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, APRIL 4, 1896. VOL. XXI.—NO. 15.

LETTERS FROM HOME.

I've a box of yellow missives
Sacred kept through changing years,
And when sad and weary hearted
Often read 'twixt smiles and tears.
There are notes of invitation,
Souvenirs of graceful sort;
Japanned bits and quaint old menus,
And rare treasures never bought.

There are letters from the schoolmates
Who through years proved true and tried;
There's the card of still another,
First of us to be a bride.
There are lines penned in flirtation,
Flattering and insincere;
There are others, gay and witty,
Filled with wishes and good cheer.

There are bright vacation letters
From the summer friends of yore;
They had written through the autumn,
But were never heard from more.
But in all the store of letters
That I keep where'er I roam,
There are none I find more precious
Than the sacred ones from home.
—Winona Tower, in Farm and Home.

THE SECOND WIFE.

BY LUKE SHARP.

THE French have a habit of filling their railway carriages too full for comfort, and when my friends and myself reached the station in Paris to take the express for London, we found nearly every place occupied. Twice we walked the length of the train, but without seeing a spot available for two. I asked one of the officials if they intended to put on another carriage, but he replied that there was room enough for all who wished to go. "Then," said I, "we shall be obliged to you if you find us two seats in the same compartment." The official shrugged his shoulders and said that we could easily find them if we looked for them. This was about as much satisfaction as one can get out of a French railway official, who doesn't know much, anyhow, and cares less.

Again we walked the length of the train and I noticed one compartment out of the door-window of which leaned a very stout elderly gentleman. The curtains on the two side windows were drawn, and we could not see whether there was vacant places there or not. My friend, who is a very suave and polite gentleman, said to the elderly man: "Will you excuse me a moment?" and he proceeded to open the door.

"All the places here are taken," said the elderly individual, hurriedly.

"That's just what I want to see," said my friend, and gently, firmly, but politely, he opened the door to the great danger of the old gentleman falling out. A lady of perhaps 25 sat in one corner seat; all the other places were vacant but piled with portmanteaux, valises and what not.

"Ah," said my friend, "there seems to be some vacant space here."

"I tell you," replied the elderly gentleman, getting red in the face, "that all these places are taken. There is a party of us, and I'm looking for the others, who may arrive at any moment. You will miss your train if you wait here, for you will undoubtedly have to get out."

My friend glanced up at the big clock placed in the center of the arch at the end of the huge station, and said:

"The train leaves in two minutes, so it seems to me your party is cutting it a little close."

"The party is all right," observed the old gentleman, testily. "They know that I am reserving places for them, and they will be here in plenty of time."

The lady in the corner smiled sweetly at my friend, and he with some reluctance closed the door, for there was nothing more to be said, without calling the old gentleman a liar, which we knew very well that he was. Once more we walked the whole length of the train.

"I wouldn't stand it," I said, impatiently, for I always get angry when I see a man monopolizing a whole compartment, except when I do it myself. "I should have gotten in and taken a place in the corner. He is evidently waiting for no party."

"Gently, gently," said my friend, "all in good time. I will leave them half a minute to come, and then we will quietly wander back to the old duffer's carriage and step in."

We did this and my friend once more opened the door in spite of the protestations on the part of the occupant, who got redder and redder in the face as he saw the attempt to force the position.

"I tell you," he said, "that it's no good. My party will be here and then you will have to go out and you will miss your train."

"We have made up our minds to chance it," said my imperturbable friend,

OUT OF THE WINDOW LEANED A VERY STOUT GENTLEMAN.

as he proceeded to remove the impediments from the two corner seats and, speaking with the utmost respect, he continued: "If your party arrives even while the train is moving out, we will jump off and hold the door open for them to enter. I don't much mind missing a train myself; I could do with another day in Paris. It's a most charming city."

The old man grunted, and the lady smiled fiercely at us. It was quite evident that she was his second wife, and that the honeymoon was drawing to a close. It was also evident that the lady was just a little tired of the old gentleman, and welcomed an accession to the party, but the old man was mad clear through; anyone could see that. He muttered to himself that it was an outrage and ought not to be permitted in any civilized country. A man had a perfect right to a carriage taken for his friends; this was always recognized in England, and no gentleman, nor anyone calling himself a gentleman, would force his way into a compartment where he was not wanted.

"I quite agree with you," said my friend as smoothly as sweet oil. "It is an outrage. I asked the officials, or rather my friend did, whether they would not put on an extra carriage, and they refused to do so. In England we do these things very much better, for such overcrowding of carriages would never be permitted on any first-class line."

"I was not addressing you, sir," said the old man, peevishly.

"Oh, then, I beg your pardon; I thought you were. I hope you will excuse me, for I know how annoying it is to be waiting for a party, and then have the party turn up too late."

