

# The St. Tammany Farmer

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## A FARMER FATHER'S ADVICE.

Dear Son: Your letter of the 16th came in the mail to-day and you wonder what we'll say. Well, your mother here and I have read your letter through, and she seems to think that I'm the one who's better qualified to give you some advice. For, though in most affairs, of course, there's nothing quite so nice as a mother's advice, still it takes a man to give advice. "She's beautiful and handsome as a queen." Your letter says: "She's beautiful and handsome as a queen." I hope so, Joe, and hope you know just what I mean. A beautiful form is one which tells of a beautiful soul within. A handsome face is one which wears no damning trace of sin. Beautiful eyes are those that with the fire of pure thought glow. Beautiful lips are those which speak for a truthful heart below. The handsomest hands are those that do not shamed the Master's work to do. Hands that are patient and brave and kind, gentle and strong and true. Beautiful feet are those which in answer to duty's call. And beautiful shoulders are those which bear their load bravely all. Remember this maxim true, my boy, wherever you choose a wife. "The handsomest woman of earth is she who leads the handsomest life." I, therefore, trust that the woman you wed (if you really love each other) may be the handsomest one in the world—excepting one—your mother. —Frank S. Pixley, in Christian Advocate.

## ACCORDING TO SCRIPTURE

By S. HOMER HENLEY.

SAND. Everywhere dazzling, white and glaring hot sand, smoothly level for little distances, then billowing softly in breast-like mounds. But always the same blinding white stretch; no cactus, no bunch-grass—just sand. And a brassy-blue sky—ringing with a setting of copper sun, blazing infernally.

The American spoke first. "Well, you've got me dead to rights out here. What are you going to do about it?"

The Mexican's only reply was to point silently ahead. His big jaw set immovably and his heavy eyelids drooped over a gaze colder than ice. His companion watched him furtively in growing apprehension.

Since dawn they had ridden over maddening miles of this interminable desert, without the exchange of a single word. The American's pride of race in not "knuckling" to a dirty "Greaser" by speaking first had been gradually but inexorably borne down in part by the terrifying stillness and monotony of this blasted waste, but much more by the unnatural silence and immobility maintained by the other. He had always reckoned himself a fairly brave man, but the uncaniness of the whole situation was getting upon his nerves.

What a fool he had been to ride out, absolutely unarmed, into this pale sea with this granite-faced devil. He felt, savagely, that he would give all he possessed to mash that grim mouth, to crush the light from those narrow, steely eyes. Presently he began to speak rapidly, thickly, as one hurried on by an uncontrollable something apart from himself.

"Look here, now, I blame you. I know that I kept after the girl until she gave in to me. But how was I going to know that she would kill herself because I had to go away? Of course, I knew you loved her, but I didn't see any reason for that stopping me. Oh, I know you'd have married her where I couldn't; but that's just the point, I Nevada. I'm engaged to a girl up in Nevada, and all my prospects depend upon my marrying her; so you see how I was placed, don't you?"

The Mexican gave no sign that he had heard. His left hand, holding the reins that ran to the dejected mouth of the weary mustang, rested on the highommel of the "buck" saddle; and his right hand clanked,



IMMEDIATELY HE BENT THE AMERICAN'S EYES.

with quiet significance, the butt of the heavy revolver in its studded leather holster. Not a muscle of his face relaxed its fixed strain. It made the American's jaws ache to look at him.

He waited mechanically for the answer he knew would not come; then burst out again in a frenzied effort to batter down the stony ramparts of the other's deadly silence.

"You hound, you! You'd have done the same thing in my place. You'd have done worse if you could. Why don't you say something, you dirty Greaser dog? You're a filthy coward! Get down off that horse and fight me like a man. No, of course you won't. Ugh. What a beautiful fool I was to think that you would help me to get away from her relatives. You would show me a safe way across the desert and over the frontier would you? Yes, you would. Yah! You dog, you! What I want to know, is what are you going to do with me? Answer me that. Answer me. What are you going to do with me? Hey? Say something, can't you? Say something."

His voice had climaxed to a furious yell; but now he fell quiet sud-

denly, watching with fascinated eyes the phlegmatic mask of the utterly unmoved Mexican. His burst of rage had been but a sorry cloak for the cold terror that was clutching at his heart. He realized this with increasing alarm; and worse—he knew that the Mexican knew it. In spite of the terrific heat his face and hands were clammy cold, and he shivered fitfully.

