The St. Tammany Farmer.

"The Blessings of Government, Like the Dew from Heaven, Should Descend Alike Upon the Rich and the Poor."

W. G. KENTZEL, Editor. COVINGTON, ST. TAMMANY PARISH, LA., SATURDAY, APRIL 7, 1900. VOL. XXV.—NO. 15.

FAITH.

A happy child plays on the floor,
And stacks his blocks and sings,
And he knows naught of ancient lore,
And naught of worldly things;
But faith is in his heart, and when
'Tis dark he kneels to pray,
And what is all the lore of men—
The fairest fruit of brush or pen—
Against the faith he has—the faith I, too,
could claim one day?

Beside the great cathedral door
A poor old woman stands,
A stranger unto worldly lore,
With knotted, tired hands!
But faith is rooted in her breast,
She hears the bell above,
And on the Book her lips are pressed,
And when 'tis night she goes to rest
Triumphantly believing in her Saviour's
holy love!

O sage, what is the lore you teach?
O man of science, all
The wise conclusions that you reach
Are pitiful and small
Beside the faith of him who plays
About upon the floor—
Beside the faith of her whose days
Were aimless if she might not raise
The Book to trusting lips that say an ave
at the door!

—S. E. Kiser, in Chicago Times-Herald.

A Narrow Escape

THE end had come. The old firm name which had been carried like a banner above the commerce of the city was down. It was dragging in the dust. Arthur Wilkinson, last of his line, heir to his father's fortune and responsibilities, who had made a mucker of affairs too large and far reaching for him to manage, attained the conclusion that the simplest thing for him to do was to put a sharp quietus to a life whose energies had evidently been misapplied.

There were, of course, complications. There always are. To begin with, there was Winnifred Inderrierden. He had expected to marry her—they had, in fact, had an unusual courtship, the particulars of which it would be a pleasure to relate, if there were time. Which there is not. He knew what her expectations were. She had always been surrounded by luxuries. It would hardly occur to her that there could be any other conditions—for Winnifred Inderrierden. She loved him, he thought, but after all, it had been a love that fed on the beautiful and on the luxurious. They had usually met in the evening, she exquisitely attired and in her best mood, he eager for the diversion which her vivacity afforded him, and the delight which her loveliness gave. They had eaten in the stately Inderrierden dining-room together. They had driven abroad on the boulevard at the gayest hour, in the most fetching of carts; they knew the opera together and the orchestral concerts. Their love had "fed on the roses and lain in the lilies of life." How would it weather storms of poverty and self-denial and social oblivion? The simplest way out of his difficulties, Arthur Wilkinson assured himself again, was to make the sharp quietus.

Why could he not stop thinking, having made his resolution? Why must he remember these hideous details that brought the blood in hot rush to his jaded face? Why must he recollect old Effinger, for 20 years the manager of the house, whose careful savings had gone up with the rest? Effinger impoverished, and in his old age, and because of the fatuous folly of an incompetent ass who lacked the ability to run a concern himself, and who had not the sense to ask advice of his elders!

There were other things which were no less distressing to remember. There were the men and women who had counted on steady employment from the firm, some of whom had every reason to suppose that their vocation for life was fixed. He knew some of the young men who had married upon this supposition, men who had been his friends for years, and who trusted him entirely. He was, unfortunately for his peace of mind, acquainted with the private life of many of his employes. He knew what their responsibilities were. He thought of Maggie O'Neill, who cared for five brothers and sisters and who had no one to help her in the fight—patient Maggie, whose eyes had always looked into his with frank good-will and gratitude.

He calmly set a date for his decisive act, and counted the days with something like anticipation. The burden of chagrin and regret upon him was so heavy that the thought of rest was heavenly indeed. He had no doubt, he told himself, that the grave meant absolute oblivion. When that ingenious piece of workmanship, the brain, ceased its restless labors, there was nothing—no knowledge, no fears, no joys. Oblivion was best. Still, what if his reckonings were wrong? What if he found himself plunged yet more irretrievably into a sea of remorse? What if—but what childish folly. The grave was the grave. It was the period. When one achieved death, one wrote "finis."

"This is the day of my release," said he, and the heart which had dragged at him till it seemed an unsupportable physical burden was eased a trifle. He lingered long over his bath and took note of all the comforts he enjoyed in his pleasant rooms. Then he made an inventory of the furniture and bric-a-brac and laid it where it could be easily found. He took his watch, which had been a gift from his father, pawned it for all that it would bring, and sent the money to Maggie O'Neill, giving her no hint of the donor. He wrote a note of abject apology to poor old Effinger—an apology such as a dying man writes to one he has ruined. Then he called on Winnifred Inderrierden.

It was late afternoon and she was receiving, so when he went in he found her with many others.

"Is there no hope that I can see you alone for a moment?" he managed to say, getting close to her at the tea table. She looked up smilingly.

"I'm afraid not, Art. What made you so stupid as to come to-day? Don't you remember that Thursdays—"

"I haven't been remembering anything very well recently," he said, and moved away.

