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 11, 1896. VOL. XXI.—NO. 16.

THE LOVE OF THE ENGINEER.

There's a gleam of red on the road's rough bed,
And a clamor of flying wheels,
As I give old "Flyaway Bess" her head
And, swift as a shot from a rifle sped,
She sweeps o'er the singing steels.
Like a star at night shines a faint, far light,
And the faint far light draws near,
Where to see us pass she waits, dear lass,
The love of the engineer.

With a rattle and din along we spin,
And the house runs blithely by;
And, shadowed against the light within,
Is the girl it has been my luck to win
And the girl for whom I'd die!
For a sight of the train, at the window pane
She watches, my Nell, my dear,
And rollicking past my heart beats fast—
She's the love of the engineer!

I hold your lives, oh, husbands and wives,
In the palm of my grimy hand!
But you need not fear, whatever arrives,
While the stanch old engine onward drives,
For here at my post I stand;
And well I know she would have me go
To my death unknowing fear,
Asleep or awake, you are safe for the sake
Of the love of the engineer!

—Guy W. Carrly, in Judge.

A MATCHMAKER.

I.

"I AM sure, Cousin Molly, that Mr Beaumont is in love with you."

"Nonsense, Nellie! He knows very little about me. I have only been staying with you three weeks."

"But don't you believe in love at first sight?"

"I am sure I don't know, but—"

"Now, be sensible, Molly. You know you are very fond of him."

"I don't know anything of the sort. I don't care a bit about him—that is, I think he is very agreeable, and handsome, and kind-hearted, and all that—"

"You might add 'clever, virtuous and fascinating.'"

"Why?"

"Because then you would have given him all the qualities that a woman can expect in the man she would marry."

"Really, Nellie, I believe you are nothing but a scheming little matchmaker."

"In this instance perhaps I am. But it is certainly a very desirable match, and you are both head over ears in love with each other."

"I protest, I don't love him a bit."

"You don't know your own mind."

"Oh, yes, I do. I don't love him, and I wouldn't marry him."

"Do you mean that?"

"Well, of course I do."

"Then I'll marry him myself."

"You?"

"Why not?"

"Oh, of course it is nothing to me."

"Quite so."

"But I think it very mean of you—very, very mean—not to have told me that you cared for him."

"Now, Molly, just listen. Mr. Beaumont, I am sure, thinks you do not like him, and that you would refuse him if he asked you to marry."

"Do you think so?"

"Yes; so I believe, from something he dropped, that he is going to propose to me this afternoon. Now, if you slip into the drawing-room and hide behind the screen—"

"I shouldn't think of doing any such thing. The idea!"

"Do as I tell you, dear, and you will hear me refuse him. I was only jesting when I said I would marry Mr. Beaumont myself."

"Then you are sure you don't love him the least little bit, Nellie, dear?"

"Not in the least. You will hear me tell him so if you wait."

II.

"Well, Mr. Beaumont, I have sounded my cousin, Molly."

"And do you really think I may hope for success?"

"I am sure of it. She is very fond of you, but not yet fully aware of the fact. We women are curious creatures."

"It was very good of you to offer me your advice and help."

"Not at all; we are very old friends. Now, don't you be rash, or you will spoil everything. You must do exactly

"I DON'T LOVE HIM A BIT."

as I tell you. You must come into the drawing-room and propose to me."

"Propose to you?"

"Yes; and mind you act the part well."

"I don't understand you."

"Well, while you are proposing to me, Molly will be behind the screen. When she hears your protestations of love for me, she will think she has lost you and will discover the true state of her heart."

"But, really, this seems rather—"

"Now, don't argue. Do just as I tell you. Come into the drawing-room at once, or she will suspect collusion."

"One moment. Don't you think—?"

"Not a word. I hear Molly coming downstairs. I will sit here on this sofa. When I raise my hand, begin. Can you tell me of a good novel, Mr. Beaumont?"

"Well—er—it is rather a responsibility recommending novels to ladies nowadays. There are as many different schools of readers as of writers."

"But you know by this time my taste in fiction."

"Not so well, I am afraid, as I could wish. Hem! If you would—er—only let me become your sole literary reader, master and adviser for life!"

"I am afraid I don't understand you, Mr. Beaumont."

"Shall you guess what has brought me here this afternoon? Let me be frank with you. Oh, Nellie, we have been friends now for a long time. Every year you become dearer to me and more necessary for my happiness. Will you not become my wife? Speak, darling! Say you consent. You cannot guess how I long to have you always by my side. Say 'yes,' and make me the happiest man in all the wide world!"

From where she sat Nellie saw the flutter of a light blue gown as it passed quickly from behind the screen to the open door. Molly had prematurely fled.

