The St. Tammany Farmer.

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

W. G. KENTZEL, Editor. COVINGTON, ST. TAMMANY PARISH, LA., SATURDAY, AUGUST 18, 1900. VOL. XXV—NO. 40.

THE BUSY FAIRIES.

"When little children lie asleep
The fairies leave the sky,
And through the windows slyly creep
And touch each sleepy eye.
And on the little beds they sit,
And 'round the curly heads they flit
Till rosy morning's nigh.

"When all the story telling's done
The fairies come to stay
And watch beside each little one
Till Dawn wakes up the day;
Where silvery beams of moonlight stream
In happy dreams fair castles gleam
While fairies watch away.

"And when the sky above is bit
And when the sun is high,
What do the little fairies do?—
They make our money fly!
The dollars that were hard to earn
They pile up in the yard to burn,
Or waste them on the sly.

"They make new gowns too old to use
And little trousers tear;
They touch the toes of little shoes
And pocket-holes are there—
They win away by spoiling things
The money that much toiling brings—
But leave us love to share!"
—S. E. Kiser, in Chicago Times-Herald.

THE TWO SKIPPERS

Remarkable Rivalry of Capt. Davis and Capt. Davies of the Nellie B.

SOME few, some very few indeed, of the not numerous American lines of sea transportation have a system of retirement after long service, with the enjoyment of a life pension representing a fair share of the active wages last paid the retired mariner. This is far better than Sailor's Snug Harbor, for it does not interfere in the least with the ambition which every sailor thinks out in the mid watch, namely, to retire to a farm and raise things.

Theoretically this is all very fine; it is supposed to act as an incentive to faithful service over a long series of years, and to attach a man to his line, and, above all, to his own ship. That is just where the trouble comes in; the retired sailor gets so thoroughly attached to his own ship that he does not know enough to let go all holds and give his worthy successor a fair show. That is bound to be the case with the retired first mate. Just as soon as he goes on the retired list he schemes to get a passage on the first voyage of the old ship, in order that he may give the benefit of his advice to his successor, either his old second mate promoted up, or else some chief officer from some smaller ship of the line, who thereby gets an increase in pay. This is such an unfailing source of trouble aboard that the agents positively refuse to sell a retired mate passage on his old ship. This leads to a conflict of scheming intelligences, and sometimes the wily mate succeeds in getting into the cabin on that first pleasure voyage. Not, however, if he sticks to the simple-minded sailor's subterfuge of writing for passage for John Johnson, for no person can have much to do with the sea and its affairs without discovering the wear and tear that falls to that alias.

If by hook or crook the retired first mate can get off on that first voyage after his retirement, the prospects are bright that there will be a lively ship. He turns out in the morning, no matter what the weather, and he is promptly on hand to get his cup of coffee at the galley door before the hands turn to. The men for a time forget the change, and obey the old mate through sheer force of long habit, until at last some one happens to remember that mere passengers are not allowed to have belaying pins, and then the crew is apt to become cheeky.

Nor is the new chief officer disposed to take the interference in good part. His pensioned predecessor is only too glad to nose around and find a speck of dirt under the long boat or to discover a smudge of unwiped rotten stone on the brass work. He is sure to report it to the new mate and get a sharp retort for his officiousness. Then arise words which might be actionable ashore, and which even jar the stout sea air. The active mate is apt to suggest that passengers on deck are expected to have no views higher than ring toss and shuffleboard. And the mate emeritus is sure to retort that even passengers have a right to expect decks to be clean and not such a filthy mess. It is easy to see why retired mates should be prevented from taking pleasure trips on their old vessels.

Even if they are stopped from voyaging there is no way of keeping them off the dock. They know to a dot when the old boat is due in port again, and not cabbages nor turnips, nor yet the whole farm, can keep them away at that time. The station of a mate is at the bow when the ship is coming to her berth, and he cannot avoid the sight of his predecessor on the pier head, watching the mistakes he makes, and commenting thereon with great distinctness and corresponding vigor of expression. That is the one great joy of the retired mariner's life. It fills his soul with glee to watch his successor doing the things he himself did for so many years, and to feel the glow of satisfaction when he assures himself that the new man does not begin to come up to him in all-around efficiency.

But in all the annals of retired mariners there was never such a case as that of the two skippers of the Nellie B., a snug bit of a bark that sails out of this port. Her only master for a number of years was Cap'n Davies, who owned one sixty-fourth in her. Cap'n Davis, the same name except one letter, and leading to perpetual mistakes, was the master of another bark belonging to the same owners. This bark was burned at sea, and Cap'n Davis bought one sixty-fourth in Cap'n Davies bark, the Nellie B. Neither had what is really a master's interest, and both set to work to buy an additional piece to make it up to one thirty-second. The two succeeded just about the same time, and each insisted on his right to be the master. It was evenly divided, and the managing owner said that he could make no division. On the quiet he sold piecemeal to Cap'n Davies to protect his position as master, and piecemeal to Cap'n Davis to help him get to be master; this was a good thing for the managing owner, for the Nellie B. had not been paying for a long time, and he had been thinking of having her cut down for a coal barge. Finally Cap'n Davies and Cap'n Davis had bought as much of the bark as they could, and they went in a body, the two of them, to the managing owner to get him to appoint one or the other master. Then the managing owner told them he did not have anything to do with it, since he did not own anything in the bark.

