

The St. Tammany Farmer

PUBLISHED WEEKLY.
COVINGTON, : : LOUISIANA

It costs nothing to enjoy riding on a hot air wagon.

Instead of belling the cats they should be trained to an exclusive spar-row diet.

The police in Chicago will watch the bathing costumes. They will not be alone in the work.

It is time that rich Americans stopped being meal tickets for foreign forgers of old masters.

That oyster with 54 pearls was a great improvement over the one with 1,000,000 typhoid germs.

The big fish stories are coming in. The rain of frogs in northern Indiana is scheduled for an early date.

Cotton flour and alfalfa biscuits are preparing to oust wheat from its stronghold in the human stomach.

A London barber has written a play called "The Raven's Cry." When did those torturers start shaving ravens?

A Utah woman's neck was broken by a hug. Cupid's fatalities will soon be numbered with those of football.

A strange thing about the war of the tonics is that there apparently are as many Chinamen in this country as ever.

The winter of our discontent being over, we will now begin to figure out how much new fishing tackle we shall need.

Seventy-six thousand farmers now own automobiles. Revival of the "back to the farm" outcry is now partly explained.

We respectfully call to the weather bureau's attention the fact that the ice harvest was completed during the regular winter months.

Why should college girls smoke cigarettes when there are so many interesting and useful things for them to do in this short life?

The man or movement that keeps in the middle of the road and is not turned to the right or left by fads or follies is pretty sure of success.

Dead men may tell no tales, but some defunct chickens would if they bore upon their pallid skins the date when they went into cold storage.

Those Serbian princes who have given out that they do not desire rich American brides omit to state what figure they consider as affiance.

Chicago hotels for transients have become lovely and luxurious, but your real Chicagoan will refuse to become a transient merely for that reason.

Alaska's latest gold field is yielding \$25 a pan. Still, look at the record made by any girl who catches a millionaire husband with her chafing dish!

A swarm of bees broke up a ball game in California the other day and drove all the spectators from the grand stand. One of the remarkable features of the incident was that the bees never touched the umpire.

Spain has advised Ecuador and Peru not to fight. The advice might well be extended to all Central and South American republics, no matter whether they happen to be fighting or preparing to fight just now or not.

A Pennsylvania man remembered his wife in his will and also the widow next door, dividing his property between them but stipulating that if either started a quarrel her share goes to the other. The vaunted wisdom of Solomon could have gone no further than this.

A Baltimore man wants a divorce because his wife loves him so much that her caresses and words of endearment bore him. It is hoped that women will not generally regard this as a solemn warning. Our opinion of the man is that he doesn't bulk very large as a lord of creation.

A New York paper manufacturer says that his company gets old rope from all parts of the world, and that 30,000 tons of it were manufactured into paper in this country last year. This will surprise those who had thought that the only use for old rope was in making campaign cigars.

According to experts government seeds are getting better. No longer do cucumbers vines come up when squashes were expected, and no longer does the beet make its appearance when the carrot was looked for. It is safe now to plant government corn without getting barley or oats, and Uncle Sam's grass seed no longer produces weeds. This will be welcome news to those who go to congressmen for their seeds, but still the best plan is to go to a good seedman and be sure your seeds will be all right.

Philadelphia surgeons are accused of having conducted cruel experiments on helpless orphan babes. Can anything good come from Philadelphia?

That German cobbler who set the world laughing by a piece of spectacular crookedness was deported from Ellis Island, where the officials cannot take a joke.

According to a Missouri court you are guilty of contributory negligence if you go near a mule, just as you would be if you pounded nails with a stick of dynamite.

All the best people are preparing to secure a permanent federal record in the new census. Don't miss the opportunity.

The man who smoked a single cigar for 94 minutes ought to be introduced to the Los Angeles woman who waltzed 17 hours. They'd make a cute little pair.

A Cornell professor has succeeded in smoking a cigar for 85 minutes without letting it go out. We at once award to him the Marathon cigar-smoking championship.

