The St. Tammany Farmer

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THE GREAT MAGICIAN.

What spell lies on the street to-day?
I found it dull not long ago;
Now these old houses, dim and gray,
Seem bright with a mysterious glow;
And even the sober trees look gay
That once I called "a gloomy row."

Ah! then I longed for sunny fields,
Where bud and bell fresh leaves unfold;
But now the joy this pavement yields
Is quite as much as heart can hold:
Think you some great magician wields
His wand, transmuting stone to gold?

Sweetheart, you know the reason why
Such witchery hangs about the place;
From one small window—all too high—
There shyly leans a flower-like face,
That smiles to see me loiter by,
Though Time—the tyrant—runs apace.

And be the morning dark or fair,
I carry to my daily toil
The light that shines from eyes and hair,
Which neither rain nor wind can spoil;
And to the grimeful city bear
Pure thoughts that naught can stain or soil.

Oh! happy he who thus may take
Heart-sunshine into mart or mill;
And happy she who for his sake
Can smile behind the humblest sill;
The world its wiser head may shake,
But Love's the true magician still.
—E. Matheson, in Chambers' Journal

An Experiment

By ALISON MUNDAY.

ON the night of Prof. Warwick's death, two high school boys, Billy Williams and Eben Hyde, were taking a short cut across the campus, when they noticed a peculiar light shining through the cracks of the laboratory blinds. In telling of it afterwards, Williams said:

"When I first peeped in, the light almost blinded me. The whole room was as red as blood, and when I looked over my shoulder to see if any one was coming, I saw green moons everywhere. After a while I got used to the glare, and it seemed to grow paler and paler, until it was so white it dazzled me. The air was full of silvery-looking waves" (this was first mentioned in the third or fourth repetition of the tale) "and when Prof. Warwick bent over the crucible, his face glowed as if there were a lamp inside of his head. Just then the blind squeaked and, as he looked toward us, his eyes shone like a cat's at night. Then Eben started to run and I ran after him."

Hyde, who had a less vivid imagination, said he didn't notice how the professor looked, but he saw he was cooking something, and that he held some kind of a jar in his hand and smoke was coming out in white rings. "Just then," he said, "Billy started to run and I thought the janitor was after us, so I ran too, and just as we turned the corner of the medical building, there was a noise like thunder, and we both fell down."

At the sound of the explosion, the students who were exercising in the gymnasium nearby had come running to the scene. The door was locked, but, finding the blinds ajar, they crowded through the window, scratched matches, and surveyed the ruin. Hurled in every direction were broken glass, fallen plaster, and shattered instruments, but there was no trace of Prof. Warwick—no blood, no clothing, nothing to show what had become of him. Soon the professors came hurrying from every direction, then the townspeople, and, in a few moments, the campus was filled with an excited crowd. There was a babel of conjectures, and the two boys, swelling with importance, told their story over and over. Mayor West, returning from a drive with his family, stopped to make inquiry. Learning the shocking news, he gave the lines to his daughter, and joined the crowd in the campus. Harry Ambler, a senior, begged permission to take Mr. West's place in the carriage, and, while driving homeward, gave a highly-colored version of the boy's story. The warm moonlight, filtering through the over-arching branches, scattered silver flakes upon Isabel's brown hair. She drooped forward so that her delicate face was in shadow, but her round white neck gleamed like ivory, and, as he talked, the young man's eyes lingered over the details of her beauty. Possibly he was not wholly sorry that his most dangerous rival had gone out in a blaze of glory.

Meanwhile the crowd surged in and out of the laboratory, discussing the situation from every possible point, and finally began moving off in groups of excited talkers. The faculty, after appointing a meeting for the following morning, withdrew to their homes; the townspeople scattered to theirs; the students, with whom the young professor had been extremely popular, went quietly to the dormitories, and gloom and silence settled upon the town.

Yet, all this time, Warwick's body was lying as it had fallen, in the middle of the floor, face upwards, the features sharp and thin in their pallor, the dark brows drawn into the anxious frown they had worn in that last moment of consciousness. Coating the entire body and spreading like a film on the floor, was something undefinable; was it liquid, or vapor, or flame? —gliding, faintly glowing, smearing like oil, shimmering in the darkness with iridescent tints.

Early the following morning, Scott, the janitor, came in. The young professor had always been kind to him, and the old man went sadly to work, clearing up the wreckage. Roused by the sound, Warwick spoke: "Help me up, Scott," he whispered faintly, but the old man continued his work without, apparently, noticing him.