When they came to compare notes they had spent a lot of money, and were no better off than before; in fact, the advantage was entirely with the managing owner, who had got a good price for a property that it did not pay to run. Cap'n Davis had fifteen thirty-seconds, Cap'n Davies had fifteen thirty-seconds also, and the remaining two thirty-seconds was owned by the ship's husband, a South street ship chandler. He played fair with both skippers. He would sell half to each if they wanted to buy him out very badly, but he would not sell all to one, and thus be a party to giving him control over the other captain's investment. He suggested that they take the Nellie B. turn and turn about, and that's how it was that the bark had two skippers.

The way they fixed it up was that when Cap'n Davies brought the Nellie B. in from a voyage and had her discharged down to a clean floor, he should turn her over to Cap'n Davis to charter and load and sail until he got her down to a clean floor at the end of the voyage. When Cap'n Davis had her in charge Cap'n Davies was not to go aboard, but he could come down to the pier and find all the fault he wanted—and that was a whole lot—and vice versa. It was a caution to see how each of these old skippers put the bark into apple-pie order before they came into harbor from a voyage. The paint and cordage bills, to say nothing of white duck, must have been something big, but the ship's husband, who was in that line of business, never let on as between the two captains, so he must have been making a good thing out of his small interest in the Nellie B. The two old gentlemen were great rivals, and it was nip and tuck between them on every point connected with the bark, and it would be hard to say which was the more jealous of the other.

It got so they never would speak except when handing the bark over, and then they were freezingly polite.

"Good-morning, Cap'n Davis," was always the form that Cap'n Davies followed, "the Nellie B. is on a clean floor, and I think you'll not find anything the matter with her."

"Thank you, Cap'n Davies," was the unfailing response. "I suppose it seems so to you, but I have brought a broom with me; she'll not be the worse for a good sweeping. I suppose you'll enjoy the rest while I'm gone."

"Well, I wish you a prosperous lading and a quick voyage. You're getting old, man, and this will likely be the last voyage you'll make in the Nellie B., so make the most of it."

Then they'd part, speechless with rage. Not content with sitting on the pierhead day after day watching the loading of the bark and finding fault with everything the other skipper did, Cap'n Davies thought he'd take a look at the bark in some foreign port; he wanted to see whether Cap'n Davis saved up all his repairs for the home port, or whether he fixed the Nellie B. up creditable when she went foreign. The bark had been chartered for Melbourne with clothespins and woodenware. That's a voyage that took her all of a hundred days, for she was a dull sailor, and Cap'n Davies had plenty of time to get out to Melbourne by steamer. There he waited for the bark to be signalized from the Heads, and when her number was made he took a sailboat and hurried down Port Philip to see how the Nellie B. was looking when she came into port foreign.

Whether the bark looked better than Cap'n Davies expected to find her, or whether she looked worse, nobody could say for certain. But that something serious was the matter anybody could see, for the old skipper hardly woke up to rip and tear more than once or twice a day, and that was nothing for him. The Nellie B. got a charter for London with wool, and lost no time discharging. Cap'n Davies hung about her all the time she was in Port Philip. Soon after she sailed he just up and died. There wasn't much satisfaction in it for Cap'n Davis, for he died, too, before he got around Cape Horn, and he never knew that he was sole captain at last.

Another scheme of the two skippers went astray. Each of them, having neither chick nor child, had willed his share in the bark to the ship's husband, thus giving him the controlling interest on the condition that he would oust the rival skipper and put in a man of his own. But as both died at the same time there was nobody to oust, and the property came into the hands of this ship chandler. He's sailing her still, as she cost him really less than nothing, for what he had paid in the beginning for his small piece was repaid over and over in his dealings with the rivalry of the two skippers.—Boston Budget

Hay Fever Union of Heligoland.

The hay fever season is now beginning in Germany. In North Germany it lasts from May 27 to June 3, in South Germany from May 20 to May 25. To counteract the mistakes of those physicians who usually send their patients to the mountains or out into the country, an association has been formed after the pattern of the American Hay Fever association, which has, after careful consideration, selected the island of Heligoland as the most suitable resort for hay fever patients. The society styles itself "The Hay Fever Union of Heligoland,' and has its headquarters in Hanover. All possible information concerning the ailment is gathered and advice and other assistance to applicants is given free of charge. The union is rapidly spreading over all parts of the empire, particularly in the northern and eastern sections, where grass and grain grow in abundance.—Chicago Record.

Trolley Express in Connecticut.