DEAF AND DUMB!

By HARRIET LUMMIS SMITH

(Copyright, 1909 by Associated Literary Press.)

The two young men seated at the round table in the little open-air restaurant had kept up a desultory flow of talk, such as was compatible with doing justice to the delicious soft-shelled crabs for which the Sea Gull is noted. But it was a soundless conversation, inarticulate, for the fingers talked rather than the lips. George Laveton was a deaf mute and his cousin, Allan Merrifield, though less proficient in the sign language, had mastered enough of its intricacies to enable him to sustain a part in the conversation.

"Deaf and dumb, poor things! Isn't it dreadful?"

It was a girl's voice, coming from the table at the right.

"Yes, dreadful! And especially for the handsome one," replied her companion.

"Now, which of us does she mean?" wondered Allan. His uncertainty was a credit to his modesty, for George's lean, brown face, in spite of an expression of alert intelligence, lacked every element of beauty. Fortunately the speaker settled the question by adding, "What dark, beautiful eyes he has! I never care for blue eyes in a man."

Allan heaved a sigh of relief. George's eyes were gray. He improved the first opportunity to glance at the other table. The girl in blue was beautiful. Her oval face was tinged like a seashell and the big violet eyes with their long lashes were bewitching in their frank pity.

George nudged his friend and his nimble fingers spelled out warning. "Don't stare so. It's rude."

"The worst of it is," remarked the girl who had spoken first, "that such an affliction shuts them out of every-

thing. Of course they can't marry. No woman in her senses would consider such a thing."

"I don't know why," cried the girl in blue, indignantly.

"You don't!" The exclamation of her companion indicated mingled disapproval and surprise.

"Well, for one reason, he couldn't make love to you."

"He wouldn't need to," declared the girl in blue, a trifle sentimentally. "If only he looked—" she broke off with a laugh and her companion said, reprovingly:

"Well, Winifred, I don't wonder you blush."

Allan longed to see how she looked when she was blushing, but he did not dare to raise his eyes. And her name was Winifred. Somehow he liked the sound of it. He repeated it musingly to himself.

The talk at the table on the right turned into other channels, but though Allan listened eagerly for a clue to the identity of the speaker, none reached his ears. "In a few minutes we'll leave or they'll leave," he reflected, "and I'll never see her again." It seemed to him that it was a piece of malice on the part of fate to have placed the girl in such tantalizing proximity, at the same time setting between them the barred wire fence of social convention. Why couldn't he have met her? He wished for a hurricane or an earthquake, something that would afford him an excuse for hurrying to her side and proffering his aid. But nothing happened except that George finished his crabs and asked on his fingers the leading question:

"Why have you lost your appetite?"

Allan took a final glance at the girl as she rose to go. She was even prettier than he had imagined—and sweeter. What a pensive little mouth was hers, drooping at the corners! And what a brave, tender-hearted little girl she had proved herself in her impetuous challenge to her friend. It seemed hard that he was turning away from her without any assurance that he would ever see her again. As he stepped aboard the street car he had so burdensome a sense of heaviness at heart that the ludicrous side of the situation forced itself on his attention and he laughed aloud.

In the nature of the case, an energetic young lawyer who is also a social favorite has little time to give to sentimental regrets. But somehow the memory of the girl whose name was Winifred came back to Allan often in his hours of relaxation, or when he heard sweet music. Sometimes he dreamed of seeing her and the joy of recognition invariably awoke him. And so things went until one crisp fall morning, when Fate again took a hand in the game.

Allan came out of his office in a rush. He had some important matters to attend to before meeting a client. He had not yet reached the point in his profession when he could safely keep clients waiting. Accordingly he

started to cross the street, despite the fact that a touring car was bearing down upon him, heralding its advance by the aggressive toots by which the modern motorist asserts his pre-eminence claim to the public highway. Allan believed that he had time enough to get across before the car should strike him and that, anyway, it was the chauffeur's business to look out.

