

The St. Tammany Farmer

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THE LOG MEETIN' HOUSE.

Sunday mornin' when the sunshine
Seems to filter down as still,
An' the leaves ain't hardly stirrin',
An' the fur on't wooted hill,
Looks as hazy an' as distant
An' intangible as dreams,
Then I know a haze is hangin',
Over all the country stream,
Then I see the brethren gather
In the way they useter do
By the little of log meetin' house
My happy boyhood knew.

When I'm tulin' with my collar
With my chin up in the air,
An' the city chimes are ringin',
"Think, oh, think of Over There!"
Then's the times I quit my wriggin',
An' I see an' of log church
In a clearin' by the roadside,
An' I see the ragged birch
An' a bunch of dogwood blossoms
Are a grain' of the pew
In the little of log meetin' house
My happy boyhood knew.

Just some little ol' hard benches
Used on week-days for the school,
But the litters all wide open,
An' the breeze a tricklin' cool
From the birch an' pine an' maples
That flung shades brown an' deep,
An' the circuit rider preachin',
I kin almost go to sleep
When I think I hear him talkin'—
Oh, I'm dreamin' of the blossoms
Of the dogwood with dew,
In the little of log meetin' house
My freckled boyhood knew!
—J. M. Lewis, in Houston Post.

THE FALL OF THE MIGHTY.

BY MARGUERITE STABLER.

EVEN in the 'fifties there were social lines in San Francisco drawn hard and fast, and although they might sometimes be made zig-zag in order to get around an obstacle, they were none the less in evidence. In the case of Mmc. Delmar and the beautiful Veronica the clan was divided into hostile camps. In the conservative set the name of Mmc. Delmar was always mentioned with a shrugging of the shoulders and an uplifting of the eyebrows, but they of the radical camp boldly opened their arms to this woman who carried herself with the air of a duchess. In the infant city there was no ancient history, they argued, and needless to say this was the proper camp that took things as they came, and floated on the high tide. With them it was not considered polite to have a family tree where there were so many suspected pasts and so many obvious futures, and every house in the town, from the stately row in South Park to the cabins at the foot of the hill, was built more or less of glass. The society that was characterized as "Gringo and diluted Castilian," with the accent on the adjective, was a society of the present.

As for Veronica, what else could they do but take her in? Therein may have lain the secret of their generosity, the more ardent of her admirers skurried to the corner she must pass, in order to get a last careless nod and another glance from those burning eyes, as bright as the stars above her.

All this homage the haughty Veronica accepted with a nonchalant indifference, as the gorgeous scarlet copies in her balcony accepted their own inalienable right, and drooped and died without them.

To Mr. Alfred Starkweather Little, of Baltimore, this state of affairs was not long to be endured. The girl had managed to be the center of their admiration without showing the least preference for any one in particular, but when "Little Baltimore," as he had come to be called, felt his heart beat so fast for the first time, he determined, with all the ardor of his twenty-five untried years, that this woman, and no other, should be his wife, and that right away. In those white-hot days, when a year was told off in heart-thrubs, when a man lived a lifetime of ups and downs in a few months, patience was a lost virtue. Consequently, "Little Baltimore," fired with the courage that dares, decided a frank understanding, however desperate, would be preferable to the indifference and coquetry that tortured him now by turns.

Alighting one evening from the lumbering omnibus that ran out to South Park, Mr. Alfred Starkweather Little, with his indestructible Baltimore dignity, approached the Olympus of his divinity. As he entered the hallway, the melting tones that had first set his heartstrings to vibrating, reached his ear:

"Le partite amor
O car"

Taking the selection for an auspicious omen, he advanced unannounced, Miss Delmar was seated at the piano, one of the few bulky, old square pianos that had at an early time made their way around the Horn. Half rising and still strumming lightly with her left hand, she nodded indifferently, and said: "Oh, it's you again, is it?"

Taking the opportunity at a dash, Little Baltimore answered: "Yes, it is, and more fortunate than I had dared to hope, finding you alone."

"And more unfortunate than you suspected, because I am in a most disagreeable mood," the girl answered, "Impossible!" Little Baltimore

interrupted, with lover-like enthusiasm. "Impossible!" the scornful lips mocked; "you know nothing about it. I am simply dying of disgust with this miserable little sand-hill village." She struck the keys a petulant bang, and faced him. "Fancy what a life this is for me, stranded in this social desert, with no advantages, no opportunities, nothing!"