The very latest bit of news in the trolley car world is that these cars are to be used in parts of Connecticut for the expressing of merchandise from point to point. All that regular express companies now do for their patrons this new scheme will undertake, and it will attempt even more—it will do shopping for all the countryside in the populous and wicked cities, getting orders in the morning and delivering at night or on the next return trip.—Chicago Chronicle.

FASHION'S FANCIES.

Latest Ideas in Costumes and Their Belongings for the Warm Season.

Unlined skirts of mohair, taffeta silk and lightweight cloths to wear with blouse waists are the thing for warm weather, says the New York Sun.

Very stylish gowns are made of the old-fashioned pongee silk, trimmed with handsome embroidery matching it in color.

Cameo buckles and buttons are revived again with great effect on some of the new gowns made by the smartest dressmakers.

A new edition of the polonaise, which in shape is very much like a cape worn as an apron, has appeared in Paris. The rounded ends finish a little below the waist at the back and in some instances it is covered with tucks.

The latest thing in handkerchiefs is a very tiny square of cobweblike lawn edged with lace. The absence of a pocket in gowns is the incentive for this change in size, which makes it possible to wear the handkerchief inside of the glove.

Suede gloves in the rare tint of old lace are the novelty of the moment.

Fichus a la Marie Antoinette and a la pompadour are very much in favor and quite the hall mark of smartness on the latest thin gowns. The draping can be arranged to suit the figure, and in any case it gives the broad effect across the shoulders so becoming to slender women. The finest cream-tinted batiste hand-embroidered makes the very prettiest fichus.

Lingerie skirts and blouse waists made of fine white lawn with innumerable tucks and many rows of valenciennes insertion are one of the special features of thin gowns, and are extremely chic worn with a cloth of gold bolero covered with lace.

Serpentine insertions cut out of allover lace and finished on the edge with either black or white silk cord are used to trim crepe de chine and veiling gowns.

Trim your dimity gowns with hemmed frillings of white point d'esprit accordion plaited.

Crepe de chine is a popular material for wedding gowns.

The variety in sleeves is progressing in all the ways possible to the over and the undersleeve, and in some of the thin white gowns the uppersleeve, which fits quite closely above the elbows is cut long and full enough to drape up in a drooping puff at the elbow, is caught up on the inside of the arm with a bow, and falls over a close-fitting undersleeve of lace.

Mohair is the favorite material for bathing suits in black, blue and gray trimmed with a band of white mohair striped with braid. The collars are wide, revers shape in front, pointing down at either side of the braid trimmed vest and the bands in the skirt are cut in inverted scallops on the upper edge. There is the same full waist with a belt, and the puffed sleeves of the last season.

EXERCISE VERSUS MEDICINE.

Too Many People Hasten to the Doctor When They Are Slightly Ailing.

The majority of people have an idea that when they are run down a bottle or two of medicine will at once build them up again, and they forthwith pay a visit to the family physician. They are sure that general debility and lassitude are caused by insufficient nourishment, whereas, in 99 cases out of 100, they are caused by lack of exercise. In many instances the doctor agrees with his patient that she requires a tonic and gives it; if he did not, but said: "You require no medicine, just exercise," it would indeed seem that the money paid to the doctor was unjustly paid, and if he continued to advocate exercise in place of medicine many of his patients would leave him for a more sympathetic physician, or rather one who understood that most women would rather take medicine, when they think they need it, than not. So the tonic is given to many persons, a very few of whom it helps, a vast number of whom it poisons, says the American Queen.

A convalescent person, or a person whose natural demand for food is absent through disease, requires tonic treatment; so do consumptives and hysterical subjects; and there are tonics which will increase the appetite and stimulate the organs of digestion.

To the person who is not in one or the other of the above classes, but whose appetite is poor, whose food is eaten without relish, who is languid and tired and oppressed, there is a natural tonic treatment; it will overcome each and all of the distresses and invigorate and strengthen—it is exercise, and this may be indulged in by everyone whether she is healthy or ill.

The majority of people overeat, and it is quite possible to create an appetite which is not readily satisfied. If we eat more than is absolutely necessary to maintain the health and strength of the body we give our organs an excess of work, with the result that the organs wear out before their time.

The tonic medicine treatment is one of the chief agents which, enabling the body to assimilate more food than it requires, tends to shorten life. Highly seasoned food is another, and alcoholic beverages a third. These, all of them, should be avoided, and especially should they be avoided during that portion of the year when exercise (walking, rowing, cycling) is, or should be, a pleasure.

Corn Pone.

To make corn pone, put one pint of meal into a bowl; pour over sufficient boiling water just to moisten it; it must not be wet. Cover, and when cool, add a tablespoonful of shortening, melted, and two eggs lightly beaten. Add a pint of thick sour milk to which you have added a teaspoonful of soda dissolved in two tablespoonfuls of water and mix thoroughly. Turn into a shallow pan and bake in a moderately quick oven for half an hour.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Slow to Comprehend.

The Fiancee—It is annoying that George and I should have so many misunderstandings.