At the critical moment his calculations were upset by a hand that clutched him arm. He stopped and pulled violently back, from under the very wheels of the swerving car.

Allan got back to the sidewalk without knowing just what had happened except that the hand that had first clutched him still held fast to his arm. Then, looking down, he saw that it was a little hand in a blue glove.

The hand released its hold on him, touched his shoulder, as if to attract his attention, and pointed in the direction of the now vanishing car. "Allan understood that an effort had been made to save him from the consequences of his own recklessness and he tried to seem grateful.

"Yes, I see," he stammered. "I suppose it was rather close. Awfully good of you."

The brim of the big hat was tilted with startling suddenness, disclosing a face, winsome in spite of its pallor. "You—you can speak?" gasped the girl—the girl whose name was Winifred.

The situation was trying. Suddenly it flashed upon him that his possession of the normal faculties was an offense to her. He tried to think of an answer to make to her and she backed away from him, the waves of color flooding her face.

"And you can hear, too," she accused him. "You can't deny it."

"I—I'm afraid I can't," said Allan, with real emotion.

"And you're not deaf and dumb at all? I was trying to save your life. I thought that you couldn't hear the horn and that you would be killed."

"I did hear it and I thought I had time to get across. But it was just as plucky of you, Allan, cried. "I shall never forget it."

She had her hands up over her face. He could see only the tips of her ears. His admiring tribute had not comforted her. She was thinking of something else.

"You heard me?" she cried in a smothered voice—"that day in the restaurant? You couldn't have helped hearing every word. Oh!" her voice rose in a wail. "Oh! What must you think of me?"

He came close to her. The street was full of people. Some passers-by stared at the pair, the girl with her face covered, as if she were crying, and the tall young man bending over her and plainly trying to comfort her. But, for all Allan knew, they two were alone in some enchanted garden.

"I'd like to tell you what I do think of you," he said, unsteadily. "Some of the time when we're better acquainted I can tell what I think about myself, and it's that I'm the luckiest fellow on earth to find you again. Now I'm going to walk along with you and find out what your name is—besides Winifred."

The client came promptly at eleven. And he waited as long as if Allan had been an acknowledged ornament to the bar, rather than a beginner with a name to make.

Woman as a Social Success.

There is no quality more to be desired to make a woman a social success than that of tact. Its possessor knows the right thing to do and does the right thing for doing it and thus gains a reputation for cleverness and for many virtues which a tactless person would never win from her circle of acquaintances, no matter how excellent her qualities of both heart and head.

The tactful woman is not only a patient listener, but she is a thoroughly good one. She shows no weariness even when she has heard the same story more than once from the same person and she smiles in the right place and appears to enjoy hearing jokes as much as her companion enjoys telling them, says Woman's Life.

A tactful woman generally gets her own way with her husband and with other people and yet in such a manner that people always suppose that they are following their own and not her inclinations. The fact is that she knows when a man is approachable and likely to be amenable to her wishes and when it is best to leave him alone. Tact is a weapon guided with a multitude of precautions and feminine wiles by the wise woman and it is only the wise who possess it.

The Insect and Disease.

Entomology is one of the fertile fields of science and the discovery of the role of the insect in the dissemination of disease constitutes one of the most brilliant chapters of preventive medicine. There is scarcely a common insect that has not been arraigned at the bar of science and, surprisingly enough, found guilty of a much graver offense than the mere pestering of sleeping, eating and resting man. The house fly, for instance, as we all now know, carries disease germs on its hairy feet and deliberately walks on the food of man. Typhoid fever and other diseases follow in its wake. The little fruit fly, the health authorities tell us, must also be accused. Its methods are similar to those of the house fly. People often eat fruit upon which these little flies may have deposited disease producing bacteria. House ants, particularly the red ant, cockroaches, house fleas and bedbugs are all disease carriers, as has been proved by direct observation. It has been repeatedly demonstrated that bedbugs can carry the germ of typhoid fever from the typhoid patient to a healthy man and infect him.

BREED RANGE MARES

Texas Breeder Successful With Compact Chute.