"Do not keep me in suspense," he went on. "Say, will you be my wife?"

She bent her head to hide an irresistible smile.

"Yes!"

Mr. Beaumont leaped to his feet in amazement. Nellie did not speak a word. With a look of anger on his face he stepped behind the screen. There was nobody there.

"What does this mean?"

"It simply means, Mr. Beaumont, that you have asked me to marry you and I have consented."

"I merely did so at your suggestion, because—"

"Exactly; and it was good of you to adopt my suggestion. I have accepted your offer, and I hope I shall not have reason to regret it."

"Nonsense, Miss Nellie! You knew it was only a jest. I like a good practical joke, but surely this one is a little undignified. It was understood that you would refuse."

"I made no such promise, Mr. Beaumont."

III.

"Why, Molly, dear, whatever is the matter?"

"Don't come near me! I'll ne-never for-forgive you. You are a horrid, mean th-thing. I'm packing up and go-going away."

"Now, don't be a silly girl. What have I done?"

"You pro-promised to refuse him, and then actually accepted him. You treacherous creature! I'll never speak to you again. To play such a vile trick on me! How could you be so heartless?"

"But I saw you leave the room before I gave him my answer."

"I came back and listened outside the door—I heard you accept him, and then rushed away."

"My dearest Molly, it was all a practical joke. I thought you were out of hearing, and I was just teasing him. I

"I DON'T UNDERSTAND YOU, MR. BEAUMONT."

am so sorry I have hurt your feelings and will confess all. I have been hoaxing both of you."

"How?"

"Mr. Beaumont never meant to propose to me—he loves you alone—but he went through the farce at my request. He is waiting downstirs to see you. Bathe your eyes, make yourself pretty, and come down. I gave the poor man quite a fright, but I am awfully penitent and he has forgiven me. I will tell you all about it. There—we're good friends again, aren't we?"

IV.

"My darling Molly, you have made me so happy."

"But don't you feel a terrible bigamist—accepted by two women in the same day?"

"It was a cruel jest of Nellie's."

"Yet she meant no harm."

"Nevertheless, I should like to pay her back in her own coin."

"Yes; how can we manage it?"

"Look, Molly! Here is Capt. Durston coming up the drive. We will pretend that Nellie and I are engaged."

"Delightful!"

The captain entered and exchanged greetings.

"Have you heard the news, Capt. Durston?" said Molly.

"What news?"

"Nellie has accepted an offer of marriage."

"Yes; I am delighted to say I am quite aware of it."

Molly and Mr. Beaumont exchanged glances.

"Why, who told you?"

"Ha! ha! Who in the world should tell me but your cousin herself?"

"Nellie? Impossible!"

"Not at all. I have just authorized the announcement in the country newspaper."

"The deuce you have!" exclaimed Mr. Beaumont, excitedly.

"And why not, sir?"

"Because it is utterly false, sir!"

"Sh—h! What is the matter?" cried Nellie, running into the room. Surely you two gentlemen are not going to quarrel here!"

"Capt. Durston states on your authority, Miss Nellie, that you are engaged to be married."

"It is perfectly true. I believe I am."

Molly threw herself into an easy chair and began to sob and show signs of becoming hysterical. Nellie and Durston stood looking bewildered, while Beaumont regarded Nellie with a glance of mingled surprise and contempt.

"I thought," said Beaumont, "this farce was at an end, Miss Nellie."

"Farce! What do you mean?"

Suddenly a smile broke over her face, and she burst into a peal of laughter.

Then everybody laughed, everybody congratulated everybody else, and everybody was in the end supremely happy. But three of the company insisted that Nellie was a wicked, meddlesome, mischievous little thing, and that she would have to be kept well in hand when she became Mrs. Durston.—Tit-Bits.

Germans in London.

London has a population of from 70,000 to 80,000 Germans.

ROPE TOBOGGANING.

The Startling Performance of the Badis in India.

Some curious customs are to be found among the inhabitants of the northwest provinces of India. The following, for instance, is related of a ceremony performed by Badis, or rope-dancers, to bring prosperity to the villages to which they belong. The rite is commonly performed in the Garhwalli villages dedicated to Mahadeva, at propitiatory festivals which are annually held in his honor.

A rope is stretched from the summit of a cliff to the valley beneath, the ends being made fast to stakes driven into the ground. The Badi, seated astride on a wooden saddle, well greased to make it run freely, rides from the top to the bottom of the rope. The pace, of course, varies according to the degree of inclination given to the rope, but, as may be expected, it is always very rapid, and sometimes terrific.

