and announces his intenton of pulling up stakes and moving immediately to the Big Horn country."—Lippincott's Magazine.

BRITISH FORTS ON THE YUKON.

England Preparing to Hold Disputed Territory in the Pacific Northwest.

A party of miners from the headwaters of the Yukon have arrived on the schooner Mary Buhne from Oonalaska, and report that the Canadian government is establishing well-equipped fortifications on commanding bluffs overlooking the strategic points on Forty-Mile creek and elsewhere along the supposed boundary line. A large company of Canadian military police are busily engaged in exploring the country for mountain passes both in Alaskan and Canadian territory.

A loop of Forty-Mile creek runs into British territory, and to reach the most valuable mines it is necessary for American miners to pass through a small portion of foreign territory. The river is very narrow, and the police have erected on towering cliffs fortresses which completely guard the travel on the river. At several other points breastworks, substantially built of stone, have been erected, and on the whole the actions of the police would indicate that preparations are being made to accommodate large squads of troops at various points along the boundary, and particularly in the vicinity of the placer miles.

However, the police are very kind to the American miners, rendering them every assistance possible and in many ways bestowing small favors and endeavoring to allay suspicion or unpleasant inquiries as to the objects of such warlike preparations. Small detachments in citizens' clothes have visited all the important mining camps, reconnoitering the surrounding country. What their object was they do state.

Thomas Buckman, a Yukon miner, who has been on Forty-Mile creek for three or four years, speaking of the military posts erected by the Canadian police, said: "All their fortifications are built of heavy stone, through which are port holes commanding the paths and rivers. A few men properly armed could withstand a large force of soldiers. The police themselves are noncommunicative, and the commandant says the forts are to shelter the provincial police. Some of the very richest placer mines of the Yukon region are under the immediate command of these forts, of which ten have been erected this year."—San Francisco Chronicle.

—The Paraguay river, so called from the republic of the same name on its banks, is 1,800 miles in length. At points in its lower course it is from five to 15 miles wide.

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—The friends of Mrs. Agassiz have contributed $6,000 to Radcliffe college to be used for the establishment of an Elizabeth Cary Agassiz scholarship.—Science.

—There are at present two Chinese girls at the University of Michigan. One of them, Miss Shie, has been elected secretary of the senior class. The ultimate object of these women is to return to China as Christian medical missionaries.

—Speaking in Dundee Rev. D. Macrae said that Carlyleism was not Christianity, but it represented an indispensable part of true religion and indicated a sublime rule of life which Christianity included and, with its higher inspirations, made more capable of achievement.

—Though 8,755 persons attended lectures at the University of Berlin in the last winter semester, only 5,631 of them were matriculated students, the other 3,124 being persons who had merely permission to listen to the lectures. In Munich and Leipzig, the two next largest universities of Germany the number of such "listeners" was only 86 and 127 respectively, out of over 3,000 students in each.

—Bishop Ryan (Roman Catholic), of Buffalo, has administered a public rebuke to Rev. George Zurcher, pastor of St. Joseph's church, Buffalo, for having said on a recent occasion that the Catholic church in this country suffered more from the opposition of foreign priests than from "Freemasonry, Protestantism and Apaism put together," and for indulging in criticisms of the Jesuits.

—Pope Leo XIII.'s name s in the Index Expurgatorious and he cannot get it out. While still Cardinal Pecci he wrote a book called "Del sangue sacratissimo di Maria," a plea for the establishment of a feast day in honor of the blood of the Holy Virgin. The book was condemned at the time, and the Index has opposite its name the note: "The author, in a praiseworthy manner, made submission and disapproved of his own work." The infallibility of the pope applies only to matters of dogma; it cannot cover acts done before his elevation, or even acts while he is pope not done as head of the church.

DIME NOVELS WANING.

Reading Matter for Boys Better Than a Generation Ago.

