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, SEPTEMBER 12, 1896. VOL. XXI.—NO. 37.

THE MESSAGE OF NIGHT.

I stand beneath the night's wide vast,
The awful curtains, dim, out-rolled,
And know time but a tempest blast,
And life a thing the hand may hold—

A thing the Nubian, Dark, may shut
In his close palm-grasp, black and rude,
Like dust in kernel of a nut
Mid wastes of night's infinitude.

And Reason whispers: Why debate
A moment's thought, why breathe this breath?
For all are gone, the low, the great;
And mighty lord of all is Death.

Yea, Egypt built her ruined dream,
And Greece knew beauty's perfect bliss,
Then Science fanned her taper gleam—
And all for this, and all for this:

That when the fires of time burned out,
The earth a barren ball should roll,
With wrinkled winter wrap about,
And night eterne from pole to pole;

And all the dreams of seers and kings,
The pomps and pageants of the past,
The loves and vain imaginings,
Ground into glacial dust at last.

Ah! no such creed, my soul, for thee,
As, underneath the night's wide bars,
They speak with love's infinity—
God's wondrous angels of the stars.

And something in my heart—some light,
Some splendor, science cannot weigh—
Beats round the shores of this dim night
The surges of a mightier day.

Though all the loves of those who loved
Be vanished into empty air,
Though all the dreams of ages proved
But wrecks of beautiful despair,

Though all the dust of those who fought
Be scattered to the midnight's main,
No noble life was lived for naught;
No martyr death was died in vain.
—William W. Campbell, in N. Y. Independent.

GRANDPA'S FABLE.

BY MARION B. KNIGHT.

SHE had just finished putting the children to bed, and was tired out and discouraged. It seemed to her that they never acted so badly as when visiting at her husband's old home, where, of all places, she most wished them to show that they had been carefully trained. As she passed through the hall, on her way to the piazza, she heard Aunt Louise say: "You never would have thought that Marguerite would be so poor a disciplinarian. Archie used to have so sweet a disposition, but she has spoiled it with bad training." And Mother Hathaway rejoined:

"His father never—"

But Marguerite hurried on, glad not to know what naughty thing Archie did of which his father was never guilty. She drew a long breath as she sank into a rocking-chair. She was so tired!

The three toddlers, for the oldest was only five, were lively, healthy, active children, and bright enough to see that punishment was not quite so sure to follow their misdoings when they were at grandma's as at home. So between the unusual indulgence and mamma's desire to make as little trouble as possible, they managed to send mamma to bed in tears nearly every night. To-day's behavior was the worst yet, and Marguerite acknowledged to herself that Louise must be right. The trouble must be in her training. What a bitter reflection after she had tried so hard to do her whole duty as a mother!

Marguerite did not notice that grandpa was in his big, red chair at the end of the piazza, or she would have sighed less audibly; but grandpa, though apparently list in his newspaper, had heard and, better still, his warm, fatherly heart had understood.

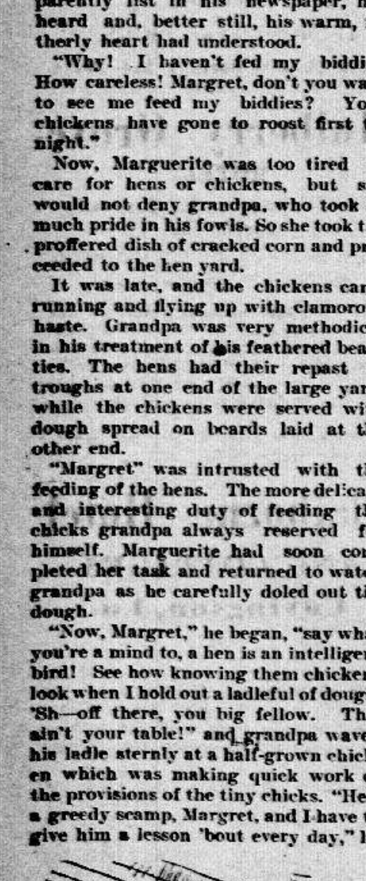
"Why! I haven't fed my biddies. How careless! Margret, don't you want to see me feed my biddies? Your chickens have gone to roost first to-night."

Now, Marguerite was too tired to care for hens or chickens, but she would not deny grandpa, who took so much pride in his fowls. So she took the proffered dish of cracked corn and proceeded to the hen yard.

It was late, and the chickens came running and flying up with clamorous haste. Grandpa was very methodical in his treatment of his feathered beauties. The hens had their repast in troughs at one end of the large yard, while the chickens were served with dough spread on boards laid at the other end.

"Margret" was intrusted with the feeding of the hens. The more delicate and interesting duty of feeding the chicks grandpa always reserved for himself. Marguerite had soon completed her task and returned to watch grandpa as he carefully doled out the dough.

