

# The St. Tammany Farmer

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## A CONDESCENSION.

Gwendolen Jones was chubby and sweet, and her age was half-past three. And she lived in a house on Wellington street.

In the yard with the walnut tree, Harold Percival Marmaduke Smith was almost half-past four. And he said, when they gave him a baseball and bat.

That he'd "play with the girls no more."

Gwendolen Jones she gazed through the fence, at an end were all life's joys.

As she saw the friend of her youth depart "To play with the great big boys."

Harold Percival Marmaduke Smith "Up to the field marched he; But his eye was blacked, and his head was whacked."

And his ball no more did he see.

And the boys called him "baby" because he cried.

Did Teddy and Willie and Tim, And they chased him away when he threatened to tell.

And said they'd "no use for him."

Gwendolen Jones came down to the fence, And her face wore a joyful smile.

When Harold Percival Marmaduke said "He'd play with her 'once in a while.'"

St. Nicholas.

## BETWEEN LOVE AND DUTY.

BY MARGUERITE STABLER.

THE deep, bright blueness of a Mexican sky beat low over its favored children, as if it would shut away from them, on this one day, every shadow of seriousness or care, and must have been gratified by the gorgeous pageant of the Plaza Zocalo flashed back in return. Since early dawn the vendors from the hill districts had been pouring into the city, and tiny booths, like mushrooms, had been springing up all over the market quarter. Long before the first sleepy-eyes in the town had begun to open, the Indian had started on his journey to dispose of his wares as his Toltec and Aztec ancestors had done a thousand years before. For this was the great feast-day of the spring-time, and it is only on such a day the variegated City of Mexico is seen in all its glory. It is then the market-place is the most brilliant scene the all-beholding sun looks down upon in all his courses. Out of doors, the brilliancy of the colorings is somewhat tempered by the atmosphere, but even so the brain is assailed by such rude blasts of color as almost to make it reel. Gay awnings, bright rebocos, many-hued serapes, embroideries, spangles, flowers, deep skies, burning suns, brilliant verdure, all conspire to intoxicate the eye. And the rank, primary hues of their chosen colorings suggest, to the thoughtful, something of the primitive nature of the Children of the Sunshine.

And yet, amid all this exterior gladness, hearts were aching, eyes were weeping, hopes were falling in the stately old house of Cardenas. The warmth of the sunshine and the brightness of the skies could not penetrate the gloom in the heart of Dolores. Her great dark eyes looked out on an altogether bleak and cheerless world.

The great old house of the Cardenas family had been the home of generations of beautiful Cardenas daughters from time immemorial. Since the first Senorita Dolores, the women of this house had held their stately heads on the prescribed angle, had felt the weight of dignity of belonging to the oldest family in Mexico, had preserved the family feuds and friendships unquestionably, had dutifully married the suitors chosen by their parents; and had lived, died, and been gathered to their fathers, with never a thought of revolt against the family traditions.

But Dolores, the youngest of the family, the erstwhile petted darling of the household, with the blood of such an ancestry in her veins, the example of countless progenitors before her eyes, now arose in open revolt against every tradition of the family.

The assembled hosts stood aghast at this unexampled waywardness, and declared she was not worthy to bear the sacred name of Cardenas. The suitor they had chosen for her, was to the mind of the family, in every way a worthy alliance for a Cardenas, and, as they argued, if he pleased them, why should he not please her? Miguel, who since the death of the old senator, his father, had taken the reins as the head of the family, had no thought of being overruled by a slip of a girl; but the old senator, who had realized her daughter's will was as inflexible as her own, was almost at the point of being lenient.

Now, however, when it was discovered that Dolores Cardenas had defied them all—not because she was too young to marry or had any tangible objection to the choice of her family, but because she had clandestinely met, loved, and pledged herself to an American, a miserable upstart Gringo—it was decided she should be promptly sent into a convent to take the veil.

As a consequence, this beautiful holiday world was a bleak and cheerless place to-day for the little Senorita Dolores. As she stood at her window, seeing nothing but the horror of convent walls closing in upon her, she clutched within her hand her only hope, a tiny, crumpled scrap of paper, on which she read over and over:

"Go straight to the Plaza Zocalo. I will know you under any disguise if you will wear a white cross on your shoulder. I will wait for you at the pottery stall of old Pancho. Then Mexico adios!"