"Scott," he gasped again. The janitor stopped and looked about him with a face as white as death.

"Oh, Scott!" Warwick repeated in an agonized whisper, "don't you see me?" With an awful cry, the old man leaped through the window and ran for his life.

One or two students on their way to breakfast, some time later, leaned through the window. "He certainly played the dickens," one remarked. "I wonder if it could have been suicide?"

"Hope he wouldn't be such a fool," said the other, "and what would he do it for? He was the luckiest fellow—"

The refectory bell began ringing and they moved off. Warwick sat up, closed his eyes and sank back, then, rallying all his forces, struggled to his feet and leaned against the window frame. His pulses were beating deafeningly and his feet tingled as if full of needles. He would have fallen had he not caught hold of the window-sill.

Evans and Martin, two members of the football team, looked in.

"Somebody started a cock and bull story about this place being haunted," Evans said, leaning forward to get a better view. As he did so, he laid his hand upon Warwick's and reeled back, his face livid. Martin began pounding him on the back; two or three passers, running up, laid him on the grass and tore open his collar; others, swelling the crowd, stood on tiptoe to catch sight of him, and hazarded the information that he was "in a fit from overtraining." Presently he sat up, made some explanations to the inner circle, and, having been helped to his feet, went off in a shame-faced way with the crowd.

Sick in body and mind, Warwick crawled feebly through the window and followed them. Hoping for some opportunity of explanation, he went to chapel, where Dr. Austin, the president, motioning toward the place where Warwick was sitting, spoke touchingly of "that vacant chair," then announced the suspension of all college work for the remainder of the week, and the selection of Friday for the memorial services.

On the appointed day, the Presbyterian church, the largest building in town, was packed to suffocation. Warwick had taken the precaution of going early and sitting on the edge of the platform where he was sure no one would jostle against him. At half past three the faculty marched slowly in, to the strains of Chopin's funeral march, and seated themselves on the platform; after them came the trustees, then the seniors in cap and gown, followed by the lower classmen, then the mayor and city council, and, finally, a great wave of femininity, in diaphanous lawns and with hats like a parterre of flowers. The aisles were filled with chairs until there was no more standing room, and through the open windows he could see a crowd of people who could not get in. He scanned the sea of faces in search of one he hoped was there, and, by following the glances of Ambler and a dozen others, he finally discovered it in the front row of the gallery. White as her dress, and with dark shadows under her blue eyes, Isabel fanned herself and listened absently to the whispered remarks of her neighbors.

Suddenly Warwick became conscious that the preliminary exercises were over, and that Dr. Austin was speaking. People were shedding tears as he told of the struggles of the young man to get through college, of his wonderful success in his chosen profession, of his enthusiasm at the discovery of radium, and of his conviction that one might go a step farther and render opaque bodies perfectly transparent, if only one could find the right combinations.

Warwick looked up at Isabel. She was leaning forward now, her face flushed, her lips quivering as she breathlessly followed the speaker. Suddenly she made a wild gesture, as if an overwhelming thought had struck her, and, covering her face with her hands, she leaned back, apparently weeping.

As he stood on a bench, waiting for the audience to pass, he was deaf to the people's murmured comments on Isabel's behavior, as well as to the oft-repeated wonder as to what could have become of his body. He was conscious of only two things—she understood what had befallen him and she cared.

The long summer vacation was over, and Dr. Austin was looking over an accumulation of letters. Gazing through the door he could see from where he sat a group of students lounging under the trees, and the sound of the college song they were singing mingled with the noise of hammering at the laboratory near by. He frowned and sighed, thinking of the superstitions that had grown up around that building. The janitor, Scott, had absolutely refused to enter the place, and it had remained a wreck all summer. Macarthy, who had been bribed to do some scrubbing, now walked across the field of vision, bucket in hand, and the doctor, again sighing, opened the next letter in the pile. As he read, his face grew stern; he glanced at the signature, "John Warwick;" at the postmark, "Boston, Mass." His face was pale with indignation. This was no subject for a silly hoax. The writer explained how, in the course of his investigations he had either discovered a new element (and this he could only verify by further experiments), or had stumbled upon a combination which united with the familiar quality of self-luminosity the power of imparting transparency to opaque objects. He had himself been rendered invisible by a sudden explosion due to his ignorance of the substances which he was investigating, and had spent the past three months in finding an antidote to the mysterious elements which had been absorbed into his system. He now begged permission to return to his duties as, in spite of his painful experiences, his faculties were unimpaired.