"Now, Margret," he began, "say what you're a mind to, a hen is an intelligent bird! See how knowing them chickens look when I hold out a ladleful of dough. 'Sh—off there, you big fellow. This ain't your table!" and grandpa waved his ladle sternly at a half-grown chicken which was making quick work of the provisions of the tiny chicks. "He's a greedy scamp, Margret, and I have to give him a lesson 'bout every day," he



"MARGRET, DON'T YOU WANT TO SEE ME FEED THE BIDDIES?"

continued to Marguerite, while he reached forward and gave the audacious rooster a vigorous tap on his back with the ladle. "Now you keep to your own table, sir."

"[illegible] these little darlings are!" [illegible] Marguerite, as she [illegible] tiny chicken and gently [illegible]. It pecked softly at her hand and cuddled down with a confiding air.

"Yes, yes, Margret," returned grandpa, "she ain't a week old. They're prettiest when they're youngest. And that reminds me of my fable. P'r'aps you'll like ter hear it. I don't s'pose it's as good as Æsop's or any of them noted fellers, but there's some truth in it and 't won't hurt you to hear it just about now."

Marguerite signified her desire to hear the fable, and grandpa went on:

"You see that big, saucy chicken over there? the one I whacked a minute ago?"

Marguerite assented with a silent bow.

"Wa'al, now, he was in an early brood, and he was mighty cunning when he was the size of that feller you have in your hand—just a soft bunch of yellow and white down, with the cutest little head and brightest eyes. I used ter tell mother he was prettier'n her canary, and he was—that's a fact! and a sight more interesting. Wa'al, everybody fell in love with that chicken. Louise was so crazy over him she wanted to paint him from life. Said she'd never seen such delicate colors in a common fowl afore, and she had him in the house and tried to make him stand still while she took his picture. And Mis' Williams—lives down in that brown house yonder—she used ter come up to see him 'most every day, and she was always telling what a fine, handsome chicken he was and how modest, not greedy and ugly like some are; and she wanted I should sell her a settin' of his mother's eggs. She was sure he was a specially fine breed. Here, there! stop that!"

Grandpa's voice was raised, and again the ladle came down on the naughty chicken, which was this time viciously pecking a smaller companion.

"There! you see how I have to train him. Wa'al, where was I?"

"Mrs. Williams thought he was of fine breed," supplied Marguerite.

"Oh, yes! She's right 'bout that, too; though she's changed her mind now," and grandpa chuckled to himself. "But there's where the fable part comes in," he continued. "He was a peart fellow and grew 'mazing fast, and, in course of nature—nature, mind you, Margret, he lost off all his soft, pretty down, with its yellow puffiness, which always made me think of Archie's yellow curls; before you cut 'em off, I mean. Wa'al, a sorrier looking chick you never saw than that critter when he was gettin' his feathers. He ain't handsome now; but he was a sight three weeks ago, and no mistake! His pretty feathers all gone and only hateful little pinfeathers sticking out all over him. And his disposition changed too. He was kinder off his feed awhile, and he stopped that pretty chirp the women folks liked so well. And he

FEEDING THE HENS.

grew ugly in his ways. That's when Mis' Williams and Louise dropped his acquaintance. Mis' Williams didn't want the settin' of eggs, and she had considerable to say about his ugly temper.

"But, you see, I've raised chickens this 30 year and I didn't get scared so easy. He's got a good, smart look in his eye if he has lost his soft little ways, and he carries his head pretty well for a young rooster. Louise makes no end of fun of that cracked voice of his, but he'll have a good crow on him by and by. He is pretty forward, always first for his dough and not over careful about crowding the younger chicks, and he's rather free with his beak when he can get a good dab at another's back. Take him all around you might think him poor stuff. Mother says he ain't worth raisin' and Mis' Williams says he has inherited bad traits. She's great on heredity, you know. She declares I can never make anything out of him. He does give me a good deal of care. I have to rap him a half dozen times a day and I talk consid'able to him—rather sharp sometimes; but—"

Grandpa paused while he scanned the flock carefully through his spectacles, as if searching for some particular chicken.

"Ah, there's the one I want," he cried. "Over there by the grape rock, that large, handsome cock with the big tail feathers. See him, Margret?"

Marguerite assured him that she had found the master spirit of the yard and added: "No question about his being of superior breed."

"Ah, ah," laughed grandpa, "you're right, just right, and this little troublesome rascal is the same breed, purest blood in town; and that's just the way he'll look a year from now. When he's strutting around next spring, scratching up worms for his flock and gallantly escorting his wives and sweethearts, Mis' Williams will say: 'Now, what I want is a rooster like that fine fellow.' But I shall have a deal o' trainin' and feedin' to do before then, and, Margret, you'll have a deal o' trainin' and feedin' to do before your boys are great, stalwart men, good to look at and safe for a woman to trust her heart and life with; but don't you get discouraged because they don't act so handsome while they're growing as they did when they were downy chicks with no say o' their own. They're only pinfeathering. Don't you be pestered by what Louise and Mis' Williams say. They hain't never had any of their own to bring up—and better not mind too much what mother says. It's near 30 years since hers were babies, and she has most forgot how 'tis, but it's different with me. I've had the chickens all the time, you know, and they're 'bout the same as children. What do you think of my fable, Margret?"

"Why, father," laughed Marguerite, "that is just the fable I need. I'll try to remember that my boys are 'pinfeathering,' and trust they'll turn out as well as your chickens."

