The St. Tammany Farmer

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COVINGTON, : : : LOUISIANA.

Immigration Insanity.

Alienists of recognized authority in New York say the recent report of the state lunacy commission does not indicate that the noise and methods of life in the metropolis are driving its population into madhouses. Since the report was issued, showing a 20 per cent. increase of insanity in this state, largely in New York city, there has been much comment in various sections upon the insanity-breeding conditions of the greater city. One physician in the western end of the state has ascribed the condition to flats and tenements. A Boston alienist believes the increase of New York's insane to be due to "money madness and the noise of 'L' trains." Doctor Spitzka says all this talk is nonsense. While admitting that there are undoubtedly a larger number of cases in insane asylums than ever before, he says this is due to natural causes, the chief cause being the fact that New York city is unfortunately the port of entry for the large part of the immigration to the United States. "If some method could be devised," he said, "to get the European immigrants out into the country, where they could get God's fresh air and have more favorable surroundings, New York's list of insane cases would materially diminish. There is not the slightest fear that the people of New York are going crazy. As a community we are just as sound mentally as any people on earth, if we could find a way of preventing the herding of immigrants in the east side section. There are 3,017 more cases in the 14 state insane asylums than can be properly cared for. Last year there were 26,861 commitments in the state, an increase of 927 over the average for the last ten years. A very large part of this increase came from New York city, and more than 50 per cent. of the commitments from the city were aliens. There is now talk of building two more hospitals for the insane."

It may be pleasant to know that beautiful Oxford has more slaughter-houses than colleges, and these within a stone's throw of the walks and domes we rave about, but the meaning of those old halls is undoubtedly enhanced by the contrast with the life of the town they adorn, writes William H. Allen, in the Chautauquan. House boats on the Isis are picturesque, but still more so when we learn of the constant patrol of the Thames from source to water main in London. It is not exaggerating to affirm that he enjoys the hedges and cottages best who can look around the hedges and cottages in rural Britain, with the knowledge that these isolated houses are better protected against infection whether from within or without than the palaces which entertained Queen Bess. The clean roads, the great distance between residences and outbuildings, the sewage farms and country hospitals are part of the great plan which has already realized in Britain benefits of which we are but dreaming.

Electric-Fan Colds.

The reason the "electric fan cold" is so often accompanied by sore throat is, according to Philadelphia physician, that the draught made by the fan carries so much dust with it. "The fact is," says this authority, "that the air stirred by the fan is not fresh air, unless the fan is backed up against an open window. When operating in an inside room or in similar places, where it is most appreciated, the fan uses the same air over and over, and this air gathers up and keeps in motion all the available dust. People who don't catch cold are sometimes affected by this dust and show symptoms either of sore throat or of nose troubles akin to catarrh. The right way to use a fan is to arrange it with relation to an open window so that all the air with which it is supplied comes from outside.

The Boston Post finds the outlook cheerful. It thinks the world is growing better, not worse—and thinking has a good deal to do with things. It says: "We reverence the stern virtues of our predecessors, those who founded our republic, but to-day there is less of sect, and, we believe, more of Christianity. The liberalizing spirit has brought men into more generous, more tolerant relations; hands are clasped in good works; selfish or sectional or exclusive benefits are not encouraged. The millenium is not yet in sight, but who shall say that it is not perceptibly nearer? It is a better world than that of our ancestors, this world that we live in—better, clearer, happier, more full of promise for honest endeavor, more inspiring for advancement along the lines of human progress."

Mr. Potter, director of public safety in Philadelphia, has stopped the sale of chances on a brick house offered in a raffle by the Catholic Church of the Ascension. He holds that it is a lottery. "I look upon the proposed drawing," he says, "as gambling, pure and simple. If a church may conduct a lottery, why may not men write policy or engage in other gambling games which are under the ban of the law? There is no discrimination in this particular instance. I will stop any such lottery that is called to my attention."