The lady smiled again at the polite young man, and the old gentleman kept on muttering, but not so loud that we could hear what he said.

A gong clanged, and the porters ran hither and thither shouting to the passengers to take their seats. My friend put his head out of the window and called to one of the railway men; a porter came to the window.

"I see, sir," said my friend to the old gentleman, "that your porty is going to be left behind. Now if you will tell me which articles belong to them I will give them in charge of this porter who will return the articles to them when they arrive."

He picked up the portmanteau which had been in the place he now occupied, and thrust it through the window to the porter, telling him in French that a party was coming who would be left behind.

"Will you leave that alone?" cried the old gentleman rising and snatching the baggage.

"But, my dear sir," said my friend, protestingly, "you are surely not going to carry the other folks' luggage with you? Think of them left in Paris with none of the comforts of life."

"They will come by the next train," said the old gentleman, placing the portmanteau up in the rack again.

"They may have made up their minds to stay a week," said the young man.

The lady put the book she had been reading up to her face and laughed outright. Her husband looked at her with an expression of disgust on his highly colored face.

"It is no trouble to me at all," continued the young man, blandly, "to put

TALKED IN A FRIENDLY WAY.

out the luggage and give it in charge of a porter. It will be all right. I have seen it done a hundred times, and the train is just about to depart."

"Will you oblige me by attending to your own business?" exclaimed the old gentleman.

"Oh, certainly," said the young man, settling back into his place as the train moved slowly out of the station. There was a look of baffled benevolence on his face that was most touching.

"But, you see, I know what it is to be left without luggage and I merely wished to be of service to your party."

"Hang your service! I don't want any of it."

"No, probably not; but those that are left behind, sir; you should think of them; you should, indeed, sir; but then it must be a consolation for you to know that through your kindness two persons have obtained places in this train; many another man who had a party coming would have bundled us bodily out of the compartment."

"It is what should have been done," cried the old gentleman.

"Oh, don't say that, I beg of you," said the young man, looking inexpressibly hurt. But the old man was not to be drawn out any more. He took the English paper that he had paid three times the London price for, and began reading it. The young man after several fruitless attempts to engage him in conversation and learn some of his opinions on the news of the day, noticed that the second wife was reading a book whose pages were uncut, so he took from his inside pocket a small ivory paper-knife that he always carried with him, and sitting opposite her offered her the use of it. She thanked him, and, greatly to the old gentleman's annoyance, talked in a friendly manner with him until we came to Calais; here the young man insisted upon shaking hands with both of them, and again mentioned his deep regret that the party had been left behind, but his expressions of sympathy were entirely thrown away, for the old gentleman took his second wife under his wing, and, ordering all the luggage to be taken on the boat, departed. The second wife looked over her shoulder and smiled at the young man, who had helped to beguile a tedious railway journey.—Detroit Free Press.

Shape of the Moon.

It is believed nowadays that the moon is a perfect ellipse, its figure being nearly exactly one-third longer than it is broad. This elliptical theory of our satellite's shape is founded on the well-known fact that a certain side (end, rather) of the moon is always presented to our view. This is caused by the moon revolving once on her axis in exactly the same period of time that she revolves around the earth. Her elongated shape was probably caused by the attraction of the earth when both planets were young and soft.

—Robert Dundas, who presided at the annual gathering of the Caledonian railway engineers, remarked that the much-vaunted invention of the steel sleeper is where fast traffic is concerned not half so durable as a creosoted timber sleeper.

HOME HINTS AND HELPS.

—Ringed Potatoes.—Peel large potatoes, cut them round and round in shavings, as you would pare an apple. Fry with clean, sweet lard in a frying pan till brown, stirring so as to brown all alike, drain on a sieve, sprinkle fine salt over them and serve.—Orange Judd Farmer.

—Ham Toast.—Mix with one tablespoonful of finely-chopped ham the beaten-up yolk of an egg and a little cream and pepper, heat over the fire and then spread the mixture either on hot buttered toast, or on slices of bread fried quite crisp in butter; served very hot.—Western Rural.

—Potato Omelet.—Beat four eggs, yolks and whites separately, very light. Have some Irish potatoes, mashed perfectly smooth, and add to the eggs until about the consistency of pound cake. Season with salt, pepper and a little onion, if liked. Drop on a well-greased griddle a spoonful at a time. Turn and cook quickly. This is delicious.—N. Y. Ledger.

—Roast Ducks.—Prepare the ducks and truss them nicely. Stuff both with sage and onions, allowing twice as much onion (chopped) as sage, and twice as much bread crumbs as onion. Moisten all with butter, and season highly with pepper and salt. Baste the ducks carefully, so that they are not dry. Pour a rich gravy round, and serve with green peas, and if liked, apple sauce.—Liverpool Mercury.

