THE HOUMA COURIER.

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WORTH WHILE.

Oh, they were pleasant, the ways that you
walked with me!
Roses ne'er bloomed as they bloomed in
those days!
Oh, they were pleasant, the days that you
talked to me!
Birds never carolled so sweetly their lays!
Oh, they were pleasant by day and by
night!
The world—never world was so full of delight!

Glad were the evenings your sweet voice
rang out to me!
Heaven was open, and angels peeped
through!
A thrush in the thicket out yonder sang
out to me!
The breeze brought sweet perfume to me
and to you!
And, oh, life was glad! no heart hath
throbbed high
As my own heart then throbbed at the look
from your eye!

And, oh, I was glad! and the whole world
seemed glad to me!
"Glad?" Why not glad, since I lived and
loved you?
And never a rift in the lute made life
sad to me
And never a doubt flecked your eyes
bonny blue!
Life was enchantment! a dream! and
worth while!
When my soul spread its pinions and
basked in your smile!

—I. M. Lewis, in Houston Post.

The Minister's Wooing

By JULIA TRUITT BISHOP

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LAND!" said little Mrs. Darrow, who the new boarder had irritated to the last degree.

Somehow, it had come to be understood that every single minister of her persuasion should board with Mrs. Darrow; and that without exception they were all benedicts when their term of incumbency had expired. Her husband had been a minister, in the first place, and though he had passed to his reward many years before, her house was still a home for all the brethren who wandered her way. The last minister, a widower of several years standing, had been mothered by Mrs. Darrow, and by her had been introduced to that pretty Mrs. Ingle, who was just laying aside "second mourning" and venturing into the lavender which was so becoming. As a result, they had been married just before the annual conference which called him to another fold. It was conceded that Mrs. Darrow had some talent as a match-maker. Mrs. Darrow had heard it whispered about, herself, and while denying that she had anything to do with it, there had been a twinkle in her eyes. It was not good for any man to live alone, least of all a minister. She had been a minister's wife—she hoped she knew what was best for all of them.

And now had come this tall and handsome man of 30—and still unmarried! On Sunday, Mrs. Darrow, from her coign of vantage in the Amen corner, looked abroad over the congregation and saw what a large contingent there was of devout young women; picture hats waving airy plumes; curling tendrils of hair; eyes softly drooping; flushed cheeks—she knew all the signs of interest in a Christian life that were visible when the minister was young, did that astute little woman in the amen corner. Why, there was even old Miss Fannie Jennings, in the very first row, hanging on every word the minister uttered, with such a look!—and casting scornful glances between whiles at the younger sisterhood. "She'll come to see me now from morning till night," said Mrs. Darrow to herself when she should have been thinking of higher things; and after she had marked the text in her Bible she wandered off mentally into a thoughtful review of the picture hats and the faces under them.

And Mrs. Darrow and circumstance proceeded to lay traps for the Rev. Marcus Fairing. When he emerged from his study at the call for dinner, blushing young ladies were there, beruffled and white-aproned and pretending to help Mrs. Darrow serve the meal; and the Rev. Marcus ate absently and went back to his study without even an apology. When he was ready for prayer meeting, on Wednesday evening, and came forth to walk to the church with Mrs. Darrow, white garments glimmered through the moonlight, and Mrs. Darrow said innocently:

"Oh, Mr. Fairing, Daisy came over this evening, and I made her stop and go to prayer meeting with us."

And the young minister walked beside Mrs. Darrow and helped her over the rough places, and talked to her; and a pretty girl went home from prayer meeting with flushed face and tearful eyes.

Mrs. Darrow talked in the most impersonal manner, at the Sunday evening table:

"Juliet Marcy sent me word to come by for her this evening—but it is so far out of my way—and I find that I don't get about as easily as I used. It is such a pity—she won't have any company."

The minister looked up in surprise. "Mrs. Dane lives next door to Miss Marcy—and never fails to be at church," he said. Mrs. Darrow was filled with resentment. "I can't see why a minister shouldn't think about saving the girls and young women of his congregation," she said to herself. "Of course he'll never be able to do as much good, holding himself aloof this way. It's enough to make heathens of the girls, that's what it is."