In recognition of his services to science generally and to the cause of ethnological research in particular, the emperor of Russia has appointed Morris K. Jesup, of New York, the president of the Natural History museum, a Knight of the Imperial Order of St. Stanislaus of the first class. Official news of his appointment, together with the insignia of the order, has been received by Mr. Jesup from Count Cassini, the Russian ambassador at Washington. Honors from Russia just at present do not seem appreciable.

THE BEST HOUR.

"Get down on the floor here, daddy,
  Get down on the floor and play."
And that is the song my baby
  Sings to me at close of day.
"Get down on the floor and tumble,
  Get down with me, daddy, do;
Got down on the floor now, daddy,
  Me 'ants to sit down on you."

Then overboard goes the paper.
  And down on the floor goes dad;
And onto him clambers baby,
  And baby is more than glad;
And daddy's a horse and wagon,
  Or daddy's a ship at sea,
And rolls with a little baby
  As happy as she can be.

Yes, rolls with the babe and tumbles,
  And grumbles, and haws, and gees,
And always a dimpled baby
  With rounded and dimpled knees
Sits perched aloft unfearing,
  And laughing with childish glee
As the daddy ship goes tossing
  And tumbling across the sea.

And, oh, but that ship is careful;
  The waves may foam and curl,
But never the ship goes plunging
  Too much for the baby girl.
And never the horse gets fractious,
  Or plunges or jumps aside
So much as to mar the pleasure
  Of the wee little girl astride.

Oh, good is the hour of gleaming,
  When labor is put aside
And daddy becomes a horsey
  A wee little girl may ride;
Or daddy becomes a plunging
  Big ship on the stormy seas,
And is guided and captained onward
  By a baby with dimpled knees.
—Houston Post.

WHY MOSE QUIT

THE round-up had been the most successful in the history of the famous Crook L ranch, which nestles between the brakes of the lower end of the valley of the Crooked creek in Meade county, Kan.

Maj. C. P. Fullington stood flicking the dust from his long top boots and gazing reflectively at the great herd. "I reckon this is about the last big drive we shall have, Tony," he said to his ranch manager.

"I hope not, sir," replied Tony. "If I couldn't have at least 16 sections from which to get my fresh air I think I'd choke, sir."

"Me, too, Tony, but the railroad has made a survey through here within five miles of the ranch, and the feller they call the diversified farmer is breaking up the sod of the short grass country and raisin' crops. It's the cattlemen to the tall timber and the farmer to the front, Tony."

Soon after their conversation the rude breakfast was over, camp was broken and the long drive to the railroad was resumed. Whistling and singing and shouting to the cattle, the cowboys rode with the herd, glad that the green plains still stretched sacrcely broken as far as the eye could reach. Suddenly straight ahead of the herd there appeared a village, apparently five or six miles distant. One would have sworn that it was a city built in the clear atmosphere above a beautiful lake. It was an ethereal-looking habitation, which stood boldly outlined against the cloudless sky, while the water beneath it glistened and swayed ceaselessly in the bright sunlight.

To Mose, the colored cook, who had recently come to Maj. Fullington from his father's southern plantation, it seemed to be a section of fairyland. Mose gazed at the apparition for some time, and the cowboys, noting his evident uneasiness, began to talk in low tones and cast mysterious glances in the direction of the mess wagon driven by the negro. Finally Mose could stand it no longer, and, driving close as he could get to Maj. Fullington's wagon, he asked: "Massa Fullington, what am dat town we all are comin' to?"

"That town, Mose? Why that is a spook town, that's all."

"A spook town, Massa Fullington. You all don' mean to tell me dat dat am not a real, sure 'nough town?"

"That's just what I mean, Mose," replied the major, unconcernedly. Mose rode along for a time in silence, looking occasionally at the mirage out of the corners of his eyes. Finally he asked: "How cum dat am a spook town, Massa Fullington?"