Mamma—Yes; he does not seem to understand that you will have your own way.—Puck.

AN IMPROMPTU SPEECH.

What the Census Enumerator Said When Called Upon for an Address.

Although William R. Merriam, the present enumerator of the census and former governor of Minnesota, is a capable business man and an astute politician, he has always had great difficulty in his attempts at speech-making, says the Chicago Chronicle. He stutters and stammers like a bashful schoolboy, and is never secure from making blunders except when he has his remarks committed to paper. Shortly after his election to the governorship Mr. Merriam was requested to deliver an address at the opening of the first electric line in St. Paul. Other speakers on this occasion were Thomas Cochran, of St. Paul, and Archbishop Ireland. Gov. Merriam prepared his speech, had it nicely typewritten, and started on the morning of Washington's birthday for the scene of his proposed celebration. He missed the special car which carried the rest of the orators, and another special was run out for the governor's private use. He invited George Thompson, owner of the St. Paul Dispatch, to accompany him. Mr. Thompson having been belated also.

As the car approached Macalester college grounds the governor noticed a crowd of men gathered on both sides of the track. Every man had a little flag, which he waved with shouting and gesticulation as the gubernatorial chariot approached. The governor grew apprehensive.

"Heavens, Thompson!" he gasped, "I believe those chaps want me to make a speech—see 'em wave those flags?"

"Of course, they do," said Thompson. "It's Washington's birthday, and you'll have to do it."

"But I can't!" cried the governor. "Confound it, man, I've only got one speech, and I'm to deliver that at the end of the line. Look here, what the devil am I to do? Here, motorman, go right through this layout as tight as you can jump."

"Why, that will never do," interposed Thompson, "you must say something or other—just tell 'em it's Washington's birthday—that Washington was the father of his country, and beseech 'em to let the eagle scream."

Just as the car had reached an advantageous position, right in the middle of the crowd, bump went the motor and the outfit stopped. Merriam, white-faced and trembling, stepped out on the rear platform, took off his tall, silk hat, balanced it jauntily on his hip, stuck his right hand in the breast of his frock coat and began:

"Students of Macalester," he gasped. "Ah—er—students of Macalester—this, students of Macalester, is the birthday—this students of Macalester, is the—er—birthday—the birthday of—er—the—er—illustrious—er—Washington—er—George Washington, students of Macalester—"

"First in war, first in peace and first—" prompted Thompson in a piping voice from the interior of the car.

"As I was saying—er—students of Macalester—this is the—er—birthday of—er—George Washington, the father of his country. Er—er—let the eagle scream!" gasped the governor, with a last despairing effort.

He boarded the car, which by this time had been supplied with a new fuse, and from there on to the end of the line he fanned himself with the manuscript of his prepared speech, while Thompson roared with laughter loudly enough to set all the hens along the route cackling.

SERVING FRUITS AT TABLE.

How They Make the Strongest Appeal to the Eye and to the Palate.

Strawberries may be served with or without the hulls. If they are hulled they must be handled lightly and the hulls taken off just before serving time. When served with the hulls on strawberries should be neatly arranged around the edge of individual plates with a little powdered sugar in the center of each plate. When eating take them by the stems, dip into the sugar, and eat them from the hulls, says Ladies' Home Journal.

Raspberries and blackberries do not, as a rule, require washing. They must be handled carefully in looking them over; being soft, they are easily bruised. Arrange the raspberries on a flat glass dish, sort of tossing them up into a pyramid. One may sprinkle over a small amount of currant juice and serve them with powdered sugar.

Plums, if served raw, may be put in a flat dish or basket garnished with greens and passed just as one would serve peaches. They should be peeled before eating. Pears and apples may be served in the same way.

Cherries are palatable raw, but without doubt they are more digestible when cooked.

Peaches are more attractive when served in their own skins. Serve just at the right temperature, not warm, but still not overchilled. This makes all fruits sour.

Grapes are daintier served in a flat, open basket, decorated with their own foliage.

Watermelons and cantaloupes are always best served simply chilled—not cold enough to be unpalatable and tasteless, but with no tinge of warmth.

For the Toilet.

There are very few women who are not interested in the care of the complexion, and establishments in which defects of feature and complexion are treated flourish in various parts of the country. The services of a professional are expensive, however, and the woman of moderate means usually prefers to do this work for herself. A little study of the subject will enable her to obtain very satisfactory results, for many home-made lotions are as good as any of the patent articles on the market. Since exposure to the sun and wind tans and roughens the skin, it is best to wear a veil while working in the yard during the spring and summer weather. Use filtered cistern water for the face and hands. If you have no cistern, enough water for this purpose can usually be caught in barrels. A complexion that is already tanned may be whitened by using a lotion made by dissolving 20 grains of borax and 30 grains of white sugar in two tablespoonfuls of lemon juice. Use a soft sponge and apply it freely and frequently.—Epitomist.

EFFECTS OF ECLIPSES.