And with lightened heart and new courage she went back to the house, and slept that night without a tear on her pillow.—Good Housekeeping.

THE CHRISTIAN MOTHER.

Rev. Dr. Talmage Pays Her a Well-Merited Tribute.

No Power for Good on Earth Equal to that of a God-Fearing Mother—Hannah, the Mother of Samuel.

The following discourse was delivered by Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage before his Washington congregation. The text was:

Moreover his mother made him a little coat, and brought it to him from year to year, when she came up with her husband to offer the yearly sacrifice.—I. Samuel, ii., 19.

The stories of Deborah and Abigail are very apt to discourage a woman's soul. She says within herself: "It is impossible that I ever achieve any such grandeur of character, and I don't mean to try;" as though a child should refuse to play the eight notes because he can not execute William Tell. This Hannah of the text differs from the persons I have just named. She was an ordinary woman, with ordinary intellectual capacity, placed in ordinary circumstances, and yet, by extraordinary piety, standing out before all the ages to come, the model Christian mother. Hannah was the wife of Elkanah, who was a person very much like herself—unromantic and plain, never having fought a battle or been the subject of a marvelous escape. Neither of them would have been called a genius. Just what you and I might be, that was Elkanah and Hannah. The brightest time in all the history of that family was the birth of Samuel. Although no star ran along the heavens pointing down to birthplace, I think the angels of God stooped at the coming of so wonderful a prophet. As Samuel had been given in answer to prayer, Elkanah and his family, save Hannah, started up to Shiloh to offer sacrifices of thanksgiving. The cradle where the child slept was altar enough for Hannah's grateful heart; but when the boy was old enough she took him to Shiloh, and took three bullocks and an ephah of flour and a bottle of wine, and made offering of sacrifice unto the Lord, and there, according to a previous vow, she left him; for there he was to stay all the days of his life, and minister in the sanctuary. Years rolled on; and every year Hannah made with her own hand a garment for Samuel, and took it over to him. The lad would have got along well without that garment, for I suppose he was well clad by the ministry of the temple; but Hannah could not be contented unless she was all the time doing something for her darling boy. "Moreover his mother made him a little coat, and brought it to him from year to year, when she came up with her husband to offer the yearly sacrifice."

Hannah stands before you, then, to-day, in the first place, as an industrious mother. There was no need that she work. Elkanah, her husband, was far from poor. He belonged to a distinguished family; for the Bible tells us that he was the son of Jeroham, the son of Elihu, the son of Tohu, the son of Zuph. "Who are they?" you say. I no not know; but they were distinguished people, no doubt, or their names would not have been mentioned. Hannah might have seated herself in her family, and, with folded arms and disheveled hair, read novels from year to year, if there had been any to read; but when I see her making that garment and taking it over to Samuel, I know she is industrious from principle as well as from pleasure. God would not have a mother become a drudge or a slave; He would have her employ all the helps possible in this day in the rearing of her children. But Hannah ought never to be ashamed to be found making a coat for Samuel. Most mothers need no counsel in this direction. The wrinkles on their brow, the pallor on their cheek, the thimble-mark on their finger, attest that they are faithful in their maternal duties. The bloom and the brightness and the vivacity of girlhood have given place to the grander dignity and usefulness and industry of motherhood. But there is a heathenish idea getting abroad in some of the families of Americans; there are mothers who banish themselves from the home circle. For three-fourths of their maternal duties they prove themselver incompetent. They are ignorant of what their children wear, and what their children eat, and what their children read. They intrust to irresponsible persons these young immortals, and allow them to be under influences which may cripple their bodies, or taint their purity, or spoil their manner, or destroy their souls. From the awkward cut of Samuel's coat you know his mother Hannah did not make it. Out from under flaming chandeliers, and off from imported carpets, and down the granite stairs, there is coming a great crowd of children in this day, untrained, saucy, incompetent for all the practical duties of life, ready to be caught in the first whirl of crime and sensuality. Indolent and unfaithful mothers will make indolent and unfaithful children. You can not expect neatness and order in any house where the daughters see nothing but slatterniness and upside-downativeness in their parents. Let Hannah be idle, and most certainly Samuel will grow up idle.

Who are the industrious men in all our occupations and professions? Who are they managing the merchandise of the world, building the walls, tinning the roofs, weaving the carpets, making the laws, governing the nations, making the earth to quake and heave and roar and rattle with the tread of gigantic enterprise? Who are they? For the most part they descended from industrious mothers, who, in the old homestead, used to spin their own yarn, and weave their own carpets, and plait their own door-mats, and flag their own chairs, and do their own work. The stalwart men and the influential women of this day, ninety-nine out of a hundred of them came from such an illustrious ancestry of hard knuckles and homespun. And who are these people in society, light as froth, blown every whither of temptation and fashion—the peddlers of filthy stories, the dancing-jacks of political parties, the scum of society, the tavern-lounging, store-infesting, the men of low wink, and filthy chuckle, and brass breastpin, and rotten associations? For the most part they came from mothers idle and disgusting, the scandal mongers of society, going from house to house attending to everybody's business but their own, believing in witches and [illegible]

less life setting children on the very verge of hell. The mothers of Samuel Johnson, and of Alfred the Great, and of Isaac Newton, and of St. Augustine, and of Richard Cecil, and of President Edwards, for the most part were industrious, hard-working mothers. Now, while I congratulate all Christian mothers upon the wealth and the modern science which may afford them all kinds of help, let me say that every mother ought to be observant of her children's walk, her children's behavior, her children's food, her children's books, her children's companionships. However much help Hannah may have, I think she ought every year, at least, make one garment for Samuel. The Lord have mercy on the man who is so unfortunate as to have had a lazy mother!