They rode on through the long afternoon in clammy silence that was unbroken save for the muffled shuffling of the mustangs' feet on the pillowy sand. The American had fallen into a dull apathy, and rode like a sick man, his head drooping lollingly upon his breast. The Mexican did not change his attitude by so much as a hair; riding erect and elastic, his face—stone, and his eyes—ice.

Presently the sun dropped abruptly over the far edge of the sand-bank, and there succeeded a brief twilight of the blanched grayness of death. The Mexican swung himself lightly from the saddle and with a gesture to his companion to do likewise began to loosen the "bellyband" from his sweating mustang. This new move was viewed by the American with suspicion and alarm; but, seeing that no immediate danger was imminent he alighted slowly on the further side of his fellow traveler, and cautiously unsaddled the animal. The Mexican, in the meantime had staked out his horse with his flata, and was now busying himself with the preparation of some coffee over a small spirit-lamp. When this was done he spread a blanket upon the sand, and, turning the other to be seated opposite, they ate a slender meal of crackers and canned corned beef, washed down with the steaming coffee, and topped off with a spicing drink from the water-bottles.

Dinner over, the Mexican stretched himself at ease upon the blanket, with a brown paper cigarette between his slender fingers; fixing the American, between the smoke wreaths, with a sustained, impersonal regard under which the latter soon found his eyelids drooping with irritating perspiration. The significance of this over-mastering drowsiness did not dawn upon him until, in a moment when he had wrenched his gaze from that impenetrable, idol-mask of a face opposite, with the cigarette smoke curling above it like streamers of incense, his eyes fell upon the other's tin coffee cup. It was full.

In the act of rising to shake off the deadly lethargy which was overcoming him, he swayed unsteadily for a moment, and then fell heavily back upon the blanket.

When the American next opened his eyes, his gaze rested on a strange sight. Far down near the horizon's rim, a cold, glittering moon was flashing a pale radiance over a frozen white sea. At least this was the first impression on his confused senses, from which the numbing effects of the drug he had swallowed had not yet disappeared. The weird appearance of the desert was further heightened to him by the fact that his eyes were nearly on a level with the sandy surface; and he had much the feeling that a swimmer in a heavy sea, and out of sight of land, might experience.

His gaze roamed dully over the bleak expanse, and finally rested on a dark blotch a few yards in front of him.

He watched it in a puzzled way, his fogged mind struggling vaguely to shake itself clear of the mist-weight that lay upon it. Suddenly the blotch stirred, and the marble face of the Mexican gleamed like a white cameo in the moonlight. Recollection and physical sensation returned to the American in a bound. His muscles tightened in their preliminary to attempted movement, but his frame refused to respond. His glance darted downward and encountered—sand.

He was buried to his neck. In an ecstasy of madness and frenzied terror he strained every muscle, nerve and fiber of his imprisoned body until the blood literally burst from his nose and mouth. It was useless. He was as immovably fixed as if he had been in a bed of cement. Then he raised his bloodshot eyes in mute questioning to the silent figure seated in the moonlight. The response came quick.

The Mexican rose deliberately, and releasing the re-saddled horse from their tether, he led them in front of the helpless captive and stood for a moment looking coldly and speculatively down upon him. Then his face seemed to break up as a mirror is starred in breaking, and he smiled a frosty, devilishly malignant smile. Still smiling, he drew from his saddle-bag a paper-wrapped parcel. Carefully unrolling this, he disclosed an open book which he deposited face downward upon the sand. Immediately beneath the American's eyes. The printed space was heavily blackened over with ink, all but one line, and with this stood out, easily readable in the dazzling light from the desert moon. The line ran: "Ocho por ocho, O'Dente por dente." (An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth.)

The unhappy American was quick to grasp it all. He ran his glance to the top of the page: "Del Neura Testamento."

The Mexican mounted his horse and grasped the reins of the companion animal. His smile had broadened and there was cool amusement in his eye.

"What you call—ah—some Scerepture—No?" he said gayly. Then, leading the American's mustang, and with out one backward glance, he rode placidly back in the direction from which they had come.—Overland Monthly.

Mixed on His Vowels. He was a short, corpulent, important-looking man, and as he walked down the aisle in the church in which he was a much-respected and honored member he seemed fairly to radiate self-love and self-approval. He stopped a few paces from pew No. 5 to allow his matronly-looking wife and three stunning-looking and blooming daughters to precede him, when, to his disgust and amazement, he discovered that it was already filled to overflowing with some strangers. Hastening to the back of the church, where the negligent ushers were engaged in an animated conversation concerning the spring styles, he demanded in a voice filled with indignation and ire: "Who's occupying my pie?"—N. Y. Commercial.