"What more would you ask?" Little ventured, making a mental review of the serried ranks of her admirers.

"What more would I have?" she repeated; "I would have a chance to live in a congenial atmosphere, to drink deep and live high while life lasts. Position in a city where the men are not all miners or gamblers and the women yesterday's washerwomen. And travel." She went on, her eyes flashing and her nostrils dilating, "a chance to see the world, hear good music—be myself, perhaps, a queen of song in a world of music-lovers and artists. . . . Yes, that is all I want, but that I must have, and I'm ready to give my soul in return for it."

"But even that can not bring you happiness," Little remonstrated; "there's nothing half so sweet in life as love's young dream," and if you knew, Veronica, how I love you—"

The haughty head went back, the defiant eyes blazed at him a moment in amazement; then, with a burst of moaning laughter, she said: "Oh, my poor friend, you must be crazy. Let us talk no more about it. We will have a little music to dissipate your sentimental mood." And giving herself no further trouble about Little Baltimore, she turned and continued her song.

Without stopping to say good-by forever, Little, cut to the quick by the girl's disdain, arose and left. The sound of her voice still reached him on the broad flagged steps, and the echo of "Ditele che l'adoro" was drowned in the March wind that surged over the sand dunes and down the street like a great sob.

After that evening Alfred Little was no longer a prominent figure of San Francisco's gilded youth. As soon as he could transfer his interests in the city, he went up to the mines, and after having tried mining with but indifferent success, he sailed for the Orient. Several years spent in restless activity started him on his second quarter-century wiser and somewhat sobered. In time he returned to his native heath to take up his life seriously and slip into the vacancy in the firm made by his father's death.

From time to time, Little met old friends who, like himself, had turned their backs upon the allurements of the Golden West, and occasional reports reached him of the ambitious marriage of the beautiful Veronica. She had married a fortune as great as her wildest dreams could fancy, and was queening it to her heart's content. After a number of years some one else returned with marvelous tales of merchants, wealthy in Little's time, who had lost every cent and turned barterers; washerwomen whose husbands had "struck it rich," who were riding in satin-lined carriages and struggling with their brogues; music-hall favorites who had married respectable faro-dealers and become models of propriety and leaders of society, and other gossip characteristic of the mushroom growth of the sand-hill city. And Little realized how well his wound had healed when he heard, without a tremor, the name of the dashing Veronica connected lightly with that of a soulful tenor. It had been at first against his will that he had come to admit there were still many women in the world, or many voices, either, that, while lacking the depth and penetrative power of the one that had first awakened him, were sweeter and more tender; many eyes less flashing and fiery, perhaps, but clearer and more steady.

It was long after this consciousness had forced itself upon him that the business of the firm required his presence again on the Western Coast. The run across the continent was now accomplished in a few days, and the thriving, prosperous city had nothing but the name in common with the "miserable little sand-hill village" he had left a decade before.

Revisiting the only half-familiar scenes of his youth brought with it a feeling as of revisiting the earth after having lain centuries dead. The old plaza was one of the least changed spots in the city, and it was there that Little always turned his wandering steps. During the day it, too, was invaded by the bustling crowds, but with the nightfall came some of the old familiar figures, as of the ghosts of the pioneers. The gas-jets flared into their heavily bearded faces and into their strange costumes, and the old habit of strange tongues fell upon his ears, and sometimes even the tinkle of a guitar, accompanied by a husky voice, almost completed the illusion that he was again in the days of old.

So it seemed almost natural one evening that some one in passing should be humming to himself the opening bars of "The Flower Song." Perhaps a day never passes that some light young heart coming up from the Italian quarter does not whistle or sing it to himself and pass unnoted, but this night the idle humming touched a chord in the heart of a listener that sent the dream-echoes vibrating down the corridors of memory and ringing, singing indefinitely on. Again this sober, heavy-set man was a boy-headed youth of 25, and again he was, in fancy, as he had not been for 20 years, the proud and scornful beauty, Veronica Delmar. The careless tones of the passer had died into a fur, faint diminuendo, but as Little listened, he felt again the beating heart and bounding hope with which he had hailed the omnibus that day to take him to the Olympus of his divinity.