The girl watched the shadows settling down over the festive city, and summoned all her courage for this fateful step. As she looked about her, she felt the very walls that had sheltered so many dutiful Cardenas daughters must cry out against her, but what else could she do?

The old bishop of Azezo, the family confessor, was reading a solemn conclave in the room below with Miguel and the senora. So, slipping

into her disguise, she waited for the noises of the household to settle down into a twilight quiet.

"The only safeguard is a convent," she heard her brother saying as she crept toward the half-open door.

But as they sat so calmly deliberating upon her fate, little did they dream that at that moment, that very instant, not three yards from them, the little rebel was stealing past them out into the world. Once, in the course of their discussion, something had caused the old senora to stop and listen. Was it a door creaking on a rusty hinge, she asked herself, or a rat scampering through the thick adobe wall? On the other side of the partition the little fugitive stood breathless. The noise was not repeated, however, so the voice of the senora arose again and droned on in its argument as to the respective merits of the different sisterhoods.

The fugitive daughter wondered if these old souls, who could dispose so calmly of another life, had forgotten the joys of the heyday of their own youth, or if the good rich blood had ever caroused through their veins as hers did now. She crushed her toy-basket close to her heart to still the tumult of its beating for fear its loud knocking must arouse the house.

The shadows had wrapped the city in a merciful monotone of gray as she slipped out the door, under the armorial bearings of the house of Cardenas, whose name she was no longer to bear. Never before had she been out in the street alone. Old Carmela had always been as close as her shadow; but, as she remembered she was no longer herself, but for the nonce a mere peon toy-vendor, she held her basket close, and turned toward the plaza. The tide of travel was still set in that direction, for the evening was the gayest time of all. So, falling in with the throng, she was soon an insignificant atom in the crowd.

Arrived upon the plaza, the eyes of the Senorita Cardenas widened with amazement. This was the first time in her life she had mingled so closely with the market-place rabble. The haggling of the buyers, the soliciting of the vendors, the babel of tongues, the yelping of the dogs, the curious-looking foreigners, made up as strange a sight to the carefully brought up little Spanish girl as to the rankest outsider. Her cheeks glowed and her eyes burned with the thrill of novelty, and, forgetting about her toys, she stood lost in wonder at the life about her. The plaza with its people, its booths, its groups of bull-fighters, flower-girls, and grandees, all jostling shoulders in god-natured haste, might be a full dress rehearsal of "Carmen," she thought.

At every step deeper into the crowd her safety became surer. She began to wonder what would happen at home when they discovered her flight. She smiled to herself at the consternation that would ensue when, after deciding finally upon which convent she should enter, they found their bird had flown.

Just then, a rude party of Mexican youths, seeing the smiling little toy-vendor, stopped with a familiar jest and tried to talk with her. Now, for the first time, she realized her forlorn position. A sudden fear seized her that she might in some way miss Randol in all this great crowd. Then a new fear clutched her heart. What if, after counting the danger her abduction would bring upon his head, he had failed her!

The next instant she banished the thought, for straight beyond, towering above the crowd, she saw the tall erect figure of Randol jostling everybody out of his way in haste to reach the stall of old Pancho in time. The girl watched him with already the pride of possession. How different he was from the other men she saw! How handsome and fine! The man's keen eyes were scanning every face that passed. Purposely, she drew in to a corner to watch him and realize the fact that it was for her his eyes were so intent and his face so eager. She could wait and prolong the joy of the coming moment, for when they did meet it would be for always.

As she turned her eyes for an instant to follow the surging crowd, she caught, or fancied she caught, a sight of Miguel's retreating figure. Was it possible her escape had already been discovered, she wondered. There was no doubt in her mind as to the measures he would take when he found she would not return home with him. To Miguel the honor of his house was dearer than anything in the world. He would not scruple to kill Gringo to preserve his family escutcheon from a blot. And well his sister knew that when his pride and anger met, there would be no quarter.

With this thought the little vendor shrank deeper into the shadow. When her night was discovered there would be only one explanation of it. The whole city would be aroused in an instant, and their escape made impossible. Randol, in his straightforwardness and self-confidence, could not be made to realize their danger. But as the little peon vendor stood alone and unbefriended in this great city, she felt the force of her helplessness against her brother's power. And her lover! As she looked at him she felt the danger she had brought upon him with a new poignancy. Why should she let him risk his life for her?