—Crochet bags to be used in boiling dumplings are a useful addition to every kitchen. The bag will keep the dumpling in proper shape. It is made of heavy cotton in a plain crochet stitch. Begin with a chain and then widen until the right size. Finish at the top with a scallop and through this run a tape. Put the dumpling in the bag, draw the tape to hold the dumpling in and then let it boil.

—Scotch Eggs.—Boil six eggs until hard. Remove the shell. Cook one-third cupful of crumbs and one-half cupful of milk together until it forms a paste, add to this one cupful of lean boiled ham minced fine, one-half teaspoonful of made mustard, and one salt spoonful of cayenne pepper; mix well. Cut the eggs in half lengthwise, or leave them whole, as preferred. Cover them with the mixture and fry in hot fat for two or three minutes.—Housekeeper.

HOME-MADE SIRUPS.

The Most Delicious Are Made of Common Sugar.

The most delicious sirups for buckwheat cakes are those made at home from sugar. Either maple sugar, granulated or pure brown sugar may be used. When the pure brown sugar of the cane can be obtained, as it can on sugar plantations in the south, this is as delicious as any maple sirup. Unfortunately, it is no longer an article of commerce. The only brown sugar we have is the refuse of the cane sugar which will not become refined. The old-fashioned brown sugar was the pure cane sugar, from which the white sugar is made. It is still valued in the south, and is sometimes sent to the north to special customers in boxes of oranges or other southern produce. If the pure brown sugar cannot be obtained, it is cheaper to use granulated sugar, because it is considerably sweeter than the refuse brown sugar of to-day. Add to five pounds of sugar about a pint of water, or only enough to melt it. Boil it three minutes, so it will not go back to sugar. This will make a delicious heavy sirup. If you wish it thinner use more water, but it is not as good as when thicker.

The prettiest sirup cups for light sirups are those of old-fashioned wedgewood with a silver top. They cost much less than vulgar-looking pitchers of showy plated ware, and with care will last a lifetime. An English majolica cup or pitcher, as some persons prefer to call them, is a picturesque piece. It seldom costs over a dollar, and is a heavy, glossy ware, richly colored and without the raised figures of the common majolica of the shops. It is not easy to find in this country, even in the large cities. There are certain shapes in Flanders gris, intended formerly for covered beer mugs, which make very strong and picturesque sirup holders. This ware is never expensive, and can always be found in large city shops where German wares are sold. The only objection to the use of this ware is its rough surface and raised figures, which unfit it for any general use in the kitchen or on the table.—N. Y. Tribune.

THE CHEERLESS HOME.

The Club His Only Refuge After the Loss of His Old Slippers.

He had taken off his boots and was down on his hands and knees in the room searching for something, when his wife noticed him.

"What are you looking for, William?" she asked.

"My slippers," he replied.

"Oh, I gave those old things away today," she said.

"You gave them away!" he repeated, and then he added, solemnly: "Mrs. Miffler, are you trying to drive me away from home?"

"Of course not. I—"

"What is home without slippers?" he interrupted. "What is an evening at home with heavy boots on your feet? Mrs. Miffler, what do you think constitutes home?"

"Why, you can get another pair," she protested.

"Of course I can," he exclaimed. "I can get a new pair of stiff-soled slippers, and spend 30 days breaking them in."

"The others were torn, and—"

"That's why I liked them! They were comfortable. When I got them on, things seemed homelike. I was settled for the evening, and a four-horse team could not get me out again. But now—now I am ready for the club or theater or any old place. Slippers, Mrs. Miffler, help me to make the difference between the home and the office, and old slippers make the difference greatest."

"I can't see why—"

"Of course you can't. No woman ever can, but I tell you, if I were running things I'd make every woman take a course in slippers. That's what is needed more than suffrage or anything else in that line. Just slippers, nothing but slippers."

He got up, stamped around the room in his stockinged feet for a minute or two, and then put on his boots again.

"This isn't home," he said, bitterly. "It isn't a bit like it. I'm going to the club."—Albany Argus.

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

—Froude passed seven years in collecting materials for and in writing his "History of England." He was very careful in the selection of data and spent whole days in the effort to verify a single fact or citation.

—Costaki Pasha Anthopoulo has been appointed Turkish ambassador to the court of St. James. Costaki Pasha is a Greek Christian who has had much administrative experience in various parts of Turkey and has occupied several important posts.

—Of the 14 new stars discovered during the last 300 years, Mrs. Fleming, of the Harvard observatory, has discovered four—viz.: One in the constellation of Perseus in 1887; one in Norma in 1893, and one each in Carina and Centaurus during the present year.

—The eldest boy of the German emperor is a little bit of an enfant terrible. One day the little crown prince was being laboriously catechised by the chaplain, who continually impressed him that all men are sinners. "Well," exclaimed the boy, impatiently, being wearied of these admonitions, "father may be a sinner, but I know mother isn't."