Society's Care for Insomnia. Drug-taking for insomnia has become a craze among certain sections of London society.



## A SMALL BOY'S AMBITION.

My brother Fred 's the nicest man, so big an' straight an' tall. Why he can do all kinds of things that I can't do, an' all.

And you always hear him whistlin' while he's a-workin' round. Sometimes he double up his arm, an' says to me: "Now, pound!"

An' when I pound him (awful hard) he only laughs at me. When I'm big that's just the kind of man I'm goin' to be.

Sometimes when I've been hammerin' an' the nails won't go in straight, My brother Fred he comes along, an' says: "Why, that's first-rate!"

An' then he takes my hammer an' he taps just once or twice. An' all those crowdin' nail goes in as straight an' nice!

An' then he laughs an' picks me up, till I am taller'n him. An' when I'm big that's just the kind of man I'm goin' to be.

Sometimes when I'm playin' round, I break things an' feel bad. But Fred he comes whistlin' along, an' says: "Don't look so sad."

Then off he goes, an' pretty soon I hear him comin' back. An' what I broke all mended up so ma can't find the crack!

I don't cry then, but laugh, an' mamma laughs, an' so do they. An' when I'm big that's just the kind of man I'm goin' to be!"

—Emma F. Bailey, in St. Nicholas.

## THE GILA MONSTER.

Long Supposed to Be Most Venomous, It Has Been Discovered to Be Quite Harmless.

For years wonderful stories have been published about the gila monster, but these stories have been more startling than truthful, according to an article in Country Life in America, from which publication the following account of the much-dreaded reptile is reproduced:

Little is known of this curious lizard, and probably on account of the terrible stories told of the agonizing death struggles of hunters or Indians bitten by this deadly animal a continuous war has been waged on it, until now it is almost extinct. It is reported to be so fearfully poisonous that its breath is supposed to be fatal to those inhaling it.

As compared with the gila monster, the rattlesnake is considered almost harmless by those residing in the locality inhabited by these dreaded pests. People in a rattlesnake country seem to become accustomed to them and lose the fear borne by the ordinary individual, dispatching large rattlers with a small stick, horse-whip or any handy implement; the holder sometimes handling the rattlers while alive. Really, it is not difficult to tame a rattler so it will recognize its master, and unless a quick movement is made to frighten it it can be safely handled.

People who seemingly handle a rattler with impunity never lose their fear of the gila monster, the Mexicans and Indians holding the most fearful and terrible superstitions regarding it.

The monster (Heloderma suspectum) is found in the southwestern part of the United States.

## VEGETABLE ARTILLERY.

Some Plants That Have Curious and Interesting Ways of Scattering Their Seed.

Certainly you would not look for a cannon or shotgun among the weeds and bushes; but if you were to observe closely some of our native vegetation when their seed are ripening you would be strongly reminded of them. The four shown in the accompanying illustration, are very interesting, because of the way in which they scatter their seed by shooting or throwing them forth.

The witch hazel pod is a miniature cannon loaded with two shining torpedo-shaped seeds, which it expels with remarkable force, often sending them to a distance of 40 feet.

Should you be near a bush at the time it opens a fusillade and feel the stinging sensation of the little missiles on your face and hands, you



VEGETABLE ARTILLERY. 1. Witch Hazel; 2. Wood Sorrel; 3. Crane's Bill; 4. Vitich.

might, in ignorance from whence they came, think that the elves were playing on you some of their mischievous pranks.

The wood-sorrel pod is more suggestive of the shotgun, sending forth numerous seeds at once through little slits in its sides.

In the crane's-bill, or wild geranium, we have a plant not so "up to date" in scattering its seed as the foregoing two.

In fact, its method is decidedly unique, for it uses the principle of spring-power, on which the ancient catapult was built before powder was discovered. The seeds lie on the ends of long springs, and when ripe, these fly up and toss them into the air.

The vitich has a pod like the pea. When this pod has become thoroughly dry it suddenly splits in two, each half instantly rolling up spirally with such energy as to throw forth seeds.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

## ELEPHANTS LIKE SNOW.

A Troop of Trained Pachyderms Gives an Impromptu Show at Hartford, Conn.