Randol, meanwhile, stalked up and down in front of the stall, growing restless and impatient. Suddenly, as if drawn by the intensity of her longing, he turned and walked straight toward her. With an instinctive cry of joy she turned to spring toward him. But the next instant the cry was stifled. Instead, she flattened herself against the wall and held her breath. The white cross she had pinned upon her shoulder in such ecstasy was turned to the shadow and her reboso drawn close about her face.

Straight on he came. Crouching against the wall, she waited. He brushed so near she almost felt his breath upon her cheek. She clasped her hands tight over her heart, and dug her nails so deep into her palms the blood came to the surface in tiny crescent-shaped gashes. But she made no sound.

Her life was of no great consequence, she told herself, but Randol was dearer to her than a thousand lives. She could not let him risk himself so recklessly for her.

As Randol, disappointed and baffled, reached the corner, the lights flared in his face and she saw the eagerness in his eyes had given place to suspicion. He must think her false! He who had believed so implicitly in her faith that he had gladly risked everything for her, would now think she had put her family pride above his love.

The gray holiday throng surged around her. Girls with glowing eyes looked up into the faces smiling above them, happy voices rang in her ears, passing fingers trod gay love-songs, while the forlorn little toy-vendor stood motionless in her corner.

Would he go? Had he given her up? She strained her eyes after him as he mingled with the crowd. Perhaps he did not care so much after all!

No, he was coming back! If she could only tell him she was true, she thought. If he could know all the long years that were to follow that she had failed him only to save him, then he would think kindly of the nun in the Spanish convent.

He was again almost within reach, peering, searching, wondering. She could stand it no longer. Dropping her basket quietly to the ground the piteous little creature turned and fled.

When Randol reached the angle of the wall where the shadows grew deep and thick he looked carefully, but found it empty.

Back through the streets the little peon fled. No one tried to speak to her, for every eye was filled with the lights and pleasures in the plaza beyond.

She reached the frowning house she had so lately fled from, and found it still in darkness. It was early yet, but she had lived out all the joys and sorrows of her life in this one hour. She slipped quietly around to the servants' entrance, then into the great hall. The door was still half open, and the bishop's voice was still explaining to the senora the penance her daughter would have to go through before she could enter the sisterhood.

Again the old senora thought she heard an unusual sound in the hall. Was it a door creaking on a rusty hinge, she asked herself, or a rat scampering through the old adobe wall?

Again the little figure on the other side of the partition stopped and held her breath till the voices took up their argument.

When at last the unsuspecting senora came to Dolores' room, and said, sternly, "My daughter, we have decided," the little senorita meekly acquiesced like a worthy Cardenas.—San Francisco Argonaut.

## WHY THERE WERE NO BOYS.

An Instance of Religious Intolerance Common in This Country a Century Ago.

This story starts nearly one hundred years ago. The characters are two men, one man's sister, and thirteen sisters, says the New York Post.

Both the men were ardently religious—and that meant much more early in the last century than it does now—but they were hopelessly divided as to a certain schism. The young physician loved the sister of the young minister. This love, being returned by the sister, seemed to grow in intensity as the arguments with the brother became more bitter. That which, at first, he looked upon as a little thing like the difference of opinion between two men, although each of the latter felt sure that the point upon which they differed would be the means of sending the other to a land of perpetual fire and brimstone. It might be added that so religious were they that each privately hoped his position would finally be justified by such an outcome.

The marriage took place in the good old way in spite of the brother's protest. When the time came to the ceremony, the bride was weeping. "Oh, Lord! Give ear to the voice of Thy humble servant and aid him with Thy divine power in this the hour of his great sorrow. Grant Thou, O Omnipotent One, that no male child shall ever bless the life of this couple. Let their name become extinct upon the face of Thy footstool!"

The preacher was a righteous man, and his prayer was certainly fervent. It is also thought by some to have availed, for no son was born to that couple, although the writer hereof is the son of one of 13 daughters who were the fruit of their marriage.

Walking Franco.

The name of Millet, the painter, has been made familiar to many besides art students by his "Angelus." How the genius of the artist was roused and encouraged is told in his recent biography.

The most original person of the family and the one who had the most influence upon Millet was his grandmother. She was an old country-woman of intense religious faith, living in God, seeing everything in God, and mingling God in every scene of nature and every act of life.