Precautions are taken to prevent accident. The saddle is fastened, for instance, so that it cannot slip round the rope (as saddles on horses have been known to do, to the discomfort of the riders) and the Badi's feet are ballasted by sand bags to maintain his perpendicular; and the only danger is from a possible breaking of the rope. This is usuallly made of bhabar grass, and naturally the Badi takes great care to see that it is equal to the strain.

The remuneration paid to the Badi for this novel form of Blondinism is one rupee for every 100 cubits of rope traversed, and the longest journey of the kind on record is one for which 20 rupees were paid, and which accordingly measured 2,100 cubits.

The practice is not so dangerous nowadays as it was in the "good old times" of native rule, when to the risk of a fall was added that certainty that such a mishap would entail death, because it was the custom whenever a Badi fell, for the surrounding spectators to promptly dispatch him with swords. That part of the excitement has been eliminated, and it is on record that no fatal accident has resulted from the performance since 1815, though it is probably still celebrated at upward of 50 villages every year.

The rope or bast used for the ceremony is supposed to be endowed with remarkable properties by the successful accomplishment of the feat, and it is cut up and distributed among the people of the village, who hang the pieces to the eaves of their houses in order that they may serve as charms.

The Badi's hair is believed to have similar properties, and is cut off and preserved, and he himself is supported by contributions of grain from the villagers, in addition to the monetary reward for his feat, the theory being that his share in propitiating the gods to secure fertility to the lands of others makes his own land unlucky, and that any seed he might sow would be certain not to germinate.—Toledo Blade.

QUEER WEDDING CUSTOMS.

In England Professional Witnesses of Marriages Are in Demand.

Professional jurors are well known in America, and everybody has heard of professional mourners in other parts of the world, but professional witnesses to marriages are quite novel additions to the social system. It appears that they are well known in England and that their services are often in demand.

A prominent London clergyman writes on this subject:

"Ask any old cab driver, and he will, probably, tell you how often he has earned an extra fee by acting as one of the witnesses to the marriage of some couple he has driven to church. I have had two such cases within the last 12 months. One tradesman near, a corn factor, is generallly at the service of the clerk when a witness is required, and I should think that he has so acted in quite a score of cases during the past few years, a present sometimes being offered him for his services, while in others he has not even been thanked.

"A South London clergyman I know usually sends for a photographer, his church warden, who has a place just opposite, to act as witness, and this individual declines to act unless—he uses no pressure, of course—he is allowed to take a compound portrait of the bride and bridegroom to keep as a record, and he simply asks that a small subscription be put in the poor-box of the church as a return, and if the bride and bridegroom choose to give an order for a number of the portraits, he gives the profits to the church expenses. He has several times been asked for these portraits some considerable time after they were taken, and in one case produced such a photograph at Manchester assizes. In several cases I could tell you of, the parties being married have, for reasons known to themselves, and not on account of want of time, absolutely refused to be photographed, and, of course, another witness has been found."—Iowa State Register.

A Philadelphia Horse Trade.

The proprietor of an uptown hotel, which is patronized largely by the agricultural classes, has a vacant stall in his stable, and thereby hangs a tale. The Boniface was very anxious to sell a horse to a friend from the country, but the latter had some doubt as to the animal's speed. The two agreed upon a certain day for a drive in the park, and in the meantime the hotel man had not been idle. They were bowling along at a pace which was scarcely calculated to create any great excitement, when a park guard, who had previously been "fixed," arrested the owner of the horses for driving faster than the allowed three-minute gait. He willingly paid his fine of five dollars, and his companion was so impressed by the occurrence that he immediately purchased the horse. There are tricks in all trades.—Philadelphia Record.

How to Make Cocoanut Pie.

This is an excellent recipe for cocoanut pie: Yolks of three eggs, add two tablespoonfuls of sugar and one of flour. Beat thoroughly. Add two teacupfuls of milk and half a teacupful of freshly-grated cocoanut. Pour into a baking dish lined with rich pie paste. Place in a moderate oven. While baking beat the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth, add three tablespoonfuls of sugar and half a cupful of grated cocoanut. When the pie is done spread this on it. Return to the oven till it is a delicate brown. Serve cold.—Chicago Tribune.

—Our own opinion of ourselves should be lower than that formed by others, for we have a better chance at our imperfections.—Tatler.

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

—Russia stands third among the nations in the number of books published, surpassing Great Britain. As but little fiction is printed the enormous output of serious literature is the more remarkable.

—The center of the city of Birmingham, England, is being undermined by the myriads of rats infesting the sewers. The damage done to property is incalculable. In one place no fewer than 350 rats were caught in one day.

—The Cooperative Wholesale society, limited, of London, has no fewer than 240 employes engaged in clerical work in a single apartment, 156 feet long by 60 feet broad. The sales of the concern amount to considerably over $50,000,000.

