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, AUGUST 15, 1896. | VOL. XXI.—NO. 33.

A SONG OF THE TOILERS.

Early and late we have borne
The burden, the heat of the day;
Visions and dreams of the morn
Have vanished forever away.
Heartily, friend by friend,
Our willing hands we have set
To the weight of the world—and the end
Hath not come yet!

Once, in the dawning, we stood
By the side of a beautiful stream,
Slow issuing, strong, from a wood,
With songs on its lips, and the gleam
Of light from the heavens above
Astir in its tranquil breast;
But the name of that stream was love—
Was love—not rest.

We toiled on the mountain at morn,
We stood on the glorious height
And saw the full valleys of corn
In a rapture of plenty and light;
But the reaper came forth from his cot
His parted lips still wet
From a hasty repast—and his lot
Finds no rest yet.

We sat in the shade of the trees
A moment when noontide was won,
Uncovered our heads to the breeze,
And smiled in the face of the sun.
But the trees were building apace
Stanch timbers the storms to fret,
And the sun wrought on in his place—
There is no rest yet.

Steadfastly, gladly, till eve
We bore our full part with the strong;
Why should we falter or grieve,
Thus doing our brothers wrong?
We said: "We shall rest to-night
When the flowery ways are wet;"
But the moon in the east shines bright—
There is no rest yet!

Oh, strongly the world hath stood
On pillars of toil till now;
The taste of our bread is good
Seasoned with sweat of the brow.
The streams are turning the mills,
Their hands to the firm wheels set,
And the slow dark trees on the hills
Are building yet.

The vigilant stars in the sky,
Each on his errand pressed,
Goes with his torch borne high,
Nor falters, nor asks for rest.
Patience! be strong, O soul,
In God's high purpose set!
Somewhere, at some fair goal,
Thou'lt rest thee yet!
—Ida W. Benham, in N. Y. Independent.

THE TEST AT SEA.

BY GRANT ALLEN.

They sat idly on the deck of an Atlantic liner. The moon was rising. It was an evening in June, and they were nearing "the Banks." Even there in midocean the setting summer sun had so warmed the air that they could lounge at their ease in long wicker deck-chairs and discuss a knotty point in the moral philosophy of the domestic relations.

"For my part," Maimie Whitmore remarked, drawing her little woolen wrap closer round her ears, "I say a woman's first duty is to her husband."

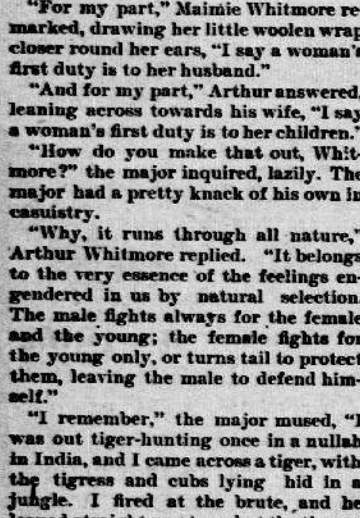
"And for my part," Arthur answered, leaning across towards his wife, "I say a woman's first duty is to her children."

"How do you make that out, Whitmore?" the major inquired, lazily. The major had a pretty knack of his own in casuistry.

"Why, it runs through all nature," Arthur Whitmore replied. "It belongs to the very essence of the feelings engendered in us by natural selection. The male fights always for the female and the young; the female fights for the young only, or turns tail to protect them, leaving the male to defend himself."

"I remember," the major mused, "I was out tiger-hunting once in a nullah in India, and I came across a tiger, with the tigress and cubs lying hid in a jungle. I fired at the brute, and he leaped straight up at me, but the tigress and the cubs slunk away through the long, tall reeds of the cane-brake. Well, I killed that tiger, and went after the tigress; but, when I got her at bay, she fought like a regular devil for her cubs, I can tell you. So there's your case, Whitmore."

"Yes, it must always be so," Arthur Whitmore continued. "The male, as the more active and stronger of the two, must fight for the female and the young together; the female, as the weaker, yet the protector of the young, must leave the male to look after himself, and, at all risks to him, must take care of the little ones. They are the hope of the race, the future of the species. The sire has had his day; if he sacrifices his life for his young, no great harm can come of it. But the little ones have



"WOMAN'S FIRST DUTY IS TO HER HUSBAND."

all the world before them; for their sake the mother must run no needless risk; her first duty is to them; she has borne and suckled them; to sacrifice them to the father would be unnatural and harmful, and, in the widest sense, unfeminine."

"That's all very well for the beasts," Mamie answered, petulantly; "but we are not beasts, and I say, with us, a woman's first duty is always to her husband. Fold up my chair before you come below, Arthur; I'll run down and see how Charlie and the baby are getting on in the stateroom."

"It opens up an interesting moral question," said the chaplain, as Maimie disappeared with a nod down the companion-ladder. "It seems to me you make things rather rough for the husband, don't you?"