At this moment Dr. Austin became conscious of an uproar in the campus. An excited throng was surging about the laboratory. As he stepped out on to the porch to investigate the cause the crowd broke into a run, headed by Macarthy, who, armless and legless, came flying toward him, followed by workmen and students.

"Why! Why!" exclaimed the doctor, "what on earth has happened?"

"It's bewitched, I am!" Macarthy vociferated. "Whin I was scrubbing the shpot on the flure, me arms and legs cam' off."

Every one felt of him; his arms and legs were as tangible as ever, but totally invisible. There was a confusion of voices, and the hubbub was momentarily increasing when Macarthy, breaking away, fled homeward, spreading panic at every step.

Dr. Austin sent his answer immediately by the noon mail.

One week later everybody was at the railroad station, the president and faculty, the trustees and students, the mayor and city council, waiting with addresses of welcome, while the platform was crowded with representative citizens, and all about the station were carriages filled with ladies. Only Isabel West was at home, reading for the hundredth time the letter she had received from John Warwick the day before.

A whistle was heard in the distance, a rumbling, as the train crossed the bridge, the engine swept into view around the curve, rushed past the station, slowed up and stopped, panting heavily. The band began playing. People broke into cheers, and ladies waved their handkerchiefs. The passengers, stretching their necks out of the train windows, wondered why people were mobbing the tall, athletic young fellow who stood blushing like a schoolboy and smiling tremulously. Then, as the train moved off, there was a mighty roar of students' voices: "Rah! Rah! Rah! Sis-boom rah! What's the matter with Warwick? He's all right! Who's all right? Warwick!"—N. O. Times-Democrat.

ONCE A DANGEROUS COUNTRY.

Risks Run by Inn Guests When Dueling Was in Vogue in Ireland.

"Ireland is not so dangerous a country to travel in as it used to be," said Victor Herbert, relates an exchange. "The Irish are not such fire-eaters now as they once were.

"Samuel Lover, the Irish novelist, was my grandfather, and he, in middle life, had in Ireland an experience that illustrated well the perils of travel at that time.

"My grandfather was on the way to Cork. He was traveling by coach, and on a certain day he stopped for luncheon at a roadside inn.

"A servant led him to an upstairs room, took his order and retired.

"My grandfather drew up his chair to the table, and soon the servant, reappearing, set before him a plate that contained half a grilled chicken. My grandfather was about to fall to upon the chicken when—cr-r-rack—his plate split clean across and the fowl shot up nearly into the ceiling. At the same time a waiter, pale and tremulous, ran into the room, crying, 'He's safe. He's safe.'

"'Who's safe?' said my grandfather, testily.

"'Mr. O'Musgrave,' said the waiter. 'The captain fired in the air.'

"It was, you see, the bullet of a duelist, and of an indoor duelist at that which had come up through the ceiling and interrupted my grandfather's meal."

HE BLAMED THE DOCTOR.

Wasn't Responsible for Medical Man's Herrors in Dog's Nosing His Case."

Some years ago the inhabitants of S—— were moved to pity and charity by the appearance in their streets of a cadaverous-looking man, who turned the handle of a barrel-organ, upon which was prominently displayed a large card bearing the pathetic appeal: "Six months only to live. Wife and children to provide for."

For several weeks, says a London paper, the cadaverous one regularly raked in a harvest of coppers, then he disappeared.

Four years later a townsman saw him in a distant city, with the same organ and the same pathetic legend on it.

"I saw you with that notice four years ago at S——" said the S—— man, sternly, pointing to the "six months to live."

"Very likely, sir," said the cadaverous but evidently tough and leathery one, coolly. "I ain't responsible for my medical man's herrors in dog's nosing my complaint."

TALK ABSOLUTELY USELESS.

Son-in-Law Was in Position to Speak His Mind and Became Philosophic.

"Put yourself in my place, young man. Would you want your only daughter to marry a penniless youth?"

"Put yourself in my place, sir. Would you want to remain a penniless youth when there were rich men's daughters to marry?"

"You confess that you'd marry my child simply for her father's wealth?"

"And you confess that you withhold her from me simply because of my poverty?"

"What other reason do I need?"

"What other reason could influence you?"

"This talk is quite useless."