—Egyptians are very prolific The native births in 1894 were 335,540, while the deaths were only 192,103. The native population of Egypt up to the Second Cataract and including the oases, is about 8,000,000. The natives are thoroughly convinced that the muddy waters of the Nile increase the procreative powers.

—Dr. Caster has discovered in a heap of torn papers sent to him from Yeman, Arabia, an ancient book of magic called "The Sword of Moses." It is written in a Syrian hand, the first part in Hebrew and the last in Aramaic. It will be published with a translation and fac-similes in the transactions of the Royal Asiatic society.

—The first rivers mentioned in authentic history are alluded to in Genesis. They are the Pison, the Gihon, the Hiddekel and the Euphrates, which are said to have flowed from the garden of Eden. Various attempts have been made to identify these streams, but no agreement has been reached among the authorities save in the case of the last.

—A curious form of life insurance is spirnging up in French manufacturing towns under the name of La Fourmi (the ant). The peculiarity is that the longer a man lives the less he is entitled to. The payment of one dollar a month assures the payment of $1,000 to the heirs of a man dying before the age of 38, the payment diminishing proportionately to $500 at 51. The idea seems to be that if a man dies young his children are likely to be in want, but when he is 50 they will be able to earn their living.

MOUTH OF THE COLORADO.

Millions of Birds for Hunters in the Gulf of California.

At the head of the gulf the quantity of birds is something that can now be seen in few places in America. The sheets of ducks that stream along the water or darken acres of its blue, or are strung in long chains along the sky above, remind one of the palmy days of the Illinois river before the market shooter had made any impression on it. The shore at ebb tide is lined with an assortment of bay birds such as can be seen nowhere in the United States to-day. The brown curlew, with his sickle bill, turns the other way, and whose white body and black wings shine afar over the waters. Dowitchers and sanderlings willet and palaropes, plover and sand pipers, a motley host, little and big, gray, white, brown, pepper and salt, and all sorts of combinations—dot almost every foot of the shore for mile after mile, league after league. Here they run in little troops, and there trot about singly and in pairs; here them skim the bars with restless wing, and there wade about in the ebbing tide. One prepared for it, and who understands it, can have the finest of shooting; but one needs a shotgun, with wading boots as well as elsewhere, and must learn the ground. One must remember that ducks are no longer pulled down anywhere with a garden rake, and that even for geese the rake now needs an extra long handle.

Fish and green turtles abound in the gulf, but, as in California waters, midwinter is not the season for the best fishing. The head of the gulf is shallow for a long distance, and quite free from danger of heavy waves, and early spring would doubtless yield fine and curious fishing there. Several varieties of fish are found in the river, but its waters are so turbid, though the fish are fairly good, the fishing cannot be called attractive.

The weather is lovely except when heavy storms on the Pacific side reach over the high mountains. But such days must be the rare exception, and the winter climate about the mouth of the Colorado is probably about as near perfect as can be found. The trip is a surprise as well as a pleasure even to those familiar with California, Arizona and Mexico, and a longer stay by parties better fixed for exploration than the last would doubtless discover many new points of interest, as the country is quite unknown to the white man. The Indians are all friendly and accommodating, and there is nothing in the idea that the Cocopahs are uncivilized and dangerous.—N. Y. Times.

Mining Sulphur with Hot Water.

For many years vain attempts have been made to get at a great deposit of sulphur lying 400 feet underground at Calcasieu, La. The difficulty arose from the fact that above the sulphur lies a quicksand 160 feet deep. A few years ago the plan was tried of freezing the quicksand by means of refrigerating apparatus, and then boring through it, but the undertaking failed. Recently it was decided to try melting the sulphur and pumping it up, and this method has proved successful. Superheated water is forced down a ten-inch pipe leading through the quicksand into the sulphur. The melted sulphur mingled with water is then pumped up through another pipe, and exposed to the air until the water evaporates, leaving the sulphur in a nearly pure form.—Youth's Companion.

The Guest Chamber.

The Japanese believe in banishing from the bedroom everything which is not really necessary to that department. All things useful they make as decorative as possible; but for mere ornament's sake little or nothing is added, unless it be a vase containing flowers arranged in their own inimitable way, or something equally simple. Their custom will bear consideration by the housewives of our western world, for by this Japanese method the utmost neatness, simplicity and repose is possible. Add beauty and daintiness, and little else is left to be desired. Bedrooms so appointed may be easily kept in order and free from dust—that foe to comfort and health.—Womanhood.

WHY PEOPLE GO MAD.

An Analysis of the Cases of Nine Thousand Men and Women.