—Elizabeth Ney, daughter of Marshal Ney, famous in Europe for her delicate work in sculpture, is found to be the same woman who for 20 years has worked quietly in Texas, where she has been known as "The Strange Lady." Miss Ney—now Mrs. Montgomery—is said to be a very beautiful woman, untiringly devoted to her art, and to have accomplished wonders in the way of raising the somewhat hazy aesthetic standard of Texas. In the Texas building at the world's fair was a finely wrought marble statue of Gen. Sam Houston, the work of Mrs. Montgomery.

—A large wholesale bookseller declares that, despite the multiplication of editions of Scott's novels during these last few years, the sale grows automatically with the growth of population. There is no parallel to the sale of Scott, except the Bible. The very best Christmas book of the year has no chance beside Scott. Rev. John Watson ("Ian Maclaren") expressed in a recent lecture the fear that Scott was being raised to the elevation of a classic. That, he said, was the same thing as taking a man out of the house of commons, where he was an active figure, and placing him in the stately seclusion of the house of lords.

HUMOROUS.

—Experienced.—Chunk—"Doesn't a 'new woman' make you feel fairly mad?" Quiverful—"Yes; but she's not so bad as a new baby!"—Fun.

—"Why," demanded the court, "did you kill your wife?" The defendant's head sank upon his breast. "We were both opposed to divorce," he faltered.—Detroit Tribune.

—The Mean Thing.—He—"Don't you wish every year was leap year?" She—"Sir!" "Then your birthday would be one day later in getting around, you know."—Indianapolis Journal.

—Mrs. Newed—"Is your husband a domestic man?" Mrs. Henpeck—"He's the only domestic we keep. I have taught him to cook and wash dishes very nicely."—Philadelphia Record.

—Winks—"I understand you have lost your heart since you have seen the beautiful Miss Bjones." Binks—"No, sir. On the contrary, I have found it."—Somerville Journal.

—Old Quiverful—"And so you want to take our daughter from us; you want to take her from us suddenly without a word of warning?" Young Goslow—"Not at all, sir. If there is anything about her you want to warn me against, I'm willing to listen."—Brooklyn Life.

—His Quest—"And so your friend has been to Africa," she said to Derringer Dan. "That's what he has, ma'am." "Looking for diamonds?" "Yes, ma'am. Diamonds er clubs er spades er any old thing he happened ter feel the need of at the time."—Washington Star.

—The Illusion Dispelled.—Lady (a widow)—"Do you know, my daughter is quite smitten with you, Herr Muller?" Gent (feeling flattered)—"Really, now?" Lady—"A fact; she was only saying to-day: 'I should like that gentleman for my papa.'"—Deutscher Soldatenhort.

—"And you admit that you are a publisher of that pernicious form of reading known as the dime novel?" asked the long-faced man; "did you ever reflect, sir, how many have been ruined by your publications?" The man with the large diamond lighted a big, fat cigar. "Pho!" said he; "ten cents never ruined nobody."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

—A Strict Formalist.—Mrs. Quigg—"Of course, you have been in Europe, Mrs. Prigg?" Mrs. Prigg—"Oh, yes! I was there lawst yeah, and called on the queen, don't you know." Mrs. Quigg—"Indeed! You intend going over again, no doubt?" Mrs. Prigg—"Cawn't say. It would hawdly be pwoper form for me to do so until the queen has returned my call."—Richmond Dispatch.

ODDITIES OF ANIMALS.

Queer Features About Them That Are Little Known.

Observe for yourselves. Every spotted dog has the end of his tail white, while every spotted cat has the end of her tail black.

Try it. Gather 10,000 of the threads spun by a full-grown spider, twist them together, and see if they equal in substance the size of one of your hairs.

Oysters live ten or twelve years when they have the chance. In this country they don't get the chance.

Many horses are fond of beer, and to a tired horse a bottle of beer in his gruel is a great restorative. It acts as a "pick me up," and often makes the horse with no appetite eat freely. Brewers understand this, and that is one reason why their horses always seem to be in good condition.

The large horned beetle can carry 315 times its own weight. One has been known to walk away with a two and a quarter pound weight.

Live bees are sometimes shipped on ice so as to keep them dormant during the journey. This is particularly the case with bumblebees, which have been taken to New Zealand, where they are useful in fertilizing the red clover that has been introduced into that colony.—Boston Post.

The Way of the World.

"Does Jawcomb owe you money?"

"Yes; why do you ask?"

"I thought he owed you money; he goes about abusing you like a pickpocket."—Dallas (Tex.) Siftings.

THE TRANSVAAL.

President Kruger Is a Brave Old Dutchman, Who Knows No Fears.