A great deal has been said lately about the reading of prenicious literature by boys, but the book statistics show that in this respect the world is much better than it was a generation ago "Blood and thunder" stories are not so numerous to-day as they were, simply because the demand for them has greatly diminished. In the old days there seemed to be an idea that there were but two kinds of books for boys to choose from. On the one hand were the trashy tales of adventure and on the other hand the tame and unexciting "Sunday school" stories. A boy's mind craves stirring action, and therefore it is no wonder that between "Dare Devil Dick, the Terror of the Plains" and "Honest Samuel; or Virtue Its Own Reward," he should choose the former. But to-day the book marts are filled with volumes which are sure to please the youthful mind, while exerting naught but good influences. Boys of to-day are reading good, wholesome literature, without too much flavor of the "blood and thunder" and yet not insipid. William O. Stoddard, the well-known reviewer, and himself a writer of boys' stories, notes the changing taste and says: "In better supply and in steadily increasing demand are the better class of historical stories. The lists of our large houses for the past season are worth looking at in reference to this point. It is not enough to say that parents and guardians do most of the holiday buying. They know what will be most acceptable to their own young people, and that is what they select. That, therefore, is what the intelligent publisher provides most of next time, and he at once confers with or sends suggestions to his most valuable authors. One well-known author of young people's books has received within the past six weeks applications from no less than four prominent houses for 'a book based upon American history,' with the added assurance that such books are selling the best of any. Mere adventure, mere exciting trash of any kind, seems to be a back number. It is not a contradiction of all this that such writers as Jules Verne and Rider Haggard have found hosts of young readers. So they did, and old fellows of 30 read them to this day. Some have been caught reading 'Robinson Crusoe.' Verne wrote burlesques of science, exploration and discovery, while Haggard's best successes were won with wild caricatures of Stanley in Africa, dashed with the 'Aribian Nights.' There has been an end of this epidemic, but the wholesome, universal craving for the other kinds of literature indicated steadily increases. The common schools have had a great deal to do with this improvement in juvenile literature. The boys and girls are continually receiving more and better mental training."—Troy (N. Y.) Times.

Fortunes in Truck Farming.

The truck farmers around Norfolk, Va., according to Gen. S. D. Grover, make about $2,000,000 a year. "I know of one man," he adds, "who makes a clear profit of $25,000 a year on produce shipped to the northern markets, mostly kale and spinach. Norfolk is improving all the time and her future is as bright as any city in the south. The Southern railway recognizes her many points of superiority, as was shown by locating the principal Atlantic terminus of the system there, and the acquisition of the valuable property. Besides, the Southern will put on a new line of boats that will be a great addition to the shipping interests of the port."—N. Y. Tribune.

Wholly Unprepared.

Mrs. Col. Yerger is a continual source of embarrassment to her husband. Col. Yerger recently gave a dinner party to a few select ladies and gentlemen. Of course he was called on for an after-dinner speech. Col. Yerger got up, and, assuming an imposing position, began: [illegible]

"Ladies and gentlemen, unprepared as I am—being wholly unprepared to make a speech—being unprepared—"

He was unable to proceed. There was a painful silence, which was broken by Mrs. Yerger saying:

"Why, colonel, you know it perfectly this morning." Tableau.—Texas Siftings.

HOME HINTS AND HELPS.

Pumpkin Pies.—Pare a small pumpkin, take out the seeds, steam until soft and press through a colander, beat in three eggs, three tablespoonfuls of molasses, two teaspoonfuls of cinnamon, one of ginger, two teaspoonfuls of salt and two quarts of hot milk. If more sweetening is needed add a little sugar. Bake with an under crust only.—Boston Budget.

—Mince Pies.—Chop one pound of suet fine, and add one pound each of raisins (stoned) and currants, apples (pared, cored and chopped) and sugar, one-fourth pound of candied peel, three lemons, pared, and a little brandy if desired. This should be made some days before using for pastry. Make in buttered patty tins with fine crust and mincemeat. Bake well.—Liverpool Mercury.

—Chocolate Creams.—Grate half a cake of Baker's chocolate into a bowl, place in a pan of boiling water or over a steaming kettle to melt. Form small cones, cubes or any desired shapes of the fondant and dip from the end of a wire or long pin into the chocolate. Place on well-buttered plates to cool. If sugar is mixed with the chocolate a very little water must be added or it will harden too soon.—Farm, Field and Fireside.