"But you are coming back?" she called. He shook his head, bowed ceremoniously to the ladies near him, and left. What a bright, elate, unsophisticated face his sweetheart had! She dwelt in a world apart from his. She had known nothing but sunshine, and could not even guess at such travail of the spirit as he was enduring. It was just as well, no doubt.

He wondered that he did not suffer more acutely at his parting with the woman he loved, and suspected that he was not living up to the full opportunity for pain. But it seemed a little thing to make a personal sacrifice after what he had endured. If it had only been within his power to give up more and so retrieve the disaster for those who had trusted him, then it might not be necessary to do the dreadful thing that remained to be done that night. He looked at his watch. Dinner had taken him a long time. It had been a good dinner, consisting of the things he liked best. That particular waiter had served him for two years and they silently enjoyed each other's society. Arthur arose now and held his glass in his hand.

"Dixon," said he, "have the kindness to fill that glass over there and to drink with me to—to the past, Dixon."

"But that will do no good, sir," said the colored boy, looking worried. He did not like the gentleman's manner.

"Nothing does any good, Dixon, but drink." So the man did as he was bid. After he had paid for his dinner Arthur laid a little pigskin purse upon the table.

"Dixon, I have often tipped you. To-night I am not going to do so, because you seem like a friend—the last friend I have—and one does not tip one's friends. But kindly take this little purse and in it put the tips of other men, remembering me."

"But are you going away, Mr. Wilkinson?"

"No, Dixon, I don't know that I could say I was going anywhere. Some folks would think I was about to take a long journey. But it seems to me that I am making myself stationary. It depends upon how you look at it, Dixon. Good night."

"Good night, sir. If—if I can be of any service to you—"

"No, no! Good night."

It was strange that the world would keep up its unseemly roar when a man sat preparing himself for death! Why did the streets not grow quiet? They would certainly be quiet before dawn. He would wait till there was silence. A soul ought to have that much consideration shown it when it passed from being.

The young man sat in his most comfortable chair in the darkness of his room. He could not endure the glare of the lights, and the sight of material objects distracted his thoughts. He endeavored to forget the things that tortured him—tried the experiment of concentrating his thoughts upon one idea, and that idea, oblivion. To be extinguished—what more could a weary man desire? To forget the betrayed trust, and entailed misery, the bad judgment, the foolish prodigality, the uneager love, the self-seeking friends, the easy scorn, that was the best thing. And in the grave was forgetfulness.

The night passed feverishly. He had no idea whether it was hours or minutes that were passing. He was merely waiting for the noise to cease, and presently there was silence.

"Now," said he, and lifted a glass in his cold and steady hand. But something came between him and the faint light from the distant street lamp. There was an unexpected darkness at the window. Involuntarily he withheld the glass from his lips. A second later a masked man stood in the room. He could not see Arthur, who was in a black shadow. But Arthur took note of him—of his height, his width of shoulder, of the position of his arms, and then with a cry that was half a laugh he sprang at him. A deep, inarticulate sound, almost a sob, came from the man's throat. He made an effort to reach his weapon. His arm was pinioned to his side. The strength of the young man who had attacked was peculiar and unnatural, like that of a madman, and as he wrestled and clutched and struggled he laughed.

The mask came off, and the two looked each other in the eyes.

The burglar shrieked.

"You're crazy!" he gasped, white and horrified.

"Will you go?" asked Arthur. "Say you will go and I'll let you loose."

The man made a sign, but Arthur would not trust him. He was unarmed himself, and the man had a weapon. He had no intention of losing his life through mere lack of caution, so he backed the burglar to the window, and with one terrible push sent him headlong through it. Listening and still smiling he heard the heavy fall on the pavement below.

"It's only 30 feet," said he aloud. "It oughtn't to hurt him much."

Then he sat down in his chair and trembled violently.

"That was certainly a narrow escape," he said to himself. "How it was that he didn't get the drop on me I don't know."

His foot hit against the clinking pieces of the shattered wine glass, and he recollected his intention of a few moments before. Then the humor of the situation struck him. He threw back his head and laughed till the crippled burglar heard it and dragged his injured body away as rapidly as he could.

"I think I'll toddle back to the fighting line," mused Arthur Wilkinson. "No one need know I was a deserter. I'll stand by my guns—if there are any which the enemy have not taken. And meanwhile I'll send another letter to old Effinger. I'll ask him to come here and take pot luck with me—play I'm his son—till better days come. He'll give me good advice. I'll win out. I've got to. And I will. As for Winnifred, wouldn't it be more decent of me to leave her to some one who will love her better? We can live without each other too easily, Winnifred and I. Then to work, to work, to work."

The moon came up and was flooding the room. Arthur looked at it appreciatively.

"You are pretty," he said to Cynthia, in his most complimentary tone. He took a drink of water. "What is there in all the world so delicious?" he commented. Then he undressed and looked at the warm rotundity of his young body with something akin to reverence.