"Why, you see, it was this way, Mose. Ages and ages ago all this country was inhabited by a strange and unknown race of people. All over western Kansas they built beautiful cities and they were very rich and prosperous. Hundreds of years ago, no man knows when, there came upon the land a terrible deluge. It rained for days and earthquake followed earthquake and tornado chased tornado. When it was all over there was not a living thing in all this great country. The people thus destroyed loved their country so well that ever since their death their spirits return and rebuild their towns and cities in the air and hold high jinks until driven back to spirit land."

"Good Lord," exclaimed Mose. "Am dat what dey am doin' right now in dat spook town?"

"You're on, Mose."

"What am it dat drives dem away, Massa Fullington?"

"They cause their cities and towns to suddenly disappear as soon as human folks come near them."

"Massa Fullington, you am jokin' me. Dat certainly am a real town."

"Now look here, Mose. That town is on yonder hill, is it not? Well, you know very well that we can't see over the hill, and therefore the town must be on top of it. Now we are going to drive the cattle right over that hill, and you keep your eyes on that spook town and see if it don't fade away before we get there."

Several of the cowboys had entered into the spirit of the fun and began telling Mose of the wonderful spooks there were in the plains country. "When we get within 60 miles of town," declared one of them, "we will show you a spook railroad train coming after you in the air." Mose shivered, but said nothing. His eyes were riveted on the spook town, which seemed to him to have already begun to fade.

"Do you see, Mose?" asked Maj. Fullington, "the spooks are cleaning house."

The colored man's jaw dropped, his flesh went creepy and goose pimply all over, he could feel his hair rising, and he grew cold as ice. With chattering teeth he asked: "Am we all goin' to drive over dat place, Massa Fullington?"

"That's what."

"M-m-a-a-y-b-e dem spooks be mighty mad if we do dat. I'se powerful opposed to makin' dem angry, Massa Fullington."

"These spooks, Mose, don't like any one but colored people, and there are too many of us white folks for them to try to hurt you."

As the party drew near the hill the fairy city grew dimmer and dimmer until the bare outlines remained, and, flickering for a moment in the intense light, suddenly disappeared from view. When they had reached the top of the hill Mose was in a pitiable state of fright, being unable to stand or to speak. During the remainder of the day he remained silent, preparing the "grub" and serving it without comment, but furtively scanning the horizon for more spook towns. Late in the afternoon Maj. Fullington heard a piercing scream, and, turning, he saw Mose standing up in his wagon, his body rigid, his right arm extended heavenward. Gazing in the direction of the extended arm, the men saw a railroad train with smoke flying from the stack and apparently doing 50 miles an hour in mid air. Not a sound could be heard, but there it was, and the "blow-off" of the huge iron monster could be as plainly discerned as though it were standing right before them.

"There's the spook train, Mose," declared one of the cowboys. "It's taking your friends from that spook town back to spirit land."

Maj. Fullington, believing that it was high time to allay the fright of his colored servant, was about to explain that the spook train was in fact a real passenger train, which by a scientific refractionary freak, was sometimes mirrored in the air where it could be plainly seen by people more than 60 miles from the point where the train really was at the time of the mirage. His explanation started too late, for Mose had fallen in a dead faint, and

FURTIVELY SCANNING THE HORIZON FOR MORE "SPOOK TOWNS."

the boys were busy reviving him. The following day Mose was apparently feeling all right, having fully recovered from the shock of his fright. According to the plan Mose was to drive the wagon back to the Crooked L alone, the major and the cowboys remaining over the rest of the day to attend to the shipping. Shortly before the time arrived for the colored man to start he sought Maj. Fullington.

"I'se dun worked for old Massa Fullington for many years," he began, "and I reckoned to work for you all for a long time, but I's goin' to quit right now."

"What's the matter, Mose, aren't you satisfied?"

"Massa Fullington, did you expect me to drive over dem plains all by myself?"

"Certainly, why not?"

"I wouldn't do it for de world. Massa Fullington, has you dun stopped to think dat I might camp right on one of dem spook towns?"

Argument proved unavailing, and the Crooked L ranch lost the best cook it ever had.—Chicago Record-Herald.

