

The St. Tammany Farmer

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"GAB."

I reckon if speed had been sprawl,
He'd 'a' climb to the very top notch.
As it was, though, he made jest one crawl
To a perch in a next-the-ground crock.
As others went climb'n', he balked
In industry's tower'n' tree.
He set and he talked and he talked and he
talked:
"Says I and says he and says she!"
There was men didn't know half as much
And hadn't the science o' gab.
But they climb like the very old Dutch,
With their get and their gump'n' and
grab.
But he, though he knew it most all,
Sot pound'n' the trunk of the tree,
Contented to say and bicker and brawl:
"Says I and says she and says he!"
His neighbors went grunt'n' up past,
A-dig'n' their toes to the right in
To trunk and to limb climb'n' fast,
Just bound and determined to win.
He'd say as he'd see 'em go by,
"I'll ketch ye all right up the tree!"
And then his old tongue would unlimber
and fly:
"Says I and says he and says she!"
For years his good wife kept him propped
As he sat there a-straddle that limb.
He didn't take heed—would 'a' dropped
If she hadn't clung hold of her Jim.
So tarmal took up with his tongue
That he hadn't no eyes for to see
How she spilled while he'd set there
—a-pump'n' a lung:
"Says I and says he and says she!"
His neighbors they propped him a spell
When death had loosened her hold.
But at last they unclimbed and he fell,
And he fetched the poor-farm with a jolt.
There he tells how it all might 'a' ben,
Explains how the world ought to be:
How he'd do it in a next-the-ground again:
"Says I and says she and says he!"
—Holman F. Day, in Youth's Companion.

AN ARMY MERCURY

By CLARA S. FITCHCOCK.

THE major's son had made his
tenth round that morning. He
knew it was ten, for hadn't Miss
Daily taught him to count that
many? He was thinking of the red
and black beads on the wren's nose,
as he walked with his gun on his
shoulder. Perhaps it was the little
wiggles in the air that reminded him
of the beads. Miss Daily told him
one day that the little wiggles were
heat. Billy knew all about heat, he
thought; they had it out there on
the islands, and it was there that
Miss Daily had told him about the
wiggles.
Billy's gun grew heavy on his
shoulder, but he straightened himself
as he thought of young Mr. Hard.
Just from the Point. He remembered
how Mr. Hard had looked on the
evening when Billy heard him tell
Miss Daily that he was never really
truly tired. Billy meant to be like
that, never really, truly tired. He
thought that perhaps his shoulder
ached because he was only six, and
because of the gun. But the guard
duty was self-imposed, and the gun

ONLY A FEW WEEKS BEFORE THEY
HAD LIVED UNDER TROPICAL
SKIES.

he had asked for in his prayers.
Billy trudged on, past the parade
ground, past the band stand, to the
bend in the walk, where, it seemed
to him, all the strangers from the
city stopped and gazed on and on,
and sometimes men took off their
hats and stood uncovered.
When he came to the colonel's
house, Billy lowered his gun and
took off his hat, for he saw Miss
Daily on the porch.
He knew his reward had come.
Miss Daily was alone and would talk
to him and would tell him things he
was sure no one else knew. That
about the wiggles he considered very
interesting.
The girl took both of the boy's
little hot hands and then pushed
back the damp hair from his forehead.
This was the one thing that
always embarrassed Billy. He al-
ways resented it.
Miss Daily didn't treat young Mr.
Hard and the others that way, he
reflected. Why did she insult his dig-
nity by treating him as she would
Mrs. Brown's little long-clothes
baby? There was one thing sure in
Billy's mind. No one else should do
that. He sat on a straw mat at Miss
Daily's feet, and contemplated the
buckles on her shoes.
The river down below the bluff
sparkled in the sunshine, and here
and there a white sail caught the
light wind that blew.
The hills were green and quiet,
and there was no sound but the
drone of the bees in the honeysuckle.

DYNAMITE IN BOOTLEG.