"It's a mystic temple," said he. "Who am I that I dare devastate it?" And then he flung himself on his knees and breathed in contrition:

"Surely the hand of Providence was here!"

He slept like a child, and sometimes in his sleep he laughed like one who has a pleasant dream.—Chicago Tribune.

A KINDLY WARNING.

Dr. Talmage Speaks Concerning Evil Associations.

Aptly Illustrates His Text That "a Companion of Fools Shall Be Destroyed"—Advice for Young and Old.

[Copyright, 1900, by Louis Klopsch.] Washington.

In this discourse Dr. Talmage speaks on a theme which all men, young and old, will be glad to see discussed, and the kindly warning will no doubt in many cases be taken; text, Proverbs 13:20: "A companion of fools shall be destroyed."

"May it please the court," said a convicted criminal when asked by the judge what he had to say why sentence of death should not be pronounced upon him, "may it please the court, bad company has been my destruction. I received the blessing of good parents and in return therefor promised to avoid all evil associates. Had I kept my promise I should have avoided this shame and the burden of guilt which, like a vulture, threatens to drag me to justice for my many crimes. Although I once moved in high circles and was entertained by distinguished men, I am lost. Bad company did the work for me." Only one out of a thousand illustrations was that of the fact that "a companion of fools shall be destroyed." It is an invariable rule.

Here is a hospital with a hundred men down with the ship fever. Here is a healthy man who goes into it. He does not so certainly catch the disease as a good man will catch moral distemper if he consents to be shut up with the vicious and the abandoned. In the prisons of the olden time it was the custom to put the prisoners in a cell together, and I am sorry to say it is the custom still in some of our prisons; so that when the day of liberation comes, the men, instead of being reformed, are turned out brutes, not men, each one having learned the vices of all the rest.

We may in our worldly occupation be obliged to talk to and commingle with bad people, but he who voluntarily chooses that kind of association is carrying on a courtship with a Delilah which will shear the locks of his strength, and he will be tripped into perdition. Look over all the millions of the race, and you cannot show me a single instance where a man voluntarily associated with the bad for one year and maintained his integrity. Sin is catching; it is infectious; it is epidemic.

A young man wakes up in one of our great cities knowing only the gentlemen of the firm into whose service he has entered. In the morning he enters the store, and all the clerks mark him, measure him, discuss him. The bad clerks of that establishment, the good clerks of that establishment, stand in some relation to him. The good clerks will wish him well, but they will wait for a formal introduction, and even after they have had the introduction they are very cautious as to whether they shall call him into their association before they know him very well.

But the bad young men in that establishment all gather around him. They patronize him, they offer to show him everything that there is in the city on one condition—that he will pay the expenses, for it always happens so when a good young man and a bad young man go together to a place of evil entertainment—the good young man always has to pay the charges. Just at the time the ticket is to be paid for or the champagne bill is to be settled the bad young man will affect embarrassment and feel around in his pockets and say: "Well, well, really I have forgotten my pocketbook."

In 48 hours after this innocent young man has entered the store the bad young men will gather around him, slap him on the shoulder with familiarity, and, if he is stupid in not being able to take certain allusions, will say: "Ah, my young friend, you will have to be broken in." And forthwith they go to work to "break him in."

Oh, young man, let no fallen young man slap you on the shoulder familiarly! Turn around and give a withering glance that will make the wretch cower in your presence. There is no monstrosity of wickedness that can stand before the glance of purity and honor. God keeps the lightnings of heaven in his own scabbard, and no human may reach them, but God gives to every young man a lightning which he may use, and that is the lightning of an honest eye. Anybody that understands the temptations of our great cities knows the use of one sermon like this, in which I try to enforce the thought that "a companion of fools shall be destroyed."

And, first, I charge you, avoid the skeptic—that is, the young man who puts his thumb in his vest and swaggers about, scoffing at your old-fashioned religion, and taking out the Bible and turning over to some mysterious passage and saying: "Explain that, my friend, explain that. I used to think just as you do. My father and mother used to think just as you do. But you can't scare me about the future. I used to believe in those things, but I've got over it." Yes, he has got over it, and you will get over it if you stay in his companionship much longer. For awhile he may not bring one argument against our holy Christianity. He will by scoffs and jeers and caricatures destroy your faith in that religion which was the comfort of your father in his declining years and the pillow on which your old mother lay a-dying.

That brilliant young skeptic will after awhile have to die, and his diamond will flash no splendor into the eye of death. His hair will lie uncombed on the pillow. Death will come up, and this skeptic will say to him: "I cannot die. I cannot die." Death will say: "You must die. You have but ten seconds more to live. Your soul—give it to me right away. Your soul!" "Oh, no!" says the skeptic. "Do not breathe that cold air into my face. You crowd me too hard. It is getting dark in the room. Here—take my rings and take all the pictures in the room, but let me off." "No," says Death. "Your soul! Your soul!" Then the dying skeptic begins to say, "O God!" Death says: "You declared there was no God." Then the dying skeptic says: "Pray for me," and Death says: "It is too late to pray; you have only three seconds more to live, and I will count them off—one, two, three. Gone!" Where? Where? Carry him out and lay him down beside his old father and mother, who died under the delusions of the Christian religion singing the songs of victory.