Curious Actions of Human Beings, Animals and Birds as the Phenomenon Approaches.

As an eclipse approaches an unnatural chill comes into the atmosphere, and people become nervous and excitable, clinging to their mothers as though, like the young of all creatures seek maternal protection, as if from some unknown danger. Birds flutter about in consternation and make for their nests, and chickens go to roost as the darkness grows. Cattle stop chewing the cud and go home from pasture, sniffing the air as if fearing a violent storm. Horses, too, become greatly excited, those loose in the fields running about distractedly, while such as are in harness are scared by the most familiar objects.

On beasts of prey an eclipse has a remarkable effect, making them unusually ferocious, so that they will attack human beings with the utmost boldness. It inspires all wild animals with the dread of attack from unknown foes, for whom they keep on the alert.

As long as the darkness continues a brooding stillness prevails amongst all living things but wolves and dogs. Strangely enough, these set up a snappish yelping, which is entirely different from their ordinary bark or night howl. Between their spells of yelping domestic dogs whine and cower, as if imploring protection of their human companions.

Natural sounds, such as the whistling of the wind or the noise of water falling, seem unusually loud and disturbing. Even the trees lose their ordinary look and color, the light sifting down through them in fantastic round blotches. As the eclipse gradually becomes total the fading light of the sun appears as if divided into separate beams that come down quivering and slanting.

Upon the ignorant and superstitious the phenomenon has a tremendous effect. They betray abject fear, while dreading the advent of some dire calamity they know not of.

During the total eclipse which happened in July, 1878, a negro in the United States was seized with frenzy and killed his wife and three children.

At the beginning of an eclipse in January, 1888, there were some strange proceedings at Peking. The Chinese mandarins gave orders for the drums to be beaten to put to flight the celestial dragon that they believed was swallowing the sun.

A somewhat similar superstition appears to prevail amongst the Turks. On May 15, 1877, there was an eclipse of the sun visible in Europe which created not a little consternation amongst the subjects of the sultan. Indeed, they were so much perturbed that they raised a riot and discharged all kinds of guns and cannon at the sun, with the object of delivering it from the claws of the mythical dragon.

A French astronomer who went to India to observe the eclipse of August 18, 1868, describes a queer incident which took place at the time. He had engaged a number of natives to attend to his apparatus, but just when the sun commenced to darken they all scampered away to the river to bathe. On inquiring the reason for this extraordinary conduct he was informed that it was done in conformance with a heathen religious rite. At such times this required them to plunge into water as a means of destroying the influence of the evil spirit which was supposed to be assailing the sun.

Even in this enlightened country superstition is associated with eclipses where ignorance in regard to them has not yet been dispelled.

LUZON SALT MAKERS.

Natives of Our New Islands Have Their Own Salt Ponds for Every Family.

Everybody his own salt maker, so the Ilocanoes and Pangasinans of northern Luzon believe, and they follow out the theory in practice, for nearly every family living on the coast of the great Lingayen gulf manufactures salt for home consumption, and sells the surplus to the villages of the interior, says Harper's Weekly.

In one settlement near Dagupan the occupation reaches the dignity of an industry, and an entire village is engaged in crystalliing the salt out of the earth. The process is the exceedingly simple one of scraping the salt-soaked land of the low coast with a wooden harrow, and allowing the sun to evaporate the moisture until the ground takes on a condition of dry powder. This almost impalpable dust is scraped up in baskets, and packed into a narrow bamboo splint-woven trough, some six feet long, plastered with clay. Water is then poured upon the dry salt earth by the jarful, and leaches through, passing out by a small tube at the bottom. The clear water with salt in solution is then boiled down until it crystallizes in an iron kettle built in the top of a clay oven, as seen in the foreground of the picture.

In the south, among the Tagalogs of Cavite province, the process varies somewhat. Every family living on the coast has its own salt ponds, which, skirted by beautiful bamboo clumps and great mango trees, make very picturesque artificial lakes. These ponds are shallow basins, sometimes more than an acre in extent, walled in with a low mud dike, and provided with an entrance sluice, through which the tidal waters may overflow the ground and be penned in. Over the entire surface of these flats are raised circular beds, ten to twelve feet in height. The salt water of the ocean is allowed to come in till it reaches just to the tops of these circular beds, soaking them through and through. The sun does the rest of the work by rapidly evaporating the moisture from them, and the salt appears as a white efflorescence at the surface, to be carefully scraped off by the owner. In this way they become practically self-feeding salt machines of an exceedingly novel character, though the output of salt per diem from each bed is very small.

Not Woman's Work.

Father — Where is your mother, Johnny?

Johnny—She's out in the back yard whittling.

"Are you sure she is whittling?"

"Yes, sir; she's trying to sharpen a lead pencil."—Bloomington Pantagraph.

IT WAS A RAG BABY.

"Little Mother" and Her Charge in Path of Frightened Horses Escape.