Miner Who Faced Death from Two
Directions, Makes Quick Choice
and Saves His Life.
With a blast about to go off behind
him and a stick of dynamite blazing
in his boot leg, William Gillespie, a
miner in the Drifton No. 1 slope at
Hazleton, Pa., had to decide quickly
the other day to save his life.
As is customary with miners, Gillespie
carried dynamite in his boot
leg to keep it at a temperature that
would insure results.
He had prepared a blast, the fuse

The girl spoke to the child now
and then, but gazed absently over his
head across the river, and beyond
the green hills, across the prairie
and beyond the stretch of ocean.
Perhaps it was the big, bronzed
soldier who was trimming the grass
by the steps; perhaps it was the little
boy at her feet who made it seem
so real. Both had been apart in the
dream-life over there, beyond the
ocean.

There was the row of low-roofed
houses, the women in white with
bare throats, the officers in duck
and khaki.
There was the bay, where the great
admiral had destroyed a fleet.
Here on the parade ground a bat-
talion was drilling. The men had
seen service and their faces were
brown and seamed. Only a few
weeks before they had lived under
tropical skies.

But there beyond the hills the girl
saw the same men drilling. In front
of his men, the white of his uniform
showing against the yellow of the
parade ground, was the vision of
young Mr. Hard as she had seen him
that last day before they sailed.
She had walked home with Billy,
she remembered. He had slipped his
hand into hers at their parting, and
with it a little package of sachet
powder wrapped in one of his little
red-bordered handkerchiefs. She had
unwrapped the gift as Billy scam-
pered down the street. She had won-
dered if sachet powder could fill all
the empty corners in anyone's heart.

All this seemed so far away. Some-
times she wished she could forget the
dream-life over there. The morning
the ship had sailed she could see
from the deck rail the little group
of officers who had come to bid her
good-by. All but one had hurried
over the gangway as they saw her.
That one had stood and looked ex-
pectant. He seemed to be waiting
for her to summon him. Miss Daily
wished she could forget that part of
the dream.

Billy had discovered a piece of pre-
served ginger in the pocket of his
blouse. He asked Miss Daily if she
remembered the last time he had
worn that suit. Yes, it was "out
there." Billy always referred to Ma-
nila as "out there."
And would she like to see what
else he had in his pocket? Well,
there was a piece of tin foil, smooth-
ed out and folded like a kindergarten
exercise. Could Miss Daily guess where
that came from? Mr. Hard had given
him that. He took it off of a piece
of soap one day when he was shaving.
Billy told Miss Daily that he
used to help Mr. Hard with his shaving,
for Mrs. Hard said so.
Could Miss Daily guess where that
soap came from?
That was queer. She had given it
to him herself. Could it be that
young ladies didn't care for tops?
Billy carefully removed a folded
handkerchief from the spacious
pocket. There was something in it.
He was having a beautiful time mak-
ing discoveries. He had not worn
this suit for many weeks, and his
treasures had been forgotten.

Miss Daily looked at the boy, unfold-
ed the little handkerchief with its con-
ical red border.
There was a note addressed to Miss
Mary Daily.
"What does it say on there, Miss
Mary?" the boy asked.
"It says my name," she said, the writing
whispered, as she saw the writing.
"Where did you get that, Billy? Please
try to remember."
Billy thought for several seconds.
"By gum!" he said, at last. "Mr. Hard
gave me that, that last day. Don't you
remember, Miss Mary, after the dress
parade? Don't you remember? After
the band played the 'Star-Spangled
Banner,' and you said it was patriot-
ism that made a fellow's back creep
like that."
"Mr. Hard told me to give that to
you. I thought I did, Miss Mary, 'deed
I did.' And he put the note in her
hand."
The girl had already snatched it
from its envelope. The dumb misery
that had for weeks been growing up,
up to her very throat, seemed to van-
ish as she read.