Although the Transvaal is in name a republic, it is really governed by a despotic oligarchy. Indeed, it might be said to be ruled by a triumvirate, consisting of President Kruger, Gen. Joubert and Gen. Smit. The chief and best known of these is President Kruger, or "Oom Paul," as he is almost universally called by the Boers. He is a robust old man of something more than 70 years. In early life he was physically the strongest man in the whole Transvaal, and he is even now by no means decrepit. He has a long, narrow head, with small, cunning eyes deeply set under furrowed brows, a large and rather coarse nose and mouth and a straggling beard. There is little of the phlegmatic Dutchman in his manner and conversation; on the contrary, he is voluble, excitable and given to a profusion of gestures.

In religion he is "Dopper"—that is, a member of the most conservative and bigoted sect among the Boers. He used to be a great fighter and leader of raids against the natives. When he was a mere lad he distinguished himself in a campaign against the Zulus. A Boer expedition on the upper waters of the Vaal river received tidings at the close of a day's fighting that a Zulu impi was advancing to attack them. The Boers, all excepting young Kruger, refused to believe it and lay down to sleep, but Kruger believed the news, determined to keep watch all night and persuaded one comrade to sit up with him.

Sitting on wagons on opposite sides of the camp, their rifles in their hands, they watched all night. At length, just before daybreak, Kruger's keen ear caught the sound of approaching feet. He had just time to give the alarm when a thousand or more Zulus charged full upon the camp. There was a desperate struggle, but the Boers were at last successful and the Zulus were repulsed. But had it not been for Kruger's watchfulness there is little doubt that every one of the Boers would have been slaughtered.

Kruger bears upon his body many scars of bullets and spearheads. His left hand is minus a thumb, which he lost many years ago. He was out hunting when his gun burst and terribly mangled the thumb. He was afraid lockjaw would set in, and so entreated his comrades to amputate the member. One of them tried to do so, but his heart failed him and he gave it up. Thereupon Kruger seized a knife with his other hand and himself cut off the mangled thumb. The very small scar now remaining shows how good a job he made of it. He has several times visited England on missions for his countrymen.

He first went wearing the broad felt hat, the short jacket and shoes of untanned leather which form the usual costume of a "Dopper" Boer. But on his return home his astonished friends beheld him clad in a high silk hat, a long black frock coat and polished boots. He told them that England was a good enough country and contained some fine houses, but all the land seemed to belong to some one. Even outside of London you could not sit down under a tree to smoke a pipe without having some one come up and say the land was his and ask you what you were doing there. Kruger has stubbornly refused to learn a word of English, and there is no man in the whole republic who regards Englishmen with more hatred and contempt than he does.—N. Y. Tribune.

HE COULD PLAY THE JEWSHARP.

Singular Sentiments Expressed at the Grave of a Musician.

We gathered around the open grave, ten of us, and gazed down silently at the plain deal coffin. None of us knew any burial service, but something of the sort seemed necessary, so we stood puzzling our brains to recall some good action of the deceased. After a lapse of several minutes Jones mentioned how the corpse had once treated Cornish Joe to a big burst. The remark was better left unsaid, for we all remembered that the sequel to that action was his running through the traveler's pocket and abstracting all the contents thereof.

There was another silence of five minutes while we moved our feet about, shuffling the loose earth into rude circles. Then Darbyshire whispered that perhaps if we sang something it would be better than keeping dead silence. There was no answer to Darbyshire's suggestion.

By and by, Murphy could stand it no longer. "Boys," he cried, "d'ye moind the toime he did Ginger Smith outer a pen at Gerogery? A low, sneaking hound he was."

"Aye, he was that," chipped in McDougall. "Do you no remember him saltin' the South claim, too?"

We all remembered it well. Our tongues were loosened at once, and each of us had some anecdote to relate of the perfidy of the departed. For an hour or more we stayed, until the pauses got longer between the yarns, and ultimately conversation came to a stop. We shoveled in the earth and left a yellow mound to mark the spot. Then we made for the Miner's Arms to drink the corpse's health.

"Fill 'em up, mon," said McDougall. "He was a dom'd scoondrel, but, my oath, he could play the jewsharp."—Sydney Bulletin.

The Austrian Crown.

At intervals a rumor is frequently set going in the European press to the effect that the emperor of Austria desires to set aside the pragmatic sanction and settle the crown on his younger daughter, Grand Duchess Marie Valerie, married to her cousin, Grand Duke Franz Salvator, of the Tuscan house. The consent of both the Austrian and Hungarian legislatures, as well as of all in the male line of succession, would have to be obtained before so serious a modification of the constitution could be effected. Even then it is likely enough that at Franz Joseph's death the arrangement would be upset; nor is there any proof that Princess Marie Valerie is capable of administering so ticklish an inheritance.—Boston Globe.