Again, avoid the idlers—that is, those people who gather around the store or the shop or the factory and try to seduce you away from your regular calling and in your business hours try to seduce you away. There is nothing that would please them so well as to have you give up your employment and consort with them.

These idlers you will find standing around the engine houses or standing at noonday or about noon on the steps of some hotel or fashionable restaurant, giving the idea they have dined there. They have not dined there. They never will dine there. Before you invite a young man into your association ask him plainly: "What do you do for a living?" If he says: "Nothing; I am a gentleman," look out for him. I care not how soft his hand or how elegant his apparel or how high sounding his family name, his touch is death.

Idleness is the next door to villainy. When the police go to find criminals, where do they go to find them? They find them among the idle—those who have nothing to do, or, having something to do, refuse to engage in their daily work. Some one came to good old Ashbel Green and asked him why he worked at 80 years of age when it was time for him to rest. "Oh," he replied, "I work to keep out of mischief." And no man can afford to be idle. I care not how strong his moral character, he cannot afford to be idle.

But you say: "A great many people are suffering from enforced idleness. During the hard times there were a great many people out of employment." I know it, but the times of dullness in business are the times when men ought to be thoroughly engaged in improving their minds and enlarging their hearts. The fortunes to be made 20 years from now will be made by the young men who in the times when business was dull cultivated their minds and improved their hearts. They will get the fortunes after awhile, while those men who hang around their stores, never engaging in any useful occupation, will be as poor then as they are now. It is absurd for a Christian man to say he has nothing to do.

I went into a store in New York where there were five Christian men, and they said they had nothing to do. The whole world lying in sin. Poverty to be comforted, sickness to be alleviated, a Bible in the back office, every opportunity of mental culture, spiritual culture; every inducement to work, yet a Christian man, sworn before high Heaven to consecrate his whole life to usefulness, has nothing to do! If you have not any business for this world, my Christian friend, then you ought to be doing business for eternity.

People go to Florence and to Venice and to Rome to see one of the works of the great masters. I think I can show you the picture of one of the great masters. "I went by the field of the slothful and by the vineyard of the man void of understanding, and, lo, it was all grown over with thorns, and nettles had covered the face thereof, and the stone wall thereof was broken down. Then I saw and considered it well. I looked upon it and received instruction. Yet a little sleep, a little slumber, a little folding of the hands to sleep. So shall thy poverty come as one that traveleth and thy want as an armed man." There is no more explosive passage in all the Bible than that. It first begins to hiss like the fuse of a cannon and then bursts like a 54-pounder. The old proverb was true: "The devil tempts most men, but idlers tempt the devil!" Therefore seek something to do. If no worldly business offers, then, in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, go out on Christian toil, and the Lord will bless you, and the Lord will help you.

Again I counsel you, avoid the pleasure seeker, the man whose entire business it is to seek for recreation and amusement. I believe in the amusements of the world so far as they are innocent. I could not live without them. Any man of sanguine temperament must have recreation or die. And yet the amusements and recreations of life must administer to hard work. They are only preparative for the occupation to which God has called us.

God would not have given us the capacity to laugh if he did not sometimes intend us to indulge it. God hath hung in sky and set in wave and printed on grass many a roundelay. But all the music and the brightness of the natural world were merely intended to fit us for the earnest work of life. The thundercloud has edges exquisitely purpled, but it jars the mountain as it says: "I come down to water the fields." The flowers standing under the fence look gay and beautiful, but they say: "We stand here to refresh the husbandmen at the nooning." The brook frolics and sparkles and foams, but it says: "I go to baptize the moss; I go to slake the thirst of the bird; I turn the wheel of the mill; in my crystal cradle I rock muckshaw and water lily; I play, but I work."

Look out for the man who plays and never works. Look out for that man whose entire business is to play ball or sail a yacht or engage in any kind of merriment. These things are all beautiful and grand in their places, but when they become the chief work of life they become a man's destruction. George Brummel was admired of all England. He danced with peeresses and went a round of mirth and folly, until after awhile, exhausted of purse, ruined of reputation, blasted of soul, he begged a crust from a grocer, declaring as his deliberate opinion that he thought a dog's life was better than a man's.

These mere pleasurists will come around you while you are engaged in your work, and they will try to take you away. They have lost their places. Why not you lose your place? Then you will be one of them. Oh, my friends, before you go with these pleasure seekers, these men whose entire life is fun and amusement and recreation, remember while after a man has lived a life of integrity and Christian consecration, kind to the poor and elevating to the world's condition, when he comes to die, he has a glorious reminiscence lying on his death pillow, the mere pleasurist has nothing by way of review but a torn playbill, a ticket for the race, an empty tankard or the cast out rinds of a carousal. And as in delirium of his awful death he clutches the goblet and presses it to his lips, the dregs falling on his tongue will begin to uncoil and hiss with the adders of an eternal poison.