The words were the few blunt ones
of a young soldier.
"My dear Miss Mary: When I realize
that you are to sail to-morrow,
and that I am to remain here without
you, I am wild enough to wish that
I might give up my commission and
sail with you. Or that I might take
you in my arms, as I long to do to-day,
and run away to the chaplain with you,
even if it might be against your will.
"Dear, I have never dared call you
that before. I love you.
"I am only a poor farmer's boy, who
strayed into West Point. Hadn't you
guessed it? When I think of you, and
your friends, I call myself a fool to
even dare to hope that you could ever
care for me. And yet, to-day, when
I think of the days, to come, the long
days without you, I am bold enough
to beg for your love.
"I shall send this by Billy. He is a
reliable little chap, and will give it to
you at once.
"May I see you to-night? If you care
to have me come, please write to me
this evening. Faithfully yours,
"ROBERT H. HARD."

The girl sat and looked out beyond
the green hills, beyond the ocean, and
Billy could not see the radiance in her
face.
After a pause, he said: "Miss Mary,
when you write to Mr. Hard, will you
send him lots of love, like papa does
when he writes to me?"
The girl folded Billy, protesting, in
her arms. "Yes," she whispered, "Yes,
Billy, lots of love."—N. O. Times-Dem-
ocrat.

was lighted, and as he turned to run
to a place of safety he observed that
a stick of dynamite in his boot was
blazing. It had become ignited by a
spark from his lamp as he was light-
ing the fuse. Gillespie chose the al-
ternative of risking death through
the explosion of the dynamite in his
boot leg and rushed to a heading,
which he reached in safety.
With a knife he hurriedly cut open
the boot leg and abstracted the burn-
ing stick of powder. He was badly
burned about the leg.
The field work of the forestry bureau
engages 162 scientific men in 42 states

LESSON IN AMERICAN HISTORY IN PUZZLE



THE VISIT OF GEN. LAFAYETTE.
Find President Monroe.

One of the events of President Monroe's second term was the visit of
Gen. La Fayette to this country. At the time of this visit the illustrious
"Frenchman" who had helped so materially in our struggle for inde-
pendence was 68 years of age. He came in 1825, landing in New York on
August 15. Everywhere he was met with the wildest enthusiasm. Govern-
ment, state and municipal officials and public men of all classes banqueted
him wherever he stopped, and before his return in the American Frigate
Brandywine, placed at his disposal, congress voted him a township of land
in Florida and a sum of \$200,000. The 13 colonies he had assisted had in-
creased to 24 separate states with a population of 10,000,000 people.

PERSONAL AND IMPERSONAL.

Lord Curzon is the twenty-seventh
governor of India.
Men over 40 are being employed at
Liverpool, England, to do errand boys' work.
Alfred Russel Wallace, who shares
with Darwin the honor of establishing
the theory of evolution, is now 80 years
of age.
John Flannagan, the champion
weight and hammer thrower of the
world, is now a member of the New
York police force.
"The Old Greatman" is the title
given to the late W. E. Gladstone by
an Italian newspaper in an article on
the English liberal party.
As a self-inflicted atonement for sins
committed 30 years ago a Moscow
beggar has ever since worn an iron
chain from which two heavy weights
depend.
Prof. Lawrence Bruner, state eth-
nologist at the University of Nebraska,
has a collection of 60,000 grasshoppers,
among which are to be found 20,000
distinct species.
John Newdick, a citizen of Kokomo,
Ind., is of a strongly religious turn,
but Mr. Newdick is a trifle ungener-
ate. The other evening John an-
nounced family prayers, but at that
moment it was inconvenient for his
wife to attend, as her hands were "in
the dough." John was already on his
knees, but he arose and thrashed his
irreligious spouse, after which he con-
cluded his devotional exercises with
all due reverence. Mrs. Newdick had
him up before a magistrate next morn-
ing and his excess of zeal cost him \$25
and costs.

When William K. Vanderbilt was
at Harvard he was one of the most dem-
ocratic students there, carrying it so
far as to be absolutely careless in
his dress. One day a Boston paper printed
a story about a great golf links that
the young millionaire was going to
have for his own use. Next morning
a youth who was described by the of-
fice boy as looking "like a guy what
wanted a job," called on the editor
and said: "I am Mr. Vanderbilt and
I have come here for the purpose of
denying a story that you published
about me. I never played golf in my
life and I hope that I never will. That
account in your paper is simple rot and
I wish it denied." Without another
word the young millionaire walked out.