"Quite."

"We have nothing to gain by it."

"Absolutely nothing."

"You take it philosophically."

"Why shouldn't I? Your daughter and I were quietly married a month ago."

"Good gracious!"

Truly Illogical.

Gustave Whitehead, the areonaut of Bridgeport, Conn., was discussing the aeronautical work of Prof. Alexander Graham Bell.

"Prof. Bell's work is logical," he said; "whereas too much of the work of our aeronauts is illogical—quite as illogical as the remark that a young Swede once made to me in a storm.

"The Swede and I were out walking together when a storm came up. The rain fell violently. We took refuge under a tree.

"The tree for about 15 minutes made a good refuge. Then it began to leak. The cold raindrops began to fall down my neck, and I began to complain.

"'Oh, never mind,' said the Swede; 'there are plenty of trees. As soon as this one is wet through we'll go under another.'"—N. Y. Tribune.

As Others See Us.

Algernon—It—aw—takes nine tailors to—aw—make a man, doncher know.

Jack—According to that, I suppose a dressmaker was employed in your case.—Chicago Daily News.

PRINCE GUSTAVE ADOLPH.

The son of King Oscar of Sweden, who it is said will seek the hand of Alice Roosevelt in marriage. He expects to meet her in London this winter.

TITBITS IN HUNTER'S FARE

Frozen Caribou Marrow, Moose Nose and Muskrat Stew Are Delicacies.

Have you ever eaten stewed muskrat? If you are a hunter or a fisherman and in the habit of leaving the catering of the carp to your Canadian guides, it is possible that you may have done so without ever knowing it, says the New York Sun.

You may, perhaps, recall an exceptionally rich mess of splendid pottage, such as the hunter loveth, with a gamey flavor all its own. It may have been rabbit, it may have been hare; it may have been neither. If it was simply stewed muskrat, and the season was early in the spring or late in the autumn, it was better than either.

A far rarer and choicer tidbit than either roast or stewed muskrat is a caribou marrow bone. This can be enjoyed only in the far north and in the winter season.

Never was marrow bone so prepared by city chef as that of the caribou by the hand of nature. The hunter merely exposes the dainty morsel to the action of the frost and the frozen marrow is ready for the table.

One does not, necessarily, have to go to the woods for venison, and it is a fact that moose and caribou steaks are far better for hanging for several days. But some of the choicest morsels of the moose and the caribou are unobtainable far from the woods where the animals are killed.

The nose, the liver and the kidneys, though highly esteemed by hunters, are never brought to market. Moose nose, in particular, is an exceptional delicacy.

What makes it all the rarer is that it is not only necessary to kill a moose in order to produce the delicacy, but also to destroy that most beautiful and most highly prized trophy of the chase—a moose head. You cannot eat the nose and have the head, too.

Taking off the skin sufficiently to permit of the stuffing of the nose with the head removes the best part of the nose. To prepare the nose for table it is cut off the animal as soon as the latter is killed, and is then scalded and scraped to take off the hair. Then it is slightly smoked and boiled.

The tail of the beaver is prepared a little differently. It is first slightly heated in the fire, when the outer skin peels off. Then it is either boiled or roasted.

The whole carcass of the beaver makes excellent food. Its flesh is often the chief means of subsistence of the northern Indians for weeks at a time.

Prominent also among the hunter's woodland delicacies must be mentioned roasted squirrel and porcupine, both of which are alike delicate and nutritious.

Perkins and the Luncheon.

Senator Perkins, of California, never lunches with Senator Elkins, of West Virginia, although they are the best of friends. Perkins refuses all overtures because he wants to keep up a joke. Some time ago Elkins invited Perkins to luncheon, and quite an elaborate spread was ordered. In fact, West Virginia urged California to more than ordinary extravagance in the matter of food and other accessories. When the time came for settlement Elkins went through his pockets, but failed to turn up either pocketbook or money.

"Perkins," he said, "you see how I'm fixed. You'll have to pay for this luncheon."

It was only a short time ago that Elkins asked Perkins to luncheon, and the latter said:

"No, no; I went to luncheon with you once. You can't catch me that way again."—Buffalo Times.

Tax on Women's Dresses.

To raise money for the French treasury the municipal council of La Courtine gravely proposes that a tax should be levied on every dress a woman possesses over and above one for everyday wear and one for Sundays and fete days.

Must Speak English.