MONTANA'S BIG TROUT.

The Great Twelve-Pounder Senator Biggs Caught with a Five and One-Half Ounce Rod.

Frozen inside a cake of ice, there is on exhibition here one of the finest trout ever landed in Montana, says a Helena (Mont.) correspondent of the New York Sun. It was caught by former Senator William Biggs, and weighs slightly more than 12 pounds.

It was caught in the Big Blackfoot river near Bonner. It took more than 20 minutes to tire the fish out so that a landing net could be placed around it, and the lucky angler complains that for two days his arm was tired as the result of the long-drawn-out tussle.

Just back of the cake of ice stand the rod, reel, line and hook which proved the undoing of the fish. They seem out of all proportion, as the rod weighs only five and a half ounces, the reel is an ordinary affair, the line a deceptive silk thread, and the hook is minnow size.

In addition to the 12 pounder, the senator landed eight and four pounders.

Bonner is beyond doubt the banner fish center of Montana this year, as two other beauties, weighing eight and ten pounds, were caught in that vicinity during May. Reports are slow in reaching Helena from the numerous parties which have gone overland to the Big Blackfoot—central Montana's favorite stream—but judging from results further down, it will yield its customary amount.

This has been an unusually good year for anglers in Montana, owing in part to the fact that the waters are lower than in other years because of the light snowfall during the winter.

VALUE OF ACCURACY

THE LACK OF IT ACCOUNTS FOR MANY FAILURES.

Incorrect Spelling Among College Professors—Why the Cook, the Amateur Photographer and the Club-Woman Sometimes Fail—Dr. Johnson's Accuracy—"Brilliant Brigandage" Preferable to "Incompetent Integrity."

BY LUCY ELLIOT KEELER.
(Editorial Writer, the Youth's Companion.)
(Copyright, 1905, by Joseph B. Bowles.)

A young negro recently addressed a convention in behalf of his people. He had a most interesting face, and a winning manner; and the audience of experts listened with high expectation. One by one, however, they settled back in their seats, irritation showed on some faces, boredom on others. What was the matter? The speaker had lost none of his eloquence, none of his ingratiating air; but he had begun of facts, scarcely one of which was accurately stated. His assertions were colored doubtless by his feelings, his racial prejudices; nevertheless he damaged his cause by his inexactness.

"Was he not like many of your students?" asked a congressman afterward, turning to a Harvard dean.

"Indeed, yes!" came the instant response. "Accuracy is so out of fashion that it is next to impossible to find a youth who can copy a list of printed names without misspelling. We have boys who cannot spell, men who cannot spell, teachers of English who cannot spell, college professors who cannot spell and who have a mean opinion of spelling! One by one I warn them, as George Eliot warned her heroine: 'You are very accomplished, very brilliant, but you have not said to yourself, I must understand this exactly, I must do this exactly, I must go like a watch—true, true, true!'"

Here is a simple test. Ta some 20 lines of poetry which you know by heart, and after writing them down compare your version with a printed copy. Not one in a hundred persons can pass that test successfully. There will be deviations slight, perhaps, but astonishingly numerous.

Wordsworth was much excited one day at hearing that he had written a poem on a daisy. "No," he said, "it was the daisy—a very different thing." There was a difference. His friend Coleridge continually shifted from one side of the walk to the other. He seemed unable to keep in a straight line. Some one said of him that his mind was a labyrinth without a clue, in which was stored up a vast amount of knowledge that could never be found and which was of no use to anyone.

* * * * *

Why is it that the stories of tunnels begun at opposite sides of a mountain, the workmen meeting in the middle to an inch, create such astonishment in the reader? Is it not the consciousness of his own vague tendencies of word and thought, his own loose approximation of manual results? A modern architect actually builds his bridge or skyscraper in his office, marking the place of every least rivet. He figures on weights and distances and measurements beforehand, realizing that without absolute accuracy his bridge or his building will not stand. Fancy the worth of astronomical calculations which ignore the small figures or of a bank ledger in which the small decimal is ignored!