Again, beware of the Sabbath breakers. Tell me how a young man spends his Sabbath, and I will tell you what are his prospects in business, and I will tell you what are his prospects for the eternal world. God has thrust into our busy life a sacred duty when we are to look after our souls. It is exorbitant after giving six days to the feeding and the clothing of these perishable bodies that God should demand one day for the feeding and the clothing of the immortal soul? Our bodies are seven-day clocks, and they need to be wound up, and if they are not wound up they run down into the grave. No man can continuously break the Sabbath and keep his physical and mental health. Ask those aged men, and they will tell you they never knew men who continuously broke the Sabbath who did not fail either in mind, body or moral principle. A manufacturer gave this as his experience. He said: "I owned a factory on the Lehigh. Everything prospered. I kept the Sabbath, and everything went on well. But one Sabbath morning I bethought myself of a new shuttle, and I thought I would invent that new shuttle before sunset, and I refused all food and drink until I had completed that shuttle. By sundown I had completed it. The next day, Monday, I showed to my workmen and friends this new shuttle. They all congratulated me on my great success. I put that shuttle into play. I enlarged my business; but, sir, that Sunday's work cost me $30,000. From that day everything went wrong. I failed in business, and I lost my mill." Oh, my friends, keep the Lord's day. You may think it old fogy advice, but I give it to you now: "Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labor and do all thy work, but the seventh is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God; in it thou shalt not do any work." A man said that he would prove that all this was a fallacy, and so he did. "I shall raise a Sunday crop." And he plowed the field on the Sabbath, and then he put in the seed on the Sabbath and cultivated the ground on the Sabbath. When the harvest was ripe, he reaped it on the Sabbath, and he carried it into the mow on the Sabbath, and then he stood out defiant to his Christian neighbors and said: "There, that is my Sunday crop, and it is all garnered." After awhile a storm came up and a great darkness, and the lightnings of Heaven struck the barn, and away went his Sunday crop. Beware, young man, of all Sabbath breakers.

Again, I charge you, beware of association with the dissipated. Go with them and you will in time adopt their habits. Why is that man fallen against the curbstone, covered with bruises and beastliness? He was as bright-faced a lad as ever looked up from the nursery. His mother rocked him, prayed for him, fondled him, and would not let the night air touch his cheek and held him and looked down into his loving eyes and wondered for what high position he was being fitted. He entered life with bright hopes. The world beckoned him, friends cheered him, but the archers shot at him; vile men set traps for him, bad habits hooked fast to him with their iron grapples; his feet slipped on the way, and there he lies. Who would think that that uncombed hair was once toyed with by a father's fingers? Who would think that those bloated cheeks were ever kissed by a mother's lips? Would you guess that that thick tongue once made a household glad with its innocent prattle? Utter no harsh words in his ear. Help him up. Put the hat over that once manly brow. Brush the dust from that coat that once covered a generous heart. Show him the way to the home that once rejoiced at the sound of his footstep, and with gentle words tell his children to stand back as you help him through the hall.

That was a kind husband once and an indulgent father. He will kneel with them no more as once he did at family prayers—the little ones with clasped hands looking up into the heavens with thanksgiving for their happy home. But now at midnight he will drive them from their pillows and curse them down the steps, and howl after them as, unclad, they fly down the street in night garments, under the calm starlight. Who slew that man? Who blasted that home? Who plunged those children into worse than orphanage—until the hands are blue with cold, and the cheeks are blanched with fear, and the brow is scarred with bruises, and the eyes are hollow with grief? Who made that life a wreck and filled eternity with the uproar of a doomed spirit?

Shake off the Sabbath breaker. Oh, turn your back upon these men. Shake off the skeptic. Shake off the idler. Shake off the pleasurist. You may do this work of ejection in politeness, but you may do it firmly. You are not under any circumstances to lose all the remembrance of the fact that you are a gentleman and must always act the gentleman. A young man said to a Christian Quaker: "Old chap, how did you get your money?"

"Well," said the Quaker, "I got it by dealing in an article in which thou mayest deal if thou wilt—civility."

Be courteous, be polite, but be firm. Say "No" as if you meant it. If you say "No" in a feeble way, they will keep on with their imploration and their temptation, and after awhile you will stand in silence, and then you will say, after they have gone on a little longer, "Yes," and then you are lost.

Oh, turn your back upon the banquet of sin! I call you to a better feast to-day. The promises of God are the fruits. The harps of Heaven are the music. The clusters of Eschol are pressed into the tankards. The sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty are the guests, while standing at the banquet to pour the wine and divide the clusters and command the music and welcome the guests is a daughter of God, on her brow the blossoms of paradise and in her cheek the flush of celestial summer. And her name is Religion. "Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace."

WIT AND WISDOM.

No man ever attains such a high position but some one will call him down.—Chicago Daily News.