English is to be the language of the international commission of inquiry into the North sea affair. At least that was the decision as long as Admiral Kasnakoff was a member. Perhaps Doubasoff, who takes his place, does not speak English.

Befogged.

The Royal Meterological society held a meeting in London recently to hear and discuss a paper on "Decrease of Fog in London." There was a very slim attendance. Most of the members had been unable to come on account of the fog.

EARRINGS IN ANCIENT DAYS

Worn by Men, Women and Children in Bible Times— Aid to the Sight.

The Mohammedans have a curious legend to account for the beginning of the custom of wearing earrings. They say that Sarah, being jealous of Hagar, vowed that she would not rest until she had imbrued her hands in the blood of her bondmaid. Abraham quickly pierced Hagar's ear and drew a ring through it, so that Sarah was able to fulfill her rash vow without danger to the bondmaid's life.

From that time, they say, it became customary for women to wear earrings. The story of Rebekah's earring is only one of many early Biblical allusions to the ornament. When Aaron made the golden calf, it will be remembered, he called upon the Israelites to "break off the golden earrings, which are in the ears of your wives, of your sons and of your daughters, and bring them unto me." And out of these and other golden ornaments the calf was made. From this it is plain that earrings were worn by the Hebrews without regard to sex or age.

In Great Britain the familiar ornaments have been worn for many centuries and not by women only. Charles I., it is said, wore pearl earrings of considerable value, and the day before his execution took one from his ear and gave it to Bishop Juxon for transmission to his daughter, the princess royal. Rabelais says that it was in his day—the era of Henry IV. of England—that men in France first began to wear earrings.

It is worth noting that at least one existing portrait of Shakespeare represents him wearing such an adornment. This is at Wentworth park, Yorkshire, and shows the poet with mustache and beard and an earring in his left ear. Lord Sherborne possesses at Sherborne house, near the old-world town of Northleach, a portrait of one Thomas Dutton, a sixteenth century worthy, who is represented, says his lordship, "in the prime of life and wearing a remarkably fine pearl in his left ear. The right ear is not shown, but presumably he wore a corresponding earring in it."

Nowadays few men wear them, save some sailors and fishermen and navvies. Among southern people their use by both sexes is more common and often begins at an early age. In Spain babies' ears are bored soon after birth. The family doctor performs the operation and inserts a gold ear wire. Boys wear these ear wires till they attain manhood, when the wires are removed. The idea is that the process has a most beneficial influence on the eyes.

A Spanish woman wries: "Ophthalmia and scrofula are rare in Spain and the natives maintain that freedom therefrom is owing to the ear-piercing."

In Portugal and Italy and frequently in France, children usually have their ears pierced at an early age. Many men in the south retain their earrings after reaching manhood. Cardinal Mezzofanti, famous for his powers as a linguist, is said by his biographer to have worn them from infancy as a preventive against an affection of the eyes to which he had been subject.

The popular notion that piercing the ear exercises a beneficial influence upon the optic nerves is widespread. An English traveler of little more than a century ago noticed that many men in Vienna wore earrings and was told they were worn a good deal for the eyes—"the hole in the ear and the weight of the earrings drawing any humor in the eyes to those parts"—which is hardly scientific.

Village folk in England believe in the good effect of ear-piercing on the eyes just as firmly as their like in Italy and elsewhere abroad. In fact, in some places ear-piercing is regarded by the rustics as a remedy for many troubles. At the other side of the world boys have their ears pierced from a different motive. A writer on Chinese superstitions says that John Chinaman pierces his little boy's ears and makes him wear earrings, for if an evil spirit happens to see him he will mistake him for a girl and will not take the trouble to carry him away.

Soupless England.

An authority on cooking asserts that England is a soupless country, meaning that English cooks cannot make soup and that soup does not appear on the menu of an English everyday dinner. Which is a fact, though soup is about the first form that English charity takes.

Unpublished Records.

One day Admiral Dewey pointed to a chest in his office in the navy department and said: 'In that chest will be found the real records of the battle of Manila, never yet published."

SNOW IN NORTHERN WOODS

Cuts Off Communication with Outside, But Does Not Curtail Social Pleasures.

"If you want to see snow just go up into the valley of the Rainy river," said E. A. English, a settler from the Big Fork country, according to the Duluth Herald. "We have snow in the north country, and plenty of it. It lies about three feet deep on the level, I should say, and the loggers have no complaint to make because there is not enough of it.