Ether-Drinking in Russia.
The habit of ether-drinking is known
to be prevalent in some parts of Rus-
sia, and of East Prussia, and all the
efforts of the authorities to combat
the evil have hitherto been almost
fruitless. An idea of the extent to
which the habit prevails may be gathered
from reports given in the Russian
newspapers of a recent accident which
occurred at a place called Trossmo.
Ether is drunk by farmers on festive
occasions, when it appears to be con-
sumed in painful. A farmer cele-
brating his son's wedding in the fall-
ness of his hospitality got in two pails
of ether. During the process of decan-
ting the ether into bottles a violent
explosion took place, by which six
children were killed, and one adult
dangerously, and 14 others more or less
severely, injured. — British Medical
Journal.

"Ish Dot All?"
When the wall of the building at the
corner of Fourth and Spring streets
fell a few days ago a large crowd col-
lected immediately. A German rushed
up to one of the men standing there
and inquired excitedly:
"Vot's de matter?"
"Couple of men killed."
"Gouple of men kill, oh! ish dot all?
I taut sompenny was fighting." — Los
Angeles Herald.

How He Kept Humble.
Hiller—"You'll excuse me, but I never
see your name in the list of subscrib-
ers for the poor of the village."
Slender—"Naturally. You see, it is
this way. I pity the poor awfully and
I am rather proud that I do pity them.
If I should go so far as to give them
money I'd be so vain there'd be no liv-
ing in the same town with me."
— Brooklyn Transcript.

An Epitaph.
"What is this leathery stuff?" the
diner asked.
"That is fllet of sole, sir," replied
the waiter.
"Take it away," said the diner, "and
get me a nice tender piece of the upper
with the buttons removed." — What to
Eat.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

Dinwit—"Say, our barkeepers are
like serial stories, aren't they?" Thin-
wit—"Prove it." Dinwit—"Continued in
our necks." — Harvard Lampoon.
Nagsby—"What is a problem novel?"
Wagsby—"It is one in which the
motive of the author and the judgment
of the publisher are equally puzzling
to the reader." — Baltimore Amer-
ican.
Teacher—"Can any little girl tell me
who was Columbus?" Sadie (franti-
cally snapping her fingers)—"I know."
Teacher—"Well, Sadie?" Sadie—"Colum-
bus the gem of the ocean." — Phila-
delphia Press.

Miss Withers—"I presume Mr. Flipp
made his usual weekly call on you
last night?" Miss Callow—"Yes, and
I must say that he made a fool of him-
self." Miss Withers—"Proposed to
you, eh?" — Richmond Dispatch.
"I hear you want to sell your dog,
Pat. They tell me he has a pedigree."
"Shure, an O'river notified it, sor. Any-
how, he's nothin' but a puppy yit, an'
O'm thinkin' as how he'll be either
outgrow'n' it, sor." — Glasgow Times.

"What bothers me," said the new
prisoner, "is the thought of a long
trial, and weary months in jail!"
"Don't let that disturb you," said the
high sheriff, "I've just got word that
they're coming to lynch you at 12
o'clock sharp!" — Atlanta Constitution.
From a Popular Novel.—"In vain! In
vain! Always in vain!" she moaned.
"What is?" inquired the benevolent
old gentleman as he passed. "The let-
ter 'V,'" she cried. Far up the street
a pin was heard to fall with a dull,
sickening thud; then all was still.
— Smart Set.