His reverie was disturbed by the approach of a pair of strolling musicians—a man and a woman, leading a tired, overworked little monkey by a chain. The figures of the singers were indistinct under the flare of the street lights, but the outline of a big fellow in a slouch hat and cloak, loosely draped over his shoulders, was easily discerned above the heads of the widening circle of listeners. As

Little turned idly to watch the group, they began to sing the popular songs of the day, after which the monkey took off his cap and held it for contributions. As the crowd increased, drawn by the shouts of laughter elicited by the monkey's begging, the shower of coins grew too valuable for the monkey's handling, so the man drew the little beggar to his shoulder and took off his own hat. The woman, to Little's surprise, instead of continuing with the class of music that had at first attracted the crowd, struck a few chords and began the serenade from "Don Pasquale." The voice of the singer lacked volume, but was so pure and managed with such consummate art, that the listeners were from the first surprised and interested. Although at times the woman seemed rather to sigh than sing, the articulation was so perfect that not a word was lost. Even at his distance Little caught the lowest notes, and their penetrating clearness touched a chord in his nature that had not vibrated in years. Here was an inexplicable emotion! He sought to explain it by the dreaming to which he had been giving himself up, and which had worked upon his imagination. Nevertheless, he pressed his way closer into the crowd to get a better view of the singer.

When that song was finished, some one called for a selection from "Carmen." The woman shook her head, fearing her voice was not powerful enough for such dramatic music, and chose instead a Miserere. The poor soul had reason to avoid a score whose impassioned strains surpassed the range of her broken voice. By the time the Miserere was ended, some of the crowd had moved on, giving Little a chance to join the front row.

One glance into the face of the artist who had sung the serenade made him draw back. Then he looked again in horror. In spite of her age (she seemed to have passed 40) and in spite of the drawn features and parchment-like skin, the woman bore a strange resemblance to the beautiful Veronica Delmar. There were the same loose locks of hair waving over a low forehead, the same deep eyes, the same scornful mouth that, when the coins jingled generously into the hat, brightened with a weary smile. The sloping shoulders and graceful head were carried as proudly as in the old days. Was all this merely a trick of the imagination, Little asked himself, or was this indeed the proud, ambitious girl who had once been so cruel? The singer was certainly about the age Veronica must be, wherever she was, but the puffy eyelids, the sunken cheeks, the tawdry dress, all told of years of misery and debauch. Although he assured himself over and over this was only a chance resemblance, he could not take his eyes off the woman's face, so like and yet so strangely unlike she was to the beautiful girl of 20 years ago.

When, in turn, the woman took the hat to offer it for contributions, Little drew slightly aside so that she would have to go beyond the circle to reach him. Dropping a much heavier coin into the old hat than it had ever felt before, he caused the woman to look up quickly into his face, with a smile of gratitude. This gave him a chance to settle his doubts.

"Veronica!" he said impulsively. The woman started nervously, and fixed her great eyes upon him.

"I am one of your old friends," he continued, "do you remember me?"

At that moment the man came up to her to get his hat, and the face of the singer showed her fear of him. She gave Little a warning glance, and turned hastily aside. She seemed to be struggling between her humiliated pride and aroused curiosity. At last, taking up the guitar, she moved a step or two toward Little, and began:

"Le partite amor."

Her clear, penetrating tones rose in the stillness of the night like a melancholy echo of the past:

"Oh care for
Ditele che l'adoro."

The choice of "The Flower Song" dissipated Little's last doubt. This was the voice that had charmed his youth and shattered the dream of his first love.

When the crowd grew tired and began to disperse, the singer turned down toward the Italian quarter. Little followed at a short distance. The woman, too, loitered a few steps behind her companion, looping, perhaps, for one more word with this link with her happy past. But at the side entrance of a cheap little wine-shop the man stopped and turned with an imperious "Veronica vieni!"

With a slight shrug, as if nothing mattered much any way, the woman hastened her steps and both disappeared behind the swinging doors—San Francisco Argonaut.

INTERESTED IN FINANCE.

How an Impetuous Englishman Made a Touch on a Member of Parliament.