"Well—no," Arthur answered. "I look at it like this: Parents bestow much love on their children, and the love they receive in return very rarely requites them. It is repaid by the children to the next generation, as the father and mother themselves repay the debt they incurred to their own parents. It's the same with the father. The love he lavishes on the woman of his choice is repaid by her in part to himself, in part as care on her side for the children, who are, after all, his children. I don't see how a race could well be kept up otherwise. The man must love, first, his wife, then his children; the woman must love her children best of all, and repay the surplus of her love to her husband."

"Let's have a cigar," the major said, with a yawn. "We're growing quite sentimental."

They smoked and went below. In half an hour all was still, save on the bridge, where the officer of the watch paced up and down and peered before him in the dark, for fog was forming.

The passengers had all gone to their staterooms; the silence was oppressive and ominous, as if some subtle spirit presence came with warning. Perhaps it was but the dominance of vague fear, in the face of the thick, dark veil that blotted out the sky and sea and ship and—almost hope.

Fog on "the Banks" at night is a terrible thing to the experienced seaman.

About two in the morning every soul on board was awakened at once by a terrible crash that jarred horribly through the ship as she came to a sudden standstill. Her iron plates clanked; her timbers creaked and shivered. The bows were stove in. She had run into an iceberg!

In a second the electric light had gone out and all was in darkness. Too terrified for screams, men, women and children groped their way through the long corridors and up the companion-ladder. On deck a few dim lights made the gloom just visible. The sea was rushing into the forward compart-

MAIMIE CLUNG TO HER HUSBAND.

ments; leaks had sprung in the after ones; the fires were out; tons of ice cumbered the quarter deck; the forecastle had disappeared with the violence of the collision.

Still, all on board was order. The captain, wounded by the falling ice, gave the word of command as clear and steady as ever. Sailors were lowering the boats; the second officer, revolver in hand, was holding at bay the half-naked stokers who had surged up from the noisome hole at the earliest alarm, and were trying to seize the first boat for themselves, regardless of the claims of the women and children.

One boat was ready. Arthur Whitmore stood on the deck, holding his wife's hand tenderly. Maimie pressed the two children tightly against her bosom.

"Women and children forward!" the captain called out in his clear, calm voice.

With a wild sob and a fierce embrace, Maimie clung to her husband. "Arthur, Arthur!" she cried, trembling, "won't they let you go with us?"

"No, darling," Arthur answered, kissing wife and little ones; "this boat is for women and children only."

"Then I must go with the children," Maimie sobbed, breaking forward.

They took their seats on the thwarts, and were pushed off into the dark deep. After three days at sea in the open boat they reached Cape Race. But Arthur went down on the sinking steamer.

He was justified, after all. Instinct had solved the problem aright for Maimie.—Vanity.

The Good Old Times.

It is quite natural for elderly people to think that the times which are gone by, and which they alone remember, were more interesting and notable than the times which are passing now. The passage of years tends to efface from the mind the merely commonplace occurrences of every day, and leave only the salient ones; so that past years are really the more remarkable in our memories. This is one reason why people speak of severe weahter as "old-fashioned." On the whole, the weather does not vary so much from one decade to another; but people remember the severe weather and forget the ordinary, so that to the mind weather of the past is extreme weather. But the valuation placed on old things may be excessive—as, for instance, in the case of a remark made by an old gentleman to his nephew. "Twenty degrees below zero!" he said. "What does that amount to? Why, I can remember a day, when I was 20 years old, that the mercury was 40 degrees below zero; and you must remember that one degree then was as good as two nowadays!" This reminds one of the philosophy of the Irishman regarding the difference between the days in Ireland and America. "Ah," he said, "the days is twice as long in the ould counthry as here—and there's twice as many of them!"—Youth's Companion.

Napoleon's Dealings with America.

The embargo act, passed in 1870 by the American congress, had been entirely to Napoleon's liking, as is proved by the Babylon decree of 1808, which ordered the seizure and sale in French harbors of all American ships transgressing it; but the non-intercourse act of March 1, 1809, enabled a vessel holding both a French and a British license, if provided likewise with "simulated" papers of any neutral state, to trade in British goods almost without restriction. This Napoleon chose to consider open hostility, and under the Rambouillet decree of March 23, 1810, American goods, with their cargoes, worth together over $8,000,000, were seized. His dealings with the United States were very irregular. Between 1802 and 1811, on one pretext or another, 558 ships flying their flag were seized in French harbors; and the number seized in those of Holland, Spain, Denmark and Naples was also very large; but during the same period Great Britain seized 917, and there is no proof that Napoleon intended anything more than forcing the transatlantic republic into hostility with England.—Prof. Sloane, in Century.

—The forget-me-not has two or three emblematic meanings. One is suggested by its name; the other was probably originated by its color. Blue among flowers is generally associated with the tender passion.

TRIFLES IN SILVER.

Things of Beauty Which Women Delight In.

In few lines of manufacture are novel ideas more constantly developed than in the making of silverware.

First by order of the importance to which the bicycle has attained are the silver mountings and furnishings, which are made for the establishment of the wheel and for the luxurious outfitting of its owner.