—To boil a potato so that it will be white and mealy, wash clean through several waters, pare once around; be sure the water is boiling hard when the potatoes are put in; add a pinch of salt to the water, boil until they drop from a fork thrust into them. Pour off the water, remove the lid, and let steam on the back of the stove. If the potato is a good variety, the result will be a beautiful, flaky, appetizing dish, fit for any table.

—Fairy Butter.—The yolks of four hard-boiled eggs (the whites can be used sliced as a garnish to the oyster salad), one teacupful of the best butter, three heaping tablespoonfuls powdered sugar, one teaspoonful orange extract or any preferred flavoring. Either grate the yolks or pound or rub them smooth in a bowl, mix in the softened butter, then the sugar and flavoring. Set the mixture where it will get cold, and afterward rub them through a sieve. It will look something like vermicelli. Pile the fairy butter on the middle of a cake dish, cut the snow cake in slices and lay it around it. They are to be eaten together like bread and butter.—Chicago Record.

HAIL TO THE MUFF.

Almost Indispensable Part of a Fashionable Costume.

There has been a united effort between furriers and modistes to reinstate muffs in favor. Last season bonnets and muffs to match were extreme novelties and were worn by a few of the ultra-fashionable women. The style was so pleasing and picturesque that it has grown in favor and muffs are preeminently to the fore.

With all fur capes and coats muffs are sold to correspond and no fashionable toilet is complete without the comfortable adjunct. The slight awkwardness pertaining to carrying a muff in the hand has been obviated and chains or ribbons with jeweled buckles are used, by which they are suspended about the neck.

The very latest means of carrying the muff is by a string of pearl beads. Broad ribbons matching the hue of the gown are also tied through the muff and worn around the neck. A round, full muff or fur to match the wrap, of the same material, is quite common.

Hat, cape and muff are frequently of the same material. Almost all the cloth muffs are trimmed with fur and lace, and are made in all sorts of unique shapes and pretty styles. The flat muff, with triple flowing frills of lace, satin and cloth, is exceedingly artistic.

Artificial flowers no longer adorn the outside of the muff; instead, a single chrysanthemum of favorite color or a cluster of natural roses may be fastened high up on the left corner, allowing the stems to fall at will. This little caprice is somewhat aesthetic, but the effect is very gratifying.

When they are made of material other than fur, a pocket on the flat side, which may contain kerchief and purse, makes them useful as well as ornamental.

So great is the variety of style in this latest fashionable article that bits of ribbon, lace and velvet made into a receptacle for holding the hands, in any form or shape, is acceptable.

Muffs need not necessarily be round, like an abbreviated bolster, but may be flat. In this case a few thicknesses of cotton batting, sprinkled with a little sachet powder, lined with satin and covered with the desired fabric, may form an elaborate creation. It may be sewn together in a flat seam, which is concealed by a series of animal tails and heads or by band or ribbon tied in a fascinating bow.—N. Y. World.

Fashions for Midwinter.

The fancy trimming laces are fast losing favor, and applique and genuine point d'Angleterre are replacing them.

A bit of real lace is now a welcome gift even to very young women, as it is used as a cravat bow or a jabot with very simple costumes.

Dark chine and Persian ribbons are used in many stocks, while others are bands of satin around the neck, with a flaring circular ruffle of miroir velvet above.

Quite young women wear veils and collarettes of black Brussels net or of mousseline de soie, on which white applique lace forms a border of scallops and a very slender vine.

Braidings of all kinds are employed on dresses, especially military braids, in black and gold and silver for evening wear. Violet cloth would look better with black trimming.

Princess gowns are coming in both for evening and morning wear, and the bertha, under another name, made in velvet, shaped to the neck, is the usual low bodice trimming, and flowers in small bunches figure a good deal on the sleeves.—Chicago Record.

Wanted More Nose.