A well-known member of Parliament approached by a reputable-looking man, says London Tit-Bits, who said, with a deferential but not servile manner:

"Excuse me, sir, but are you not Mr. Blank, M. P.?"

"I am," said the member, with affable dignity.

"I believe you are well informed upon financial questions?"

"My friends in the house and the press are kind enough to say so."

"You have given much attention to the subject, I think?"

"More than to anything else."

"And no doubt you could give a satisfactory answer to almost any question I might ask?"

The member said that he was being "interviewed," and wished to say something that would look well in print.

"Perhaps I could," he answered.

"Well, I have a question in finance that I should be greatly pleased if you would answer to my satisfaction."

"Very good; what is it?"

"Will you lend me five bob for a day or two? I'm stony broke."

The member produced the silver.

"He could have had four times the amount," said Mr. Blank, when telling the story, "I was so completely taken aback."

A MEAN ADVANTAGE.

John Was Pretty Smart, But When Clint Came Back at Him He Was the Victim.

John Bruce and Clint Pease were chums. Their stores adjoined, and when business was dull the two young merchants visited back and forth. One cold, blustery day, when customers were few, Clint sat behind the stove in John's store. A young woman came in and John stepped forward to wait on her, states the Brooklyn Eagle.

"I am soliciting subscriptions for an order for our church," said she.

Now, solicitors of this character were numerous in that town, and merchants used to try to dodge them, since it was not deemed good policy to refuse to contribute. So John was considerably pleased with himself when a happy way out of his present difficulty suggested itself to his quick mind.

"You will have to speak to the proprietor about that," said he, politely.

"You will find him a very liberal man. He is back there by the stove."

John grinned as the young woman approached Clint and stated her case.

"How much are the merchants generally giving?" Clint asked, with grave interest in the cause.

"Some are giving as much as a dollar," she answered, "but we are grateful for any sum, however small."

"John," said Clint, with an air of authority, "give the young lady \$2 out of the drawer."

And John, of course, had to do it.

Method in Her Madness.

The feminine coterie was holding a garrulous powwow in the drawing room, when suddenly a mouse loomed up amid the scenery. It was all of the fair ones in a go-as-you-please race to the lawn with the exception of one maid of more or less uncertain years.

"Why didn't you run, too?" asked the strong man who rushed gallantly to the rescue.

"I—I was in h-hopes," sobbed she of the unrecorded birthday anniversaries, "that I might be scared out of a several years' growth if I remained."

Whereupon the strong man took on a sympathetic look and said never a word.—Chicago Daily News.

A BLACKFOOT BRAVE HUNTING.



The present home of the Blackfoot Indians is on a reservation in Northwestern Montana. In the past they were both mighty hunters and mighty warriors. The buffalo furnished them with both food and home, as out of its skin they made their tepees. Now they devote their time to cattle raising and to hunting in the mountains. There are comparatively few of the Blackfoot Indians left, and of the nearly 2,000 occupying their reservation, the majority are either Piegiens or Bloods. The Blackfoot tribe is quite wealthy, a few years ago having sold a portion of its reservation to the government for \$4,500,000.

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

The death rate from plague in India is generally over 70 per cent.

Spain's annual export of pickled green olives amounts to about 800,000.

Three hundred and twenty-four stations on the Trans-Siberian railway are to be furnished by a Berlin firm.

The French town of Fecamp provides free sterilized milk for one year to every child whose mother applies for it. The milk is delivered at her home.

Rice growers in Siam are offering to share half their profits with any party who will plow their fields and reap and thresh the rice for them by machinery.

In consequence of numerous complaints by peasants about the increase of insects injurious to the crops, the French minister of agriculture has ordered a stricter observance of the laws against the slaughter of birds.

Shortly before a recent election in Deroold, Tyrol, adherents of the clerical party cut some vines in the vineyards and posted up warnings that if the peasants gave the liberals a majority all their vines would be cut and ruined.

Both Swedish houses of parliament have adopted a resolution urging upon the government to establish a supreme court of administration. The court is intended to relieve the government from the ever-increasing number of appeals, especially of a municipal character, and to relieve the supreme court of justice from its present duty of giving its opinion on proposed new laws before they are discussed in parliament.