"Rub some sugar and butter to a cream, add sufficient flour and baking powder, thin to the proper consistency with milk, and flavor to taste." So reads many a neighborhood recipe. That the cake ever came out well was because the maker knew her ingredients accurately by eye if not by word. Look through albums of amateur photographs and see how many are fading. Why? Because the photographer would not follow his directions exactly.

Many a woman's club not only does not leave its members where it found them, but it carries them into an uncertain knowledge that is worse than ignorance. To know one thing accurately is the backbone of culture. Most persons' opinions, too, might well "be arrested on a charge of vagrancy, having no visible means of support." What a relief, on the contrary, what a feeling of confidence, to read a recent book by Dr. Stanley Hall, wherein a footnote proves that a casual phrase is buttressed by some 1,728 experimental tests!

Sir Joshua Reynolds once asked Dr. Johnson by what means he had attained his extraordinary accuracy and flow of language. Johnson replied that he had early laid it down as a fixed rule to do his best on every occasion, and to tell whatever he had to impart in the most forceful language he could use; and that by constant practice and never suffering any careless expressions to escape him, or attempting to deliver his thoughts without arranging them in the clearest manner, accuracy had become habitual with him.

"Nay, madam," he once said reprovingly to Mrs. Thrale, "when you are declaiming, declaim, but when you are calculating, calculate." Boswell ironically said of the same lady, "I gladly seize this opportunity of acknowledging that however often, Mrs. Thrale is not always inaccurate."

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One of our distinguished statesmen was as a boy taken to call on Rufus Choate, the father asking the great lawyer to give some word of advice to his son. The distinguished man replied, slowly: "Be accurate, my boy; accurate and honest, and love your books." Whatever success the statesman has had he attributes to a sincere endeavor to follow that motto.

Choate's accuracy marked every detail of his life, and he had no sympathy with botch and inexactness in any form. A client once brought him a deed of land wherein a boundary line was marked by two stones and a sapling.

"One might as well have defined it as starting from a blue jay," the lawyer exclaimed, "running thence to a swarm of bees, and thence to 500 foxes with firebrands tied to their tails."

The reader smiles at the simile, recognizing its truth; but it has a wider application than even Mr. Choate intended. The young negro with his perverted statements; the youth who cannot copy a list of words correctly or quote familiar poetry word for word; the photographer or cook who mixes ingredients by rule of thumb, the club woman who relies on her imagination for her facts and on her memory for her theories; the world of people who are satisfied with "pretty near" or "almost" or "that will pass," who have never learned to go like a watch—true, true, true—these may one day realize that habits of inaccuracy are veritable firebrands, destroying the fair palaces of a happy and successful life.

* * * * *

Now right side and wrong side lie so close together, that even a plea for a certain virtue may well contain a warning against it. There is no greater bore on earth than the stickler for unimaginative exactitude. It is as opposed to wholesome accuracy as the "push" on one side of the door is to "pull" on the other.

"As I went down Forty-fourth street this morning," you begin—

"It must have been Forty-third street," interrupts the accurate bore, "for Forty-fourth street was closed to traffic yesterday."

"Very likely it was Forty-third street," I resume patiently. "I saw Franklin coming out of his club, and called—"

"It could not have been his club, for he belongs only to the University, which is up by the park."

"Some friend's club, then," you say, testily; "and I called to him—"

"But there is not any clubhouse on Forty-third street, I know every house there—"

Who of us does not recognize that kind of conversational pinprick?

A more picturesque illustration lately came from Germany. An American manufacturer had sent thither 10,000 show cards in which his agricultural machines were drawn by tigers, driven by an airily attired goddess of liberty. The local agent returned the cards with the criticism that in Germany tigers were neither available nor adapted for draft purposes, nor could such women as work in the fields afford to dress as seems to be the fashion in wonderful America!

DOG GOES TO SCHOOL.

This Canine Has Not Been Absent or Tardy in the Seven Years of His Attendance.