Sculptor (to the lady who has commissioned him to execute a portrait bust of her late husband)—I can change it in any particular that you may desire, madam.

Widow (regarding it with tearful eyes)—The nose is large.

Sculptor—Large nose is an indication of goodness.

Widow—(wiping away her tears)—Well, then, make it larger.—Pick-Me-Up.

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

—E. B. Haskell, whom the governor of Massachusetts has just appointed to fill the vacancy on the board of Metropolitan Park commissioners, was born in Livermore, Mo., in 1837. He is editor and part owner of the Boston Herald.

—Simon Boliver, the liberator of Venezuela, is represented by an equestrian statue in Central park, New York, while George Washington is honored by a statue in a square in Caracas. There is hardly a house in Caracas that has not in it a picture of Washington.

—There is now living in Hartland, Me., at the ripe age of 75 years, one of Maine's notable widows. This is Mrs. Ellen Phillips, relict of George, a brother of Wendell Phillips. Her husband was a graduate of Harvard college, a member of the famous class of '28, among his classmates and intimate friends being Dr. O. W. Holmes and James Freeman Clarke.

—W. D. Howells bought some goods in a New York store one day and the proprietor telephoned his publishers in Boston: "A man named Howells refers to you. Do you know him?" Commenting upon this incident the Boston Herald mournfully remarks: "And yet that benighted metropolis frequently refers to itself as a literary center."

—President Crespo, of Venezeula, is a tall, heavy man with a countenance revealing force and determination. He is very abstemious in his habits and generally goes to bed at eight o'clock in the evening. He is in the habit of summoning his minister to him at sunrise. He is fond of cattle-ranching, and owns a large number of acres not far from the Venezuelan capital. He is a fine equestrian.

—It is not often that public speakers with a reputation own to the value of their delivery, but a certain popular preacher once found it very useful. Some wicked members of his congregation pressed him to publish his sermons which they had good reason to believe were plagiarized from other divines. But he was even more aware of it than they were. "No," he said; "I will not do that, for if I published them they would lose so much in manner."

—James Harvey Partridge, probably one of the oldest of New York's public school teachers, died recently at Cranford, N. J., aged 85. Mr. Partridge gained considerable repute as an author of scientific and educational works, and was a frequent contributor to scientific publications. He was well known, also, as the possessor of a wide range of knowledge on educational subjects, and as a learned Biblical scholar. He was said to have one of the finest private reference libraries in that part of the country.

HUMOROUS.

—A bicycle is always tired, and always ready to lie down.—West Union Gazette.

—A man's cup of happiness is never full, because there is no bottom to it.—Atchison Globe.

—The proper height for a lady to raise her skirt on a muddy day is a little over two feet.—The Waterbury.

—"Doctor, I want a tooth pulled. I'm a great coward when it comes to enduring pain, and yet I'm afraid of both laughing gas and chloroform." "You might be happy with ether."—Chicago Tribune.

—"Have you noticed," said a man to Dumas, "that it is impossible to make an imbecile acknowledge that he is an idiot?" "Of course," replied Dumas; "the moment he admitted he was an idiot he would no longer be one."—Le Figaro.

—"I don't know what action I ought to take in this case," mused Banks. "Say, Rivers, if you went to see a man to collect a bill and he told you to go to the devil, what would you do?" "I'd go and see a lawyer," answered Rivers.—Chicago Tribune.

—"I don't think it's fair, Josiah," said Mrs. Chugwater, as the attendants bathed her sprained ankle with soothing lotions and wrapped bandages about it. "Your're the one that always carries the accident insurance policies and I'm the one that's always getting hurt!"—Chicago Tribune.

—As It Struck Her.—Mrs. Malaprop—"This horseless carriage is bound to be a great success." Mrs. Cobwigger—"What makes you think so?" Mrs. Malaprop—"Why, just think of the number of persons there are in the world who can't afford to keep a horse!"—Puck.

—Not a Political Economist. — "I don't think that Senator Sorghum is very much of a political economist," remarked the every-day citizen. "Economist!" echoed the inside worker; "I should say not. When he gits after a convention he's lib'ral to the point of extravagance!"—Washington Star.