Rarely can one find a more depressing story of human ills than that which is told in the sixth annual report of the state commission in lunacy, recently given out by the state printer in Albany.

In the table showing the causes which sent 16,208 people to the county asylums during the six years covered by the statistics may be found some curious statements. Thus, in spite of the supposed deleterious influence of cigarette smoking, but one man and one woman were driven insane by the habit; but excessive smoking of tobacco in other forms sent 19 men and three women to the asylums. One woman became insane through the extraction of her teeth, and one girl lost her mind through fear of punishment. An intemperate desire to acquire knowledge forever stopped the studies of 20 men and 12 women. Overwork broke down the minds of 253 men and 430 women. Intemperance in alcoholic drinks accomplished the undoing of 1,227 men and 212 women. No other cause claimed so many victims among men. Besides these there were some 200 who become insane through drink complicated with some other cause, and it is a curious fact that one of these was a man who drank essence of peppermint. The opium habit claimed 17 men and 22 women. Under the head of "Moral Causes" are grouped such troubles as loss of friends, religious and political excitements, disappointments, and so on. These causes crazed 902 men and 1,294 women.

It seems rather strange, but one man became insane through "military hardship." The use of a hair wash unseated one woman's reason. One man became insane because of the heat of the furnaces under the boilers he was firing.

The table of causes compiled from the New York asylums goes into greater detail. It shows that 13 men, but not one woman, became insane through disappointment in love during the six years. One man went insane because his wife eloped, but the women who lost their husbands in like fashion must have taken a more sensible view of the matter, for not one was sent to an asylum. More remarkable still is the fact that under the head of "Domestic Trouble" there were registered 59 men and not one woman. Six men, but not one woman, became insane through fright. So, too, hair dyes turned the brains as well as the hair of two men, but not one woman. Mesmerism also affected one man, but no woman. Jealousy was the undoing of one man, but of no woman.

On the other hand, overwork by itself destroyed the minds of 44 women, but of no men. Overwork and intemperance combined, however, landed 134 men, but not one woman, in the asylums. Intemperance alone called for 976 men and 610 women—this out of a total of 9,146 men and women admitted to the asylums during six years. Overstudy deranged the minds of 11 men and no women. Koch's lymph ruined one man, and one man became insane from a "dog bite." The effects of what is called the "opium habit" made four men insane in the six years. No cases of women are recorded under this head, but under the title of "Morphine Habit" three women and no men are mentioned.—American Medical Review.

THE FRETFUL PORCUPINE.

Not a Good Mouthful for a Sucking Calf to Tackle.

The porcupine is often a nuisance to the settler in northern Michigan His faith in his armor has made him so fearless that he often goes prowling around houses at night and even in the daytime, looking for something to eat. Anything made of wood that has an artificial flavor attracts him. The salt-saturated staves of an old pork barrel and the peculiar taste and odor of a washtub are what he likes best, but he is not very particular. If nothing else offers he will attack the house itself and gnaw away the wood from around the heads of rusty nails. The sound of his teeth rasping away on a hemlock board is enough to drive sleep out of the township. Many a homesteader knows how it feels to get up in the middle of the night and kill a porcupine and to have the mosquitoes to settle on his legs in thousands while he is doing it. Sometimes the porcupine climbs up on the roof, and it is astonishing what a noise he makes there. He tramps from one end of the house to the other, and brings his feet down as emphatically as if he weighed 50 pounds. The quills on his sides and tail rattle on the shingles, and occasionally he stops to nibble. As you lie awake and listen to him you wonder whether he is likely to gnaw a hole in the roof large enough to drop through, and how it would seem to have him tumble down into your bed.

If the settler has a dog he will probably be obliged to pull quills out of its nose two or three times before he learns to let porcupines alone. But dogs are not the only animals that suffer. A young calf always has a firm belief that everything in the world is good to chew, and he sees no reason why a porcupine should be an exception to the rule. A year or two ago a calf particularly strong in his belief made his appearance on a farm in the upper peninsula. He would apply suction to anything he could get at, though his owner's coat tails seemed to suit him best. If they were inaccessible—which was not always the case—he would get hold of one of the spokes of a wagon wheel and pump away on it as fiercely as if he were the suction hose of a steam fire engine. After about 15 minutes he would give it up with a disgusted expression which seemed to say: "That wagon must be out of order," and tackle a bale of hay. One morning he turned up at the stable with thirty-four quills sticking in his nose and lower lip. He had evidently met a porcupine and had attempted to perform the usual operation with even less than usual success. He looked as if he had grown a beard and mustache in a single night. It took two men to hold him down while another pulled out the quills.—Chicago Record.

Could Not Stand the Cold.

First Mouse—How are you, and how is the family getting along?