Among these is the silver oil can. This has flat sides, with a rider mounted upon his wheel engraved on either side. This is as dainty a tool as the most fastidious wheel man could desire. Another accessory which is both attractive and valauble is the silver name plate to be attached to the tool bag. Then there are the silver toe clips, beautifully chased, silver-mounted grips, and all silver grips, engraved and made to fit any handle.

From out-of-door luxuries to indoor luxuries is but a step at the jewelers.

For the work table there are thread waxers made in perfect imitation of a miniature ear of corn or a half-opened pod full of green peas. The silver embroidery scissors now have a silver shield to protect their point, handle and shield both beautifully engraved in relief. A silver silk winder is an almost indispensable article to the woman who does dainty embroidery, and whose equipments are to be above reproach.

Among the pretty novelties which are within the reach of almost every purse, are the coffee spoons, whose handles are formed of a favorite flower, the birthday bookmarks, which bear the names of the month and the corresponding sign of the zodiac, and the Shakespearean bookmarks with a familiar quotation engraved upon the blade.

Among toilet accessories there seem to be fewer novelties than usual. The only ones noticed were the watch stands, designed to hold a watch upright and open.

Garter and belt buckles are not new in idea, but new designs are constantly being shown, and an all-silver belt made of a series of medallions is a charming novelty.

The silver belt pin, always in questionable taste, is this season finding a rival in the newer belt hook. This is shorter than the pin, and it is finished with two inward turning and sharply-pointed hooks which catch and hold the skirt.

Those who care to own the superstitious habit of carrying a rabbitt's foot "for luck" can find the genuine article mounted in sterling silver, and thoroughly up to date.

A college man could not fail to be interested in the pencil tips which are shown, engraved and enameled with his college colors and initials, nor will the girl friends of the college object to so attractive a reminder of its attendants.

From bicycles to pencil tips—the range is not too wide for the jewelers of to-day to compass, and the purchaser who cannot cover the price of the one is sure to find something attractive and satisfactory, whatever may be the limit set for expenditure.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

TALKING TO SERVANTS.

Gossiping with the Household Help a Bad Habit.

To well-bred people gossip is always unpleasant; when retailed by an inferior it is not tolerated. And yet the fashion of gossiping about one's neighbors with one's servants is so prevalent and so much on the increase as to raise the question in the minds of thoughtful people: "Are there no well-bred women left?"

To the credit of the average house wife be it said that this habit is much less prevalent in her class than it is with the inhabitants of hotels, apartments, flats and boarding houses, where numerous families are brought together as residents of one building, and an almost unlimited field is offered for the speculation and curiosity of their more or less idle occupants.

This idleness and curiosity, in about equal parts, are the cause of this undignified relation between mistress and maid. When a woman's time and life are well filled with home duties and with the social occupations incident to her social position she has but little time, and less desire, for any such undignified confidences. The woman, however, who has nothing to do but to dress and undress, walk the principal thoroughfares, stroll through the shops and spend the evenings in public parlors, where she may watch but not know her fellow-lodgers, is the one with whom such a relation becomes in the beginning easy of accomplishment, and in the end a morbid necessity. Quite as frequently as the maid who is arranging the room drops a piece of information concerning the bride in the next suite of apartments, her auditor will return a question, and thus the intimacy is formed—for intimacq is what such confidences lead to.

There is but one way and one time to check such confidences, and that is at their first appearing. The maid will appreciate the behavior of her superior, and her respect for her will increase a thousand fold; she will, for the time being at least, have received a wholesome lesson, and her desire to gossip will be lessened; while the mistress will have received a moral brace most satisfying to her conscience, most invigorating to her dignity and most stimulating to her character.—Ladies' Home Journal.

'Twas Somebody's Else Sister.

"I'll bet you five," said the short man.

The tall man with glasses cast one more look across the car.

"I'll take that," he said. "They're in no way related."

"They are brother and sister," said the short man, decidedly.

The couple opposite, of whom they spoke, were in deep conversation. The car stopped, and in the sudden silence their voices sounded loud and clear.

"Then you say 'wear them?'" asked the girl.

"Certainly," said the young man. "If you wish to wear bloomers do so."

Sadly the short man put his hand into his pocket and drew forth a bill.

"Take it," he said. "They are not related."—Chicago Tribune.

He Was Deep.

"That fellow Danvers, at the head of the table, is a deep one."

"Nonsense! What makes you think so?"

"Why, he has already drank his sixth bottle and is apparently not half full yet."—Detroit Free Press.

—The tower of the parliament house in London is 340 feet high.

THE BEST LINGUISTS.

Why Russians, Poles and Hungarians Hold This Distinction.

In conversation with a Frenchman the other evening a reporter asked the following questions: "How comes it that among the foreign population in Paris the Russians are credited with the gift of speaking the best French?"