Again: Hannah stands before you to-day as an intelligent mother. From the way in which she talked in this chapter, and from the way in which she managed this boy, you know she was intelligent. There are no persons in a community who need to be so wise and well-informed as mothers. O, this work of cultivating children for this world and the next. This child is timid, and it must be roused up and pushed out into activities. This child is forward; and must be held back and tamed down into modesty and politeness. Rewards for one punishments for another. That which will make George will ruin John. The rod is necessary in one case, while a frown of displeasure is more than enough in another. Whipping and a dark closet do not exhaust all the rounds of domestic discipline. There have been children who have grown up and gone to glory without ever having their ears boxed. O, how much care and intelligence is necessary in the rearing of children. But in this day, when there are so many books on this subject, no parent is excusable in being ignorant of the best mode of bringing up a child. If parents knew more of dieteties, there would not be so many dyspeptic stomachs and weak nerves and inactive livers among children. If parents knew more of physiology, there would not be so many curved spines and cramped chests and inflamed throats and diseased lungs as there are among children. If parents knew more of art, and were in sympathy with all that is beautiful, there would not be so many children coming out in the world with boorish proclivities. If parents knew more of Christ, and practiced more of His religion, there would not be so many little feet starting on the wrong road, and all around us voices of riot and blasphemy would not come up with such ecstasy of infernal triumph. The eaglets in the eyrie have no advantage over the eaglets of a thousand years ago; the kids having no superior way of climbing up the rocks than the old goats taught them hundreds of years ago; the whelps know no more than did the whelps of ages ago—they are taught no more by the lions of the desert; but it is a shame that in this day, when there are so many opportunities of improving ourselves in the best manner of culturing children, that so often there is no more advancement in this respect than there has been among the kids and the eaglets and the whelps.

Again: Hannah stands before you to-day as the Christian mother. From her prayers, and from the way she consecrated her body to God, I know she was good. A mother may have the finest culture, the most brilliant surroundings; but she is not fit for her duties unless she be a Christian mother. There may be well-read libraries in the house: and exquisite music in the parlor; and the canvas of the best artist adorning the walls; and the wardrobe be crowded with tasteful apparel; and the children be wonderful for their attainments, and make the house ring with laughter and innocent mirth; but there is something woefully lacking in that house if it be not also the residence of a Christian mother. I bless God that there are not many prayerless mothers. The weight of responsibility is so great that they feel the need of a Divine hand to help, and a Divine voice to comfort, and a Divine heart to sympathize. Thousands of mothers have been led into the Kingdom of God by the hands of their little children. There are hundreds of mothers to-day who would not have been Christians had it not been for the prattle of their little ones. Standing some day in the nursery, they bethought themselves, "this child God has given me to raise for eternity. What is my influence upon it? Not being a Christian myself, how can I ever expect him to become a Christian. Lord, help me!" O, are there anxious mothers who know nothing of the infinite help of religion? Then I commend to you Hannah, the pious mother of Samuel. Do not think it absolutely impossible that your children come up iniquitous. Out of just such fair brows and bright eyes and soft hands and innocent hearts crime gets its victims—extirpating purity from the heart, and rubbing out the smoothness from the brow, and quenching the luster of the eye, and shriveling up and poisoning and putrefying and scathing and scalding and blasting and burning with shame and woe.

Every child is a bundle of tremendous possibilities, and whether that child shall come forth in life, its heart attuned to the eternal harmonies, and after a life of usefulness on earth, go to a life of joy in Heaven, or, whether across it shall jar eternal discords, and after a life of wrong-doing on earth, it shall go to a home of impenetrable darkness and an abyss of immeasurable plunge, is being decided by nursery song and Sabbath lesson and evening prayer, and walk and ride and look and frown and smile. O, how many children in glory! crowding all the battlements and lifting a million-voiced hosanna—brought to God through Christian parentage! One hundred and twenty clergymen were together, and they were telling their experience and their ancestry; and of the 120 clergymen, how many of them do you suppose assigned, as the means of their conversion, the influence of a Christian mother? One hundred out of 120! Phillip Doddridge was brought to God by the Scripture lesson on the Dutch tile of the chimney fireplace. The mother thinks she is only rocking a child; but at the same time she may be rocking the destiny of empires—rocking the fate of nations—rocking the glories of Heaven. The same maternal power that may lift a child up, may press a child down. A daughter came to [illegible] mother and said she [illegible] about her size, and

she had been praying all night. The mother said: "O, stop praying! I don't believe in praying. Get over all those religious notions, and I will give you a dress that will cost $500, and you may wear it next week to that party." The daughter took the dress, and she moved in the gay circle, the gayest of all the gay all night; and, sure enough, all religious impressions were gone, and she stopped parying. A few months after, she came to die; and in her closing moments said: "Mother, I wish you would bring me that dress that cost $500." The mother thought it was a very strange request, but she brought it to please the dying child. "Now," said the daughter, "mother, hang that dress on the foot of my bed," and the dress was hung there, on the foot of the bed. Then the dying girl got up on one elbow and looked at her mother, and then pointed to the dress and said: "Mother, that dress is the price of my soul!" O, what a momentous thing it is to be a mother!