The center of the mother-of-pearl industry is Singapore. The shell oyster is six to ten inches long, the larger one weighs as much as ten pounds. It is found on hard-bottom channels between islands, where the current is strong. In gathering it a diver takes with him a bag of coil rope one-fourth of an inch in diameter, which, while suited for holding the shell, does not impede his traveling along the bottom.

The apparatus for diving has not been introduced in the Philippines, although Manila shell brings the high price of a dollar a pound.

NIGHT TROUT FISHING.

There Are Some Quizzes Things About It That Tend to Make It Fascinating.

Night trout fishing is a form of sport that the regular fly-caster has not tried and would disdain to try, but it has its merits. Not the least of them is that the trout, through some crankiness of its nature, will often bite after dark when all through the day it lies motionless at the bottom of a pool and refuses to rise to the most tempting lures. At such periods the entire nature of the fish seems to have changed and it has become a night-hawk, roving its native stream from dusk to daylight and sleeping through the sun hours.

There is no such thing as taking half a basket of trout after dark with the fly. Changed as the fish is, it still has sense enough to know that insects it likes are not abroad at that hour.

Occasionally one will rise to an artificial fly cast in the dark, but this is so exceptional as not to be worth counting. It will take the worm avidly, however, when it is night feeding, and it is with worms that the night fisherman takes it.

There is no explanation of how the trout manage to see the worms in the dark. They find them, however, on the blackest sort of night, and possibly they are guided by a sense of smell.

Where there is one trout there are apt to be more, and the angler who has taken one with his bunch of worms may confidently drop them in to the same place. Indeed, the chances are that he will land half a dozen beauties before he is forced to move on by failure of supply.

The sensation afforded is an odd one, because the fisherman cannot see his line, nor tell when the trout strikes except by the jerk. All he can see is the trees waving darkly against the sky on the bank of a river that is only dimly visible, and then he catches a glimpse of his rod, which looks like a line no bigger than a lead pencil running out over the water.

He fights his trout blindly, he has no knowledge of the movements it is making nor has he any idea of its size, except from the trouble it gives him, until it has been scooped within a dipnet struck downward blindly and lies gasping on the bank. With a light rod and silk the angler, if he strikes a heavy trout under these circumstances, is seriously at a disadvantage, which leads night fishing to some men.

In some parts of the province of Quebec, and in other parts of the dominion, it is the custom of the country people to fish for brook trout at night, wholly after dark, and they take them in enormous numbers. These folk are not refined enough to use supple-headed artificial flies.

They have, instead, points which they cut on the banks of the creek or river, and stout linen cords. To their hooks they fasten half a dozen worms and drop them in wriggling, and when they get a strike they yank the fish fifteen feet in the air, landing him on the bank behind them with a thump. They always build a large fire on the bank and the trout are attracted by the light, coming in schools to the feeding.

At such a place in proper season half a dozen men and women will be yanking out speckled trout as fast as they can take them from the hooks and will keep this sort of thing up for an hour, going back to their homes before midnight with two or three hundred speckled beauties.

The trout taken in these streams are all small, seldom running above half a pound, but exceedingly fine table fish, with the bright salmon flesh and true trout delicacy of flavor.

Precept and Example.

Johnny had come in with a story of a remarkable automobile he had just seen. He declared that it was "as big as a house."

"No, Johnny," said his father, severely, "you know it was not as big as a house. Why do you exaggerate things so? I've talked to you a million times about that habit of yours, and it doesn't seem to do a bit of good."

Youth's Companion.

It Is Bad Sense If You Do.

Do you oppose some things just because some person you don't like is for them?—Washington (La.) Democrat.

LEADING THE PROCESSION.

Washington, D. C., July 24.—(Special Telegram.)—A Washington grande dame recently accepted an invitation to visit a young kinsman, an army officer stationed at a remote post in the west. The Washington Post describes the lady as a woman who likes to improve her mind; but she is also a woman of much personal dignity, with a regal carriage, and an air of sweeping all before her. She considers it a duty to investigate every new phase of life which presents itself, and of arriving at the army post, she was to see everything of interest.

One day, while her host and hostess were out of the house, she strolled down to the corral, to look over the army mules. There seemed to be no body in sight, so she went in among the animals and examined and petted them.