The Wrong Word.

Mrs. Querrel sat looking into the fire. Presently she chuckled a little bit.

"What are you giggling at?" kindly inquired Mr. Querrel.

"I was thinking of the time when you proposed. You told me to say the one little word that would make you happy for life."

"Yes, I remember. And you went and said the wrong word."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—Cardinal Steinhuber, S. J., has been appointed prefect of the Congregation of Indulgences and Sacred Relics in place of the late Cardinal Persico.

—Prof. Dubois Reymond, the physiologist, who is now 77 years old, is about to resign his place of perpetual secretary of the Berlin academy of sciences.

—Cardinal Melchers' death, following closely on those of Cardinal Persico and Bonaparte, will keep alive the superstition that cardinals always die in threes.

—A number of prominent citizens of Philadelphia will give a banquet to Prof. Edmund J. James, of the University of Pennsylvania, before he leaves to assume his new duties at the University of Chicago.

—A "Christian Labor union" was recently organized in Milwaukee, the object of which is "to furnish a bond of reciprocal sympathy and information between the church and working men in their organized movements."

—The Congregational church of Sedalia, Mo., is going to make a grand effort to bring the old sinners into the fold this year. Young women are to act as ushers in place of the young men hitherto acting in that capacity.

—Presbyterian vigor in invective has not degenerated in Scotland. A Glasgow minister, who opposed total abstinence, was described lately in the pulpit as "A white-chokered blasphemer engaged in raising a signpost to hell."

—Miss Ella Wilcox is the highly efficient janitor and sexton of the church of the United Brethren in Marcellus, Mich. She has full care of the church, keeps it in order, rings the bell on Sundays, and attends to all the other duties of a sexton "in every way better than any male janitor ever has," the church-goers say. She is good-looking, as well as accomplished; doubtless another point of superiority over the male janitors.

—A class in ethics is one of the novel educational features of the Massachusetts state reformatory. It is conducted on a plan devised by President Hyde, of Bowdoin college. About 150 of the more intelligent prisoners are members of the class. The usual procedure of the class consists of a lecture by the instructor or a paper by some member, followed by a general discussion of the topic. The debates are said to be spirited and earnest, and the effect on the prisoners excellent.

LAND OF MIGHTY WONDERS.

Bewildering Beauty of the Sublime Scenery in Iceland.

To the botanist and geologist Iceland presents a peculiarly rich field. The flora is plentiful and varied. The mountains have many curious shapes and forms; the outburst of volcanic energy having occurred in closest contact with the realm of ice bears evidence of frost and fire having grappled in sternest conflict, writes Ruth Shaffner. In some cases the nucleus in the basaltic mass alone remains, and looks like monuments or cairns, and it is difficult to believe they are natural. Zeolites, embedded in reddish clay, bits of agate and fragments of chalcedony, are a few of the treasures found strewn in the paths leading to the fjords.

Nothing can be more delightful than a horseback trip of 200 or 1,000 miles through Iceland. The traveler sees thousands of mountains covered with eternal snow, outrivaling the Alps in grandeur; great geysers and innumerable hot wells; waterfalls, one of which—the Gullfoss—is second only to Niagara in size and beauty; crystal streams and dashing rivers; lava beds of fantastic figures, covered with moss that glistens in the sun like hoar frost, and as a crowning glory the atmosphere is so brilliant that objects 80 miles distant appear close at hand.

The effect of light and shadow are the purest I have ever seen, and the contrast of color is truly astonishing; one square foot of a mountain juts out in a blaze of gold against the flank of another dyed of the darkest purple, while up against the azure sky beyond rise peaks of glistening snow and ice.

If within the domain of nature such another region is to be found it must be in the heart of those solitudes which science is unveiling to us amid the untrodded fastnesses of the lunar mountains.—N. Y. Mercury.

GIRL INTIMATES.

Why They Must Be Chosen with an Eye to Harmony.

"Why do you go so little with Maud?" asked a mother of her daughter, a girl popular in society. "I find her charming."

"You will laugh if I tell you, mamma," said this up-to-date young woman, "but it is simply because she is so unbecoming to me; I simply cannot afford it. I like her immensely, but an unbecoming intimate friend is really a great affliction.

"There are some girls that make you look stumpy, and others that make you look fat. A fair, fresh girl will make a dark, sallow one look yellower than ever, while the latter often makes the former resemble a broad-faced milkmaid.

"Look at —— and ——. They have been devoted to each other since they were babies, but the one grew like a bean pole and the other stayed a roly-poly little thing, and now they look positively ridiculous together when they are walking on the avenue.

"Carrie, alone, would be rather pretty, although she is short and plump, but with Ethel she seems a positive dwarf—that is the worst of tall people, by the way; they make everyone else appear to be undersized.