Again, and lastly: Hannah stands before you to-day the rewarded mother. For all the coats she made for Samuel; for all the prayers she offered for him; for the discipline she exerted over him, she got abundant compensation in the piety and the usefulness and the popularity of her son Samuel; and that is true in all ages. Every mother gets full pay for all the prayers and tears in behalf of her children. That man useful in commercial life; that man prominent in the profession; that master mechanic—why every step he takes in life has an echo of gladness in the old heart that long ago taught him to be Christian and heroic and earnest. The story of what you have done or what you have written, of the influence you have exerted, has gone back to the old homestead—for there is someone always ready to carry good tidings—and that story makes the needle in the old mother's tremulous hand fly quicker, and the flail in the father's hand come down upon the barn-floor with a more vigorous thump. Parents love to hear good news from their children. Do you send them good news always? Look out for the young man who speaks of his father as the "governor," the "squire," or the "old chap." Look out for the young woman who calls her mother her "maternal ancestor," or the "old woman." "The eye that mocketh at his father, and refuseth to obey his mother, the ravens of the valley shall pick it out, and the young eagles shall eat it." God grant that all these parents may have the great satisfaction of seeing their children grow up Christians.

But, O, the pang of that mother who, after a life of street gadding, and gossip-retailing, hanging on her children the fripperies and follies of this world, see those children tossed out on the sea of life like foam on the wave, or nonentities in a world where only brawny and stalwart character can stand the shock! But blessed be the mother who looks upon her children as sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty! O, the satisfaction of Hannah in seeing Samuel serving at the altar; of Mother Eunice in seeing her Timothy learned in the Scriptures; that is the mother's recompense—to see her children coming up useful in the world reclaiming the lost, healing the sick, pitying the ignorant, earnest and useful in every sphere. That throws a new light back on the old family Bible whenever she reads it; and that will be ointment to soothe the aching limbs of decrepitude, and light up the closing hours of life's day with the glories of an autumnal sunset!

There she sits—the old Christian mother—ripe for Heaven. Her eyesight is almost gone; but the splendors of the celestial city kindle up her vision. The gay light of Heaven's morn has struck through the gray locks which are folded back over the wrinkled temples. She stoops very much now under the burden of care she used to carry for her children. She sits at home to-day, too old to find her way to the house of God; but while she sits there, all the past comes back; and the children that 40 years ago trooped around her armchair with their little griefs and joys and sorrows—those children are all gone now. Some caught up into a better realm, where they shall never die, and others out in the broad world, attesting the excellency of a Christian mother's discipline. Her last days are full of peace; and calmer and sweeter will her spirit become, until the gates of life shall lift and let the worn-out pilgrim into eternal spring-tide and youth, where the limbs never ache, and the eyes never grow dim, and the staff of the exhausted and decripit pilgrim shall become the palm of the immortal athlete.

WOMEN AND BUSINESS.

A Moral Drawn from the Sad Experience of Mrs. Custer.

Women are beginning to realize the signal need of knowing something of business methods. The cruel loses recently sustained by that most charming of women, Mrs. Elizabeth B. Custer, bring the necessity keenly home to those among the sisterhood who have no "natural protectors"—as fathers, husbands and brothers are, not inappropriately, classified. Whether a woman has a "natural protector" or not it is becoming more and more evident that she should, at least, insist upon having her investments put in her own name. Mrs. Custer's experience, unfortunately, is by no means rare, but because of the almost sacred nature of the money invested the loss of it seems peculiarly sad.

Gen. Custer, notwithstanding the privations of his life as a soldier on the frontier, faithfully kept alive his insurance policy. The insurance money that came to Mrs. Custer upon her husband's death was put into the hands of a tried and trusted friend of both herself and husband—a lawyer, in their former home in Michigan. For 19 years the interest of the investment was regularly sent her. It chiefly consisted in mortgages, two of which her investor spoke a bit doubtfully of, to be sure, and as years passed he warned her against one of the mortgages in particular. He recently died. His accounts were found to be in a most unsatisfactory condition. He had invested Mrs. Custer's money in his own name. It proved to be an injudicious investment. He failed to realize what he expected. Mrs. Custer lost at least $5,000. The saddest revelation was that the worthless mortgage of which he had warned her was against himself.—N. Y. Herald.

—Great occasions of serving God present themselves seldom, but little ones frequently.—Francis de Sales.

FASHION NOTES.

Items of Dress for the Warm Weather Season.