In Brockton, Mass., the home of W. L. Douglas, the governor of the state, there is a bulldog that has been a regular attendant at school, with no absent or tardy marks, for seven years. He is owned by Mr. and Mrs. Horace Niles, and went to school first with their son Ralph. The boy went into the first grade in the primary department, and the dog insisted on going with him. Like Mary's little lamb, he made the children laugh and play, but the teacher could not turn him out. He absolutely refused to go away, and, as he did nothing but sit quietly by his little master, she did not take strenuous methods to get rid of him. The children soon became used to him, and no longer laughted when he was in the room, until finally he was enrolled as a regular pupil and his attendance recorded the same as that of any boy or girl.

After a time he was often used as an example of obedience to the pupils, for the teacher never had to speak to him but once, whether it was an order to go and lie down or close the door, without his obeying instantly. He also served as a model for the drawing classes. He took kindly to the fire drill, and all through his seven years' course he has been in his place in the line the second the fire alarm bell rings, and he files decorously out with the other pupils.

After a year in the primary department, he thought he had become too advanced for such baby methods, and promoted himself into the grammar department, where Rita Niles, Ralph Niles' sister, was. He has accompanied her from room to room ever since, until now he has reached the last grade, and will graduate this June. Already he has made a trip to the high school to see how he likes it, and will have a place there as soon as he gets his diploma from the Winthrop school.

Sickness does not keep him at home, and, unlike most boys and girls, he does not have to be hurried to school to escape being tardy. He trots out of the yard 15 minutes before school time every day, and is in his place when the bell rings. A few weeks ago he was ill, and Mrs. Niles tied him up at home. But he broke away and went to school, although he was so weak he could hardly stand, and thus kept up his record of no absences.

Both principal and teachers of the school are deeply attached to him, and will miss him sorely when he graduates.—N. Y. Tribune.

An Old Physician.

Dr. Alonzo Garcelon, ex-governor of Maine, celebrated his ninety-second birthday recently. He still practices among his patients of Lewiston and Auburn, driving his fast Morgan mare Kitty with firm and unerring hand. Straight as a young sapling of his native pine tree state, this wonderful old-school democrat at first sight would pass for a man 30 years his junior.

Harmless.

Bell—Did that anonymous note worry you?

Nell—Oh, no; it was from Jack. He always writes them when we have a falling out!

THE WRONG PORT.

Mrs. Smith—Had your daughter a pleasant voyage?

Mrs. Newrich—Yes, but they must have had an accident. She wrote she landed on Terra Firma, and I know the boat was bound for Liverpool.—Toledo Blade.

CUTS INTO THE STOMACH.

Modern Surgery Accomplishes What Was Formerly Deemed Impossible.

Modern surgery's great achievements have been in the abdominal region. For a generation ago fear of blood-poisoning kept the surgeon out of this territory. Here disease intrenched itself and bid the surgeon defiance, says Leslie's Magazine. But now the surgeon intrepidly enters disease's former stronghold, routs it, and in so doing performs life-saving feats with the organs that seem absolute miracles to the onlooking world.

Take the stomach. If it is too large the surgeon enfolds a portion of the wall and sutures (stitches) the edges; if a part of it is diseased, say with cancer, he cuts it out, sutures the edges, and if necessary, cuts a new opening for the head of the small intestine and sutures it into place; if the esophagus is obstructed so that food cannot be taken naturally a tube is inserted through the abdominal wall into the stomach, and when the man is hungry he merely drops a premasticated meal into the tube; or, in case a cancerous area be so large as to demand such a severe operation, the surgeon may remove the entire stomach and suture the esophagus to the duodenum.

Contrast this last operation with the working principle of the '70's, that to enter the stomach is death, and you see how far surgery has traveled in a generation. This last operation is, of course, rarely performed even now, but there are to-day a few stomachless persons in the world (one returned to work within two months after the operation), attending to their regular duties, taking a special diet, and apparently just as happy as if their stomachs were not in jars on laboratory shelves.