One of Millet's earliest recollections was of his grandmother waking him when he was quite a little child and saying to him:

"Up, my little Francois! If you only knew what a long time the birds have been singing the glory of God!"

When he had to leave home to go to Paris his grandmother said: "I would rather see you dead than unfaithful to God's commands."

At a later time, when he had begun to make his way in Paris, she reminded him again:

"Remember, my Francois, that you were a Christian before you were a painter. Paint for eternity, and think that the trump which will call to judgment is on the eve of sounding."—Youth's Companion.

Her Comment.

Sottleigh—Yankee, I always carry an umbrella, don't know. Miss Cutting—I always suspected that you didn't know enough to go in when it rains.—Chicago Daily News.

## AGRICULTURAL HINTS

### RHODE ISLAND REDS.

As Layers of Dark Brown Eggs, Winter and Summer, This Breed Has No Superior.

The Rhode Island Red is a rich, brilliant red, as deep in shade as may be gotten by keeping out the smut in undercolor, and specimen feathers on my desk from birds that have won prizes at our largest shows indicate that a very rich red may be attained with clear red under-color. Of course, such birds are rare and extremely high-priced and are no more useful than the common ones on the farm, where the rich, red surface color is about all that is ever considered.

As layers of dark brown eggs, winter and summer, the Reds are peerless. This has been proved by the testimony of every one who has ever bred them. Whether or not the change to a heavier standard of weight, which now reads 8½ pounds for cock and 6½ pounds for hens, will affect the laying qualities remains to be seen. The testimony of my customers from east to west favors the small, active type as the best layers, but my own experience does not coincide with theirs, as I find the large hens on the nest fully as often as the smaller ones.



KING CARDINAL, JR. (Typical Ideal Form of Rhode Island Red.)

For dressed fowls I want to say that the local butcher has no eye for beauty of plumage, but actually pays me two cents per pound more for the culs I kill than he pays for common kinds. I asked him why he did so. The answer was: "Plumper, more meat, less bone, nice yellow legs and skin, medium size (three to five pounds). There is the argument in dollars and cents.—Ohio Farmer.

### FEEDING FOR COLOR.

It Can Be Done at Small Expense and Without Injuring the Health of the Chickens.

Assuming that the chickens which it is intended to feed for color are the product of well-colored stock birds, there is no reason why their color should not be intensified by direct feeding of two cents per pound more for the culs I kill than he pays for common kinds. I asked him why he did so. The answer was: "Plumper, more meat, less bone, nice yellow legs and skin, medium size (three to five pounds). There is the argument in dollars and cents.—Ohio Farmer.

Where queens begin to fall through age, or from injury, the bees will usually start the building of cells before they give out entirely. Of course, it may sometimes happen that before such cell-building begins, the old queen may die. In that event, so long as there is larvae old enough, cells will surely be raised. If they raise cells before she falls, and a young queen is hatched out, the two may be allowed to exist in the hive side by side without interference. But this is the exception. As soon as the young queen appears on the scene the old one as a rule steps down and out. Whether mortal combat takes place, resulting in a victory for the young and strong, or whether the bees themselves take matters into their hands and kill the old queen, I cannot say.—Bee Gleanings.

### THE FARM IN SUMMER.

Salt the weeds in the sheep pasture; the sheep will then finish them. Are the drains so made and opened as to save the washings from the highways?

Don't ever stank any crop from the soil. Return thanks in the form of an abundant fertilization.

Crops cannot grow without water because they do not eat their food, but drink it. Now, while the water is in the soil, is the time to conserve it by a frequent cultivation and harrowing. Keep the soil pulverized fine.

As long as American farmers sell the rough products of the soil to other people to be worked up into finished products, they are dividing the profits which they should themselves reap and are also taking fertility from their farms they should keep in the soil.

If pastures are soiled and dry, and if mowings are a failure, plant some peas and oats, Hungarian, fodder corn or other quick growing green crops to fill the barns for winter feed. Remember these heavy green crops require plenty of plant food.

Save some catch crop among the corn to keep the ground covered during winter. Crimson clover, mustard and other crops will do. If after the harvest of any crop it was intended to leave the ground bare, don't do it. Sow something; keep the land covered throughout the year.—Farm and Home.

### HEED THIS WARNING.

The Farmer Who Tries to Cultivate Too Much Land Is Sure to Make a Mess of It.