The hat that is tilted right over the nose is the fashionable hat pro tem.

There is for the moment a great liking for the bird of Paradise plumage, and on very expensive imported hats the entire bird appears. Even the plumage, however, of this bird is costly, and there are really more imitations of the gracefully arching feathers than of the real upon hats of medium price.

The rage for belts of every description increases rather than lessens as the season advances. These belts are rivaled by the high empire ceinture and sash ribbons of various widths. Persian belts in gold woven galloon and linked patterns, of fine rolled gold, in medallion effects, are first choice to wear with round-waisted gowns made of elegant material, and belts of very elastic webbing are covered with spangles, so closely lapped that no matter how much the belt is stretched in adjusting it, the webbing foundation is still covered with the glittering paillettes.

Rich Persian silk vests will be worn with stylish white costumes of English serge etamine, mohair, pique and canvas. Narrow white leather belts with gold buckles are worn with white yachting suits of alpaca, trimmed with white silk braid, with a piping of fine gold braid showing each side.

Novel and pretty fichus of heavy guipure lace are made with the back like a sailor collar, flat oblong epaulettes on the shoulders, and straight scarf ends that reach half the length of the skirt when tied.

Among the dainty evening waists is one of Nile-green satin, draped with mousseline de soie, and worn with a skirt of dark-green brocade. The bretelles and ceinture are of dark-green velvet, edged with pearl, opal and emerald bead gimp. Pink chiffon covered with silver-spangled black lace makes a pretty bodice. Plain white mousseline de soie collars with a narrow border of black muslin hemstitched on are decorated with cream applique lace designs, set on at intervals.

Two pretty souvenirs brought from Paris by a returned tourist who has been two years abroad consist of a buckle in the form of a tiny canoe with oars and anchor trailing over the side, and a lace-pine imitating in gold the trident of Neptune. The center prong is studded with tiny sapphires and the others with pearls. These ornaments are to be worn with a yachting costume of dark blue English serge, trimmed with rows of very narrow gold braid. The jacket and skirt are lined throughout with blue, cream color and pale-green block-plaided taffeta silk.—N. Y. Post.

HOME TOPICS.

Mr. Flotilla Wisely Decides That Scandal Is Not for the Fireside.

As they sat down to breakfast she stopped with the coffee pot half raised to say: "I see, Frank, that Mr. and Mrs. Henry Montrose separated recently. What is the reason that these—"

"Stop right there, Mrs. Flotilla. I have laid it down as an inexorable rule in this household, and have tried to strengthen it by power of example, that no scandal should be brought to our domestic hearth. They must not disturb or contaminate our little home circle."

"I have yet to learn of any scandal in connection with the Montrose affair, Frank."

"There, there, now. Don't quibble or equivocate. It's unworthy of you."

"Very well. It's too bad about our neighbor having his store burned, isn't it?"

"Oh, this is too much."

"There's an intimation in the account of the affair that he set it afire to get the insurance."

"At least spare those at our own doors."

"Will you kindly direct the conversation, Mr. Flotilla?"

"With pleasure. I see here that the figures give that man McKinley a sure thing on the nomination. It's a burning shame. He's been buying delegates right and left."

"Don't force me to leave the table, Mr. Flotilla."

"Don't be silly, now. That's not scandal, it's politics. You can't have a scandal without a woman in it."

"Our neighbor's a widower, and there's no woman mixed up with the burning of his store."

"I understand the niceties of these matters perfectly, and if you'll just follow my lead—what's this? Boggs denies what I said in that interview! Why, the old, baldheaded, dissipated, senile reprobate! He's a whited sepulcher that leads a dual life and poses as a leading reformer! Where's my hat?"

But Mrs. Flotilla had fled, and now her husband is busily enlarging the list of permissible home topics, while a look from her brings him off his high horse whenever he mounts it.—Detroit Free Press.

Curious Tablecloth.

A German tablecloth, the property of a Worcester (Mass.) woman, is a curiosity. It is of heavy Rhine linen, creamy in color, with a beautiful satin finish. The design represents scenes from the life of Christ. About the center are four copies of the last supper, the corners have illustrations of the baptism and Jesus in the temple, and the border represents the adoration of the magi and flight into Egypt. The pictures bear some resemblance to medieval tapestries, and are not strictly appetizing for dinner use.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Tomato Puree.

Make one pint of white sauce; pass a three-pound can of tomatoes through a sieve, rubbing all the pulp through and getting out all seeds; into this stir one-half teaspoonful of soda, and when the frothing is done add salt, and then stir into the sauce on the fire. Have some dice of toasted bread in the tureen and pour in the hot soup.—Good Housekeeping.

A Trifle Particular.

Bunco—Stranger in New York, I see.

Farmer—You've jist about struck it, b'gosh!

"That's what I thought. Now let me give you a 'steer.'"

"Much obleeged, but I'm rayther long on steers. Ef you kin make it a couple o' young milch kyows I'll take 'em, b'gosh."—Somerville Journal.

—In nature there's no blemish but the mind; none can be called deformed but the unkind [illegible]

WILD BIRDS ON HIGH ROOFS.

Nighthawks Lay Eggs on the Tops of Chicago's Skyscrapers.