Second Mouse—Oh, very well, thanks, with the exception of Willie. He was reared in a nest made of old love letters and can't stand the cold at all.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

ENGLISH IN AFRICA.

Their Method of Conquest Is Open to Grave Objections.

Africa has been of late the field of our annexing operations, not because territory is valuable there, but because it is difficult to find territories to annex elsewhere. Equatorial Africa is unfit for European residence. It consists mainly of swamps, jungles and impenetrable forests. In these black men have lived according to their own fashion for centuries, and we and other nations have been satisfied with the occupation of a few seaports, where adventurous merchants have risked their health in endeavors to grow rich by trading with the natives inland. This was not enough for the new school, and it was determined to extend the area of empire. Therefore speculators were encouraged to make treaties with the chiefs of the various African tribes. These treaties recognized our paramount rule, and, as the chiefs did not understand them, they were ready to agree to them for a bottle or two of bad spirits. Our next step was to make over these treaty-acquired territories to some trading company. Other nations soon followed our example. They, too, made treaties, and these resulted in a plurality of claims. These claims were adjusted by portioning out Africa among the great European powers into "spheres of influence." One power agreed with another power on the extent of their respective spheres, and other powers declined to recognize the arrangement.

In western Africa we have included in our sphere all the "hinterland," a vague term borrowed from the German language. Our neighbors are the French, who have also their sphere. But the frontier between the two spheres is vague. In eastern Africa we converted Zanzibar into a British protectorate. As we had pledged ourselves to France not to do so without her assent, we obtained it by making her a present of Madagascar, which did not belong to us. Then we proceeded to divide the eastern hinterland between ourselves and Germany, and, having done so, we ceded our "sphere" to a company. Within our sphere was Uganda, a land separated from the coast by about 50 miles of desert. Its inhabitants are mainly slaves, and its sole produce is a little ivory derived from hunting elephants. The company sent an envoy with an accompaniment of Maxim guns to make a treaty with its king, and the poor wretch had to acknowledge the company as his paramount lord. His subjects objected, so the company killed many of them. Finding, however, the speculation valueless, the company retired. On this we declared Uganda under a British protectorate, paid the company some £20,000 for having left it, and since then we have been paying cash at the rate of about £60,000 per annum in salaries to officials there, and in retaining in our service a gang of ruffianly Soudanese to overawe the inhabitants.

We are now about to build a railroad to connect this wondrous acquisition with the sea coast, and favorable estimates were put forward to show that if we run one train per week we shall be able to perform this feat at a cost of not more than £50,000 per annum in excess of all returns.

The most of the population in the protectorate are slaves, and it is not proposed to free them. Moreover, in the proposed sultanate of Zanzibar there are about 200,000 slaves so hardly worked that their lives only average ten years, and yet this slave population is on the increase. As for new markets, it is equally vaguely stated that the soil of Uganda might produce crops, and that if produced the crops might be exchanged for cotton goods. Commercially, the whole scheme is about as absurd as it would be for us to annex the north of Greenland and to build a railroad across that continent in the hope of establishing a remunerative trade with the Esquimaux. — London Truth.

Dogs That Buried Themselves.

A queer story, showing animal instinct, comes from Santa Fe, a small town nine miles south of this city. Squire Thorne, of that place, is the owner of two dogs which he valued highly, and which mysteriously disappeared two weeks ago. It was taken for granted that some person had stolen them, and the family thought no more of the matter. The other day the squire was surprised to see one of the dogs staggering into the house. A few moments later it was followed by the other, both in an exhausted condition. Investigation revealed that William Hahn, a neighbor, was out hunting, and on the banks of Pipe creek his dogs commenced to whine at a hole in the ground, and nothing that he could do would make them move away from the spot. Satisfied that there was something wrong, he procured a spade and commenced digging. The dogs assisted him. About six feet of earth was taken away, when he came on the imprisoned dogs, who had lain there for 14 days. It seems that they chased a rabbit into his hole, and while burrowing after him threw the dirt back, thus closing up the hole and preventing their escape. Both dogs are living.—Indianapolis Journal.

A Good Cross-Examiner.

A short time ago a large factory, fitted with the most modern appliances, including electric lights, caught fire, and despite the most strenuous efforts of the fire brigade, was almost demolished.

The following morning a newly-appointed member of the force was dispatched to the spot, with a view of ascertaining how the fire originated. After closely interrogating the manager of the factory, he asked to see the man who was responsible for the electric light.

The manager stated that the electric switches were under his sole control.

"Then you are the man who lights up the electric affair?" asked the policeman.

Manager—That is so.