ALASKA DEFENDED.
It is Not "Wild and Woolly," as it
is Often Charged with
Being.
It has been a matter of misfortune
for the frontier that the residents of
thickly settled districts become so in-
tensely provincial and self-righteous.
They conceive that all the virtues con-
centrate in their own communities, and that
depravity reigns with a graded and in-
creasing intensity that is measured
principally by its distance from their
horizon. They come to believe that
civilization, immunity from danger,
and well-ordered conditions maintain
principally within the circumscribed
radius in which they live. They do
not keep abreast of the progress of
newer countries. Years after Texas
became the most orderly state in the
union the New York and Massachu-
setts provincials believed it to be a
howling hell of disorder, and after Ore-
gon became a great commonwealth
they still clung to the ideas absorbed
in childhood while reading Thanatop-
is in their school readers, says the
Shagway Alaskan.

It should not, therefore, be a mat-
ter of surprise that eastern people,
even though in congress, should now
base their conception of Alaska upon
the question of buying the country
from Russia, and the later abnor-
mal conditions prevailing at the time
of the Klondike stampede. It would
be hard for these people to grasp the
plain fact that crime is less prevalent
in Alaska than in Boston, New York
and Chicago; that according to the
population there is less illiteracy here
than there, and that in Alaska there
are more churches, schools, newspa-
pers and hospitals in comparison to
the population than there are in the
most populous states, and that the
people are as law-abiding, self-sustain-
ing and intelligent here as anywhere.
Verily, our free-lance representatives
at Washington must be regrettable in
asserting that many members of con-
gress need enlightenment.

"Terne" Plate.
The word "terne" as applied to tin
plate signifies a sheet of iron and
steel covered with an alloy two-thirds
lead and one-third tin. It is this
union of the three metals—iron,
lead and tin—that gave rise to the
word terne plate, terne being an
equivalent to the English terne,
meaning "threefold." — Industrial
Journal.

WANTED THE PRINCE'S SCALP.

How Old Chief Spotted Tail Wanted
to Avenge the Wagon Kill-
ing of Buffalo.

O. P. Wiggins was a veteran plains-
man when Buffalo Bill was a baby.
Yet even before the time of the ven-
erable trapper there was a recognized
need of the enforcement of measures
to check the indiscriminate slaughter
of the bison. As far back as 1846 Fran-
ces Parkman, in his "California and
Oregon Trail," speaks of the indigna-
tion of the plainsmen at any wanton
destruction committed among the buf-
falo cows; and to shoot a calf was
a cardinal sin.
"Yes, I remember," said Mr. Wig-
gins, according to the Denver Post,
"when old Chief Spotted Tail wanted
Buffalo Bill's scalp and the scalp of
Prince Alexis and a lot of down east
government officials. And I was willing
to go and see him take them. I wish
he had. We'd have had some Buffalo
left if old Spotted Tail had had his
way. Spotted Tail was a wise old
chap. He knew more than a white
man about some things. Just as a
beaver knows more than a red man
about cold weather. The way Buffalo
Bill and his crowd butchered the buf-
falo was a shame. Bill brought Grand
Duke Alexis and 40 other 'tenderfeet'
out with him to the plains, and for
three months those fellows shot an
average of 37 buffaloes a day. They
counted only those that fell, and as
many more must have been wounded,
which, of course, were left to starve
and die. Each hunter fastened a piece
of paper to the lapel of his coat, and
every time he shot a buffalo so that
it fell he punched a pin hole in the
paper. It was plain slaughter."
"Old Spotted Tail was mad. The buf-
faloes were made for the red man, he
said. He didn't want those 'pale face
butchers' to come into the Indians'
hunting grounds to kill his meat and
not even take the hides. Buffalo meat
was too good for coyotes. The chief
made a plain proposition to me and
Bill Silver, another trapper. He was
to take 100 warriors and quietly raise
the scalps of Buffalo Bill, the prince
and the entire vandal party. The old
Indian was in earnest, too. He wanted
three white men to go along as wit-
nesses. Silver and I were willing to
go. The third man was necessary un-
der some law or other. I believe, if the
thing ever got out. We tried two or
three, but each one was afraid that the
Indians would take his scalp, too. I
knew better. All the Indians wanted
for their trouble was the outfits and
the scalps of the vandal party, who
were laying waste their herds. The
one man's backwardness spoiled the
scheme."

