

The St. Tammany Farmer

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BEING KIND.
So many bright-eyed hopes are vain
So many years doth Time devour
In fruitless strivings after gain
To serve the pleasures of an hour
We toil and strive and sweat and bleed
Some bright ideal good, and blind
To happiness without our reach—
The reflex joy of being kind.
With aspirations pure and high,
For some grand, noble work to do,
To bless our fellow-men we die,
We strive with hearts sincere and true;
Ignoble aims we cannot brook,
Our duties we have well defined,
But 'mid their minor work
The one most weighty—being kind.
If backward o'er our lives we cast
A glance, we see transfigured there
Sweet faces—"plain" in that dim past—
Halo-enriched now, and fair;
"What is this wonder-working power
Which glorified?" we ask, and find
The secret like the scent of flowers,
So simply sweet, so just being kind.
—Anne H. Woodruff, in N. Y. Weekly.

HIS ONE ROMANCE

By SARAH BEAUMONT KENNEDY.
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AS HE drove down the street the people of the village knew instinctively that there was something unusual in his appearance; but it took a second look to disclose the nature of the change. Then they knew that his buggy was freshly painted and that he wore his Sunday clothes.

"Laps was trying to turn dude," one longer said to another.

"Yes, he never used to wear store clothes except Sundays and at funerals," answered the second longer.

"He's turned down toward Dr. Washburn's; reckon he must have a tooth to pull," said the first man.

"Then the doctor will have to take a piece of guessing which tooth it is, for Lap'll never tell him. I never saw such a man for shut mouth in my life. He's so sparing of his words that he just nods his head for yes, and shakes it for no and kinder grunts for no. But it don't seem to hurt his business any; he looks mighty prosperous with his new fences and barns and his flower beds. Wonder if he has a notion of marrying?"

The other man laughed. "Marrying! Why, Lap Alston never looked at a woman long enough to recognize her a second time. He's that bashful I believe he'd jump over the moon if a girl so much as spoke to him. Oh, yes, I mean the big one; he's always been nice enough to the children who go out to his farm nutting and berrying. For instance, the Emma Washburn; he used to set a heap of store by her when she was little, but he never looks at her since she put on long dresses."

In the meantime Lap drove slowly down the street. He passed Dr. Washburn's gate irresolutely, then turned, came back and dismounting tied his horse and went up to the door with an air of grim determination. Yes, the lounge was no doubt right; it must be a tooth. At the sound of the bell he had himself rung he grew perceptibly paler, and then fell into a cowering



"THAT WAS A RASH PROMISE."

ly trembling as the doctor opened the door.

"Good afternoon, Lap. Anything the matter?"

"I want to see—" the trembling increased; then his resolution forsook him utterly and he added, lamely: "I'm grinding cider this week; want any?"

"Yes, I think I do. Apple crop good this year," the dentist asked, detecting the signs of nervousness and thinking he understood. They all acted this way when there was a tooth to be drawn, the big men being worse than the rest. But the question went unanswered, for Lap had braided himself and summoned his resolution anew. There was a certain whiteness about his lips and a queer quaver in his voice, but he asked his question intelligibly: "Miss Emma at home?"

"It was not a tooth after all. The astonished doctor hesitated a moment, then said, hastily:

"Yes, I think so. Will you come in?"

Lap longed to say no, but he followed the doctor into the parlor. There, being left alone, he sat down and looked about him; and as he did so the tense lines about his mouth relaxed and in their stead there came a smile of intense self-satisfaction.

"I'm sitting here in her parlor, and—my hat's hanging out there on the rack just like it belonged there!"

As he seemed to see as in a glass a little girl in a checked apron standing under an apple tree; and then she seemed to grow and grow, but always she had the sunshine on her hair and a smile in her eyes. He had waited for her to grow up, dreaming dreams meanwhile of which the world never guessed. Twenty times he had dressed himself to come here, and as many times his courage had died away. But he was here at last, and he closed his eyes and rehearsed the speeches he meant to make to her. He knew just how she would act, for he had studied the love scenes in a dozen novels. She would blush and stammer, and that meant that she—he opened his eyes, and the smile spread over his face as molasses spreads over the flat surface of a plate. But it disappeared as suddenly as though somewhere in his an-

atomy an electric button had been touched, for there was a step in the hall, and Emma Washburn said:

"How do you do, Mr. Alston? You wished to see me?"