Their First Ice.

"One of the funniest sights I ever saw was a South Sea islander with his first chunk of ice," remarked the captain of a trading schooner. "I was lying at anchor at one of the Navigator islands once when some of the natives came aboard. It was an awfully hot day, and I had just been getting some ice up from below. The natives looked at it curiously and so I handed one a chunk. The moment it touched his hand he dropped it like a hot shot and looked at his palms to see if they were burned. After a deal of jabbering they all sat around it and watched it melt. They couldn't understand it at all, and when there was nothing left but a wet spot on the deck they sat around it and discussed the phenomenon. I put a piece of ice in my mouth and then gave them some. They shifted it from hand to hand like a hot coal, put the tips of their tongues to it gingerly, and finally swallowed the chunk. It was a source of great wonder to them."—San Francisco Post.

Didn't Have Supper Ready.

She glanced at him pitilessly.

"To think that I should have married such a man."

He cowered beneath her angry frowns.

"Why didn't your father teach you how to cook instead of letting you fritter away your time at the piano?"

Without waiting for a reply she grabbed her hat and started for a restaurant.—N. Y. World.

—In the 17th century sassafras was largely exported from many parts of America to Europe as a specific in various cutaneous diseases.

—The measure of a master is his success in bringing all men round to his opinion 20 years later.—Emerson.

HOLY WAR IN TURKISH DOMAIN.

Always Preceded by a Display of the Sacred Green Flag.

As the interests of the Christian portion of the universe are now centered in an effort to relieve the distress of people of Armenia, an Asiatic province of the Turkish empire, and as rumors have been clurrent that the troops of the sultan now concentrating in that province for the ostensible purpose of putting down an incipient rebellion of the miserable people have displayed the "green banner," which means a "holy war," it will be of interest to trace as far as possible the origin of a "jejad" or "holy war." It is understood to be a Mohammedan doctrine that jejad, or holy war, can only be proclaimed by the Sheik-ul Islam, the religious deputy of the sultan himself. The proclamation is performed by unfolding the sanjaksherif, or flag of the prophet, which is made of green silk, with a crescent at the top of the staff, to which is attached a horsehair plume. This flag is deposited in the mosque of St. Sophia, at Constantinople. It is not, however the original flag of the prophet, as that ensign was white, and was made from the turban if the koreish which Mohammed captured. For this, some time later, was substituted a black flag, made of the petticoat of Ayesha, the favorite wife of the prophet, and in whose arms he died.

Omar, the second Moslem caliph, obtained possession of the flag by conquest, and it passed subsequently into the hands of the abassides and the caliphs of Bagdad and Kalmira, and was brought to Europe by Amurath III. and deposited in the seraglio at Constantinople. When the flag was changed in color from black to green is not known, but according to the doctrine of Mohammed the sultan and his deputy have the sole authority to unfurl the flag over Constantinople and proclaim a "holy war," a war against all christendom, and one in which every species of atrocity is perpetrated in the name of the prophet on the unbelievers. The unfurling of the green flag among the Turkish soldiery, if there be truth in the report, may not be from the orders of the sultan, as there is a large element of the Mohammedans, particularly those of Arabia and the Holy land, who do not recognize the legitimacy of the claim of the Ottoman Turks to the caliphate and would not wait for the orders of the ruler if they were anxious for a jejad against the hated Christians. If the sultan should attempt or if any part of his dominion independent of his orders inaugurate a holy war it becomes the duty of every Christian nation to take prompt action in the protection of the helpless people that will be exposed to every kind of outrage that the devilish ingenuity of the Moslem religion will contrive to invent. Personal interests and aggrandizement should be promptly laid aside in the cause of humanity.—Baltimore Sun.

PENGUIN BABIES QUEER.

They Cause Their Parents No End of Trouble.

You will notice that the penguin baby is very fat and looks as if he might be extremely good for eating, but if you could see father and mother penguin just now you would find them uncommonly thin. The care of the baby has so worn upon their minds, and the trouble of finding enough fish for three to eat, that all superfluous flesh for the time has vanished.