Primitive Woes.—Lillian—"What awful hardships our forefathers must have experienced." Blanche—"Yes, just think, they didn't have olives."—Indianapolis Journal.

"Yes," said the Spanish statesman; "we must reestablish our navy." "True," replied the other; "but what have we to begin with?" "Well, thank goodness! we still have plenty of water."—Philadelphia Record.

Visitor—"What was the matter with the man they just brought in?" Doctor—"Stuck his head through a pane of glass." Visitor—"How did he look?" Doctor—"His face wore an injured expression."—Baltimore News.

"Mrs. Wiggins," remarked the minister, "we wish you would let your daughter join the choir." "Oh, I couldn't think of it!" was the reply. "Minnie has such a sweet disposition and I don't want to spoil her."—Ohio State Journal.

"The modern 'old maid,'" said the boarder, "is a good deal more progressive than her predecessors." "Oh, I guess not. The old maid of other days managed to have the latest wrinkle as well as any one," said the Cheerful Idiot.—Indianapolis Press.

When the happy father came in, the solicitous mother was caressing her first-born. "Close the door, dear," she said to her husband. "You will let in a little air." "I thought the little heir was here already," chirped the jocose papa.—Pittsburgh Telegraph.

The Filipino soldier fell upon his knees. "Oh, senor!" he cried. "Have you no mercy?" Private Smith, of the 'Steenth volunteers, who had been a drug clerk at home, looked upon him coldly. "No," he replied, from sheer force of habit, "but I have something just as good." Thereupon he gave it to him.—Philadelphia Press.

HUNTING CHINCHILLA

South American Indians Use Dynamite to Capture the Valuable Animals.

Killing chinchilla with the aid of dynamite is one of the lucrative pastimes of the South American Indians which enriches the commerce of the world very considerably. This season more than ever before chinchilla has been the fashionable fur used in the manufacture of cloaks, muffs and for the trimming of costly hats.

High in the mountains the nimble-footed chinchilla are caught and killed by half savage Indians. Tact and skill are needed to allure the cautious little animal from its hole in the earth. Originally the Indians used to use cactus prongs, which are long and sharp, to capture them in their holes by impaling them on the end of this natural formed spear. This punctured the skin and impaired its value. The trappers tried to smoke the chinchilla out by making great fires near the entrance of the burrows, but the smoke, it was found, caused the skin to turn yellow, which seriously depreciated their value. Now the more progressive Indians use dynamite.

After locating the chinchilla they form a network of grass and hardy plants, which is placed around the hill on the side of which the animal digs its holes. A dynamite cartridge, with a time fuse attached is then discharged in the center of the net, which frightens the chinchilla so that they leave their holes and scamper wildly to and fro about the space inside the net. The Indians then dash into the arena with clubs and kill them by striking them over the head. This is considered the easiest and best method of killing them, as it does not in any way damage the skins, which vary in value from three to fifteen dollars each. When it is considered that as many as 100 animals are killed in one sortie of this character the value of the skins to the Indians, who are shrewd commercial traders, may be imagined.

Some of the tribe own ferrets, which they use to good advantage. They pay as much as $50 for one. The ferrets are taken to the mountain tops and sent through the furrows, chasing the chinchilla out into the open, where they are clubbed to death with celerity by the waiting Indians. The skins are removed immediately and placed on shrubs to dry. The evening meal of the trappers often consists of the bodies of the slain rodents, the meat of which is white and tender. The hearts of the latter are given to the ferrets as a requital for their work.

A great part of the trapping is done at night, the chinchilla seldom being visible in the daytime. The nights are cool and clear, and there being but little vegetation at the height where the chinchilla are caught, the mountains are for a long period each month illuminated by the rays of the moon, enabling the Indians to move about with great agility for their prey. The chinchilla lives principally on herbs, and often when they come out to feed are trapped by the Indians.

Four times a year the tribes descend into the semi-civilized villages at the base of the mountains with their skins. There they are met by the agents of the various European fur houses. One American house has its representative there, too. The occasion of the Indians' arrival is usually made a religious festival.

George Herzig, the only American agent there, who is now in the city, says he paid one tribe of 30 Indians for the firm by whom he is employed as much as $80,000—in native money, which is equivalent to $30,000 in American money—last year for skins. This the Indians converted principally into mule and llama stocks, by which they estimate their wealth.

The skins are transported to this city in steell-lined cases.—N. Y. Herald.

Killed with Whole Skin.

You may have your bones broken, your heart smashed to a pulp and strong tendons torn, while the skin remains quite uninjured. This is done by large missiles. In the days of the pound cannon ball it was very common, and even now a large, smooth fragment of shell may knock a man over, break his leg and pass on without leaving the smallest mark on the skin. When a shell glides along over the heart, liver, stomach or any other internal organ it bruises and tears it, causing instant death, but the most powerful microscope would not reveal a trace of damage to the skin.—London Answers.

A CHEMICAL CUPBOARD.

For the Safe Keeping of Powerful Acids and Alkalis Used in House Work.