A troop of trained elephants have been performing at Hartford, Conn., recently, says the Courant, and after the big snowstorm they gave an impromptu entertainment out of doors. It seems that though natives of a warm climate no animal loves snow better—nor even the polar bear. Prof. Lockhardt was telling some gentlemen about this, and finally invited a half dozen to visit the stables where the animals are quartered. The party found the stable yard filled with snow, and two or three large drifts piled up. Mr. Lockhardt told the stableman to let the elephants out in the yard, after telling his friends to post themselves high up in the wagons under the sheds. Then Prof. Lockhardt told the elephants they could have just as much fun in the snow as they wished. They immediately rushed for the highest drifts, and made the snow fly in a decidedly lively manner. The beasts would take large quantities of snow up in their trunks, and seemed to find great delight in throwing it as high as possible, letting it fall upon their backs. Then they began snow-balling, and school-boys never took more delight than these huge animals, rearing on their hind legs, trumpeting, and giving signs of intense satisfaction every time one gave another trunkful of snow in the face. At length Mr. Lockhardt told the largest of the quartette to lie down, and then permitted the other elephants to cover her over with snow, which they did with much dexterity. At a word the big elephant arose, shook off the snow, and amid trumpeting and general excitement the animals were returned to the barn. The feats at the Coliseum were gone through with that evening with much speed and vim, and Mr. Lockhardt said he thought the snowballing of the afternoon had really done the elephants good.

## Girl Paid the Penalty.

Readers of Jacob Grimm's beautiful stories will remember that one of his prettiest tales ends by the words: "Whoever refuses to believe this story owes me a thaler." One winter morning a little girl rang the doorbell and asked the servant, if Herr Prof. Jacob Grimm was at home. When informed that he was not she said, politely: "Will you please hand him this thaler when he returns?" The servant took the coin, glanced at it curiously and inquired who sent it and what it was for. "I owe him the money myself," said the little girl. "Why? What for?" "Because I don't believe the story about the wolf."

Bessie and the Typewriter. Little five-year-old Bessie had just paid her father a visit at his office and was much interested in the working of a typewriter. Upon her return home she exclaimed: "Oh, mamma, I saw papa's dressmaker write a letter on her sewing machine!"

Queer Animal Friendship. Baltimore reports a case of close friendship between a cat and parrot. The two are often amicably together, the bird perching on the cat's shoulders. At first they had many fights, the cat getting the worst of it. Perhaps he is not better, but wiser.

Why Crocodiles Eat Stones. Crocodiles, like ostriches, swallow small stones and pebbles for the purpose of grinding their food, to make it more easily digestible.

## PUZZLE PICTURE.



FIND THE CAT.

## THE WILEY BARBER.

He Didn't Say Much But He Worked His Customer for the Limit Just the Same.

"That man can give me the handicap of a haircut and get more money out of a customer than I can, and I always supposed he held the palm among Washington barbers when it came to the financial phase of my profession." This was the remark of an artist of the tonorial school, as he proceeded to entertain and shave one of his "steadies" in a handsomely appointed "shop" in an uptown hotel, and indicating with his father brush his running mate at the next chair. "I'll make the prediction now that it will cost that man just \$1.50 before he gets out of my chair," he continued, as a customer with every evidence of ready cash and also that of being in a hurry, took a seat in the chair of the barber from Chicago, who was the one indicated, says the Washington Star.

"Just watch how he does it." "I have just five minutes in which to get a shave," remarked the Chicago barber's customer as he took his seat, and then the "handing" of the artist began. His first remark was: "Oh, I can fix you up in good shape in that time," and then silence ensued for a space of just three minutes, at the end of which time the hurried customer had been shaved and retouched. Then, glancing at the clock, the barber remarked: "You have just two minutes left, and you could not spend it in a better way than to let me massage your face."

"All right," was the reply, and the customer proceeded to account for his hurry by explaining that he had a dinner engagement for which it was necessary for him to dress.

The manipulations of the muscles of his face by the deft movements of the barber had the desired soothing effect. Five full minutes were spent in this way without a murmur from the customer, who evinced no uneasiness, and who was by his time submissive to the master's will. Raising him up in his chair the barber ran his fingers through the hair of his customer, remarking as he did so: "You really ought to have your hair trimmed, it looks rather stringy around your collar."

The order was given, and in a very brief time the desired trimming had been finished. Then brushing it down smooth, the barber remarked: "That effect isn't what it ought to be. Your head has the appearance of just being barbered. You had better let me singe the ends of your hair and take off that glossy appearance."