Solution of Puzzle as to How to Treat Wild Common Animals of Plains—One of Best Improvements Ever Made—Inexpensive.

Until last year I failed to get any suitable plan for erecting a chute for breeding and impregnating wild mares of the range. I wanted to breed these mares to a jack. Last year I experimented with a chute and found it very successful in saving work, writes Stanley Turner of Tom Green county, Texas, in Breeders' Gazette. It helped the man, saved the jack and was easier on the mares, too, although they must become accustomed to it.

A 60-foot corral was built in which to try the mares and this opens by an 8-foot gate into a small corral. At the farther end of the small corral are two breeding chutes side by side opening off from it. These chutes are 16 feet long, just wide enough for the mares and solidly built of 2 by 6 inch stuff in the same way as ordinary cattle chutes. They have bars across each end and are to go directly in front of the mares when they stand barely inside the chutes. A gate on each side of the small corral can be swung so as to either close the gateway from the corral or fit against the end of the chutes. These gates are

way, except that I have thought it best not to split the stump in halves, but rather to one side of the pith, and in case of large trees making a sharp angle, not splitting the wood too much, and putting in more than two and sometimes four or five scions, as shown at above cut. In this climate grafting may be done any time before the tree is out in leaf if the scions are kept in good condition. In top-grafting a lot of apricot trees to peaches, I cut the trees back severely, and then budded the young growth in July.

LASTING CURE FOR HEAVES

Some Good Horsemen Declare Disease Cannot Be Eradicated—Trouble Rapidly Increasing.

Some good horsemen say heaves cannot be cured permanently. However, the trouble is constantly and rapidly increasing. If the case is a mild one and of recent origin it may often be cured entirely by turning the horse out to pasture for two or three months. If it is necessary, however, to work a horse affected with this trouble, he can be relieved greatly by feeding no hay except at night and then only a very small amount of clean and bright hay, entirely free from dust. If there is any danger of dust it is well to dampen it, but only bright hay should be given. Fodder will be found helpful, beets, turnips, potatoes, or anything of that sort that the horse will eat. The amount of water should be limited as much as possible, and no horse with heaves should be given water for two or three hours previous to going to work. Dr. Law recommends arsenic in five-grain doses daily and continued for a month to two months as especially valuable, and says that the bowels must be kept easy, by laxatives if necessary. If treatment of this sort a horse with heaves can be greatly relieved. When the disease first comes on it will pay to turn the horse to grass, with the hope of effecting a cure at once and before the disease progresses to the extent where it becomes incurable.

GENERAL FARM NOTES.

Refill the salt box in the pasture. Set the strawberries in rows four feet apart and two feet in the row.

When desired to hatch ducklings early in the season it will be best to use the incubator.

Remove the brood sow to a place where she can be free from noise or other disturbance.

If the pump bucket leaks take it to town with you today. The tinner will fix it while you wait.

A good dairy cow usually has bright intelligent looking eyes—just the kind that the successful man has.

Hellebore sprinkled on the currant and berry bushes while wet with dew will destroy the currant worm.

Overcrowding, poor ventilation and improper feedings are the things that play havoc with brooder chicks.

The essential in the creamery is quite as essential in the dairy.

Never use grease or oil of any kind to kill vermin on sitting hens, as it will close the pores and ruin the eggs.

A good creamery in a town means prosperity for the farmers and the business men. The cow is the cause of it all, too.

Remove all the trash from along the fences. There are insects that will destroy some of your crops in the dry grass and weeds.

Devote a short time with the women folk figuring out improvements for the front yard, then spend a longer time putting the plans into execution.

From 5,000 to 6,000 pineapple plants can be raised on an acre of land, each plant producing one pineapple. They bring about 20 cents each during the winter months.

Provide Feed for Cattle.