It's a good thing for "Bill" and his
friends that he had old Spotted Tail to
deal with instead of that other Sioux
redskin who, about that time, claimed
the Black Hills region as his private
hunting grounds. If Cody had had
Sitting Bull to reckon with the sequel
would have been different. Sitting
Bull had a radical way of dealing with
this kind of offenders. I remember
when a party of Englishmen invaded
old Bull's hunting preserve and were
slaughtering the buffalo much after
the manner of Buffalo Bill and his
crowd—for "sport," not even taking a
hide. Those wealthy scions of nobility
and too much leisure did not need the
pecuniary benefits supposed to be in-
vested in the slaughtered animals, as
did the poor hide hunters. They were
out for "sport" and not for subsistence
or gain. Sitting Bull became alarmed at
the wanton destruction of his herds.
He remonstrated. The white hunters
were welcome to the game necessary
for the legitimate use of the company,
but the chief condemned in no uncer-
tain terms any indiscriminate slaugh-
ter in mere wantonness. The hunters
paid no attention to Bull's complaint.
Then he became angry and threatened.
The vandals laughed in his face and
went on with their butchery.
Sitting Bull was not built like old
Spotted Tail. He did not seek long or
far for white men to witness what he
directly determined on. Bull was a
very old chap. He kept his own coun-
sel and was careful that no evidence
should be available to connect any of
his young men with the tragedy which
was shortly enacted in an isolated and
lonely valley in the depths of the
Black Hills.
The chief removed his camp from the
vicinity where the English crowd were
operating—ostensibly to restrain his
angry warriors from openly coming
into contact with the white hunters,
in reality to fortify against any suspi-
cion of the real coup which he had de-
termined to make. The sportsmen
flattered themselves that the chief was
afraid of them.
But suddenly the hunting party dis-
appeared. The crack, crack of their
rifles no longer echoed among the hills.
The friends who sought the missing hun-
ters several days later found their
horses running at large on the prairie.
Some of them were bridled and saddled.
Later still, the score or more of bodies
were found in a lonesome valley, man-
tled beyond recognition by carnivorous
bird and beast, but the scalps in-
tact. The arms and property of the
white man were also undisturbed. If
murder had been perpetrated within
the confines of that lonely valley it cer-
tainly had not been for the purpose of
robbery. And whoever knew an Indian
to slay without taking the scalp and
to play without taking the scalp and
the personal belongings of his victim?
Nothing ever came up that could con-
nect Bull with the killing; the govern-
ment could prove nothing, so it did
nothing.

Native Salt in Africa.
To obtain salt the Bakulas and other
African natives burn banana leaves
and certain grasses, and, collecting the
ashes, place them in a large funnel, in-
geniously made from large banana
leaves; through they percolate water,
and then evaporate the filtered wa-
ter by boiling, obtaining a fairly white
salt composed of a very small amount
of chloride of sodium and a very large
amount of chloride of potash and other
salts. Prior to the advent of the
traders and the missionaries this was
the only salt they had to satisfy the
natural craving of a vegetable-eating
people.—N. Y. Post.

Wrecks of the Baltic.
There are more wrecks in the Baltic
sea than in any other place in the
world. The average is one wreck a
day throughout the year.—Marine
Journal.

QUEER PENSION APPEALS.

Some of the Quaint Communications
That Relieve the Monotony of
the Department.

The average tale that is told in the
official papers that drift into the gov-
ernment archives at Washington by
the thousands daily is what has come
to be known as a "human interest
story." There are dreary waifs of
plattitudes and heaviness, wearisome
monotony and "hard luck stories" gal-
lantly. But amid all these, relieving the
tedium of the rest, are bright bits
of unconscious humor, sharp sallies of
wit and expressions strikingly origi-
nal and funny, says the Washington
Post. Strange as it may seem, the
great bulk of the "queer" among the
official mails reaches the pension bu-
reau, that great national Mecca of
the stories of pathos and suffering.
The veterans have a way of writing
epigrammatic letters on occasion, and
of drifting into the late President Lin-
coln's habit of illustrating points with
anecdotes culled from personal experi-
ence. The following from a man who
is something of a fatalist in his way
will show a peculiar vein of thought
and expression:
"I Always Been a Publican Party."
"I Always Sacked with it."
"I Been turned Down by it."
"I Read my Bible."
"I find from it he is doomed."
"I am also doomed."
"I Spas to must go to the Boardard."
"I Must Close."