With one glance at the clock the customer gave the singing order, and after the burning taper had been ap-

plied deftly, a significant sniff came from the barber. Then, hesitatingly, and with an observing inspection, he remarked: "That will never do. Your head smells like a tannery. That burnt smell will have to be taken away. If you will just step over here to the bowl I will give you a shampoo in a jiffy, and you will then be in a pink condition."

After the shampoo, which was assented to, there was not a single thing left for the barber to suggest, as the shop contained no manuring outfit. The hurried customer had been in the chair of the Chicago barber just 25 minutes, and his bill amounted to \$1.15.

## GREEKS AS FINANCIERS.

They Have Conceived and Perfected an Economic System Surpassed by None.

The Greeks have been extolled as poets and artists, but really they excelled as colonizers and as financiers, and they conceived and perfected an economic system, perhaps, relatively more perfect than any other ever devised. Little argument is needed to prove that no overland route from Bactra to Syria, and thence west, can compete with the line by the Caspian, the Euxine, the Bosphorus and the Isthmus of Corinth, says a writer in Scribner's Magazine. The obstacles which long retarded its supremacy were never geographical, but military, and consisted in a hostile occupation of the Dardanelles or of the Bosphorus, of the Caucasus or of the country between Teheran and Trebizond. Even now English wares enter Persia by the ancient road which leads from Trebizond through Trabiz to Teheran. The Greeks grasped the situation from the outset and through centuries sought to solve the problem by a process of colonization at once cheap and effective. First, they cleared away obstructions, then, paying little attention to the back country, they seized the outlets of trade. Troy belonged to the Babylonian system and was the key to the position. That Troy adhered to Nineveh, is beyond doubt, even setting aside the statement of Diodorus, for the legend of the Argonauts proves that the gate to the Black sea was so guarded that only heroes could enter.

Distant. "That is what I call treating a friend in a distant manner," said the doctor, who had just prescribed by telephone.—Indianapolis News.

Common Sense. A handful of common sense is worth a bushel of book knowledge.—Chicago Daily News.

If we are to have a national floral emblem, let us choose one that is continental and worthy; one that will vividly suggest America whenever its name is heard or its real or pictured form is seen; one whose story is blended with our past and is in accord with our greatness and our destiny. A national emblem must be something full of significance to the country it represents.

We all love the trailing arbutus, the columbine, the goldenrod, but to choose one of these, or any other flower, as a national emblem, simply for its beauty of color, or for some fancied meaning in its form, is as incongruous and unworthy as it would be to select some pleasing song and say: "This shall be our national hymn." National hymns are not made thus! They are born of stress and passionate devotion, and consecrated in the nation's hours of grief and of peril, of triumph and of joy. So a national floral emblem is not a thing of unrelated, arbitrary choice. To be truly symbolic it must have been interwoven with the story of the land and the people, and its associations with them must be potent and enduring.

One plant we have, widespread enough and distinguished enough to symbolize our country, and that is our stately maize—THE GOLDEN CORN. It is wholly and absolutely American—never a kernel in the world elsewhere till carried from here by Columbus. It grows from the lakes to the gulf and from ocean to ocean. It was the grain of the primitive peoples here—the aboriginal Americans—and with religious ceremonies of prayer and dance and song they invoked the blessing of their gods upon its planting and its harvest; they buried it with their dead, and offered it to the sun in their temples. It saved the lives of the first European settlers here, and it has been a vast factor in the civilization of the continent. FROM STALK TO BLADE, FROM TASSEL TO GOLDEN EAR, IT IS UNIQUELY AND NOBLY BEAUTIFUL, and it lends itself with grace and superb effect to varied forms of decoration.

Do you say it is "commercial?" It IS commercial, royally and grandly commercial; but this is its least claim upon us as a national floral emblem. It is a part of the history of the New World, and is invested with the tradition and sentiment and poetry of all the American ages.

Each state will choose its device after its own heart. California will have her poppy, Vermont the red clover, Kansas the goldenrod, and so on and on through the long, bright list; but for the broad country, how can we fail to adopt the beautiful, distinguished, historic, American plant—THE MAIZE, THE CORN?

## PITH AND POINT.

When a man brags about himself you may be sure he can find no one else to do it for him.—Puck.

It is a peculiar kind of talk that often leads to pulled noses and broken heads.—Chicago Daily News.

We regret that there is no well established superstition about the bad luck in wearing anything that is not paid for.—Acheson Globe.

"How do you do, Mrs. West! I've been intending calling on you for some time; but somehow I've been so busy I haven't been able to." "She—" "I'm delighted to hear it, Mr. Hard-up. I hope you'll continue to be busy!"—Punch.