Baby penguin has a curious nest. The mother tucks the egg away softly and safely among her warm feathers and even moves slowly and with great gravity over the cliffs, carrying the egg, while father penguin goes fishing. Mother penguin looks as fat during this time as the baby does now, but when the egg is hatched she goes fishing, too, and soon grows as thin as father penguin himself. You notice the funny little wings just beginning to start on baby's shoulders. Well, mother and father penguin have longer ones, but they are still more like fins than wings. Nearly all the time is spent in the water and fins are more useful than wings; when on land these little half wings are used as legs, and the birds are often mistaken for quadrupeds as they run over the ground. They do not seem to be troubled with insomnia. When asleep they can be kicked several feet and never even awake up.

There is a variety called the jackass penguin, from its habit of throwing back its head and making a loud, strange noise that sounds like the braying of that animal. The king penguins have regular towns, where every inch of ground is measured off in squares for nests. The young birds are arranged in a certain locality, the molting birds in another, and the clean birds quite apart from all these. So strictly are they all divided that if a molting bird should accidentally stray near the clean birds it would be instantly put out.

In the Falkland islands and in Patagonia these birds abound. They are also very numerous in certain islands of the southern Pacific ocean. On some of them 30,000 or 40,000 are constantly landing or going to sea.—Young Idea.

She Could Easily Whip Him.

West Virginia, the mountain state, is full of interesting characters. Back of the rather aristocratic little town of Phillippi are fastnesses not yet disturbed by the onward march of civilization. A well-known politician was canvassing through that section for votes, when he came to a cabin where a young woman was holding a man on the ground by the ears.

"Done got enough?"

"I give up," he said. Then the girl released the man, who went away looking very much abashed.

"What's the trouble?" inquired the politician.

"Thar wa'nt no trouble," replied the girl. "He juss axed me ter marry 'im an' I've allus said I wouldn't marry any man I could whop. Kinder looks like I couldn' fin' one. I've tried mos' of 'em round hyar, an' none of 'em ain't any good. I tol' 'im all about it, an' I didn't want ter whop this un much, but he jess went down soon as I tackled 'im. I reckon I'll hev to be an ol' maid. I kain't abide havin' no man that ain't mo' of a man than me."—Washington Star.

Fully Explained.

First Detective—Strange that I didn't recognize him! I thought I'd know him in any disguise.

Second Detective—But when he was caught he had no disguise.

First Detective—Oh! that accounts for it.—Puck.

WOMAN AND HOME.

BEAUTY IN THE BUSH.

Australian Types Becoming Famous the World Over—Girls in the Antipodes Imitate Their English Sisters—Art, Literature and Drama Are Regions Unexplored by Them.

A good deal has been written about the American girl, the English girl and the girls of other countries; but the Australian girl, up to the present, has not come in for much attention. Perhaps it is, says London Sketch, that, coming from English stock, she has always been regarded as too essentially British to be dissociated from the daughters of John Bull. Yet she is a distinct species, as different from the average English girl as the American girl. In personal charms she possesses all the attractiveness, but, owing largely to the prevalence of sweltering suns and parching hot winds for eight months out of the twelve, her face has not that freshness, that pink, rosebud coloring which are at once the joy and sovereign possession of the English girl.

But it is in the exquisite contour of her figure, in the smallness of her hands and feet and in the perfect molding of her features that the daughter of the sunny south is able to hold her own. If her face lacks the freshness of the green fields and pastures of England there is in it the warm sun of Australia, which gives to the countenance a look of perpetual pleasure. The small but clearly chiseled features of the Australian girl are always pleasant in expression, indicating a light-hearted, careless, irresponsible character underneath.