Lap got up limply, and from sheer force of habit nodded his assent, instead of speaking it. For a moment he looked longingly at the door through which she had just entered, as though outside of it lay his one chance of safety; and then he sat down and asked explosively if her hens had begun to lay or whether they were still moulting. And then, without waiting for an answer, he dived into his pocket and drew out two big apples.

"Thank you; they are beauties," Emma said, smiling.

"Come off your tree?"

"My tree?"

"Yes, big one in the corner. I've called it yours ever since—since—" His throat seemed closing up.

"Since what, Mr. Alston?"

"Since that day when you were little and you said—er—you wanted some blossoms—" Was his tongue going to be paralyzed? He knew he had started right, that these apples were to lead up to what he had come to say, but something was wrong.

"Blossoms? I don't understand."

"Yes; apple blossoms; and they were out of your reach, and I came along and you said—you said you'd be my—" but his tongue absolutely refused to pronounce the delicious word. He was thrilling to his finger tips.

"Well, I promised to be your what?"

"Sweetheart." The word was little more than a whisper; it was as if his heart had bubbled up effervescently and overflowed his tongue.

"Your sweetheart? That was a rash promise," and she laughed. In none of the books had the heroine laughed at such a time. "Did you get me the blossoms?"

"Yes, I held you up—" he stammered.

"Oh, yes, you held me up to reach the flowers, I recollect."

"And when I lifted you up, you put your—your arm around my—neck." He stopped a moment to catch his breath, then went on heroically: "And from that minute I have never thought of anybody else for—a wife."

"Why, this must have happened eight years ago."

"Ten last blossom-time," he said, not daring to look up, for her voice did not tremble as the story books would it should. He was losing hope.

"I was only eight years old then."

"Yes, I know. I've been waiting."

"You were very good to me; I remember you always gave me the biggest apples."

"Yes. But he dared not look up; the story books said she should blush and stammer. The color ebbed out of his face.

"Was I very heavy when you held me up?" she asked, breaking the pause.

"Not above common. In fact I never felt any weight except—your arm on my neck." Then the color came back in a rush. "You kissed me when I put you down," he said, reverently.

"How shockingly improper, and I eight years old!"

How could she laugh over a thing so sacred? Then he tried to recall the plan of his dialogue, and said: "I've planted hollyhocks up and down the front walk."

"Have you?" Again he was rebuffed. He had hoped she would say they were her favorite flowers. All the heroines did such things.

"Do you like snowballs and sweet biesies?"

"Not particularly."

And the garden was full of them, planted for her! Presently he stole a look at her, and the misery tightened about his heart. In none of the story books had the girl sat calmly while the hero poured out his heart to her. Then he made a last effort.

"I suppose it wouldn't be right to hold a girl to a promise she made when she was only eight years old?"

"Not unless she was willing."

"And you ain't willing?"

"No." Then she added softly: "The fact is, I'm soon to be married."

He got up slowly. "Good-by, Miss Emma; reckon I better go and see your pa again about that cider."

In the hall he looked ruefully at his hat before taking it from the rack.

"Didn't belong here after all," he said, and went away.

"Must have been a bad tooth," the first longer said as he saw him drive past.

"Yes, Lap looks like he was about yanked in two. Tooth must have broken off."

But it was not a tooth that had broken; it was a lonely, human heart.

Vaccination in the Hub.
It was at a dinner party. The bright young man found himself privileged to sit next to the young woman with beautiful arms and neck. He thought himself the most favored personage in the room. Suddenly his fair companion exhibited signs of nervousness. Two of his very best jokes, saved for a special occasion, passed by unnoticed. Her face wore a look of alarm. Apprehensively the young man gazed at her, and meeting the look she said:

"I am in misery."