Perhaps there is no agricultural paper published, or that ever was published, that has not over and over again advised farmers not to plant more land than they can properly fertilize and cultivate. What good has the advice ever done? The class of farmers who lack judgment enough to know better than to do a deal of work absolutely for nothing, are not likely ever to accept such advice, or maybe even to see it in print. The other class don't need it. But the farmers who overdo planting and underdo tillage, are actually standing right in their own way. Time and again it has been said that the possibilities of an acre of ground have never yet been determined. If a man plants three, five or more acres, to get a crop he might obtain from one highly fertilized acre, the extra labor of plowing, cultivating and harvesting is so much labor lost.

With five acres more miles must be traveled behind the plow and other horse implements than with the single acre. The man who gets as much from one acre as his neighbor does from five, gains a little, just a little, in the matter of hoeing. Every time he hoes his crop, if the plants are a yard apart each way, he has 19,360 less hills to hoe than a five-acre man. When the crop is off, the single acre richly fertilized is in good shape for another crop, while the five acres, partially fertilized, are left in poor condition.

The number of acres a farmer should plant is the number he can do justice to in every way. As a rule the acres will be few unless he depends on hired labor. Not many men are to be pitied because their farms are so small. The small farmer does generally shiver when he sees the tax collector coming. In spite of the modern warfare against them, it is greatly to be found that the injurious insects are increasing year by year. The difference between the cost of making an efficient fight against insect foes upon an acre instead of three, five or more, is sufficiently apparent. As it is, the damage caused by insects in large fields, gardens and orchards, in which they are not thoroughly subdued, often cuts off all chances of the profits.—Barrauk's Midland Farmer.

### NEW PLANT DISEASE.

It Affects the Cowpea and Is Similar to the Rust Appearing on the Common Bean.

Every new plant seems to bring to our notice one or more new diseases. Prof. L. H. Pammel, of the Iowa Agricultural college, has made a report on the rust affecting the cowpea. The professor is inclined to think that this rust is identical with the rust appearing on the common bean. The rust spots that first appear on the leaves are round, but later seem to flow together and form



COWPEA AFFECTED BY RUST.

Irregular patches. The spots are usually about one-eighth of an inch across. Prof. Pammel says that the fungus is widely distributed in this country and is sometimes found on the common bean. We herewith illustrate a cowpea leaf affected with the fungus. Figure 1 shows a leaf affected by the rust; 2 shows a rust spot magnified; 3 is the same spot before maturity, and 4 are some of the spores greatly enlarged.—Farmers Review.

### Bees of New Queen.

Where queens begin to fall through age, or from injury, the bees will usually start the building of cells before they give out entirely. Of course, it may sometimes happen that before such cell-building begins, the old queen may die. In that event, so long as there is larvae old enough, cells will surely be raised. If they raise cells before she falls, and a young queen is hatched out, the two may be allowed to exist in the hive side by side without interference. But this is the exception. As soon as the young queen appears on the scene the old one as a rule steps down and out. Whether mortal combat takes place, resulting in a victory for the young and strong, or whether the bees themselves take matters into their hands and kill the old queen, I cannot say.—Bee Gleanings.

### Cheap Plan of Harrowing.

I notice so many western farmers advocating the harrowing of all ground plowed each day, or rather harrowing "what is plowed during the day" before quitting time. Now I will tell you how we work it. We plow right along till we turn and one can look back and see a nice smooth surface and have a full day's work of plowing, remarks a writer in Nebraska Farmer. We take a single section of a harrow and one horse. Tie the horse to the outside of the furrow horse and there you are. We use a tow-bottom gun plow and this one section will harrow the ground twice and that before it has time to dry out. This is a splendid way to exercise that extra horse.

### How to Oil a Harness.

If the leather is dirty it should be washed with castile soap and hung up to dry. Before entirely dry the harness is ready to be oiled. Take a sheet-iron washing tub and fill two or three inches deep with machine oil, using the best oil that is recommended for oiling binders and mowers. Dip all the parts of the harness so as to cover well with oil, giving the leather time to get saturated with oil. Then hang the pieces of harness over the tub to drip, and when dripping ceases rub all parts with a coarse cloth—flannel is best. By using machine oil as above there will be no danger of rats or mice gnawing the harness.—Midland Farmer.

### AN IROQUOIS BRAVE IN EARLY COLONIAL DAYS.



Find Hiawatha.