The flat roofs of ten and fifteen story buildings may seem queer places for a colony of wild birds to choose for nesting purposes, especially when those birds have been accustomed to nest in open fields ever since the first pair were let out of the ark, but that is just what has occurred to a big flock of nighthawks that can be seen every evening high in the air over the downtown district.

Whether the gravel roofs are so thick that the queer bird has mistaken them for real fields, or whether their great height and their inaccessibility to small boys were the inducements, it is nevertheless true that almost every skyscraper in the city in the down-town district is just now lodging a family of tenants on its roof who do not pay rent.

In his natural haunts the nighthawk, who is the first cousin of whippoorwill, and a member of the goat-sucker family, lays its two odd looking eggs on the bare ground in an open field. It makes no nest whatever, and that is the reason why egg collectors find it so hard to discover. The eggs are so thickly covered with dirty brown spots that when the bird has risen the eggs are frequently stepped on before they are seen. It may be this that has driven the flock of birds to raise their families where nobody ever steps except the janitor, who is commonly supposed never to see anything.

The nighthawks are not very particular what part they choose for a nesting site, and it is as common to find them in the middle of the roof exposed to the rain and storm, as in the shelter of a chimney or projecting wall. It is all the same to the bird whether it rains or shines, for his plumage is so thick that water runs off his back just as it does from a duck, and the mother bird frequently leaves her eggs uncovered when the day is warm for long intervals without any serious damage.

The color of the bird is so nearly like that of the spot where the eggs are placed that a person with more than an average sharp sight may stand within three feet of the sitting bird and not see it. When one of the birds is flushed from a roof, however, there is a surprise party for the flusher, for at the first note which the bird utters after rising, every bird within hearing distance is up and away, and it is usually several hours before they will return to their haunts no matter how slight the original disturbance may have been. Usually only one family occupies the same roof, but it is surprising how many birds may be flushed in this way. On any cloudy evening the cries of fifty of these strange birds may be heard by standing on any corner of the downtown streets.

Nobody has ever found out how the birds are taught to fly from the top of a fifteen story building, but it seems probable that their first lessons consist of short trips within the boundaries of the gravel roof where they were hatched.

During the hottest part of the summer days the birds who have no families of their own to take care of sit with their big black eyes half closed on the edge of some projecting wall, ready to launch themselves off into space at the first alarm. Unlike other birds the nighthawk never roosts crosswise of a limb or branch, but perches parallel with it, probably because its feet are not strong enough to hold on tightly.

The nighthawk, like the whippoorwill, does not rest until late, and it is now the height of the nesting season for the flock which has taken up its residence in Chicago. Thus far only a few nests have been disturbed by the egg collector, and as the janitors of tall buildings are not disposed to let meddlesome boys upon the roofs where the birds are it is quite probable that most of the young birds which are just now coming from the eggs will grow to be useful members of Chicago bird society. —Chicago Tribune.

FORTUNE AS A WEDDING GIFT.

What a Bride Received on the Occasion of Her Second Marriage.

The widow of the late Thomas C. Sloane was married to James L. Barclay under circumstances of a somewhat romantic, almost dramatic, character. Thomas C. Sloane was, 30 years ago, a student at Yale college and a member of a group of young students who had come from very wealthy families. United States Senator Wetmore, of Rhode Island, was one of them; United States District Judge Colt was another; William P. Dixon, now a law partner of John E. Parsons, was another, as was Edmund Coffin, now a very prominent and wealthy citizen of Brooklyn. The intimacy of college days brought these fellow students into acquaintance each with the other's family, and thus it happened that an attachment sprang up between Miss Dixon, sister of Mr. Sloane's chum, and Mr. Sloane.

There were other attractions between sisters of the group of college chums and their companions. Miss Dixon, who was regarded at the time as perhaps the most beautiful young woman in New York, was married to Mr. Sloane soon after he was graduated, and their married life was ideal. Mr. Sloane died in 1892, leaving a fortune of nearly $1,000,000, and settling a large income by his will upon Mrs. Sloane, but providing, however, in case of her remarriage, that she was to forfeit $200,000. It probably was not so much the thought that in case she yielded to Mr. Barclay's wooing she would lose that amount of money as the remembrance of her ideal life with her husband that caused her for a long time to withstand Mr. Barclay's urging. But she at last, nearly four years after the death of her husband, gave her hand to this persistent suitor, who is himself a man of large wealth, fine business capacity and the highest character. At the wedding among the other presents was a renunciation or a return to Mrs. Barclay of $200,000, given by the person named in Mr. Sloane's will as entitled to receive that sum in case Mrs. Sloane remarried. It was a touching tribute of affection and respect and a silent witness of the propriety and justification of the second marriage of this beautiful woman to a most worthy man.—Philadelphia Press.

Where It Shows.

"Those Flashleys remind me of a pair of turtles."

"Why so?"

"Because about everything they have is on their backs."—Up to Date.

The three-cent nickel piece, now dis-[illegible]

BOARD AND ANCESTORS.

Little More Beef and Less Dignity Wanted in Houston.