A tragedy was averted in rag time at Central park last Sunday. The day was bright and balmy, and the usual throng of rich and poor were gathered there to enjoy the fresh air and see the usual sights. The rich rode in carriages, the poor walked, and the tramps, to whom every day is Sunday, lounged upon the benches, relates the New York Sun.

About three o'clock in the afternoon, over near the Seventy-second street entrance, a shout was heard, which at once attracted the attention of hundreds of persons. A span of terrified horses attached to a light road wagon appeared around a curve and sped toward the center of the park. Then out from one of the walks, 200 yards ahead of the runaway horses, came a little girl. She was about six years old, and her clothes were the best of the ragged East side. In her arms she carried a baby almost as big as herself. The infant East-sider was decked with a sprig or two of green.

The little mother's back was turned to the oncoming horses. A seedy-looking man with a dirty face and greasy clothes sprang out from the sidewalk and threw himself at the horses' reins. He caught them, held on for a moment, and was hurled to one side. A moment later, a distinguished-looking man in the walking garb of fashion saw the child ahead, and as the runaways charged past him he threw away his cane and dashed into the roadway. He caught the bit of one of the horses, but was also flung violently to one side. A big policeman saw a tragedy impending and ran to reach the child. The little girl turned, saw the horses coming, and stood for a moment paralyzed with fear. At last she darted forward, but as she did so she stumbled and fell, dropping the baby. Then she made one feeble scramble, just sufficient to clear her from the horses' heels—but the baby lay quietly, and the next moment the horses and wagon wheels dashed over its little body.

A cry of horror arose from the spectators. The policeman reached the baby first, closely followed by the man of fashion and the tramp, both breathless. The little girl was standing crying at the side of the roadway. The policeman stooped and tenderly picked up the baby from the dust. Then he smiled.

"Why, it's a big rag doll," said he.

"'Pon my word, it is," said the man of fashion.

"Well, I'll be blowed!" remarked the seedy individual.

"Here, little girl," said the policeman, cheerily. "Here's your baby. Not hurt a bit. Now, go and find your mother."

"And buy some candy on the way," said the man of fashion, squeezing a dime into the little girl's hands.

"You was born lucky, you was," said the tramp to the child.

And the three kinsmen, made so by one touch of nature, struggled out from the gathering crowd and went their several ways.

BAR THE MONGOOSE.

Edict of Congress That the Pugnacious Little Animal Be Kept Out of This Country.

The fiat of the nation has gone forth against the mongoose. Before congress adjourned a bill was passed by both houses prohibiting its importation. The pugnacious little animal is henceforth to be placed in the same category as the Chinese, says the New York Herald.

The mongoose is a native of India. It is death on rats and snakes. For the destruction it works among these pests it is highly prized. But when it clears out the rats and snakes it betakes itself to birds and eggs and any sort of small game it can get hold of. That is why the department of agriculture classifies it as a noxious animal. Weighed in the balance, away from its native land, its vices are found to outweigh its virtues, and therefore it is to be kept out of Uncle Sam's broad domains.

Thus far very few specimens of the mongoose have been introduced into this country. The edict of exclusion is based mainly on the experience of Jamaica. That island once suffered from a plague of rats, which were particularly destructive in the cane fields. They were held responsible for an annual loss of something like $500,000. In February, 1872, nine individuals of the mongoose, four males and five females, were introduced from India.

They increased with remarkable rapidity and soon spread all over the island, even to the tops of the highest mountains. They proved inveterate rat destroyers. A decade after their introduction it was estimated that they were thus saving the sugar planters $225,000 per annum. And the mongoose was blessed.

Still the mongoose increased, and its murderous habits became more and and more apparent as the rats diminished. It destroyed young pigs, kids, lambs, puppies, kittens, poultry, game birds which nested on or near the ground, eggs, ground lizards, frogs, turtles' eggs and land crabs. It was also known to eat ripe bananas, pineapples, young corn, pears, sweet potatoes, cocoanuts and other fruits. Toward the close of the second decade the mongoose came to be regarded as the worst pest ever introduced into the island—worse than the rats which it destroyed. Then the mongoose was officially anathematized.

Hawaii, where the mongoose was introduced in 1881, underwent a somewhat similar experience, and in 1892 a law was passed forbidding the introduction, breeding or keeping of the mongoose on the island.

All of which goes to show that the mongoose is a good animal to let alone where nature has placed it.

The World and All.

"You're all the world to me!" he whispered.

This, so far as we know, is the only basis for the curious saying that all the world loves a lover.—Detroit Journal.

Its Pull.

Barber—Does de razzer pull, boss?

Victim—Yes; but one of the spiral springs in the chair seems to be screwed so deep into my back that I don't think the razor can drag me out on the floor.—Judge.

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

Paul Borget has become a practising Catholic, according to the Tablet, following the fashion set by MM. Brunetiere and Huysmans. It is, moreover reported that M. Bouget is revising his books from a Christian point of view

There have been some young governors in Illinois. Ninian Edwards, executive of Illinois when it was a territory, was only 34 when appointed; Gov Coles was 36 when inaugurated; Gov French was 38 and Gov. Hamilton was 36.