Policeman (bubbling over with excitement)—Now, be careful how you answer my next question, 'cos if it ain't satisfactory, it will be took as evidence against ye. When you lighted the electric light last night, where did you throw the match?—Pearson's Weekly.

—It is the old lesson—a worthy purpose, patient energy for its accomplishment, a resoluteness undaunted by difficulties, and then success.—W. M. Punshon.

WOMAN AND HOME.

COVERS FOR CUSHIONS.

Some New Designs for an Always Acceptable Gift—Travelers Can Use It, Voyagers Need It, Yachtsmen Must Have It, and Home-Stayers Have Many Places to Put It.

It is quite the fashion to present gifts which are especially useful to the recipient in his or her favorite sport or accomplishment. A tennis player is given a handsome racket and cover; a golf player, a set of sticks; an artist, some one of his many tools; a yachtsman, a set of pillows or cushions; a musician, something for the music-room, and so on, whatever is appropriate and particularly useful.

The pillow seems an almost universal gift. It fits in everyone's situation, whatever it be. A traveler can use it; a voyager needs it, a yachtsman must have it, a home-stayer has a dozen places to put it, and the covering and size distinguish its specific use.

For a yachting friend, sailcloth or denim is appropriate. The sketches show some of each kind. The round one is made of white canvas, having applique figures of blue denim, on which

OUTLINE AND DESIGNS.

are etched with white a waterscape, birds, anchors and the like. The circles are united in design with blue ribbon effect, gracefully floating on the background of white. The edges of the white cover are worked with eyelets, and the two pieces are laced together with white cotton rope. They come a little short of entirely covering the pillow, so as to show a blue denim covering beneath.

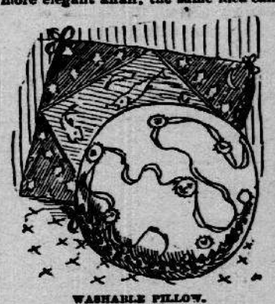
One of the square pillows has a white center, with a fish design of blue

A MOTTO CUSHION.

silk etching, and blue corners with white applique starfish laid on and worked in blue. The edges of this cover are eyeleted and laced together.

A third pillow is entirely covered with blue denim, having in the center a square of fine canvas, or heavy linen, on which is etched with the pen some suitable quotation and symbols of the sailor's craft. The edges are covered where the center meets the border with rope work.

Any one of these canvass or denim covers is in good taste for the deck of a yacht, but if one wanted to present a more elegant affair, the same idea can



WASHABLE PILLOW.

be carried out in heavy sateen, either wool or silk, appropriate for cabin use.

A very effective design in either silk, sateen or denim may be easily managed at home by cutting out of cardboard the desired design, as a quarter moon, anchor and so on, and laying it upon the material, tracing the outline, afterward to be worked in Kensington or etched with the pen. The effect of rope in sailor's knots gracefully trailed over the pillow with a large anchor in the corner or center is also an artistic design.

White canvas worked in true colors, like a flock of seagulls, or birds, or a semblance of waves, with a fish here and there in solid work, is a very artistic design. Blue water, dove-colored birds and brown or black anchor, with yellowish rope, are true colors.

Brown and white denim are in taste for the traveler, with quotations for the occasion. A college lad or lass would appreciate the colors of their Alma Mater on a pillow of white, and the class pin designed in fine silk etching in a corner.—N. Y. Times.

A Woman's Cure for Insomnia.

I notice in a contemporary an extraordinary suggestion regarding insomnia, namely, that to have a pet cat sleeping in the room is the best remedy for this trying complaint, the animal's presence exercising a sort of magnetic and soothing influence which compels sleep. A friend, who is a remarkably good sleeper, always has her beloved Persian cat in the room, but in this case the influence is rather the other way, as the affectionate creature, when wakeful itself, often arouses its mistress with imperative demands to be caressed. The author of this curious theory says that the cat must not be treated with indifference; its friendship must be cultivated if the hypnotic influence is to work. I should think, therefore, even if there is any foundation for the idea, it could not be put into practice by one who has not a tolerably strong degree of liking for the feline race.—Ladies' Pictorial.

The Care of House Plants.

Keep them in the sun Keep them as far from gas and furnace heat as possible. Keep them wet, warm and clean. Keep soap out of the water. Keep a brush or carpet rag to wash them. Keep the soil loose. Never pull off a leaf; the plant may shed in death. Clip the withered tips of palms.

Cement for the Bicycle Club.

The bicycling craze is the latest eminently advertised by the ingenious contrivance of Yankee activity.

COMFORTABLE PEOPLE.

They Know What to Do and What to Say at the Right Time.