"The Russians, the Poles, and, I think I may add, the Hungarians," replied the Frenchman, "speak French with wonderful facility. Their accent is perfect, and they acquire all the finesse of the language with marvelous rapidity. One can account for their capture of pronunciation and accent easily enough, but their ability to get down into the depths of a language in a comparatively short time is a little mysterious. You have often seen a common German concertina, and the other thing that is called the English concertina. You can only play a limited number of tunes on the former, because it has no semi-tones or half notes. There is no sound that the human tongue can utter that is not included in the repertoire of the latter. Consequently a Russian hears no discordant note in a foreign language. He masters its pronunciation with ease. Now, when a man acquires a correct pronunciation of a foreign tongue he can get the accent with little difficulty, especially if he has a good ear, and that is something which almost every Russian has.

"The same can be said of the Poles and Hungarians. The Hungarians and Polish languages have a compass probably as extensive as that of the Russian language. The theory that a man must be possessed of good musical ear in order to be able to get over all the difficulties of pronunciation and accent is interesting, and there may be something in it. But it must be remembered that some of the best linguists the world has ever seen were men without any ear for music. Bismarck, for instance, who can speak half a dozen languages fluently and elegantly, has no ear for music; in fact, he can't understand why anybody should like it. For him it is 'all damned noise.'

"Among English-speaking people Americans, especially the ladies, talk the best French. It is not generally known that there is a marked difference between the accents of Amercians and Englishmen when they speak the diplomatic language. There is what we call the American accent, and, while there is the British accent, and while we Frenchmen cannot admire either, we are bound to admit that the former is preferable. Moreover, the average American traveler is more observing than the average Englishman. He catches on' quicker, as we say idiomatically, if indeed that phrase is not a specimen of what may be called the argot of New York. But it is expressive, and everything that is expressive is good.

"As a rule, French-speaking and English-speaking people are not good linguists. Of course, there are conspicuous exceptions, but the rule holds good. The Germans, on the other hand, through inferior to the Russians may be set down as good linguists. They have great difficulty in putting their b's in their proper places, and Frenchmen make fun of them on account of that weakness, but in time they manage to get over that defect. Moreover, they always attack a language boldly, without caring a fig for the blunders they make, and doubtless that is a good plan.

"It is, of course, well known that the Jews have a wonderful power of picking up languages. That is a gift which they received from the persecutions that compelled them to become a nomadic race, but the fact that they are great traders, hard students, and keen observers with good ears, must also have something to do with it.

"It has been said that the ability to grasp many languages does not necessarily denote a high order of intellect; but that is a question which had better be left with the philosophers. All we know for a certainty is that it gives poor evidence of stupidity."—N. Y. Sun.

BIGGEST WATCH IN THE WORLD.

Made in London for a Baltimore Man and Weighs Two Pounds.

The largest watch in the world was made in London for William Wilkens, of Baltimore. It is kept by his sons as an heirloom. Mr. Wilkins was an odd man in many ways. One of his peculiar desires was to possess things that were entirely different from other things in the world. The big watch was a manifestation of this trait. It cost him $2,500. He ordered it in 1866, but it was not finished until 1869. The massive gold chain, to which it was attached, weighs four pounds, and cost $800. It was made in this country.

The watch—a repeater—weighs two pounds lacking one ounce. The hunting case is of 18-carat gold and is seven-eighths of an inch thick. The white enamel of the dial is four inches in diameter. The case is elaborately engraved inside and outside, the design on the front representing Mr. Wilkens' Baltimore factory and residence. The engraving on the back represents Mr. Wilkens and his old white horse, for which he had as much affection as it is possible for one to have for a dumb animal.

Mr. Wilkens, who was very wealthy when he died, began life in an humble way. He started business by wheeling home in a barrow the hair which he gathered at the Baltimore slaughter houses, there sorting and preparing them for market. The business grew steadily and Mr. Wilkens purchased a horse and wagon, abandoning the wheelbarrow. The horse, however, was never deserted. When it became too old to work it was ordered cared for tenderly, and when it died its owner purchased a plot of ground opposite his residence and buried it there. When this huge watch was made he gave this faithful old horse equal prominence with himself in the engraving on the case. Mr. Wilkens carried this big watch to the day of his death. The chain, which is about four feet long, was worn about his neck. He had an extra large pocket made in each of his vests to hold the watch. Some idea of the immensity of the timepiece may be gained by knowing that the largest watch now occasionally manufactured for the trade has a case two inches wide and a dial 1¾ inches wide. The diameter of the watch is nearly 4¼ inches.—N. Y. World.

Cheated Himself.

"What has become of that cute little dog of yours that used to chase its own tail?"

"He ran away. He managed to catch the tail one day and bit it off, and, as far as we know, never stopped running, he was so surprised."—Harper's Bazar.

THE LOVING CUP.

Renewal of a Custom of Far-Off Eastern Asia.

According to present indications, the "loving cup" has come to stay. First-class silversmiths are making them by the score; first-class glassmakers are blowing them by the hundreds; potteries have them by thousands; beer mugs take their name, counters are covered with them wherever well-bred mortals are served, and no family with the slightest pretension of distinction or a long-winded ancestry is supposed to be without one.