COULDN'T COMMIT SUICIDE

Bottle Was Marked Poison, But the Darky Suspected It Was All Right.

There was a man in Atlanta who once suspected a colored man in his employ of tampering with the contents of his wine cellar, especially with a certain brand of fine whisky. The employer decided to adopt measures to verify his suspicions, writes Woman's Home Companion. He allowed the demijohn holding his "private stock" to become empty; then, instead of refilling it, he placed his pet brand in bottles, labeling each one "poison."

One evening, on returning home unexpectedly, he caught his servant in "flagrante delicto." Seizing the bottle from the darky's hand, the Atlanta man exclaimed, in a tone of horror: "Great heavens, Sam! do you know what you have been doing? This bottle is marked 'poison!'"

The negro took the bottle and surveyed it closely. Then he sniffed at it. A melancholy smile flitted over his dusky countenance. "'Tain't pizen, sah," he said, dejectedly. "Ise been fooled ag'in."

"Fooled again?" repeated the master, indignantly. "What do you mean?"

"Well, sah," continued the darky, in the same tone of depression, "it am dis way. I knowed from de fust, from de way you acted 'bout dat demijohn, dat you had yo' suspishuns ob me; an' dat sho' made me feel pretty blue. I got distressed, an' didn't care. Why, sah, fo' mos' two weeks now Ise been tryin' to commit suicide outer dat bottle."

JEWELS OF VAST ANTIQUITY

Discoveries of Earliest Examples in the Ancient Temples of Persia.

Remarkable discoveries have been made in the ruins of the temples at Susa, the ancient capital of Persia, where marvels of jewelry have been brought to light, the earliest examples ever known of that country.

The jewels of gold and silver are the first of those countries and those ages which have come down to the present day. In this they present a great interest. Unfortunately, it is not possible to assign a precise date to each of them. As the cylinders and the seals which form a part of the finds belong to all periods from the fortieth or fiftieth century B. C. down to the date of foundation, so it is with the jewels. There are some of every age. The rings of filigree work and the scepter with the lion's head seem to be more recent than the statuettes of gold and silver, which have a frankly archaic appearance, but one cannot be sure of this appreciation. Have the discoverers not been surprised by finding rings which, if their origin had not been certain, would be attributed by the most acute connoisseurs to the Greek or Etruscan epochs?

Before the discoveries at Dashur nothing was known of the Egyptian jewelry. The opening of the tombs of the princes of the twelfth dynasty was a revelation. It is the same now as regards Elam.

How It Happened.

The goddess of liberty dreamed one night
That the grafters were trying to toll her knell.
'They shan't!" she screamed, as she woke in a fright.
And she put a crack in the liberty bell.
—Chicago Tribune.

Meaning of a Mexican Word.

The word "pec," found in so many Mexican names, means hill. Chapulepec means grasshopper hill; Ocotepec, pitch pine hill, and so forth. It is an Aztec word and its use is almost entirely confined to that part of the Mexican republic that was once ruled by Montezuma.

Huge Painting Finished.

One of the largest pictures ever painted has been completed by a French artist after eight years' labor. The subject is the funeral of M. Carnot, and the canvas measures 150 square yards.

No Profanity, Even at Home.

The town of Torquay, England, has adopted a by-law to prohibit people from using bad language even in their own houses.

EDUCATIONAL NOTES.

The opinion is making much headway in Germany that children should not be obliged to study out of school.

Prof. E. B. Spencer, who for the last 11 years has been instructor in Latin at the University of Denver, will take the presidency of the Methodist college at Rome.

President Edward A. Alderman, of the University of Virginia, has just received the degree of LL. D. from Yale. Though but 46 years old he now has seven of these degrees.

The largest Dante library in the world is that of Leonidas Leonelli in Udine, Italy. It comprises more than 3,000 publications in all languages relating to the poet.

Intelligence has been received at Yale that the governor of the province of Hunan, China, has given permission for the establishment of the new Yale college at Chengsha in that province.