Next August the best pastures are apt to become dry and the grass short. Plant an acre or two of sweet corn this spring to furnish green feed when pastures do become short. It is said that an animal well summered is half wintered. To summer the animal well it must have all the green feed it will eat during all the summer and fall months. A patch of early sweet corn will solve the summer green feed question. If there is any to spare it can with profit be fed to the work horses.

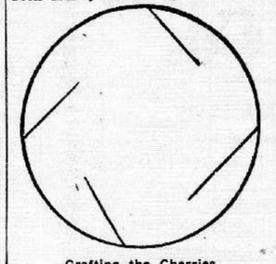
Cows in Pasture.

It is not advisable to turn the cows on the permanent pasture till the grass has made a good start. There are at least two good reasons for this. One is that the young grass is immature, watery and lacking substantial nutritive qualities. It is relished by the cows, yet they cannot get a full flow of milk on it alone. Another reason for not turning them on the permanent pasture early is that they will injure the soil by walking on it while it is wet and soft.

MANNER OF CHERRY GRAFTING

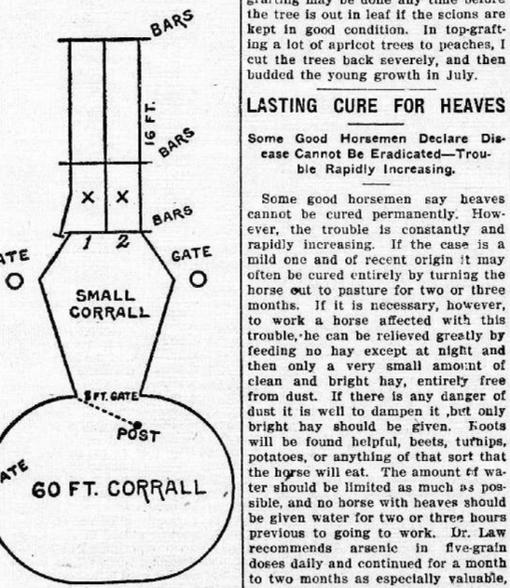
New York Orchardist Achieves Success by Adopting Old Method of "Split-the-Stump."

My experience in caring for fruit trees is that, excepting the peach and young nursery seedlings, the proper and best way to change tops of stone fruits is by grafting, writes Horace G. Keesling, in Rural New Yorker. I have grafted cherries, various kinds of plums, prunes and apricots with good results over a period of 35 years, and have found that they take as readily as apples. My method has been usually the old "split-the-stump"



Grafting the Cherries.

way, except that I have thought it best not to split the stump in halves, but rather to one side of the pith, and in case of large trees making a sharp angle, not splitting the wood too much, and putting in more than two and sometimes four or five scions, as shown at above cut. In this climate grafting may be done any time before the tree is out in leaf if the scions are kept in good condition. In top-grafting a lot of apricot trees to peaches, I cut the trees back severely, and then budded the young growth in July.



Chute for Breeding Range Mares.

strong and have openings at the right height for a man to use the impregnator through when they are swung in behind the mares.

As the mares are tried in the 60-foot corral, those found to be in season are cut into the small corral, two at a time. These two are run into the 16-foot chutes and the bars put in behind them at the end. Then they are backed down against these bars and the other bars put in directly in front of them to hold them fast. The jack is then led in and allowed to serve one. Then the gates are swung up close to the mares to protect the operator while the second is impregnated from the first.

In my opinion the solution of the small wild common mare is found by this method. I would breed her to the largest jack to be found and then the produce will be a useful salable animal and there will be no more common horses raised from that stock.

We have handled and bred range mares for 25 years and I consider this chute one of the best improvements in methods we have made.

Fertilizing Cotton.

The work of the Georgia experiment station shows plainly that phosphoric acid is the most important element in any fertilizer mixture for cotton. Next in importance is nitrogen and finally potash. Best results have been secured when all three of these elements have been combined in one fertilizer in the proportion of 3-1-3 parts phosphoric acid, one part nitrogen and one part potash, or in the proportion of 1,000 pounds acid phosphate, 75 pounds muriate of potash or 300 pounds of kainit and 700 pounds of cottonseed meal or 105 bushels of cotton seed. The ingredients should be mixed and applied in such a manner as to secure from 200 to 400 pounds of the acid phosphate per acre.