Down in Smoky Valley, Ky., lives a
veteran who evidently regards the re-
ceipt of an official letter from Wash-
ington as a mark of distinction and
importance. Presumably, he wanted
to show the answer to his neighbors
as an earnest of his close relation to
the powers that be in Washington.
For this is what he wrote to the com-
missioner of pensions, ad litteram and
in toto:
"Dear Ser, I havent got nothin
espechel to write about but just thote
I would congratulate you on the effecy
of your work in general and your
standing as a high and onerbel gen-
in particular. I would like to have
the one of your repli in ten days wri-
ten on a typewriter, &c."

It is not to be supposed, of course,
that the pensioner or his witnesses are
masters of medical physiology.
Sometimes, however, the veteran wan-
ders from the path of generalities, fol-
lowed by most lay minds and gets the
verbiage of the medical fraternity
mixed to a rather ridiculous degree.
Thus the following was discovered in
the papers filed by a claimant who
was seeking a pension under the gen-
eral laws: "Paralysis of right side
has gradually extended to adjacent
parts of the brain matter, causing
paralysis of application and inten-
tion." What he really meant and
what he was pensioned for was paraly-
sis of the right forearm resulting from
a shell wound.

Many a man has been taught the
value of attention to details, but it
is not everybody who heeds the pre-
cept. But not long ago a man who
gives evidence of close observation and
who does not believe in glittering gen-
eralities, had this to say in an affidavit
filed in a pension claim to show the
widowed claimant's financial standing:
"I says upon oath that claimant
has only two horses and two cows, and
very young colt, a two-horse wagon,
worth about fifteen dollars. Had
some other property, one team of
horses, one heifer, and one steer. One
mule died, one heifer was killed by
lightning. The remaining mule was
sold to defray funeral expenses and
other debts, one horse was taken sick,
after which was not worthy of atten-
tion since that time and the horse was
given away. The steer was sold to pay
doctor's bills, and other debts, and
other affiant states not."

TYPEWRITERS FOR NATIONS.

One American Company Alone Sells
Shuttles for Twenty-Six
Languages.

How many typewriter operators
know that machines have been in-
vented for peoples using more than
25 different languages? The latest
patent is the Arabic typewriter, with
a keyboard no larger than the one
we use in America, although the Arabic
of textbooks is described as having
638 different characters. Up to date,
says the New York Times, the Japane-
se tongue is about the only one in
extensive use that does not boast its
typewriting machine, but it is an-
nounced that a scholar of the language
is now working on a keyboard arrange-
ment, with a view to supplying the de-
ficiency.

The difficulties of providing key-
board arrangements for a language
having so many characters as the
Arabic can be guessed at. That lan-
guage's 638 forms, however, consist of
variations of only about 30 letters, and
the inventor had to do a lot of compro-
mising with the variations. It is too
early yet, according to men connected
with the manufacture of machines, to
tell how successful the latest addition
will prove, but it is presumably to serve
many thousands of merchants in
Arabia, Egypt and Persia.

A single typewriter company of this
city advertises "one hundred styles of
type shuttles in 26 languages." Many of
these languages, of course, have nearly
the same characters as the English.
For instance, the French, Spanish, and
Scandinavian machines are like ours
except that the keyboards contain cer-
tain accents that are not used by us.
The German, Greek and Russian key-
boards, of course, have their distinct-
ive characters, but the number of keys
is practically the same in every case.
There are special machines for writing
Gaelic, and these the dealers speak of
as "Irish typewriters."
One company makes a typewriter for
Chinese. This one is necessarily very
incomplete, for the language contains
an almost unlimited number of char-
acters, but it serves in ordinary busi-
ness. There is another machine with
a keyboard of Burmese characters, as
well as one for the Siamese. There is
no instrument for writing Hebrew, and
this fact a typewriter maker explains
by saying that, although thousands use
that language, business operations are
not conducted in it very extensively.