As the snake reporter was wending his way homeward he was approached by a very gaunt, hungry looking man, with wild eyes and emaciated face.

"Can you tell me, sir," he inquired, "where I can find in Houston a family of low-born scrubs?"

"I don't exactly understand," said the reporter.

"Let me tell you how it is," said the emaciated man. "I came to Houston a month ago, and hunted up a boarding house, as I cannot afford to live at a hotel. I found a nice, aristocratic looking place that suited me and went inside. The landlady came in the parlor, and she was a very stately lady, with a Roman nose. I asked the price of board, and she said: 'Eighty dollars per month.' I fell against the door jamb with a dull thud, and she said:

"'You seem surprised, sah. You will please remember that I am the widow of Gov. Riddle, of Virginiah. My family is very highly connected; give you board as a favah; I never consider money as an equivalent to advantage of my society. Will you have a room with a door in it?'

"'I'll call again,' I said and got out of the house somehow.

"I went to some more boarding houses.

"The next lady said she was descended from Aaron Burr on one side and Capt. Kidd on the other. She was using the Capt. Kidd side in her business. She wanted to charge me 60 cents an hour for board and lodging. I traveled around all over Houston and found nine widows of supreme court judges, 12 relicts of governors and generals and 22 ruins left by happy departed colonels, professors and majors, who put fancy figures on the benefit of their society, and carried victuals simply as a side line. I finally grew desperately hungry and engaged a week's board at a nice stylish mansion in the third ward. The lady who kept it was tall and imposing. She kept one hand lying across her wrist and the other held a prayerbook and a pair of ice-hooks. She said she was an aunt of Davy Crockett, and was still in mourning for him. Her family was one of the first in Texas. It was then supper time, and I went in to supper. Supper was from 6:30 to 7, and consisted of baker's bread, prayer and cold slaw. I was so fatigued that I begged to be shown to my room immediately after the meal.

"I took the candle, went into the room she showed me, and locked the door quickly. The room was furnished in imitation of the Alamo. The walls and floor were bare, and the bed was something like a monument, only harder. After midnight I felt somehow as if I had fallen into a prickly pear bush, and jumped up and lit the candle. I looked into the bed and then put on my clothes and exclaimed:

"'Thermopylae had her messenger of defeat, but the Alamo had a thousand.'

"I slipped out of the door and left the house.

"Now, my dear sir, I am not wealthy, and I cannot afford to pay for high lineage and moldy ancestors with my board. Corned beef goes further with me than a coronet, and when I am cold a coat of arms does not warm me. I am desperate and hungry, and I hate everybody who can trace their ancestors further back than the late confederate reunion. I want to find a boarding house whose proprietress was left while an infant in a basket at a livery stable, whose father was an unnaturalized dago from the fifth ward, and whose grandfather was never placed upon the map. I want to strike a low-down, scrubby, piebald, sansculotte outfit that never heard of finger bowls or grace before meals, but who can get up a mess of hot corn bread and Irish stew at regular market quotations. Is there any such place in Houston?"

The snake reporter shook his head sadly. "I never heard of any," he said. "The boarding houses here are run by ladies who do not take boarders to make a living; they are all trying to get a better rating at Bradstreet's than Hetty Green's."

"Then said the emaciated man, desperately, "I will shake you for a long toddy."—Washington Post.

SOFT FOODS.

Dangerous to the Teeth and Digestive Organs.

Habitually eating soft foods, even soft bread to the exclusion of everything that is hard or crusty, is not only weakening to the digestive organs, but it leads to rapid decay of the teeth. When these are not used in the mastication of harder foods, the teeth become covered with tartar and sometimes loosen in their sockets, or the gums will bleed. I have been surprised that dentists did not look into this matter more carefully. The use of hard bread and other substances requiring thorough mastication, will do more to preserve the teeth than all other things put together. It will also tend to keep them clean; and by insuring good digestion, it will also help to make the breath fresh and pure. Those who suffer from indigestion, instinctively reject the softer, sloppy foods, as they are apt to make disturbances almost as soon as swallowed. They instinctively give preference to the harder or more solid foods, those that require thorough mastication and insalivation.—Health Culture.

Hot Weather Drinks.

The drinks that quench thirst most effectually are, according to an authority on the subject, those that possess little sugar and no salt. Among the flavors to be combined with water are lime and lemon juice, the juice of the grape fruit, and phosphates of orange and cherry. Cold tea and coffee with a slice of lemon and no sugar are also beverages that will satisfy thirst. Both of the latter should be poured from the pot as soon as brewed.—N. Y. Post.

A Wedding Cake.

Fifty eggs, five pounds of sugar, five of flour, five of butter, 15 of raisins, three of citron, ten of currants, one pint of brandy, fourth of an ounce of cloves, one ounce of cinnamon, four ounces of mace, four ounces of nutmeg. This makes 43½ pounds, and keeps 20 years. —N. Y. Ledger.

Misunderstood.

Justice—Officer, what is the prisoner charged with?

Officer Lafferty—Well, your honor, [illegible] not much of a judge, but it [illegible] good deal like whisky.—[illegible]

The three-cent silver piece weighs [illegible] grains.