Boy (who has lost his way)—"I say, mister, how far is it to Campdown Creek?" Man (surlily)—"Find out, I ain't no city directory!" Boy (with acute emphasis)—"No, you ain't; you're a volume on good manners, you are!"—Pick-Me-Up.

"What a crowd of lady shoppers there is in the shoe department to-day!" remarked a customer. "A 'marked down' sale, I suppose." "Yes," replied the salesman: "all the ladies' number sixes are marked down to No. 4 and so on."—"London Answers.

Helpful Hint.—"O-o-o-h-h-h!" Is the wife who shrieks thus. "What is the matter?" calls the husband. "Baby has swallowed a tack." Nervously the husband seeks his copy of "First Aid to the Injured." Quicker yet is the wife. See! She is feeding the baby a tack-puller.—Baltimore American.

A well-known bishop was once starting on a railway journey from Chester Station, when the stationmaster came up to him and said, referring to his luggage: "How many articles are there, my lord?" "Thirty-nine," was the reply. "I can only find 16," answered the other. "Then," said the bishop, "you must be a dissenter!"—Glasgow Times.

## UPSETTING HIS DIGNITY.

The Deplorable Outcome of a Practical Joke Played on a Heap of Big Indians.

"I was connected with the Sioux Indian reservation for three or four years," said a story-teller the other day, relates the Detroit Free Press, "and of course I had every chance to study Lo as he is. Some of the young bucks were ready to laugh at a good thing, but the old chiefs stuck out for dignity in a way to make you look solemn.

"One of the big chiefs was named Buffalo Hunter, and in his day he had lifted plenty of white scalps. If others could forget what he had been, he couldn't. He'd sit around the post trader's store for four hours at a time without even fetching a grunt, and if anybody rubbed elbows with him he tried to freeze his very soul with a glare.

"After a time I made up my mind to give the old fellow's dignity a test. He always arrived at a certain hour, attended by a small retinue, and one day, when I caught sight of him coming over the ridge a mile away, I dropped a silver quarter into the coal stove. It was good and hot and lying on the floor near the door when Buffalo pulled up his pony and dismounted. He got down with the dignity of an emperor, and without a look around him he entered the store. That quarter caught his eagle eye in a jiffy, and he didn't consider it beneath his dignity to stoop and pick it up.

"Well, the way he let go of that red-hot coin again," laughed the joker, "was worth going a mile to see. He jumped clear off the floor at the same time, and the yell he uttered came to me in my sleep sometimes and raise me out of bed. There were half a dozen of us in the plot and ready to guffaw, and when old Buffalo realized the situation he knew that his dignity was lost forever. He glared around for a minute with murder in his eyes, and then he hustled out doors, leaped upon his pony and made a bee-line for a saloon at the edge of the reservation. I don't know how much whisky he soaked up, but two hours later he returned to the store with a first-class jag on. A buck on each side was holding him on his pony, and he was singing and weeping by turns. We all went out to greet him and inquire about his health, and after trying to wink at each individual in turn he pathetically exclaimed:

"Some man make some money hot and take my character away, and now I go on a spree every day in the week."

"He was as good as his word. He was drunk nearly all the time for the next six months, and in his melowness he would even play at tag and leap-frog with the boys. Then he tumbled off his pony one night and broke his neck, and sometimes, when the rain comes down and the wind moans around the gables, I feel that his guardian angel will hold me responsible for his taking off."

Water with Flax Oil. A magazine published in 1883 gives the following method to improve water for drinking: Let the water, when boiled, be put into a common barrel churn, where it may be agitated to any degree that may be wished for. In the course of its being thus agitated it will absorb atmospheric air, and other elastic fluids with which it may come in contact. It will thus become a liquor, safe, palatable and wholesome, to be obtained with little trouble and expense, and accessible in its utmost perfection to the poorest individual. Those who wish to drink this wholesome beverage in its utmost perfection should, after having it boiled and filtered, cause it to be churned as above directed, then bottled, with a couple of dried raisins in each bottle; this will give it a sufficient quantity of fixed air. If then used it becomes truly delicious.—Detroit Free Press.

Have Much Faith in Milk. The Chinese have the idea that milk revives the youthful powers and that it has special virtue as winter food for old people. Pictures and characters illustrating this idea, as well as the value of it for baby food, would without doubt increase the sale of American milk in China, as one of the consuls suggests.—Chicago Chronicle.