"In misery?" echoed the man.

"Yes," she replied. "I was vaccinated the other day, and it has taken beautifully. I could almost scream, it hurts so."

The young man looked at the beautiful arms, and, seeing no mark there, said:

"Why, where were you vaccinated?"

"In Boston," she replied, the smile chasing away the look of pain.—Boston Journal.

An Identification.
Citizen—There's a little man round the corner sassing a big one.
Policeman—Has the little man got a gun?
Citizen—No.
Policeman—By Jinks! That must be the escaped lunatic we are told to look out for.—N. Y. Weekly.

So Mamma Said.
Mother—What reason have you for not wanting to marry Mr. Oldgold, my dear?
Daughter—I don't love him, mamma.
Pshaw! That isn't a reason; it's a rank nonsense.—Chicago Daily News.

The best educated man or woman is not the one who knows the most of mathematics, Latin, Greek or ancient literature. There was a time when such was necessary, if a person was to be considered highly educated. To-day the educated man or woman is the one who can converse sensibly and intelligently upon political questions, social problems, literature, history, and, to a certain extent, on the scientific questions of the day.

The New Status of Women

By REV. JOSEPH WOOD,
Head Master of Harrow School, England.

And where do we find this modern form of education? My own observations have led me to say that IT IS AS CHARACTERISTIC OF THE WOMEN OF THE DAY AS OF THE MEN. We have gotten into the habit of considering the feminine sex the weaker of the two mentally and physically, but mentally they are not. Women are as capable of attaining the highest pinnacle of education as men. There may not as many of them reach the goal, but the greatest reason for the difference in numbers is the difference in the numbers of those afforded the opportunity.

The average of feminine intelligence is far higher than it used to be. Not that there are more women of genius than of old, for there are, perhaps, fewer feminine stars of the first magnitude in either the arts, literature or science; but there can be no question that the young matron of five-and-twenty, the young miss of fifteen, has a more intelligent, well-balanced mind, a better judgment, a nicer sense of justice than her prototype of 50 years ago.

To acquire this it is true she has had to discard the mantle of sentimentality. She may not be more agreeable to the average man, but it is certain that, with improved education, wider travel, and the freedom to mix largely in the affairs of the outside world, she has lost her sense of belonging solely to her family, of having their interests solely at heart, and belongs rather to the whole human family.

Women to-day are, in some ways, a new and growing power in all walks of life, and they have honestly earned the recognition that is accorded them. IF I WANT ANYTHING NEATLY, INTELLIGENTLY AND CONSCIENTIOUSLY DONE, I GET A WOMAN TO DO IT.

FONDLING SNAKES.

Diamond Rattlers Are Said to Make Good Pets When Handled Properly.

"Oh! Aren't they darlings! May I hold them a moment? I should just love to; they are so cute."

The speaker was a comely, matronly looking woman, well, though somewhat showily, dressed. She was one of a motley crowd that stood before an exhibition platform in a dime museum. On the platform sat a garish young woman, who, on the show bills, was "the peerless Circassian beauty." She wore very short skirts, and her high-heeled satin slippers and crimson silken hose were undoubtedly imported from the wilds of Circassia. Her hair stood up in a great mass, like the boll of a ripened dandelion. It was probably a wig, but it was the orthodox style of beauty for the dime museum "Circassian," says the New York Sun.

"At the feet of the beauty lay the 'darlings' which had evoked the woman's admiring exclamation. They were not babies, but a pair of big diamond-backed rattlers, the deadliest of the rattlesnake tribe. Safely caged in a den of wire and glass, they could do no harm, but at each of the hourly exhibitions given in the museum the Circassian beauty would take the venomous reptiles from their den, fondle them and, as the museum patrons expressed it, "do stunts" with them. The beauty looked somewhat suspiciously at the woman who had made the request.

"Don't," she exclaimed. "They're the most poisonous of all snakes and their bite means almost certain death. The managers would not allow you to touch them and it might cost you your life."