Mrs. David Murray, of New Brunswick, N. J., has presented Johns Hopkins university with a valuable collection of books and relics illustrating the history and institutions of Japan, collected by the late Prof. David Murray.

The oldest university in the world is at Peking. It is called the "School for the Sons of the Empire." Its antiquity is very great, and a granite register, consisting of stone columns, 320 in number, contains the names of 60,000 graduates.

Prof. George T. Ladd, of Yale, at the close of the Japanese-Russian war, will go to Japan for a term of two years under the auspices of the Imperial Educational society of that country to aid in the development of the system of education.

Schuyler F. Herron, who has been superintendent of public schools in Northampton, Mass., has been called to the position of superintendent of the American School association of the City of Mexico. There are about 8,000 American and British residents in the English-speaking colony, and this association has charge of the education of the children.

ODD OCCURRENCES.

An ingenious Greene county (Mo.) farmer has rigged his farm wagon up with a gasoline motor and runs into Springfield several times a week auto style.

The judges at a Nevada (Mo.) baby show last week gave every child a prize. As the mothers of the babies were all there they didn't dare do otherwise.

A Mexican and full-blood Pawnee Indian were married in the probate court at Pawnee, Kan., the other day. Neither understood the language of the other. Night Marshal Wriston acted as interpreter for the Mexican, and a court attache translated the Pawnee responses into English.

Richard William Jones was pinned to the ground by a large bowlder at the Llanberis quarry, Wales, on June 17. When his comrades lifted the rock from his mangled body, he said: "Lads, sing 'O, God, Give Me Thy Peace.'" They sang it as they carried him to a hospital, where he died.

Last year an Englishman spending his holidays at Lake Windermere bought for $25 an old grandfather's clock that he had seen in a cottage. It was damaged in transit, and the owner let the express company keep it in payment of $25. The company has just sold it for $500.

ELEVATOR MANNERS.

Step all the way back.

Don't block the doorway. Other people want to get out.

Sing out before you get to your floor, so the boy won't have to reverse his machine for you.

If you want to be regarded as a man of mind, keep your hat on when all the other men in the lift have theirs off.

Take off your hat in honor of an ancient lady, for a pretty girl is sure to step in next, and then how chivalrous you will feel.

Don't gouge, don't push, don't scowl and say mean things. If you object to being shoved up against you ought to take the stairway.

Russian Play-Goers.

The war has had very little effect on the attendance in the theaters of St. Petersburg.

CHANGED HUSBAND.

Wife Made Wise Change in Food.

Change of diet is the only way to really cure stomach and bowel trouble.

A woman says:

"My husband had dyspepsia when we were married and had suffered from it for several years. It was almost impossible to find anything he could eat without bad results.

"I thought this was largely due to the use of coffee and persuaded him to discontinue it. He did so, and began to drink Postum Food Coffee. The change did him good from the beginning, his digestion improved; he suffered much less from his nervousness, and when he added Grape-Nuts food to his diet he was soon entirely cured.

"My friend, Mrs. ——, of Vicksburg (my former home), had become a nervous wreck also from dyspepsia. Medicines had no effect, neither did travel help her. On my last visit home, some months ago, I persuaded her to use Grape-Nuts food. She was in despair, and consented. She stuck to it until it restored her health so completely that she is now the most enthusiastic friend of Grape-Nuts that I ever knew. She eats it with cream or dry, just as it comes from the package—keeps it in her room and eats it whenever she feels like it.

"I began eating Grape-Nuts food, myself, when my baby was two months old, and I don't know what I should have done without it. My appetite was gone, I was weak and nervous and afforded but very little nourishment for the child. The Grape-Nuts food, of which I soon grew very fond, speedily set all this right again, and the baby grew healthful, rosy and beautiful as a mother could wish. He is two years old now and eats Grape-Nuts food himself. I wish every tired young mother knew of the good that Grape Nuts would do her."

Names given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

There's a reason.