The average housekeeper has a natural and well founded objection to "chemicals," by which she generally means powerful acids or alkalis, which are used in housecleaning and in laundry work. Only in exceptional cases are such powerful articles used in cooking, and they should certainly be avoided in the domestic kitchen, as it requires a practical chemist to handle them properly. Acids that are classed as "non-poisonous," yet produce the powerful effects ascribed to them, may be very deleterious to health, and in that sense dangerous to use and poisonous in the hands of an ignorant person who does not know how to use them.

The only powerful chemicals which should be used about the house are those simple alkalis and acids used for cleaning. Virulent poisons, like oxalic acid, should be avoided, because such simple ingredients as vinegar and salt will accomplish the same result. It is a good plan to keep all such articles in a cupboard by themselves. Such a place can be formed by blocking off a corner of the shelf of the pantry where dishes, not food, are kept. There are many of these chemicals which are dangerous in the hands of a young child, hence they should be kept out of reach of children. Ammonia, even weak household ammonia, may destroy the hearing when spilled in the cavity of the ear or destroy the eyesight if it touches a delicate part of the eye. It is valuable as a washing fluid, and is used in the bath to soften water. It should be used, however, very moderately, as it renders the skin dry and rough when used too freely in the water. The same thing may be said of most of the washing powders and other compounds which assist in washing. Soap powders are a fruitful cause of chapped hands. Where any such article as an alkali or soap powder is used there should be a simple acid toilet wash used afterward to correct its effect on the hands. A proportion of one-fifth citric acid, two-fifths of glycerine and two-fifths rosewater makes a very good and perfectly safe preparation to use on the hands. This should be rubbed over the hands after they have been subject to dishwater or laundry suds in which alkali soaps or soap powders or washing fluids have been used. Ammonia is not so good as a little alcohol in washing windows, kerosene lamp chimneys or any glass about the house. Ammonia is apt to leave a blur over the glass which it is difficult to clean off. Strong ammonia eats into the glass, so that a permanent blur is created.

Salsoda is a chemical that must be used very carefully. As a washing fluid it injures delicate goods, and totally destroys the color of most colored goods. Borax is a safer article to use, as it is comparatively mild in its effects.

Galvanized and polished iron sinks and cooking utensils of polished sheet iron are cleaned by the use of boiling hot vinegar and salt. Let spiders soak on the back of the stove with a strong solution of hot vinegar and salt in them. When all signs of black are gone, polish the spiders well and wash and wipe them dry. Sinks may be very successfully cleaned with turpentine and boiling water. Turpentine is a very useful chemical to keep in the closet.—N. Y. Tribune.

THE STOCK POT.

A Great Saving to the Household Purse and a Source of Gastronomic Enjoyment.

No house, however small it may be, should be without a stock pot; it is the "save all" of an establishment. There is nothing in the shape of meat that is sweet and wholesome that may not go into the stock pot. For the benefit of the stock pot, you should not allow anyone to pick a bone. If you send a joint of cold meat into the kitchen for the servants' dinner never allow them to pick the bone, for the stock pot requires it, and will extract abundant nourishment from it.

In trimming a joint of cold meat for the table, put the trimmings into the stock pot; they tend to clear the stock. Hard crusts of dry bread may be put in; they gather the scum which should be taken off three or four times in a day. Ham, beef, veal, mutton, lamb, pork, bits of poultry, game, in fact the bones or remains of any kind of meat should go into the stock pot. Cold carrots and parsnips or the remains of onion sauce or gravy, the outside stems of celery, thoroughly cleaned and cut up, should go into the stock pot. In this you have the ground work of almost all kinds of gravies and soups.

The stock pot should be made with a faucet. The top being not quite at the bottom allows room for sediment, and thus you can draw off the stock perfectly clear. It should be drawn off and thoroughly cleared out about every 24 hours, when the bones and the like should be removed. The saving in a year by means of the stock pot is something enormous.—Prairie Farmer.

Jelly Mold.

When making a mold of fruit jelly the pieces of fruit should be dipped in a little melted gelatine and pressed lightly against the side of the mold before the jelly is poured in. The seasonable fruits, bananas, sliced oranges cut into sections, white grapes cut in halves, may be arranged in the mold, pouring liquid jelly, orange, lemon or wine between each layer and pushing the fruit down with a silver fork as the jelly commences to harden. Keep the reserve jelly from hardening by setting in a dish of warm water on the back of the range. As each layer "sets" put in more fruit and then more jelly. When the mold is full, set on the ice, that its contents may be thoroughly chilled before serving.—Washington Star.

Fashion Notes.

Pale shades of gray and beige color are the tints in dress gloves, and are quite as much worn as white.

Imitation diamond buckles are a very conspicuous feature of dress trimmings, and other pretty buckles are of enameled flowers.

All the talk about the advent of earrings seems at last to have brought some results, and the ultra fashionable are redeeming the fashion writer's reputation for accuracy by wearing the real things. Not the little screw earring, which never has been quite discarded, but the drop earrings with a round gem at the top and a pear-shaped one below this.—N. Y. Sun.