"Huh! I ain't afraid," was the reply. "I was in the business before you was born and handled snakes that was a deal trickier than rattlers. Water moccasins, black and puff adders and venomous reptiles from all parts of the world. Once," she added proudly, "I owned a cobra." The woman on the platform incontinently surrendered and allowed the visitor to take her pet, the stranger fondled as a fond mother would a baby.

"You wouldn't hurt mamma, would you?" she cooed as the ugly, fat head of the rattler lay against her cheek. The snake darted out its forked tongue, but it did not spring its rattles. The glitter of its beady eyes showed that it was fully conscious of what was taking place, but it evidently enjoyed being caressed by the veteran.

"Even the most venomous snakes are harmless as long as they are treated right," said the woman. "They love to be petted and stroked, just as a cat does. If they are tormented, they are likely to strike. Rattlers are the easiest of all snakes to handle, for they won't bite without giving warning. Nearly always they will coil for a strike, and invariably they will spring their rattles."

"I was in the business nearly 15 years. In that time I was bitten more than a score of times, but it was always because of my own carelessness. I always kept antidotes at hand and never suffered from a bite more than most persons would from the sting of a bee. Snakes have always been one of the best cards in museums and side shows. In nine cases out of ten the reptiles are handled by women. The act proves more attractive to the public than when they are handled by men. Besides, women take to snakes more readily than men. Perhaps they inherited that from old Mother Eve," and the speaker laughed at the suggestion.

Mirrors at the Corners.
A district council of Suffolk, England, has resorted to novel means of preventing accidents at dangerous street corners. Three roads in the authority's district meet at awkward angles, and collisions between vehicles have been rather common. Widening by demolition of house property being impossible the surveyor recommended the erection of mirrors. By this means drivers can see through brick walls, so to speak, and the experiment has proved successful.—N. Y. Sun.

Secret Out.
She—I wonder what makes the Widow Brown so popular with the men?
He—Oh, she always shuts up and listens when a man wants to talk.—Chicago Daily News.

HUNTING UP ANCESTORS.

Prompted by the Desire to Prove Eligibility as Daughters of the Revolution.

The ancestor hunter is the bane of the librarian's existence in Syracuse, as elsewhere.

The ancestor hunter is generally feminine. She usually wants to be a daughter of the revolution or a colonial dame. The craze for ancestors started with the formation of those societies, and it grows rather than decreases. To qualify the candidates must find an ancestor, and the libraries are their hunting grounds. To many a library is apparently a place of mystery; the visitors begin their search by plying the attendants with questions.

All that the person in charge can do is to discover the state in which their ancestors were supposed to have lived, and to turn over its documents for the inspection of the anxious descendants. With some this suffices, but the majority demand assistance in the more minute quest after names, dates and places. Often the ancestor is all right, and shows himself after a time; more often he can't be found. The most searching investigation fails to bring even a 1775 private or drummer boy to the light of day, says the Syracuse Herald.

In such cases the chances are that my lady becomes angry and declares that the book has got it all wrong. In fact, the library and everything connected with it, including the attendants, are hopelessly wrong, and she says she must consult more reliable authorities.

Then, too, there are times when the ancestor turns up, but his interest in the revolution was that of a Tory. Then is the time to draw a veil over the emotions of the disappointed aspirant for patriotic social honors.

"Why doesn't some enterprising woman take to the hunting up of genealogies as a business? There is a good field for such a worker right here in Syracuse," asked a library attendant recently. "One woman in Washington makes a fair income by this means, and the library attendants of the city would rise up and call her blessed!"

THE DOG'S GRAVEYARD.

Only Regularly Conducted Burying Ground for Canine Pets is in Scotland.