It is often said that it takes all sorts of people to make the world, and of the many varieties, to the credit of human nature be it spoken, not the least numerous is the comfortable or comfort-making species, says Harper's Bazar. These people are to be found everywhere, doing their duty in such a sweet, modest fashion that one scarcely analyzes the elements which make up their attractiveness even while basking in the warm glow of their kindnesses and feeling how good and pleasant it is to live with them.

They are endowed with the rare gift of knowing what to say and what to do at the right time and in the right way, so that they never jar upon one's sensibilities nor give the impression that they are anxiously on the watch to help, which latter is often too apt to produce a feeling of burdensome indebtedness. Indeed, it is not always in what comfortable people do, it is quite as much in what they judiciously leave undone that their peculiar charm consists, and positive and decided as is their influence yet it may be fully and thoroughly described by negatives.

They never fret and fume over the inevitable, they make no arrogant pretensions and naturally therefore they indulge in no harsh strictures, no ungentle criticisms. They are equally free from that distressing mock modesty which practices a morbid self-introspection and bestows the results of the process on a small public too bored and indifferent to appreciate the confidences.

They never attitudinize as martyrs, no matter how great the sacrifices they make, their self-effacement being so genuine that it is truly invisible. They never stroke one the wrong way, nor do they indulge in nagging, that annoying and perhaps most intolerable of the small foes to the peace of a household, while the disagreeableness inflicted by those who do practice the irritating art is borne with such placidity that the sharp tongues are reduced to silence through very shame.

THE DAUGHTER'S PART.

She Can Do Much Toward Making Home Life Ideally Pleasant.

One of the sweetest things a girl can do is to receive friends graciously, particularly at home. In one's own house a cordial manner is particularly fitting. Do not stand off in the middle of the room and bow coldly and formally to the friend who has called. Walk over to meet her; give her your hand and say pleasantly that you are very glad to see her again. Stiff, cold and formal ways of greeting acquaintances are not proper in a girl welcoming guests to her father's house.

A daughter's part is to assist her mother on every social occasion. The girl pours the tea in her mother's drawing-room when friends drop in at five o'clock. Quite often, when no maid is present, she helps the guests to the sandwiches and the cakes which are served at five o'clock tea, and herself hands the cups and takes them from the guests who would like to be relieved.

Apart from and more important even than her manner to a guest who happens in for an hour or a day is the manner of a daughter to her father and mother. The father returns to his home after a wearying day at business. He is tired in body and mind. Coming back, as his latchkey turns in the home door, he thorws off care; he is joyous at the thought of the dear ones he will meet after hours of absence.

His young daughter, in a pretty gown, with the bloom and freshness only girlhood wears, should be ready to give him the attention he loves—the kiss, the cheery word—to help her mother and the rest in letting he father see how much he is loved at home. Men give up a great deal for their families—their time, their strength, the knowledge they have gained in life's experiences—they spend everything freely for their home's sake, and the home should pay its debt in much outspoken love.—Harper's Round Table.

Pretty Effect for Dinner Tables.

A dinner table may be very charmingly spread for a company dinner if the cloth has either bands of drawn work or bands of coarse lace at intervals from the center out to the hem. Any color of satin may be laid beneath and the whole color scheme made to conform to this foundation.

The Wrong Man.

The mendicant stood before the wayfarer with outstretched hand.

"Please, sir," he said, "I have seen better days."

"Well, that's no affair of mine," said the wayfarer. "Make your kick to the weather man if you don't like this kind of a day."—Chicago Post.

A Reason for Leaving.

Coffin Salesman (to village undertaker)—You are looking very blue, Mr. Potter. How is business?

Undertaker (sourly)—Aw, I am going to sell out and leave this town—the confounded place is dead.—N. Y. World.

What He Relied On.

"No, sir," said the observant man, "there is not going to be any war involving this country."

"How do you know?"

"Bluffon is beginning to talk about wanting to enlist and fight."—Washington Star.

Too Much to Expect.

No wonder when a woman works
So long to get her hat on straight,
And gives it half a hundred quirks
To make it look quite up to date,
That when she's seated at the play
She lets the man behind suffer;
She didn't work a half a day
To hurry there and take it off.

—L. A. W. Bulletin.

With the Heiresses.

She—This decimal system is so simple! I don't see why they don't use our money in England.

He—They do, as fast as they can get it over.—N. Y. World.

Too Suggestive.

"Beverly says he won't dare call on Miss Desmond during leap year."

"Why won't he?"

"Because she has pop-eyes."—Chicago Record.

No Reason to Shout Him.

Skiddle—Did she say it was so sudden when you asked her to marry you?

Askin—Of course she didn't. She was a widow.—Detroit Free Press.

Point Simple.

Sho—How old are you?

Sho—Old enough to marry.—Cycle.