Societies of all names and for all purposes have their "loving cups" on tap, so to speak, and have begun to bestow them upon those they delight to honor, and the ceremonious rite of the presentation and use of the "loving cup" is the prodigious fad of the hour all over America.

The renewal of an ancient custom originating in Eastern Asia many thousand years ago, is due to the poetic forethought and enthusiastic ancestor worship of May Whitney Emerson, of Washington, D. C., who called together a company of her kinfolk in July, world's exposition year, in Chicago, and gave them all a drink from a "loving cup" made expressly for her and the occasion, from a model known to be over 1,000 years old and once belonging to her (and their) ancestor, Heolf, conqueror of Normandy.

The original had been used at a certain yuletide festival in 893, when Lief Ericson "took a vow on the cup" that he would find and colonize "Vineland," already discovered by Bjorri, Heolf's son. The vow as kept the following year.

This is, however, not the only time that the loving cup has figured conspicuously in American history. Two hundred and seventy-two years ago a great silver loving cup, with two handles, brought to America on board the Mayflower from Leyden, was used by Gov. Carver at Plymouth when Massasoit, the great Indian sachem, made his first visit of welcome to the white invaders. In the cup was "posset," made of Holland gin, sugar, spices and water.

Gov. Carter first tasted from the cup and passed it to Massasoit, who, nothing daunted, drank courageously, though such a concoction was unknown to him as the Greek tongue. The cup was then passed to each of the red men of his party and after to all the whites, who drank in turn.

This was the same "fealty-vow" use of the cup of old Norse days revived on American soil by the Puritans after 700 or more years, and is called by Jane Austen "the first international treaty."

The loving cup used in Chicago at the Sancto-Claro banquet to the Vikings, July 19, 1893, contained one good California orange wine, and after its use ther it was taken to Norway by Capt. Magnus Anderson, to whom it was presented by Mrs. Emerson, who, lineal descendant to Heoolf through her father, is also, through her mother, derived directly from "Pastor John" Robinson, of Leydon-Mayflower fame, who sent the great silver loving cup of "the first international treaty" to America.

The loving cup of to-day is in its symbolism identical with the "Arvel cup" of Norway, the Holy Kraal, or Graal, of Africa, the Sacred Arc of Syria, the covenanting cup of the Jews, the sangreal of France, the mother cup of ancient China and the grail of King Arthur's quest.

It is also the same in meaning and derivation as the "cup" of the communion service of the Christian church, and was always and everywhere used with a "formula of remembrance" and fealty. Its contents signifying the "united blood" of the drinkers.

Its significance in America, if called a loving cup, means brotherhood and fealty to the gods of Truth, Justice, Liberty and Love.—Washington Times.

BLOOM ON ICEBERGS.

The Steamer Maryland Passes Several on Which Shrubbery Was Growing.

Capt. Marshall, of the steamer Maryland, which reached here the other day, reported that the vessel passed through a running sea of ice in latitude 42.03 on May 15. It covered an area of about one mile square, and after the vessel had passed through it seven huge icebergs hove in sight. One of the latter was at least 500 feet high and one-half mile long. The largest one was topped with huge pinnacles which appeared at a glance from the northward side like the towers of some old cathedral.

On the second in size of the bergs Capt Marshall claimed he could see distinctly through his glass what appeared to be a thrifty patch of clover ten yards square. On each side of it there was what Capt. Marshall believed was shrubbery in bloom. Besides this, the surface part of two of the bergs was blackened as if coal dust had been dashed upon it. The bergs were watched with the greatest interest by the crew of the Maryland until they passed out of sight.

Just about the time the interest in the icebergs had subsided a beautiful sunset came over the waters, followed by a mirage of such an attractive make-up that Capt. Marshall, who was on watch, immediately called the crew. It was a double reflection of a steamer projected against the sky. After the mirage had been viewed through the glass by captain as well as crew, all agreed that it was, without question, the reflection of the steamer Mohawk, although the real object was not in sight. A peculiar feature of the occurrence is that the steamer Mohawk was reported recently as having been on that day in precisely the same latitude and longitude as the mirage.—Philadelphia Press.

The Fastest Ships.

The immense power required to propel a vessel when a speed above 20 knots an hour is required is realized, says a technical journal, by a few people. Take, for instance, the British torpedo-boat chasers, which are mere racing machines, even from a naval point of view. The most perfect specimens of this class, which have attained 30 knots speed, carry 60 tons of coal, which is full one-quarter of their entire seagoing displacement. They burn 3½ tons of coal per hour. To attain the 3 knots over 27, which is the highest speed of ordinary torpedo boats, it was necessary to increase the fuel expenditure fully 50 per cent.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

He Was a Talker.

Briggs—You know Gablets, don't you?

Braggs—Oh, I have a listening acquaintance with him.—Tit-Bits.

SOUTH AFRICAN RUINS.

Buildings at Zimbabwe That May Be of King Solomon's Time.