Edinburgh, Scotland, boasts of the only graveyard where canine pets are regularly interred and their last resting places marked with gravestones. The old cemetery lies, says the Detroit Free Press, on the northern face of the Castle Rock, below St. Margaret's chapel, in the famous old castle of Edinburgh. It was founded a long time ago for the exclusive use of dogs who have been pets of the various regiments which have been quartered at the castle. Almost two score dogs have been buried in it, and the grave of each one is marked; some with stones as large as are used for human beings, and others merely tiny monuments. The cemetery is inclosed by a low wall of stone, and is always pointed out to visitors as the only one of its kind in the world. Not a little interest attaches to the epitaphs which the stones bear. One is inscribed with the grimly humorous line, "Let Sleeping Dogs Lie," while the merits of another animal are borne testimony to by the statement that "He Never Bit a Friend." Almost every British regiment has with it, whether in garrison or afield, a dog who is the pet and mascot of the organization, and to whom the soldiers become sincerely attached. It was because they did not like to have their pets forgotten when they passed away that they established this little cemetery.

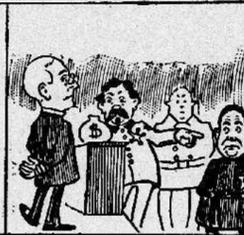
Improvement of Havana.
It used to be that the people left Havana in the summer if they could afford it, in order to avoid death by yellow fever. Last summer the city was a delightful place to live in, and there were but 30 cases of yellow fever.—N. Y. Sun.

Future and Present.
He—What was the result of your visit to the palmist?
She—I've got a fortune coming to me some day, and I'm five dollars out now.—Puck.

HIS FINISH.



Accusation.



Investigation.



Transportation.



Incarceration.

LIFE ON A TORPEDO BOAT.

In Winter Sailors Are Called Upon to Endure Greatest Hardships.

At no time or season is life on board the torpedo boat, or her bigger sister, the destroyer, a particularly happy one; but in winter it becomes so hard and painful that Dr. Johnson, could he be resuscitated, would assuredly declare, with renewed emphasis, that no man with contrivance enough to get into jail would be found in a torpedo craft, says the London Mail. From the lightness of the hull the crew suffer much from cold, as there is only a thin sheet of metal between them and the cold water. But the severest trial of all is heavy weather, which may be said to be normal in British waters in the winter.

It used to be thought that torpedo boats and destroyers were only fair weather craft, but now all navies send these vessels to sea in winter. In the British navy three flotillas, each of eight destroyers, are constantly cruising all the year round.

Let us pay a visit to such a craft. On deck is the officer of the watch, shivering behind the canvas screen which gives him some small protection from the weather. The boat is tearing through the waves at a speed of somewhere about 20 knots, and the spray and wind cut like whips. The motion of the boat is impossible to describe. Pitching violently, now with her bows buried deep in the hollows of the heaving sea, now with her stern emergent and her propellers racing frantically, at the same time rolling like a drunken man. So lively and distressing is the movement that few, indeed, are the salts who do not succumb to the horrors of sea sickness. To be seasick on board a comfortable liner is one thing; to be seasick in a destroyer is quite another, and the most refined torture that can be imagined. There is no space or accommodation for incapacitated men, and the crew is calculated on the narrowest limits, so that if many are off the effective list the vessel will have to return to harbor.

And when, weary and wet, the men from the deck turn in at the end of their watch, let them expect no immoderate degree of comfort. They may well be pleased if it is possible to cook a meal, and for days to-painted aspirant for patriotic social honors.

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HOWTH CASTLE A WONDER.

Rugged Irish Bachelor Peer Maintains a Remarkably Fine Estate.

There is no more inveterate bachelor in all the United Kingdom than Lord Howth, the rugged Irish peer of 70 odd who is the last of his line. And there are few more interesting family seats than Howth's castle, which has been the home of my lord's ancestors for over 800 years. It has never received the public attention it deserves. The castle, which is about 12 miles from Dublin, is an impressive structure, built high on the side of a bleak hill in the center of Lord Howth's 9,000 acres. The rising ground upon which it stands is bare looking enough in every season but spring, when it becomes one mass of brilliant blooms, whole acres being covered with rhododendrons and azaleas. Symmetrical hedges of beechwood, which, thanks to centuries of careful cultivation, are now over 30 feet high, surround the castle grounds, while one of the elm trees on the estate has over 300 years to its credit, says a London exchange.