Among those who assisted President Monroe to lay the corner stone of an arsenal at Philadelphia was Frederick Fraley, who was then 13 years of age To-day, aged 96, he is the oldest man in the active business life of Philadelphia, going to his office daily as president of a savings bank.

October 25 next will be the fifth centenary of the death of Chaucer, and an attempt is being made in London to induce the court of common council to erect a statue to the poet in the Guildhall of the library. The author of the "Canterbury Tales" was a Londoner by birth, but no suitable memorial of him exists in the city of his nativity.

Dr. Boyakin, the coroner of Marshall county, Kan., is 93 years old. On being asked by a local paper for his biography, he wrote this modest paragraph: "I was born in the country—bare-footed and bareheaded, they told me. I lived in the country 31 years I then moved to the city and lived 31 years. I then went back to the country and have lived 31 years and three days."

In Japan poets abound and the emperor holds a competition every year when he and the empress and all the court perpetrate poems on a given subject. Brevity is fortunately insisted upon, the number of syllables permitted being 31. This, it is said, often makes the poems obscure. These poetic diversions are not, however, confined to the court circles, but are common to all classes.

It is estimated that the fame which attaches to Stratford-on-Avon because of the fact that Shakespeare was born there, is worth $5,000,000 to that town. The charge of admission to the poet's house, to Anne Hatheway's cottage, to the church, to the memorial, and to the grammar school net $150,000 yearly—a sum which is equivalent to an income of three per cent. on the $5,000,000 capital. This calculation does not take into account the income to the railways from the pilgrims to the Warwickshire Mecca, and there is no estimate of the profits of the Stratford tradesmen.

UNDER FIRE.

When the Shells of the Boers Were Bursting Among the English Troops.

"Whee-e-e! Bang! and a 12-pound shrapnel bursts 200 yards high in the air and far short of our massed men but evidently coming toward us. Then another and still another is still breaking into a ball of white smoke, which slowly drifts away in the breeze, says Harper's Weekly. "That's French's artillery overshooting the kopje," some one exclaims. "Yes, that's French's," everybody agrees. "He's behind them, and we've got them surrounded." "What the deuce!" and a thousand men bend low in the saddle as a shell roars past, close overhead, and explodes with a terrific report in the ground beyond, throwing the brown earth high in the air. Again the earth howls and a second contact shell covers the pompoms with clods of earth and dust.

The shrapnel are bursting in one, two, three order, all very short now, but 2,000 yards this side of the kop. "'Ow is it theah doin' such bloody bad shootin'?" a Tommy exclaims, as he wistfully gazes into the air. "I'm beastly sure it's them bloody Boers what's doin' the game."

Whee-e-e! Roar! Bang! and another solid shell bursts into fragments ten feet from the rear edge of the great square of horsemen. Again they retire, now satisfied that the Boers have opened a masked battery. It is impossible to locate it.

It is solid shell bursting on impact, coming one after another slowly, tearing up the ground, now in front, now behind the column, but always in a line with it. The Boers have a habit, it is said, of using their artillery at longer ranges than are intended, by giving the muzzle extra elevation; hence they cannot use shrapnel, as the fuses are cut too long for exploding in the air.

The cavalry retire a few hundred yards at a time, until they are finally beneath the next roll in the veldt and out of sight.

Mines That Burn for Years.

A number of good-sized mines are now on fire in the United States, and have been for years. The Vulcan mine, on the Green river, opposite Newcastle, in Colorado, has been on fire since the great explosion several years ago, when about 80 persons lost their lives. All efforts to quench it have proved fruitless. In Butte there is a mine which has been afire since 1884. It has been treated with carbonic acid gas generated on a large scale, quicklime and acids, and all the stifling devices that genius and experience could devise, but so far without effect. In Pennsylvania there are several steadily burning mines, and in one place where the outlet of natural gas is very great the spectacle it affords is of surpassing interest. For miles around a great tower of fire may be seen, day and night, and the dense black smoke which it gives off settles upon the surrounding country. How a mine gets afire is easily explained, even though the greatest precautions are taken to prevent it. Coal seams exude a gas, varying in quantity according to the pressure and the quality of the deposit which gas, when mixed with air in certain proportions, is about as explosive as gunpowder.—N. Y. Post.

United States.

Before the war of 1812 a frigate of the United States navy had an extended reputation as the Old Wagon because of her slow-going sailing qualities. The proper name of the Old Wagon was the United States, and she was launched at Philadelphia in 1797. Her sailing qualities were subsequently so much improved that she was able to chase, overtake and capture the British frigate Macedonian, which she brought into port as prize in 1812.—Detroit Free Press.

WIT AND WISDOM.

You have made a fair success of your domestic affairs if you are on speaking terms with all of your kin.—Atchison Globe.

The true woman would believe the weather bureau predictions, if they were made by the man she loved.—Detroit Journal.