Action of Nitrates.

Nitrate of soda, being a combination of nitric acid and soda, not only acts chemically on the soil, but the nitrogen therein contained enters directly into the composition of the plant, while the soda is also appropriated by the plant to a limited extent. Nitrate of soda contains about 17 per cent of ammonia. In buying this article the fertilizer gets a proportion of soda, a fertilizer of itself on some crops. It comes from Chile, and is known as Chile saltpeter. There is another saltpeter, much higher in price, known as nitrate of potash.

Trim the Horses' Feet.

Take care of the feet of the work horses. The writer prefers, unless his horses have to stand considerable road travel, that they be unshod, but that does not relieve the farmer from the duty of keeping them properly trimmed. A set of tools is a good thing to have, but lacking that one can get along very well by using a sharp chisel, a good knife, and a rasp. The added comfort that comes from properly trimmed feet means added work, or its equivalent, less feed and better flesh. Keep the feet in the best of condition.

The Traveler's Psalm

HERE is in the Psalter a short series of 15 Psalms, all bearing the same title, which appear to have formed originally a separate collection. They are called in the English authorized version "Songs of Degrees," and they range from Psalm 120 to Psalm 134. The meaning of the title is much disputed, but the Hebrew words probably mean, as they are translated in the revised version, "Songs of Ascents," that is, "of the goings up," with reference doubtless to the pilgrimages which pious Israelites went to make to Jerusalem on the occasion of the great festivals. The little collection was probably made soon after the return from Babylon, and formed for many generations the "Pilgrim's Hymn Book," the songs of which were sung by companies of pilgrims—like that sacred "company" which included Joseph and Mary and the child Jesus in gospel history—as they traveled up to the house of the Lord.

With one exception, all the hymns in this "Psalter within a Psalter" are short, and each one usually gives expression to some single thought or feeling, such as of hope or sorrow, of gladness, thanksgiving, or unfailing trust in God. A quiet, graceful beauty pervades the small collection, the charm of which, we are told, was so felt by a Spanish commentator that he did not hesitate to say that the Psalms of Ascent are to the rest of the Psalter what the Garden of Eden was to the rest of the world at its first creation.

Lesson of the Psalm.

The second Psalm in this collection—Psalm 112—has been appropriately called "The Traveler's Psalm." It begins with the words "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills." Just as Daniel, when he prayed, opened his windows towards Jerusalem, so the Hebrew Pilgrim, as he journeyed, gazed with longing eyes towards the Hill of Zion which he loved. We seem to hear in this Psalm, says Dean Kirkpatrick, "the voices of the pilgrims encouraging one another with words of faith and hope as they traveled towards Jerusalem, once more the center of national life and worship, to realize the relation of Jehovah to Israel and to each individual Israelite as their Guardian in all the vicissitudes of life."

A spirit of entire trust in God pervades the "Traveler's Psalm." Jehovah is the Keeper of his people, and "He that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep." He is also the Keeper of each individual, so that the sun shall not burn by day, neither the moon by night. The word "keep" is the keynote of the Psalm. Six times over does it occur; and in the assurance of that blessed relationship the pilgrim goes forward without fear or trembling. The dangers of the way trouble him not. Each stage of his journey will be guarded by the Maker of heaven and earth. "Jehovah shall keep thee from all evil; yea, it is even He that shall keep thy soul. Jehovah shall keep thy going out and thy coming in, from this time forth and for evermore."

Favorite Psalm of Many.