It would seem that, at some far distant date, a people more civilized than any of the present Kafir tribes had penetrated into the region we now call Mashonaland, and had maintained itself there for a considerable period. Remains of gold workers are found in many parts of that country, and even as far as the southwestern part of Matabeleland—remains which show that mining must have been carried on, by primitive methods, no doubt, but still upon a scale larger than we can well deem within the capabilities of the Kafir tribes as we now see them. There are, moreover, in these regions, and usually not far from some old gold-working, pieces of ancient buildings executed with a neatness and finish, as well as with an attempt at artistic effect, which are entirely absent from the rough walls, sometimes of loose stones, sometimes plastered with mud, which the Kafirs build to-day.

These old buildings are, with one exception, bits of wall inclosing forts or residences. They are constructed of small blocks of the granite of the country, carefully trimmed to be of one size, and are usually ornamented with a simple pattern, such as the so-called "herringbone" pattern. The one exception is to be found in the ruins of Zimbabwe, in southern Mashonaland. Here a wall 30 feet high, and from 6 to 12 or 14 feet thick, incloses a large elliptical space, filled with other buildings, some of which were apparently intended for the purpose of worship. There are no inscriptions of any kind, and few objects, except some rudely carved heads of birds, to supply any indication as to the ethnological affinities of the people who erected this building, or as to the nature of their worship. Such indications as we have, however, suggest that it was some form of nature worship, including the worship of the sun. We know from other sources (including the Egyptian monuments and the Old Testament) that there was from very early times a trade between the Red Sea and some part of East Africa; and we know also that the worship of natural forces and of the sun prevailed among the early Semites, the view that the builders of Zimbabwe were the Arab or some other Semitic stock, is at least highly plausible.

Two things are quite clear to everyone who examines the ruins, and compares them with the smaller fragments of ancient building already mentioned. Those who built Zimbabwe were a race much superior to the Bantu tribes, whose mud huts are now to be found not far from these still strong and solid walls; and those other remains scattered through the country were either the work of that superior race, or, at any rate, were built in imitation of their style and under the influence they had left. But whether this race was driven out, or peaceably withdrew, or became by degrees absorbed and lost in the surrounding Bantu population, we have no data for conjecture. If they came from Arabia they must have come more than 12 centuries ago, before the days of Mohammed; for they were evidently not Mussulmans, and it is just as easy to suppose that they came in the days of Solomon, 15 centuries earlier.—James Bryce, M. P., in Century.

JACKSON CHANGED HIS MIND.

His Friends Have Wondered What Got Into the Teetotaler.

For years Jackson had been a total abstainer for personal reasons best known to himself. He and a friend went a-wheeling a few Sundays ago and stopped at a roadside inn to get a little refreshment.

Jackson's friend took beer and Jackson filled his void with lemon soda water. Jackson's system was so used to soda that he could stand an unlimited quantity of the temperance mixture. His friend soon declared he had enough hop juice to carry him over to the next roadhouse, but Jackson insisted that he should have more.

"Don't want any more, Jack," said his friend.

"Then, by the pneumatic tire, I'll take a drink myself," said Jackson, with sudden determination. The waiter brought a pony of brandy and after Jackson had secreted it he was in a trance.

"Waiter," he cried, and when that white-aproned functionary responded, "bring me three brandies and six beers."

Jackson looked like ready money, so he got his wet goods in good condition. Then he ranged the nine glasses in a circle and regarded them intently for half an hour, while his friend looked on in blank amazement. He didn't drink any more, but had to be carted home on the train by his friend.

Since that Sunday Jackson's "jag" has been with him, and the extraordinary things he has done would furnish material for half a dozen farce comedies.—N. Y. Herald.

The Value of a Ton of Hots'.

So remarkable are the results obtained in the manufacture of wire that a scientist has chosen this subject as a topic for a lecture. Ordinary wire is, as everybody knows, not at all expensive, but when metal is worked up into some of the articles in common use, its value is enormously increased. Attention was called to pinion wire, which is worth over $43,000 per ton. It takes 754 hair springs to weigh one ounce, and 27,000,000 of them are required to make a ton. These trifles are not at all expensive per piece, but a ton of metal worked up into them has a value of over $400,000. The most expensive ton of metal mentioned was one which if made up into the tiny instruments used by dentists for extracting the nerves from the teeth, would be worth $2,150,000. The relation between the crude metal and the articles into which it is made seems not very close, and only a careful computation gives an approximate idea of what a single ton of iron or steel can represent in cash value.—N. Y. Ledger.

The Stormy Equinoxes.

The popular belief that storms are more frequent about the time of the equinoxes, or when the "sun crosses the line," in March and September, receives some slight degree of support from the recent investigations of Prof. Hellmann concerning the weather of Europe. In southwestern Europe March is the stormiest month, while in the British Islands and Norway January takes the lead in that respect; but considering Europe as a whole, it appears that storms predominate near the season of the equinoxes.—Youth's Companion.

SQUIRE RUFUS SANDERS.