Now it happened that on this occasion she wore a dress of very light color; and as the army pack mules are accustomed to be led by the whitest animal among them, the unfurled white parasol of the visitor, with her light dress, awakened their quick interest. As she left the corral she heard the steps of something following her. She glanced back. A mule was stepping quietly along close behind, and all the rest of the mules were falling into line back of him.

The woman was not afraid. She regards fear as a thing quite beneath her dignity; but she was startled and amazed by the mule's behavior. She crossed her path, the mule behind her increased his pace, and she marched steadily along, with his nose just touching the back of the white parasol.

The occupants of the long row of officers' houses were presently astonished to see the most dignified of women coming up the avenue, at a gallop, which was a compromise between her dignity and the desire to run, with a string of mules behind her, the head of each just touching the tail of the one in front of him.

It was then that an unprincipled young woman took a series of "snap shots." Madam's steps exceeded the prescribed stride by about two feet, and her air of dignity was decidedly "on sideways." The photographer declares that there were 25 mules in the procession.

LIFE IN ENGLISH VILLAGES.

It Is Not as Idyllic as We Might Be Led by the Poets to Believe.

"I know a village where there are no fewer than 30 cottages with but one bedroom apiece, and in these single bedrooms six, seven and more people are sleeping," says A. Montefiore Bruce, writing in the London Daily Mail about life in the average English village. "In one of them father, mother, and eight children huddled together. In another father, mother and six children—three of whom are grown up—are sleeping. In these cottages there is one living-room downstairs, and no sanitary arrangement of any kind. At the back of the cottages runs an open ditch; it is also an open sewer."

"Here, in the very heart of the country, I expect to find abundance of pure water, abundance of sweet air. Too often I find neither about the cottages. Hundreds of villages have no water supply, though a comparatively small expenditure could provide it. I know a village—it is typical of hundreds—where the cottagers have to go half a mile to get water. A foul ditch supplies another village with the whole of its water supply. Offensive refuse heaps are piled round the crumbling walls of the cottages; the wooden floors within are rotten with sewage."

Norfolk, Suffolk and Essex contain many such villages, and other counties—such as Bedford, Cambridge, Wiltshire, Dorset, Somerset—nearly all villages have a similar condition. Found within a mile; whence the children morning after morning walk two miles to school and drag their tired limbs that distance back again at night—and this whatever the weather; where the postal service comes but once a week; where the men and boys walk daily five or six miles to and from work; where, off drainage there is no other form of the simplest sanitation there is none; where the medical officer of health comes not, and where the inspector of nuisances is unknown."

His name is McFadden, and he manipulates the wheel on the "box" level in the southwest corner of the city hall. He dwells in a pretty cottage out in Germantown, and has a backyard latent with floricultural possibilities.

Somebody with a political pull told him that Uncle Sam would furnish seeds for the asking, providing the request came through a congressman.

Now, McFadden's servant in the house is George McCreary, who, being new in the business and an altruist when it comes to serving his fellow man, responded with alacrity, and in a marvellously short time the elevator operator received a big package from the agricultural department.

On opening the package McFadden's delight turned to disgust, reports the Philadelphia Telegraph, for instead of flower seeds he found seeds warranted to grow into any known vegetable. Included and neatly labeled were cucumber, sweet and "horse" corn, watermelon, cauliflower, spinach, eggplant, carrot and a myriad of other kinds of seeds.

But McFadden is not without a saving sense of humor, and it came to his rescue in the form of a decision to mix the specimens, plant them in a bunch in his backyard, and start a guessing contest among his friends at a nickel-a-guess, the winner to take all.

McFadden's guess is successful.

Sollicitous About His Mustache.

Cholly (examining first print from the negative)—Isn't there some way to make my mustache show a little plainer?

Photographer—Why, yes; you might wait a few years and then come again.—Cleveland Leader.

BRAIN WEIGHT AND GREATNESS.

Evidence Adduced That There Really Is a Relation Existing Between Them.

Within the last few years the impression has gained ground that the weight of a man's brain gives little indication of his mental gifts, says the New York Tribune. It has been suggested that there might be some relation between the thickness of the layer of gray matter which is believed to be associated with the higher functions, and the quality of the owner's work. It is sometimes contended that the number of convolutions, or small lobes, which are revealed by post-mortem examination may also have a good deal of significance. But that weight alone is important has been questioned. It has been pointed out that the brains of idiots are often as heavy as those of sages and poets.