"Of course, you cannot exactly choose a friend as you would a gown, because she sets you off to the best advantage, but all the same it is much nicer to have some one who harmonizes with your general appearance.—Chicago Times-Herald.

Had the Last Word.

A group of children were going home to luncheon from school. They were little girls between the ages of seven and ten years, and, following the example of their older sisters, were discussing their clothes.

"I have a lovely new dress that I am going to wear to church next Sunday," said one of them.

"Pooh!" said a little one with brown eyes, "I've got a new hat, and I'm going to wear it every day."

This was too much for the little girl who was clothed the most shabbily in the whole party, and she said:

"I don't care; I've got heart disease anyway."—Chicago Chronicle.

WOMAN AND HOME.

HANGING FERNERY.

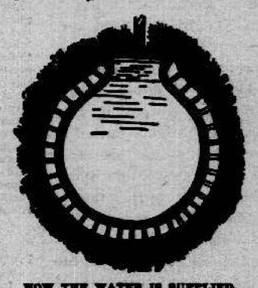
A Beautiful Thing for Decorating a Window or a House.

The hanging fernery is a very pretty and rather curious horticultural novelty. The idea was conceived by a California woman, and her idea proved such a happy one that she has reaped quite a financial harvest selling them. Only a few have found their way to the east, however, brought back by tourists. The foundation of the hanging fernery is a terra-cotta pot as nearly round as can be secured. Over this is

SHOWING THE MOSS AND NET.

placed a mat of moss, ferns and roots. This is held around the pot with a wire net, to which is also fastened a wire by which to hang the moss.

The hanging ferneries can be made any size or shape required, and of all the smaller varieties of ferns, such as maidenhair. Once started they are permanent if never allowed to become dry. These ferneries have remained green through summer and winter, putting out young fronds all the time, it being only necessary to remove the old ones



HOW THE WATER IS SUPPLIED.

as they fade. For table decorations they are lovely and can be suspended from chandeliers or from stands made to support them, only, if gas is used, they should be removed immediately after meals to a more congenial atmosphere. The water seeping through the porous vessel drops slowly from time to time; hence it is necessary to keep growing plants or some vessel underneath to receive the water, or the fern ball can be emptied before placing over the table and filled again as soon as the meal is over, and placed where the dripping will do no damage. In greenhouses, windows and for almost any house or veranda decoration they are very beautiful, and the small amount of care and attention they require is a great advantage.

CARING FOR GLOVES.

To Keep Them in Good Condition Follow the Directions Here Given.

Always stretch gloves out smooth and put in a box without doubling when removed from the hands. A nice addition to the glove box is a scented sachet, giving the gloves a delicate odor when worn.

An error that is commonly made is that of mending kid gloves with sewing silk, as the silk cuts the kid and shows the mend more plainly, while fine cotton thread gives a much more satisfactory result. If the gloves are torn, put a piece of silk of corresponding shade under the torn part, baste carefully so as not to reveal the stitches on the right side and then draw up the rent with cotton thread.

A few good glove cleaners are recommended, but it is generally better to send gloves to one who makes this his business than to experiment on them, for, like the mending, it is a trade in itself. But, whenever you do, take warning by the fate of a nice pair of driving gloves we once had, and never try to polish them up with French shoe dressing. The way it came about, we read in one of the papers that an application of this liquid would renew the youth and beauty of old and badly soiled kid gloves, and deeming newspaper lore to be relied upon, we put it into effect, but, alas! the result was a revelation. To be sure, there were no soiled spots remaining visible, but the shine on those gloves made them positively reflective, and the way they adhered to the reins turned our thoughts to agricultural fairs and molasses candy. In conclusion, we have only to say: Mend, patch, clean or wash your gloves, but never try French shoe dressing. It doesn't work.—St. Louis Republic.

How to Make Crab Croquettes.

In giving a little dinner, crab croquettes make an excellent entree. To prepare them take one pound of crab meat, gently press out the juice and put it in a bowl with a tablespoonful of fine crumbs, half a teaspoonful of salt, half a saltspoonful of pepper, a dash of anchovy essence, the yolks of two eggs and a very little cold water. If the eggs are enough to make it the proper consistency bind the ingredients together and place on ice until wanted. Then work into cone-shaped forms, dip them in beaten eggs, then in crumbs and fry in best fat.

When Calling on Acquaintances.

By the way, one should never say "making calls;" one should call it "paying visits." That seems rather a misleading phrase, as it might imply a stay of several days' duration. But it is good form to say it, nevertheless. Another dictum of the smart set is that more than two people should never pay visits together. If there are, for instance, three unmarried sisters in society, or a mother has two unmarried daughters, the three must divide their forces in some way, but they must not descend upon a friend's drawing-room at once.