The innate shyness of the English girl has no place in her temperament, nor does she pay much regard to the culture, the self-contained dignity, the gracefulness which sit so easily on the girls of the west. The unrestrained spirit of an independent democracy seems to be ingrained in her. She is essentially sociable; indeed, the life of the average Australian girl seems to be made up of a round of social functions—balls, "at homes," parties. She elevates gossip to a fine art, and in the little world in which she resides she will be possessed of an encyclopedic knowl-

TYPE OF AUSTRALIAN BEAUTY.

edge of everybody figuring in social circles. She achieves distinction in volubility. "She can talk, but she has no conversation," as Mrs. Allonby remarked. To her, art, literature, drama and politics are unexplored regions. Dress is the dominant note of her character. And in this, as in almost everything else, she is an imitator.

There is little original about the Australian girl. England is her fetich, and particularly the English fashion journals. She will wear cumbersome and trailing skirts under a pitiless sun, and with the thermometer over 100 degrees, if they have been worn in England. And in her affections she dearly loves an Englishman. She doesn't stop to inquire about his character; if he comes from the old land he has the key of her heart. But, above all these superficialities, which are unavoidable in a new country, rough and uncultured, there is much that is good and useful and practical about the Australian girl. In her domestic qualifications she is unapproachable. Hard-working, industrious, economical, capable with her needle, good-tempered, and, above all, generous, the Australian girl makes an ideal wife.

As the artistic and refining influences of the old world become more and more ingrained in the people of the vast southern continent, the Australian girl, by her grace and winsomeness, will become a keen competitor with her American cousin for recognition in the social spheres of London and Paris.

A Delicious Mexican Dish.

A Mexican dish of sweetbreads and oysters which is delicious is made as follows: Soak and blanch your sweetbreads, cut them into equal sizes and remove the skins and little pipes. Take about three dozen fine oysters, strain off the liquor. Put the sweetbreads into a stewpan and cover with the oyster liquor; add three large spoonfuls of gravy of roast veal and a quarter of a pound of fresh butter cut into bits and rolled in flour. When the sweetbreads are done put in the oysters and let them cook five minutes. Add two wineglasses of sweet cream, stir up well for a few minutes, and serve in a hot dish.

Jeweled Velvets for Belts.

A beautiful fabric, which is used for broad belts, is made with a groundwork of shaded mauve and pink paillettes, overlaid with a scrollwork in black. Puce velvet, embroidered with turquoise, amethysts and paste, with pink and blue beads, having a long, deep waving fringe, is ready for the fronts of gowns, while a square bodice trimming is of white satin worked in turquoise and opals.

Pretty Centerpiece for Table.

A pretty and unusual centerpiece for a table is made as follows: Place in a bowl hollowed in a square of ice enough loosely piled cracked ice to fill the space. In the interstices between the lumps of ice fasten pieces of smilax which will trail out and over the square block. The effect of the glittering ice and the delicate green tracery is charming.

Crescent-Shaped Bonnets.

An odd little bonnet looks much like a velvet crescent resting upon the hair. It is trimmed with two small curly tips. Very wide ribbons are fastened at the back of the crescent, one at each side. They are supposed to encircle the English bun coiffure and tie beneath it in a huge bow.

A Safe Offer.

Famished Flaherty—I offered ter chop wood fer me meals at every house I begged fer vittles las' week.

Ravenous Reardon (incredulously)—Where was dat?

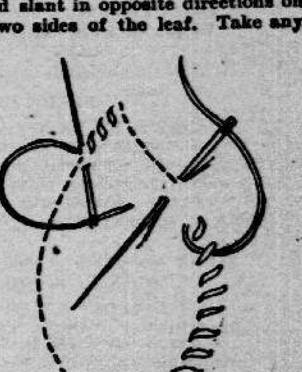
Famished Flaherty (complacently)—In de Indiana natural gas country.—Judge.

SOME FANCY STITCHES.

They Will Not Strain the Eyes Like Genuine Embroidery.

Embroidery is a difficult art and one which it is not always advisable to learn. Girls with weak eyes should be content with simple fancy work, which, if done neatly, will give pleasure, and will not strain the eyes like the elaborate details of genuine embroidery.