One Man from Cyclone Streak That "Helt a Winnin Hand."

Four Aces in a Game of Poker, with Flushes Barred—A "Scandlous Bad Fight"—Grass Growin at the Rates of 16 to 1.

"Time has been and I have seen the day when any man that beat me handlin

of the documents had to stay out tolerable late and git up tremendius soon," said old man Lon Hunter, of Cyclone Streak, to a gang of us boys over at the Cross Roads one Saturday evenin'. "As the game now stands, I don't make out like Lon Hunter knows anything for certain outside of mules and niggers and corn and cotton," the old man went on presently, "but I'll be eternally gormed up if I haven't seen the day when I could tell as well as any livin' man when Jack pots got ripe enough to pull."

Galloping with the Gang.

"Hit was way back there late in the sixties when I let a crowd of them town fellers learn me how to play cards, and henceforwards after that I never could work myself into the game any to speak of without movin way off somewheres amongst rank strangers," says old man Lon, as he went down after his tobacco and put a fresh bundle in the rack.

"In them days it would pay to raise cotton, and along in the fall of the year I put eleven bags on the wagons one day and went up to the city. I was then farmin on the Murder creek plantation, which you understand, boys, the lands down there use to jest naturally turn to cotton onct a year. The war was then over and the niggers was free, but as yet they hadn't forgot how to work, and, dadburn em, I hadn't forgot how to ride a good horse and tote a rawhide and do some farmin in my saddle.

"At any rates, I had made a stavin fine crop that year and come out ahead of the hounds with no fences to climb. When I driv into town that day with eleven bags on three wagons and a nigger with every team I felt like the country mought maybe still be safe, and when I sold out and felt somewhere in the neighborhood of a thousand dollars in gold rattle down into my flanks it didn't make a continental bit of difference to me if meat was four bits a pound and all the creeks runnin up stream. In the main time it had leaked out amongst the boys that Lon Hunter was in town and plum lousy with money, and along in the shank of the evenin I struck up with Judge Tomlinson, Squire Tom Brandon and Red Ben Wallace—all high fliers and dead games at that. By this time I had sent the wagons on home, and nothin would do the judge and Tom and Red Ben but that I must let the check rein down and unbuckle the flank girth and remain over and go the gaits with em for one night anyhow.

"Naturally of course it wouldn't be right for me to say I didn't have more than a passin acquaintance with the gang I had now put out to gallop with. And they knowed me to some extent—as the all-overest best farmer in the country. But that was all. So consequentially when they brung it up that they had fixed it up to have a pleasant time with the documents that night, and wanted me to fill out the game, I was nothin but plain Lon Hunter from Cyclone Streak, and as awkward as a blind dog in a meat house with regards to the ways of this wicked world. But nothin else would do, so after pullin on the bits considerable finally at last I told em I would go in providin they would learn me how to play.

He Soon Caught the Links.

"Well, they brung forth the documents and by and by they learnt me how to play"—and old man Lon had to stop and laugh at his own thoughts—"but so far as I know they never have opened another card school and went out lookin for scholars.

"And me and the judge and Tom and Red Ben, we played poker that night, we did. I had started in to play green, you understand, and I had to let them fix the rules and regulations to suit theirselves. They made it a four bit limit, with flushes barred, to start with and run it along at that lick for three or four rounds in orderment to learn me all the links and kinks of the game. They all played a monstrous rocky game at first, and two or three times they jest naturally throwed their cards away and made me win the pot. But they couldn't fool nobody from Cyclone Streak with that trick. I could see it as plain and quick as you could see a fresh coat of whitewash on the garden palins.

"In the run of two hours we had cut some six or seven pots. Sometimes I win and sometimes I lose. By and by the judge lowed we would better raise the limit to five dollars, with a dollar ante, so as to keep the gang from goin to sleep, and the raise was made. Then the game briefed up considerable all along the line, but we run it two hours longer before anybody got hurt to speak of. In one round we piled up the pot to $300, when judge and Squire Tom got nervious and dropped out, leavin me and Red Ben to fight on to the finish. We built the pile up clost to $600 and Red Ben raked it in with three jacks and a pair of queens, which I had been bettin like a fool on two pair, kings up.

"At that pint the other members of the gang lowed maybe they had learnt me enough, and Red Ben was more than willin to take out and quit.

"But I told em I would try em one more round and take one more lesson in the great art of handling the documents if it sent me to the poorhouse and brung on another war. Of course they stayed with me, and on the third deal after that I caught a couple of aces. Then I throwed off and called for three cards, and blamed if I didn't pull the other pair of aces. By thunder, think of that, boys! The plain old farmer from Cyclone Streak helt four aces in a game of poker, with flushes barred. It took my level blamdest to do it, but I helt myself down cool and steady and went at em slow and indifferent as I could. After the second round Squire Tom and Red Ben dropped out and me and the judge we went at it. There was over $800 in the pot and the judge wanted to bust the limit. I was plum willin, and we then lit in and run it at a $50-clip till there was clost up to $800 in the pot. As to me I was ready to stake my whole entire pile on the hand I helt, and I knowed blamed well if the judge run me to the wall I could raise the necessary funds to carry on the fight. Mac Stevenson was runnin of a bank in town at that time. Now Mac was another one of them natural-born durn fools from Cyclone Streak, and I knowed tremendius well that in a game of poker, with flushes barred, four aces was good for every blamed thing in the bank.