The Iroquois were a part of the Five Nations confederacy organized, so legend tells us, by Hiawatha. The confederacy was organized in what now constitutes the State of New York about the beginning of the fifteenth century, and continued practically unchanged until the beginning of the eighteenth century when the Tuscaroras, of North Carolina, became a part of the league, after which it was known as the Six Nations, and as such took a prominent part on the side of the English in the revolutionary war. At the time of the revolution the members of the confederacy numbered about 15,000. To-day the descendants of the tribe which composed the league number about 13,000, but are widely scattered over the United States and Canada.

### VISIT TOMBS OF ANCESTORS. WHERE KINGS ARE COMMON.

Ancient Religious Ceremonial Annually Observed by the Chinese Court.

The Chinese court started recently for the western tombs of the royal house of China. There was an immense amount of ceremony observed in relation to the visit and no less than 400 railway cars were requisitioned to convey the royal pair, their courtiers and baggage on their journey.

One afternoon a representative of the London Daily News waited upon an influential Chinaman resident in London to glean all the particulars possible in relation to the ceremony. "It is purely a religious ceremonial," remarked the official. "There will be no junketing, no feasting. Everything will be carried out in the most solemn manner. One object of the visit to the tombs is to impress upon the minds of the visitors is that sooner or later all men, no matter how great their position, must go to the grave. Another is that the dead may live in the memories of their descendants from generation to generation and their virtues be perpetuated. By such ceremonies the Chinese people believe that they offer an incentive to men to live good lives, so that their children and children's children may take a pride in their tombs."

"It is not," continued the Chinese gentleman, "absolutely necessary that the emperor or empress should visit the tombs every year, but when the crowned heads cannot make the journey they must send as their representative the next heir to the throne, the nearest of kin. Should they omit doing this the Chinese race would consider that an unpardonable insult had been offered to the illustrious dead, which would be productive of the gravest results, both politically and socially. The tomb which is the objective of the present visit lies some considerable distance west of the city of Peking, and can now be reached or nearly reached by rail.

"In days not so very remote the pilgrimages were made either in carts or in palanquins, the common people going on foot. During the time the pilgrims were passing through any village or town all labor ceased until the cortege had got well upon its way, even the laborers working in the fields stopped work as a sign of sympathy and respect for those who were abating honor to their dead. In those times the Chinese royal pilgrimages was a most interesting and picturesque function. Even now, when the western method of travel has robbed the journey of much of its quaint ceremonial, it is an imposing sight, and one which Europeans are not welcomed to witness."

### Woman in Important Post.

No woman occupies a more responsible position under the United States government than Mrs. A. E. Brown, who for many years has been the bureau expert of the treasury department. Her husband, through ill health, was incapacitated a score of years ago, and the couple then left their home in New York and went to Washington, where Mrs. Brown at once applied for a government position. After a great deal of persistence she secured a position in the treasury and was set to work counting ten-cent notes, or "shin plasters," as the fractional currency at that time issued was known. These were received by the wagon load in all stages of delapidation. Her first promotion came in a year, when she was permitted to count 25-cent notes. After that as the years went by she climbed steadily upward to her present important post. So familiar is she with United States currency and that of the national banks that she can put together charred notes which no one else could tell from any other sort of paper.—Chicago Record-Herald.

### Will Aid Research.

Two professors of Jena university—H. Stedentopf and R. Zaigmondy—have discovered a new method of microscopic preservation, whereby ultramicroscopic particles are not only made visible, but can also be studied with full view of determining their size. A full description was recently published by the inventors in the German scientific journal Annalen der Physik (volume 10, 1903). The method consists mainly in the particles to be observed.—Consular Report.

### Live Bat in Brick Wall.

One day recently a brick wall in Baltimore, which had not been touched since 1871, was torn down, and a little cavity, completely enclosed, was found a bat which must have been there for 32 years. It flew out and was captured. In the same cavity was found the skeleton of another bat which had not been vigorous enough to stand the long wait for light and food.

### New Federal Jobs.

The last congress created 11,316 new offices and employments at an annual compensation of \$7,927,639. Of these the net increase is 9,501, an aggregate of \$4,966,158 in salaries and wages.

### Adequate Return.

Mrs. Heusker—Suppose I should give you a nice dinner to-day, what return would you make? Henry Higgins—Well, ma'am, if I liked your cooking I'd return just as often as I could, ma'am.—Philadelphia Press.