"Despite the fact that winter cuts off almost all communication with the outside world, the cold season is not so unpleasant to the settlers through that region as some people might imagine. They have their social pleasures, too, although under conditions somewhat different from those with you city folk. Perchance there is a dance, for instance, at one of the river settlements. Of course all the young men and the women, too, not to speak of the older ones, have to be on hand. To many this means an eight or ten-mile tramp on snowshoes through the woods or down the river bed. Maybe they come from even a greater distance. Where roads allow sleighs are used.

"But the fact of there being no road presents no obstacles to the settler. A long tramp on snowshoes has no terrors for him, and if he has been in the woods long such a journey is about as easy as walking in the summer time, easier, in fact, for he does not have to bother with the swamps. Our families really are content, and I don't know but that they have good reason to be. With plenty to eat and plenty to wear, and nothing particularly to worry about, the life, even during the cold months, is not a bad one to lead.

"We kind of 'den up' for the winter, like the bears, and don't feel called upon to do any particular work, unless it be to cut fuel, or unless we find ourselves in need of exercise. Of course much of the spare time is taken up by enlarging our clearings, but there is nothing compulsory about this, and if we want to lounge about the house for a week or two in comfort there is no reason why we shouldn't do so.

"We have no quarrel with the fuel man, and care not a rap whether meat is ten cents a pound, or 50 cents a pound. The plumber is a man seen only in our dreams, and it's all the same to us whether the light and water companies, with their everlasting bills, live or die. Street cars might come in handy once in awhile, but we are just so much ahead by not having them around."

MEGAPHONE AS FOGHORN.

Warning Can Be Heard Twenty Miles from Station on Atlantic Coast.

There is another use for megaphones. Scientists have recently applied this invention to a more laudable purpose. On Falkner's island, off the Connecticut coast, there has been erected a huge revolving platform, on which are stationed eight large megaphones, each measuring 17 feet and having a mouth seven feet in diameter. These horns send out their cry of warning to every point of the compass, the power being furnished by a steam whistle.

This shout has been heard a distance of 20 miles, and when the wind is favorable the sound will carry nearly twice as far. The instrument utters its warning every 15 seconds, and each megaphone utters its cry in turn, so that the sound makes its way over the ocean in every direction. There is a combination of short and long blasts for each point of the compass, so that a mariner may know exactly whence the sound proceeds.

The government recently made an appropriation of $600,000 to build a lighthouse on Diamond shoals, off Cape Hatteras, that "graveyard of the Atlantic," which is strewn with numberless wrecks. But at a depth of 100 feet the soil is still soft, loose sand, so that no foundation could be found for the lighthouse.

Instead a new contrivance will be shortly set afloat there, held down by "mushroom" anchors. The instrument will consist of two huge megaphones, with a diaphragm to be vibrated by electricity. The machine will be operated by clockwork and when once wound up will shout for many months without requiring any attention. The necessary current will be furnished by a dynamo and in calm weather the shout will penetrate the air for a distance of 25 miles.

An Archbishop's Joke.

The Right Rev. Dr. Randall Thomas Davidson, archbishop of Canterbury, more than held his own as a raconteur during his visit to Fernleigh Over, the county seat of Bishop Potter. This is one of his stories: "When I was a young man I once made an impassioned appeal on behalf of a foreign missionary to an audience composed of my rural parishioners. The following week I was surprised on entering a provision shop in the village to be greeted with marked coolness by the worthy dame who kept it. On asking the reason of this strange treatment the good woman produced a half crown from a drawer, and throwing it down before my astonished eyes, snapped: 'I marked that half crown and put it in the plate last Sunday, and here it is back again in my shop. I knowed well them niggers would never get the money!'"—London Leader.

Decay of Social Arts.

The disappearance of good penmanship is no more marked than the disappearance of witty conversation—indeed, of conversation of any kind. "Shop," always the greatest foe to good talk, is now absolutely master of the table, and even "shop" is not talked well. The pronunciation of nine persons out of ten is atrocious, and even the tenth shows an appalling poverty of words.—London Lady.

Growth of the Churches.

Despite the clatter about outworn creeds and the anxious look on the faces of amateur diagnosticians as they sit up with the church and feel its pulse, the statistics are still on the side of the church. They show it vital, not moribund. The figures for practically every denomination show a percentage of growth during 1904 larger than the increase in population.—N. Y. Globe.

Royal Angler.