No Shoes, No Coats.
People who go barefooted and those
who wear sandals, instead of shoes,
rarely have colds in the head or any
form of influenza.—Medical Journal.

THE NEW SPRING HATS.

Some of the Advance Styles Reported
by a Journal of the Millinery
Trade.

To suit the new hat's the hair will
have to be dressed fuller in front;
this is a point which milliners must im-
press on their customers, says the Mil-
linery Trade Review. The opening of
the hat is small, whatever be the width
of the crown, and therefore the band-
age rather far back and should be at least
partly concealed by being embedded in
the hair. The Marquis and the Bre-
ton which are not wide in the brims as
the capelines and plateaux, are also
made so as to stand off the face. They
also have bandeaux.

The first is a large hat of plateau
form in black cabochon straw braids.
The center of the arrangement of black
chauntilly. Crowned with this, and with
their tips hanging down in the nape of
the neck are two amazon feathers—a
white and a black. These feathers are
twisted loosely around each other;
their curls are restricted to the extreme
points of the tips.
Another large hat is covered with
black lace over white lisse and bordered
deeply with black velvet. This has a
double-locked crown, around the front of
which a black lace veil is fastened by
means of jet cabochons, which hangs
loosely over the crown and down the
back. Underneath the black velvet
bandeau is a small bunch of roses.

A large capeline in fancy Tuscan of
a natural deep yellow tone, is rolled
back in front and folded over behind
the ears. The under side of the straw
is plain, whereas the outer shows a
small pattern, principally composed of
fine, head-like spots worked in the
straw. Over the rolled and folded down
portions, which are therefore plain, is
draped a deep cream-colored lace scarf
knotted at the back. On the low crown
on the outer side of the brim are ar-
ranged in a seemingly unstudied fash-
ion, rose sprays with tender green
leaves and half-open blossoms of a pale
pink.

The brim of a somewhat smaller hat,
made up of cabochon braids in two
shades of light gray-blue straw, is
turned up in front and slightly waved.
For this wide hyacinth blossoms, laid
one against the other, form a charming
facing. They match the straw exactly
save for a slight touch of brighter blue
in the hearts of the bells. Wider cab-
ochon braids find an appropriate use
in a large frock, the color chosen being
light nut-brown. One braid suffices for
the brim. The outer row of braid en-
circling the wide flat crown has very
pale beige ribbon drawn through the
interstices of the straw in up-standing
loops. A bow of deep cream lace and a
quill of the same color inserted in the
straw complete the decoration.

Another coque made of deep blue-
quill braids is trimmed at the side by
a flat cluster of pale dull-green leaves
from which hang two tasse-like ar-
rangements of similar green stalks
tipped with extremely bright blue
seeds.

NOTES FOR HOUSEWIVES.

Old Bits of Domestic Lore Among
Which May Be Something
of Value.

If mutton chops are rubbed over with
lemon juice before broiling their flavor
will be much improved.
To soften hard water add a little
borax. Water thus softened is whole-
some for cooking purposes and is use-
ful in laundry for whitening clothes
and effecting a saving of soap.
If the vegetables are served with
meat not more than two kinds should
accompany a course. Combinations of
meat and vegetables should please the
eye, the palate and the stomach.

In cleaning oilcloths on the kitchen
washtand a cloth dipped in kerosene
cleans more quickly and the cloth looks
fresher and cleaner than when water is
used. The tin washbasin may be quick-
ly cleaned in this way and the smell
evaporates at once.
If the paraffin paper which comes in
the packages of fancy biscuit is saved
and used to wipe the bottom of the
irons on ironing day the effect on the
smoothness of the irons