A Splendid French Idea.

A well-dressed French woman always includes among her gowns for every season a shepherd's plaid—black and white, or brown and white—and with such a gown fancy cloth jackets look very smart.

INEXPENSIVE COUCH.

Something Dainty and Useful to Hold One's Best Gowns.

A dainty woman who has a passion for the elusive odor of heliotrope has evolved for herself an idea whereby she can impregnate her belongings at light expense and very satisfactorily. From two clean packing boxes she has made two boxes of another shape.

One was six feet long by 18 inches or so deep, and about 36 inches wide. Another was made just as long and just as wide, but not quite so deep. Both boxes were made quite strong, and one, the deepest, had short, strong legs finished with casters. This deepest box was lined neatly with wrapping paper, and over this a lining of pale blue silesia was tacked. For the bottom of this box three large sachets were made which formed a soft bottom, and this was thoroughly scented with her favorite odor.

The second or shallow box had its bottom also covered with a large sachet or padded lining, and the top was upholstered with springs and filling. Then the two boxes were joined together, one above the other, by three stout hinges. A piece of tapestry cloth was plaited around the edge of the lower box, and tacked with gimps falling in a rich valence to the floor.

The upper box was covered smoothly over the upholstering, and the edge that touched the lower one was also finished with gimp. Several attractive pillows completed the outside arrangement, and a very artistic couch was the result. A bunch of tassels at either outside corner served to lift the upholstered top, revealing a receptacle for gowns and wraps where they could rest in scented seclusion with immunity from creases or crushes, as the box was fashioned with sufficient length to admit of their being laid in without a fold. Any carpenter could make the boxes, and the upholstering will cost but a little, the tapestry being most expensive, but any other material preferred could be substituted, thus bringing the cost even lower.

SWEET PEA DESIGN.

Cup and Saucer Done in Violet and Gold Are Very Pretty.

The accompanying design of sweet peas for a cup and saucer is charming if done in violet and gold. After sketching the design in india ink, fill in the surface first with a pale tinting of violet and gold, not in an even grounding tint, but showing faintly the brush marks and letting it shade from a deep tone to a paler. When this is finished dry it in a hot oven until perfectly hard, so you can work over it. Then with violet of gold moistened slightly with turpentine wash in the sweet pea petals, adding a bit of black with the violet to make a grayish violet for the conventionalized stems and the leaf-like figure that finishes the edge. After

you have done as much work on it as possible without smudging, send it to be fired. When it returns you can work over it further, adding a touch of deeper shadow where it is not intense enough. Then use your gold, carefully outlining the sweet peas, the stems and the border, with a touch here and there whenever you think a bit of gilding will improve it. Gild the handle and edges, only be careful in using gold that it does not come in contact with unfired color, else it will turn black and unsightly.—American Agriculturist.

WINTER FURBELOWS.

The Frou-Frou collar as worn by Ellen Terry is very dainty in appearance and finishes up a costume beautifully.

The Trilby frill marks a new era in neckwear. It brings up the high collar, the stiff ruche and the tailor-made necklet.

An evening fichu, fashioned in Elizabethan style, in lavender and white, is one of the new additions to the ball-room toilet.

Beaded and sequin nets are finding favor for waist trimmings. They give a brightness to a costume which is well worth striving for.

The following antique and modern laces are in vogue: Tambour, Florentine, Japanese point, Point d'Alencon, guipures and Valenciennes.

Dangers of Piano Playing.

A French scientist of note maintains that a large number of the nervous maladies from which girls suffer are attributed to playing the piano. He shows by statistics that of 1,000 who study this instrument before the age of 12, no less than 600 suffer from nervous disorders, while of those who do not begin until after there are only 300 per 1,000, and only 100 per 1,000 among those who have never worked at it. The violin, he says, is equally injurious. As a remedy he suggests that children should not be permitted to study either instrument before the age of 16, at least, and in the case of those possessing delicate constitutions not till a still later age.

Business Brisk.

Mrs. Society (of Chicago)—How is business, Mrs. Elite?

Mrs. Elite—Business is picking up, my dear. I added $5,000 a year to my alimony income by my last two divorces.—N. Y. Weekly.

Her Extended Term.

Darley—How's your new hired girl getting along?

McBride—New hired girl! She's not new. We've had her five weeks.—Chicago Record.

Her Kind.

Clerk—You can turn this lamp over so high and it won't smoke.

She—I want a lamp that won't smoke if you turn it ever so low.—Puck.

Only Fit for the Kingdom.

Mrs. Dash—Is Mrs. Crash in good society?

Mrs. Rash—Oh, no!—she's just one of my church acquaintances.—Puck.

His Only Refuge.

"What do you do when you go home late at night and find your wife waiting up waiting for you?"

"Wish I hadn't gone home."—Puck.