The king of Portugal is a devoted fisherman.

WOMEN WHO CHARM

HEALTH IS THE FIRST ESSENTIAL

It Helps Women to Win and Hold Men's Admiration, Respect and Love

Woman's greatest gift is the power to inspire admiration, respect, and love. There is a beauty in health which is more attractive to men than mere regularity of feature.

Mrs. Chas. F. Brown

To be a successful wife, to retain the love and admiration of her husband, should be a woman's constant study. At the first indication of ill-health, painful or irregular menstruation, headache or backache, secure Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and begin its use.

Mrs. Chas. F. Brown, Vice-President Mothers' Club, 21 Cedar Terrace, Hot Springs, Ark., writes:

Dear Mrs. Pinkham:—

"For nine years I dragged through a miserable existence, suffering with inflammation and falling of the womb, and worn out with pain and weariness. I one day noticed a statement by a woman suffering as I was, but who had been cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and I determined to try it. At the end of three months I was a different woman. Every one remarked about it, and my husband fell in love with me all over again. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound built up my entire system, cured the womb trouble, and I felt like a new woman. I am sure it will make every suffering woman strong, well and happy, as it has me."

Women who are troubled with painful or irregular menstruation, backache, bloating (or flatulence), leucorrhœa, falling, inflammation or ulceration of the uterus, ovarian troubles, that "bearing-down" feeling, dizziness, faintness, indigestion, or nervous prostration may be restored to perfect health and strength by taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

TICKLESOME TALES.

The late Dean Hole was fond of sports of all kinds, but when a report came to his ears that his groom had been engaging in a pugilistic set-to, the dean felt it his duty to administer a suitable rebuke, winding up with: "I hope you were separated" (severely). "Beg pardon, sir; when I'd finished he didn't want no separating," said the groom.

Col. Henry Watterson, of Kentucky, recently told a story of an old darky down south who was informed that if he was bitten by a snake and drank a quart of whisky the snake would die and he would go unscathed. "Dar's only one trouble 'bout dat cure," the old man said; "I knows whar dere's plenty snakes, but whar's I gwine ter git de whisky?"

The London Globe relates that a lady from the country was visiting Westminster Abbey recently, with the particular object of seeing the tomb of King Edward II. Patient search failed to discover it, and at last she asked the verger or an attendant of some sort, to direct her to it. The explanation of her failure was instantly forthcoming. "I'm sorry, madam," he said, "but we 'aven't got Edward II. 'ere, as we only have the odd numbers."

A man's darkest hour is when his wife turns on the light as he tries to sneak quietly upstairs at two o'clock in the morning.

A FELLOW FEELING.

Why She Felt Lenient Towards the Drunkard.

A great deal depends on the point of view. A good temperance woman was led, in a very peculiar way, to revise her somewhat harsh judgment of the poor devil who cannot resist his cups and she is now the more charitable. She writes:

"For many years I was a great sufferer from asthma. Finally my health got so poor that I found I could not lie down, but walked the floor whilst others slept. I got so nervous I could not rest anywhere.

"Specialists told me I must give up the use of coffee—the main thing that I always thought gave me some relief. I consulted our family physician, and he, being a coffee fiend himself, told me to pay no attention to their advice. Coffee had such a charm for me that in passing a restaurant and getting a whiff of the fragrance I could not resist a cup. I felt very lenient towards the drunkard who could not pass the saloon. Friends often urged me to try Postum, but I turned a deaf ear, saying: 'That may do for people to whom coffee is harmful, but not for me—coffee and I will never part.'

"At last, however, I bought a package of Postum, although I was sure I could not drink it. I prepared it as directed, and served it for breakfast. Well, bitter as I was against it, I must say that never before had I tasted a more delicious cup of coffee! From that day to this (more than two years) I have never had a desire for the old coffee. My health soon returned; the asthma disappeared, I began to sleep well and in a short time I gained 20 pounds in weight.

"One day I handed my physician the tablets he had prescribed for me, telling him I had no use for them. He stayed for dinner. When I passed him his coffee cup he remarked: 'I am glad to see you were sensible enough not to let yourself be persuaded that coffee was harmful. This is the best cup of coffee I ever drank,' he continued; 'the trouble is so few people know how to make good coffee.' When he got his second cup I told him he was drinking Postum. He was incredulous, but I convinced him, and now he uses nothing but Postum in his home and has greatly improved in health." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Look in each package for the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."