But I told 'em I would try 'em one down three tens and a pair of queens, which, of course, the rakins of the pot then went down into the pockets of my old jeans breeches. By this time I had learnt enough for one night and I told the boys it maybe mought be best for them to turn out school. So they turned out and quit, and if they have ever opened school any more they didn't come over into Cyclone Streak looking for fresh scholars."

The Most "Freshest" News.

The very latest and most freshest news that we have heard from that wild and stormy strip of country which we call Cyclone Streak, was in regards to a scandlous bad fight which come to pass between Laz Green and old man Bunk Weatherfcrd.

Now as to Laz Green, he is laid up for general repairs and the doctors think he will recover. But old man Bunk rid by one day last week with his left arm in a sling and his face lookin like a fresh map of the United States, and give me the mainest facts in the case from his side of the fence.

"If my good old Christian father—which as you remember, Rufe, he was a power and a pillar in the church—if he was to rise from the dead and do me as much dirt in one day as Laz Green done, I reckon I would have to whip him. I don't see how I could keep from it, Rufe, cause at my best I am nothin but plain American human flesh, blood and bones.

"The weather had been rainin in perfect sluices for more than a week. In the main time the grass was growin, cotton was bloomin and the corn was silkin and tasselin and carryin on powerful, and I was blame nigh crazy to stir up some fresh dirt. The weather hit was clear that mornin and I had took my plow and went down to my ten-acre new ground to lay by the most loveliest field of corn anywheres around in Cyclone Streak.

"I may be a fool to some extent every day in the year, Rufe, but, as you know, if there is anything in this world that will make me all sorts of a fool at oncst, it is a pack of dogs in a wildcat race. So far as I know it has been six months since anybody jumped a cat in Cyclone Streak, but I hadn't been in the new ground ten minutes before my dogs struck a trail and went off over the hill in full cry. They made a half-mile circle, swung back to the swamp and went down the creek makin more music than a thousand evenin bells. Well, I jest naturally couldn't stand it no longer. I throwed off the gear, went back by the house, flung a saddle on my horse and put out after the dogs. We run that cat all day—up and down the creeks and over the hills and back and forrards acrost Caney Branch a hundred times if oncst. Finally at last we run it out to the big road at Murder creek bridge—ten miles from home if it were a foot. And then what do you reckon we found? By gatlins we found Laz Green settin there straddle of a mustang horse, with a plow line in one hand and a cat skintied to the other end of it, laughing like he had saw something rale funny.

"The whole thing was then as clear as daylight to me. Laz Green, dadburn him, is so infernal triflin, and has wasted so scandolous much precious time pillagin around the settlement preachin free silver at sixteen to one, till he had to turn his crop loose and let it go to grass. So indurin the over night, for pure pizen cussedness and the want of somethin else to do, he had come over into the Streak unbeknowance to me draggin that blame cat skin—which Handy Stribblin had shot and kilt the cat—and put into the race at first daybreak. He took about five miles the start of me and my dogs so as to keep us in the race all day.

"And you must remember, Rufe, in the main time the grass was a growin and the cotton bloomin and the corn was silkin and tasselin and carryin on powerful, whilst my plow was standin still in the field, and me ridin my horse and followin the dogs after a dead cat skin like a fool fightin fire all day long. To be certainly, of course, me and Laz Green had a fight, and soon as he gits up and out oncst more he ought to hold a private prayer meetin and thank the Lord that we didn't have a second-class funeral in Cyclone Streak with a man by the name of Green ridin on his back at the head of the procession."

From what the doctors say I reckon that Laz Green will come around on his feet time enough to vote for free silver at sixteen to one in the next general election. The sympathy of the whole entire settlement goes out to old man Buck Weatherford in the day of his great grief and fret. But in the main time the grass is growin at the rate of about sixteen to one, whilst the cotton is bloomin and the corn silkin and tasselin and carryin on powerful.

So much for Cyclone Streak.

RUFUS SANDERS.

The Field of the Decorative Artist.

The first question to be asked about a work of decorative art is: "Is it in itself decorative?" This may be answered in one sense when the work is seen detached from its setting, as on the walls of an exhibition gallery. It may be more completely and decidedly answered when the work is looked at in place. We may have a good room with bare walls—a well-proportioned room. If the painter decorates it he must take care that it remains good in this sense. Not much more than this may be required of him, except that the subject of his work be appropriate to the uses of the room, and that the treatment be in accord with the architectural environment. He may even enhance architectural effects, but the first point is to beautify. Within certain architectural limitations he has a wide field in which he may exercise his decorative fancy.—William A. Coffin, in Century.

The Only Way.

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