"You treat me," cried Mrs. Peck, "as though I was a monkey!" "Oh, no!" responded H. Peck. "One can train monkeys!"—North American.

"You are fickle! You think you love him, but he couldn't hold you for two days—no man could." "Oh, no, he would have to stop to eat."—Town Topics.

Jimmy—"I guess you feel pretty bad that you have lost your job." Johnny—"I don't care a bit about the job; but I wish I had the pay, just the same."—Boston Transcript.

Wife—"Oh, John! I was stopping at Joblotz's to-day, and I saw just the sweetest thing there—" Husband (diplomatically)—"Yes. That's a great scheme of Joblotz to have mirrors all through his store." — Philadelphia Press.

McJigger—"So he's married again. Married a widow." Thingumbob—"Yes, with six children, ranging from two to 14 years. When they line up they're regular steps." McJigger—"Naturally; they're his stepchildren."—Baltimore American.

Wife (reading the paper)—"Now, here is a young girl who has actually climbed Mount Blanc and sung 'Because I Love You' while she was on top." Husband—"How considerate of her. Usually they do it in the next flat."—Baltimore News.

"How old are you?" the census enumerator proceeded, in his question asking. "I won't tell you!" She was very decided about it, too. "O, well, never mind," the enumerator went on, with the air of a man who had given up the struggle, "in what year were you born?" "In 1853."—Pittsburgh Chronicle.

FIGHT WITH A WOLF.

Desperate Struggle of an Illinois Hunter with a Ferocious Brute Near Town.

A "hand-to-hand fight" with a ferocious gray wolf only 30 miles from the city of St. Louis, and 15 miles from the Missouri river, in the state of Illinois, seems an unlikely occurrence; but it is seriously reported in the St. Louis Globe-Democrat and other journals of the region.

It appears that in February and March last four or five full-grown mountain wolves had been ranging in the woods and swamps in the neighborhood of Waterloo and Red Bud, Ill., and their depredations finally became so great that the authorities of Monroe county offered a reward of ten dollars for every wolf skin brought in.

One afternoon in early March Jacob Eckert, of Red Bud, was hunting in the woods near Saxtown, when he saw an animal some distance away in the underbrush which looked like a dog. He had heard of the presence of wolves in the neighborhood, however, and crept around the side of a hill, keeping the creature in view until he was certain that it was not a dog, whatever else it might be. He had never seen a wolf.

When he had approached within about 50 yards of the animal, he took aim and fired. The wolf leaped into the air and howled, but when Eckert rushed out into the open, supposing he had killed the animal, he was astonished to see it rushing directly at him. It came with such swiftness and unexpectedness that Eckert did not manage to reload his rifle before the wolf was upon him, with distended jaws and glaring eyes.

Eckert clubbed his rifle, and as the wolf came within reach, struck at it. The wolf dodged back, evaded the blow, and before the man could swing the weapon a second time, leaped straight at his throat. But Eckert was fortunate enough to get the barrel of the gun, held in both hands, in such a position across his breast and beneath his chin that the wolf's jaws could not get a grip on his throat.

The animal now bit savagely at the man's body wherever it could find a chance for its teeth. Eckert wore heavy clothing, and for the most part the wolf's bites did not penetrate to the skin. His hands and face were lacerated by the animal's claws, but escaped the teeth. He finally succeeded in throwing the animal from him, and before it could spring on him again he struck it a heavy blow on the head with the butt of his gun, which stunned it.

This gave Eckert an opportunity to slip a cartridge into his gun. Then he quickly shot the wolf through the head, thus ending the fight. Eckert took the skin to Waterloo, where it was identified as undoubtedly that of a wolf, and the prize of ten dollars was paid him.

Fecundity of the Oyster.

The oyster flourishes best at a depth anywhere from the surface of the water to 300 or 400 feet down. Here the young fasten themselves to any hard substance, and if sufficient food is carried to them by the currents they thrive, grow fat and multiply indefinitely. The rate at which the oyster reproduces is something which passes far beyond anything in the animal kingdom. Prof. Brooks, of the Johns Hopkins university, has estimated that the average female oyster in the Chesapeake bay will spawn between April and October no less than 6,000,000 eggs, while the largest specimens will spawn as high as 60,000,000 in a single season. Of course, the percentage of these eggs which are fertilized and hatch into living spat which come to maturity is infinitely small. Billions of the young fry are eaten by the grown oysters. Others die, while still others find a suitable lodging place and, adhering, commence to form a protective shell.—N. Y. Tribune.

New Classification of Memoirs.

A correspondent of the London Academy suggests the following classification of memoirs, made necessary by the growing tendency to blab and betray, to pad and inflate: Biographies, autobiographies and ought-not-to-be-ographies.—N. Y. Sun.

Not That Good.

Brown—I understand you told Wells that I am a first-class idiot.

Jones—Nothing of the kind, sir. I didn't say you were first-class.—Tit-Bits.