So appropriate indeed is this Psalm for the use of pilgrims or travelers that many good men have habitually used it before setting out for a journey. It was the custom of Bishop Hooper of Gloucester, who was afterwards burned at the stake with a slight of his cathedral, to recite this Psalm before leaving home on his diocesan duties. David Livingstone read this Psalm with his father and mother before he left home for Africa. On the morning of 17th of November, 1840, writes his sister, "we got up at five o'clock. My mother made coffee. David read Psalm 121 and prayed. Then my father and he walked to Glasgow to catch the Liverpool steamer." In like manner, we are told of Bishop Hannington, who followed in the train of Livingstone, that every morning during his long and dangerous journey from Frere Town to Lake Victoria Nyanza, he was accustomed to greet the sunrise by repeating his "Traveler's Psalm": "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills."

And this Psalm, consecrated by so many associations, is no less appropriate to ourselves. We are exiles, as Wordsworth has reminded us, "from heaven, which is our home." We are travelers between life and death. We are pilgrims, as was John Bunyan, "through the wilderness of this world." Through the night of doubt and sorrow onward goes the pilgrim band, singing songs of expectation, marching to the Promised Land.

"Follow Me."

"Follow me," said Jesus to the four fishermen by the Sea of Galilee, and, without a word, they rose up and followed him. His call awakened, in the depths of their souls, the noblest impulses to self-sacrifice and heroism. They saw in Jesus a leader under whom nothing was too hard to attempt, nothing too perilous to dare. Such a leader Jesus always proves himself to be. He calls to service in which strength and courage and self-denial find their fullest scope and their most perfect development.

The man that leads at the first may be last at the close, while the man that follows behind all others may in the end come out victor.

Tomato Salad.

Pare six or eight small tomatoes and scoop out a small quantity of the pulp from each; sprinkle the insides with salt, invert and chill. Fill the cavities with the following mixture:

One tablespoonful of finely chopped parsley, three tablespoonfuls of cream cheese, one tablespoonful of mushroom catsup, a dash of white pepper, one saltspoonful of salt, eight stoned and chopped olives and sufficient French dressing to moisten. Arrange on a bed of fresh watercress and top each with a teaspoonful of bar-le-due jelly.

A big bowl of Quaker Scotch Oats is the best dish you can serve.

Delicious and nourishing Good for all ages and all conditions.

Economical and strengthening.

Packed in regular packages, and in hermetically sealed tins for hot climates.



Never Vary in Quality or Taste

Because the utmost care is taken by Libby's Chefs to select only the choicest materials and prepare them in the same careful manner every time. You are thus assured of uniform goodness, and this is the reason that the use of Libby's gives such general satisfaction to every housewife.

Try Libby's Dried Beef Mexican Tamales Ham Loaf Chili con Carne Vienna Sausage Evaporated Milk

For luncheon, spreads or everyday meals they are just the thing.

Keep a supply in the house. You never can tell when they will come in handy. Ask for Libby's and be sure you get Libby's.

Libby, McNeill & Libby Chicago

MADE PROMISE OF SECRECY

Therefore Caller Could Only Guess Who Had Taught Youngster to Stand on His Head.

"The venerable countess of Cardigan, the author, you know, of that wicked book of memoirs, thinks the modern girl is too athletic and hoydenish," said an English visitor to New York.

"The countess of Cardigan often tells of a young man who was drinking tea with a beautiful girl when her little brother slipped into the room.

"Mr. Manning," the boy asked, "can you stand on your head?"

"No, said the visitor laughing, "I don't believe I can."

"Well, I can," said the boy. "Look here."

"And he stood on his head very neatly in the corner."

"Ha, ha," laughed Mr. Manning. "And who taught you that?"

"The urchin frowned.

"Sister," he said, "told me I must never tell."

Very Fishy.

She was a fisherman's daughter, she wore her hair in a net, and she preferred love in a piscatorial way.

"My love," he whispered, "you hold first 'place' in my heart! Although I 'founder' about in expressing myself, my 'sole' wish is that you will save me from becoming a 'crabbed' old bachelor. I shall stick to you closer than a 'timpet,' from you a 'wink'll' be the road to guide me. Together we will 'skate' over life's 'rocks,' and when I look at your hand beside me I shall say to myself: 'Fortune was mine when I put 'herring' there!'"

</