ARGUMENTS TOO WEAK.

A Slow-Going Real Estate Man of Teutonic Origin Reprimands His Agent Hotly.

When he came to America from Bavaria he came alone. He did not even have a working knowledge of the language, had empty pockets and a depreciating grin. But he had also a degree of perseverance which, according to authentic writers on worldly progress, overcometh all things, so in a few years he could talk broken English, had a good job, was talked of for public office and owned his own home. He was elected to office in a certain city which was once in the throes of a "boom." This happened, however, some time before the boom arrived.

When he left office he had accumulated quite a nice little competency, for out there all that comes into an office belongs to the officeholder. He dropped chickens and produce for the land that makes both profitable—that is, he began to deal in real estate. He loaned money on realty, bought in the ground in case his man could not pay and soon had the reputation of being rich. But he was cautious to an extreme. He had acquired a tract of 50 acres right in what would some day be a valuable part of the city.

When the boom arrived a friend who was an active and capable agent was called into his counsels. This friend advised him to hold on to the big tract to await developments and not snap the first offer of a couple of hundred of dollars the acre, for it would bring much more.

"Vell, Billy," said the old fellow, "I pelief you already. You boss dis yob, dot's for vy I haf you my pizzness to run, don't it?"

Well, "Billy" did boss the job, although old Charles gave him a tough time of it. Dozens of offers in an ascending scale were made for the tract direct to the old man, but he refused, saying: "Billy, he boss dose yobs for me. I denk you better see him abound it." Then he would hunt up his agent and urge him to sell. At last a price which suited Billy was offered, abstracts were examined and title approved and the transfer made at something like $1,000 an acre. Charley was jubilant and downcast at once. It was a cash job and he did not know what to do with the money.

One day Billy met him and proposed to buy in a tract of ten acres adjoining the one just sold, at $200 an acre. It was the bargain of the boom period, for Billy realized that the syndicate would need it and must pay an obstinate man's price for it. So, full of his scheme he hunted Charley up and dragged him away from a game of seven-up with a friend.

"Vell, Billy, vat it is yet?" said the old man, peevishly, as he glanced over his shoulder to where Diedrich was fumbling over the cards in moody silence. "I beat dot Dutchman more as fifteen times already. You got some schemes by me, ain't it?"

Billy explained, exhorted, commanded, implored, entreated, but the old man was obdurate. He did not want the piece of land and that was all there was to it. Finally Billy turned away and said: "Well, you old fool, if you won't I will."

"I denk so, maybe," was the calm retort, "aber now I got to beat dot Diedrich his poots out."

Billy went and bought the ground. He held it for sixty days and sold it for a couple of thousands more than Charley had received for his thirty. Charley heard that the syndicate wanted the land, so he found Billy and said: "I denk, Billy, I make some dunces by meinself. I take dose acres."

"You can't get 'em," was the retort.

"Und for vy?"

"Because they would cost you too much even if on the market. I told you that the syndicate wanted them."

"I know all aboud dot und I sell 'em dot syndigate, to, so quick dey vant, don't id?" said Charley, in a heat.

"No, you don't. You see, when you acted like an obstinate old chump about that land I told you I would buy it myself. I did and have sold it to-day to the syndicate for $32,000. I make just $30,000 by the deal."

"Gott in himmel," exploded old Charley, smiting the desk, "you blay me some tricks, ain't it? I give you mein pizness in sharge and you dump me de vagin ofer der back board like I vas some idiots yet. Aber I git some law on you."

"None of that, Charley, for it don't go. Now, you remember that I argued nearly an hour with you and you would rather play cards than attend to a snap. I exhausted every argument I could bring to bear, but it was no go. Recollect?"

"Vell," said old Charley, plaintively, "vell, Billy, for vy don't you argue stronger mit me?"—Chicago Chronicle.

BUSINESS TRAINING.

It Is Essential to the Completeness of a Girl's Home Education.

Because a girl's father happens to be well off financially is no reason why she should not have a business training. Besides being allowed a certain amount for her clothing, she should be allowed to have a share or more in some corporation in which her father owns stock, and she should be allowed to manage the stock herself, not through a lawyer. A business man would do well to give his daughter a small interest in his business—let it be ever so small—so that she will set her mind to working as to how it can be improved. Parents who have real estate would be wise to give their daughter the title to a house and let her manage it herself—collect the rental, bargain for repairs, etc.—always with her parents' consent, of course. Such a girl will make a better wife when she marries, knowing how to counsel her husband at critical times; again, she will make a better mother, in that she can begin her sons' business training almost from their infancy; and, in the third place, she is prepared in case she should happen to be thrown upon her own resources.—Hetty Green, in Woman's Home Companion.

Couldn't Possibly.

"Nathaniel, the teacher writes me a note and says Katie is showing signs of astigmatism."

"Of what?"

"Astigmatism."

"You tell him he's mistaken. She went through that when she was a baby."—Chicago Trib