There is a secret in producing a good outline leaf. It is this: Begin always at the stem end and work toward the tip. The stitches should be reversed, that is, should slant in opposite directions on the two sides of the leaf. Take any



OUTLINE STITCHES.

serrated leaf and you will see why. The directions given by one who learned the various stitches at the famous South Kensington school are: "A long stitch forward (on the right or upper side), and a short backward stitch on the under side." The illustration will show how this is done.

The same method is applicable for outlining flowers, such as pansies or daisies. When a center is required, the proper finish is the French knot. This looks complicated to those who do not know how this is done, but it is very simple. It is made by pushing the needle up through the cloth, just where the knot is to be, then winding the silk round the needle, two, three or four times before pushing it back through the cloth to the wrong side. The number of times you wind the thread round will regulate the size of the knot. Twice is sufficient in ordinary work.—Brooklyn Eagle.

CORRECT STATIONERY.

Suggestions That Will Be Appreciated by Letter Writers.

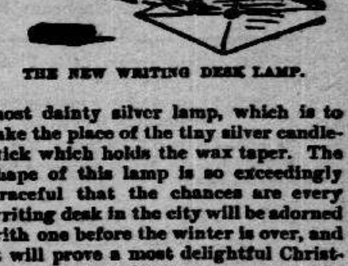
Striking novelties in writing paper are plaided, blocked and brocaded in elaborate and not-to-be-commended fashion. Pale tints are also popular—a delicate blue, pink and cream. Pale gray, lettered with black or silver, is used for second mourning. Monograms grow smaller; they are inclosed in a ring not larger than a ten-cent piece, and frequently backed with green or blue enamel. These are most expensive designs. Long, narrow envelopes are superseding the large square ones for wedding and other invitations, with, of course, the sheet to correspond.

To seal a letter properly, one should have an alcohol lamp, or a roll of the wax taper sold for the purpose, and still air in the room. With the seal and envelope before you, turn one end of the stick of wax rapidly over the flame, not near enough to ignite it, until it is creamy and ready to drop, then deftly rub it round and round over the point of the envelope flap until enough is deposited, when the dab of wax may be held a moment immediately over the flame. Then firmly press the seal into it. If a drop of the hot wax is first placed under the point of the flap, the seal will be less likely to break. A well cut seal will never stick, and practice will insure a firm impression, with the wax molded neatly and evenly around the seal. In all this, pray be careful! Blazing wax in some hands is dangerous. Remember Mrs. Longfellow's sad fate from the lace of her gown catching fire as she sealed her letters!—Home Queen.

WRITING DESK LAMP.

Quite the Latest Fad for Up-to-Date Letter Writers.

While some conservative people have never given up sealing their letters with wax, it is only within a short time that fashion has decreed it the only proper way to fasten the envelope. Now comes a new fad in the shape of a



THE NEW WRITING DESK LAMP.

most dainty silver lamp, which is to take the place of the tiny silver candlestick which holds the wax taper. The shape of this lamp is so exceedingly graceful that the chances are every writing desk in the city will be adorned with one before the winter is over, and it will prove a most delightful Christmas present to bestow upon some girl who is now collecting "things" for her writing table.

The pattern is what is known as the colonial, but the shape strongly resembles the small Roman lamps. As yet it has only been shown in silver, but it will not be long before it will be reproduced in all the different materials that those trifles are made in. When the outfit is complete a silver seal is added to the lamp, but either will prove an acceptable gift.—N. Y. Herald.

Persecuted by Fortune.

A laborer employed in one of the iron mills of Allegheny, earning the munificent salary of $1.10 a day for wheeling ore in a wheelbarrow, received a telegram announcing that a relative in Ireland had died and left him $60,000. He left his job, went to Ireland, secured the cash, and started upon a career of luxury and high living. Two years later he reappeared in Pittsburgh, asked for his old position, and went back to wheeling ore. One day another telegram came announcing that a relative in England had died, leaving him $30,000. He threw up his hands in despair. "Hivins!" cried he. "Must Oi trow up me job and go over thar and waste another year or two in spinding that? It's a bloody shame to hunting a decent workin' man like thot. Oi'll [illegible] to Ireland. Oi won't do it." [illegible]