The barons of Howth won their distinguished position in Ireland by some hard fighting. The first of them all, Sir Armoricus Tristram, the builder of the historical castle, landed at Howth in 1117, fought and defeated the native soldiery and then threw in his lot with the famous champion, Sir John de Courcy, and helped him to subdue the sturdy folk of Ulster. The present baron of Howth takes special pride in showing visitors to the castle his fighting ancestor's sword, which still hangs in the stronghold he built himself. Lord Howth lays claim to a tinge of royal blood as well, for the fifteenth baron married a daughter of the duke of Somerset, who was a relative of King Edward III. His successor was another fighting man. When in Henry VII's time there was a determined rebellion in Ireland, he placed his sword at the disposal of the king, and for his deeds at the appropriately named battle of Knocknought was made lord chancellor of Ireland.

Round the old castle clusters many a strange legend of olden times, with one of which a curious custom observed there is associated. The tale runs that an Irish chieftain, on returning from a visit paid to Queen Elizabeth, stopped at the Howth castle for food and drink, but found all the gates shut and barred, it being the dinner hour. Angry at being disappointed, and happening to see the baron's little heir toddling about, she carried him off to her own castle in Mayo. Moreover, she refused to lease the child until his father had bound not only himself but his heirs never again to close the castle gates at dinner time. Centuries have passed since the covenant was made, but every baron has observed it faithfully.

The present owner of the castle, although only the fourth earl, is the thirtieth baron of Howth. A man of wealth, with a town house in Jermyn street, besides his Irish home, many a matchmaking mamma has counseled that her daughter's cap be set for him, but all in vain. In his time he was a determined liberal and for years represented Galway in the house of commons, but now is out of harness and prefers to spend his winters at Bournemouth, a quiet seaside resort, to legislating at Westminster.

The Plague in the Middle Ages.
It is consoling, now we are hearing so much about epidemics and infection, to compare the precautions taken against smallpox with the more unpleasant ones enforced in the middle ages. For, although the great plague of 1665 is the one we know most about, not a generation passed in the 300 years preceding it which was not marked by a pestilence that carried off about one-fifth of the population of London alone. As long as the poor only were attacked nothing was done; then victims were counted among the rich, and vigorous measures were forthwith taken. All infected houses were closed, and any inhabitant forced to go out of doors carried a white rod to warn people off. From every pump in the city 12 buckets of water were drawn, three times a week, and poured down the street. Good Queen Bess went one better, of course, and set up a gallows for the hanging of any citizen who had concealed a case of plague. No doubt, if she still lived, she would hang the conscientious objector instead.—London Chronicle.

Progress of Mississippi.
In the last four years the taxable wealth of Mississippi has increased \$32,000,000, and there has been a large increase in population. The development has been largely due to the utilization of the magnificent forests of long-leaf pine in the southeastern part of the state.—Indianapolis News.

The Forewarning.
Sarah—Do you think that young Goldust means to propose, Lucyind? Lucyind—I think he does. He says he feels pretty sure he can lick papa.—Judge.

THE REFORMED BURGLAR.

He Meets the Conscientious Man and They Compare Notes and Various Things.

Upon a certain occasion, as a Reformed Burglar was sauntering home from his club at a late hour of the night, he suddenly bethought him that his gas bill was about due and must be met to save his credit. In this emergency, relates the Detroit Free Press, he cast his eyes upon the house of the Conscientious Man, and in due time, and without having awoke the policeman on that beat, he found his way in by a kitchen window. He was not a strenuous burglar, but he did fairly well in his packing up, and he was about ready to go when the Conscientious Man came downstairs in light attire and pleasantly observed:

"You must excuse my interruption, but I took it that a strange cat had entered my domicile and might annoy the family parrot."

"I will excuse you, of course," replied the Reformed Burglar, "but now that you are here I wish to complete the scantiness of your silver set. There are at least three pieces missing."

"This true, alas! now that I come to think of it. I believe our last maid threw them in the ash-barrel to save herself the labor of polishing. You have doubtless met up with some such dodges in your own household?"