Dr. Edward A. Spitzka, of this city, in a recent number of the Philadelphia Medical Journal, discusses the question in an interesting fashion. He declares that many of the brains of imbeciles and criminals that have been referred to in such comparisons were unaccountably enlarged by disease, and therefore did not prove anything. He insists that only healthy brains ought to be considered. Again, in a number of instances the brains of really great men had shrunk considerably in consequence of wasting sickness in the last year or two of their lives, and did not at all correspond to the size of the body, though, would give some idea of the original size. When proper allowance has been made for such alterations, Dr. Spitzka is convinced that the testimony is decidedly in favor of the old doctrine.

Several other influences affect brain weight. Stature and build, nationality and other factors enter into the problem. Dr. Spitzka does not consider these, though he has deemed it necessary to mention his readers of them. The average of the brains of 96 well-known men containing figures for 96 well-known men. At the head of the list stands Ivan Turgeneff, the Russian novelist, whose brain weighed 3,012 grammes and at the foot F. J. Gall, anatomist, who is credited with only 1,496 grammes, though his skull had a capacity of 1,692 grammes. The table shows an average of 1,473 grammes, which is from 75 to 125 more than the weight of the average European brain.

Carrying his analysis further, the writer says that the greatest brain weights on the whole are exhibited by men devoted to mathematics and other exact sciences, while natural science comes next, art, literature and philosophy third, and "men of action" in politics and military affairs rank fourth. That classification might be considerably altered, however, if the weight of these men's bodies at the most active periods of their lives were known, and if the percentage of brain weight to avoirdupois were ascertainable. Such data seems to be unavailable now, but if it were secured in the case of men now living, and whose brains have been biopsied, the world might get a more accurate idea of the professions in which brain weight counts for the most.

HERO OF THE SHIPYARD.

One Man Was There Who Knew What to Do and He Fearlessly Did It.

The heroes are not all dead yet, although we may not hear so much of them in this strenuous age. The Philadelphia Telegraph prints the story of a man who risked his life deliberately to save a fellow workman whom he did not know even by sight. The hero's name is James Stein. He is foreman of the riggers in a big shipyard in Philadelphia. When he was praised for his courage, he exclaimed: "Pshaw! that was no mark of making the company a lawsuit." The story is as follows:

A boiler weighing 64 tons, was about to be lowered into the hold of a steamship in the big shipyard. The crane in use, which can lift a weight of 100 tons as easily as a college girl lifts a wooden dumbbell, was swinging its great arms towards the monster boiler, 18 feet in circumference. Berthed on the top of the boiler was a workman, a poor Norwegian who speaks little English and understands less. His back was toward the crane. He did not see it, nor did anyone else until it was within two feet of him. If the arm of the crane struck him it would crush him as a hammer would an egg-shell, or brush him off. Twenty feet below was the ground, strewn with jagged pieces of iron, to fall on which meant serious injury, if not death.

The workmen below saw the danger and shouted. The Norwegian turned half-way round and saw the crane coming. It was too late for him, paralyzed with fear, he collapsed.

At this critical moment, when everyone else had lost his head, one man was there who knew what to do, and did it. Although he was 20 feet away when the impending doom over the man was first seen, he cleared the space in less than two seconds and stood amid the jagged iron.

"Jump for your life! It's your only chance!" he cried, and braced himself to catch the falling man, while the crowd held its breath. The two men came together with an impact so great that both were picked up unconscious, but both recovered.

It was an example of cool grit, clear judgment and prompt action.

Private.

Irate Landlord (to couple who are taking a lovers' walk on his property)—Now, then, can't you read?

Amorous Youth—Oh, yes, we can read.

Irate Landlord—Then go to the end of this road and read the sign there.

Amorous Youth—We have read it. It says "Private," and that's just why we came down here.—Tit-Bits.

Triple Dose.

She (at the reception)—Excuse me, but are you an artist, a musician or a poet?

He—I happen to be all three, madam.

"Poor fellow! You have my sympathy."

"Your sympathy?"

"Yes, your poverty must be something terrific."—Chicago Daily News.