"A few, I believe," said the R. B., "but this is not the point. I entered your house to scoop your silverware. I find it scant in the count. Am I to blame for the scantness? Is the carelessness or selfishness of your maid to rob me of my just dues?"

"Truly not, now that you come to mention it. What value would you place on the missing spoon-holder, teapot and three napkin rings?"

"I should say five dollars at least, though if the teapot was an antique its value would be greatly enhanced."

"But it was not. It was needless and battered, but of modern date. Permit me to hand you this five and make good the scantness."

"Thanks. Are you in failing health?"

"I think not. I think it is all a matter of conscience with me. Had you been cheated out of your just dues I could not have slept again to-night. As it is, you have been made good, and I will now return to my couch and ask you to move about with gentle step and to pull the window down behind you when you exit. Too much draught might give the cat a cold in the head. Good night, sir—good night."

"I don't know whether this is an anecdote or a fable," mused the Reformed Burglar as he got outside the house with his swag, "but this much I will ever contend: Were there more Conscientious Men in this world there would not be so many packs of cards at the club with five aces in them."

THEY CALL HIM ANNO.

His Last Name Being Dominici He Followed Quite Naturally That They Should.

There is a man in Southampton, L. I., named Dominici. His given name has long been forgotten by most of the people there since a newspaper man christened him Anno some years ago. Anno is difficult and retiring, but a character in his way, says the Chicago Tribune. John Drew, the actor, owns a place in the town, and recently had a piano brought from the city to his country house. Anno, who owns a horse and wagon, got the job of moving the instrument from the station. Mr. Drew, after the piano had arrived at the house, cautioned Anno not to roll it over the floor because it would injure the polished wood.

"Yes, yes," said Anno, and this is how he tells the rest of the story: "We carried the pianny in 'th sticks and never made a mark on the floor. Mr. Drew tho' 'twas a good job, an' asked me ter hev'er drink. Now, I ain't used ter drinkin' in such eh fine place, 'th mirrors an' things all 'round. I didn't know w't 'twas 'round. 'O come now,' sez Mr. Drew, 'ev'ry man drinks. Wut'll it be?'"

"Well, yer know I ain't never tasted sech hiferlutin' stuff before, an' I wuz kinder 'raid. But he bro't it all right—er, 'frater, th' butler did, an' poured sum er 'th' stuff in er glass. I felt kinder funny 'bout it. 'T kinder got in my nose an' I had 't stop er minit ter get my breath back. But I drunk it an' he left."

A New York man was standing by when Anno told the story and he laughed, too. Then he said:

"Don't you know why Mr. Drew laughed, Anno?"

"Gosh! I 'most sneezed, I 'spose."

"Not at all. You should have called for a straw to drink it through, that was what made him laugh."

"Gosh! Is that so?" said Anno. "I know there wuz sumpin' th' master all 'th' while, but I didn't know 'xactly wut it wuz."

To Catch a Child of Greep.
Wring flannel cloths out of hot water and apply them to the throat, changing them frequently. Make a tent over the crib by means of sheets over a screen or umbrella; then place a small tea kettle over an alcohol lamp near the crib and let the child inhale the moist vapor which may be conducted inside the tent, care being taken that the child does not come close enough to the hot steam to get burnt. If the attack is severe you may give ten drops of sirup of Ipecac every 15 minutes until vomiting results. It would be better to keep the patient in-doors for a day or two after the attack.—Emelyn Lincoln Colledge, M. D., in Ladies' Home Journal.

Lean on Yourself.
Remember this, you who seek to develop power of body and mind. When you set forth in the world to carve out a career, do not be forever consulting your friends and leaning on them for advice about your course of action. There are great issues in life, vital turning-points, where most of us feel the need of counsel, but such occasions do not present themselves every day. In the smaller matters pertaining to conduct and business, learn to decide for yourself. Of course, I am addressing the noble-minded and ambitious, not the idle and vicious.—Ella Wheeler Wilcox, in Success.