But when she intimated something of the kind to him, in a mere abstract way, there was a gleam of something that might have been laughter under his lashes.

"I feel quite sure that my work doesn't lie among the young ladies," he said absently. "Somehow, I don't feel called that way. Perhaps the next minister will be an older man—one who has been set aside by Providence for this particular—"

But Mrs. Darrow had flounced out to the kitchen for more biscuits, and the minister did not finish his speech. He went to church with Mrs. Darrow that night. Miss Juliet Marcy came in very late, with one of the little Dane boys, and was distinctly cool to Mrs. Darrow.

But never mind. Mrs. Darrow had met all these rebuffs with a feeling of triumph. There was still Maggie Clyde. He had never seen Maggie yet. Maggie was the best girl in the world—the best and sweetest, and almost the prettiest. What minister could want more than a girl who had sacrificed the pleasures of youth for the sake of an invalid father, for whom she cared day and night. There never was such a girl as Maggie—and this was the kind of marriage that would be certain to be made in Heaven. She mentioned Maggie to him in the most incidental way. Not for worlds would Mrs. Darrow have him believe that Maggie was to be won by any man alive—so devoted was she to her father. Her only thought was to get some one to take care of the old man for a few days, and give little Maggie a rest. She needed it, poor girl.

Next day the minister looked into the face of pretty, demure Maggie Clyde. Long watching had made her pale, and had set dark circles under her eyes; and Mrs. Darrow hastened to explain that poor Maggie was worn out with caring for her father, and she had brought her in for a rest.

And the minister murmured a polite speech, after which he searched for a book he had misplaced, and found it, and went to his study.

If Mrs. Darrow shook a small fist in the direction of the study door when no one was looking, who can wonder? But there was still to-morrow—and who could tell what would come to pass? Certainly, there was not an unmarried minister on earth who could resist a girl like Maggie, if he were given time enough, and Mrs. Darrow meant to give him time. They had employed an old man to take care of Maggie's father for one whole week. Much may be accomplished in a week. If it were necessary, Mrs. Darrow would extend the week to another week.

So the days passed, and at every turn Rev. Marcus Fairing came upon the pretty, quiet girl, who went about the house helping Mrs. Darrow; and every day he attended to his duties in the most humdrum manner, and did not abate one visit to smuffy old women or tiresome old men, or leave off a page of his daily reading. Mr. Darrow began to pass sleepless nights.

"I known what I'll do!" she declared to herself at last. "I'll send for that baggage, Lena Morrison. Think of a girl like that being a niece of mine! Let him see a real society butterfly once in contrast with little Maggie—and then maybe his eyes'll be opened."

A hurried note of invitation was dispatched the next morning, and as hurriedly accepted.

"She's worn out with her season's gayety, I suppose," said Mrs. Darrow, grimly to Maggie. "Such a girl!—parties and theaters and receptions and journeys—and I hear that this winter she's been gayer than ever. Well, it'll be an experience for you—and for the minister, too, I should think. I only hope she won't drive him away from the house with her frivolity."

They were just arising from the table the next day, when there was a commotion out at the front, and a sound of light footfalls and rustle of skirts, and she came running in—a girl from another world. She tossed her hat away as she came. It was a moment or two before her eyes had grown accustomed to the darkness; then she saw the tall figure at the other side of the table, and the pallid face, and the somber eyes that were gazing at her.

"And you are here!" she cried, drawing herself up and speaking with bitter emphasis.

"You also," he replied. He was very sad.

"I can easly return," she retorted angrily. "I was not expecting to find you here."

"Stay, I beg of you," he answered. "I will go, instead. You must know that I had no wish to see you again."

She flashed an amazed look at him and then broke into a laugh, and moved toward the door. It might have been the laugh that made him start as though he had been stabbed, but in an instant he was before her.

"Wait," he cried. "I said what was not true. I have never ceased to wish that I could see you again, if it were only for a moment. I knew you were not for me—you had no need to tell me that—with such pride—but you see that I am glad of this chance—whatever brought it about—just to look upon your face again—and to tell you that I have loved you as no man will ever love you again. That is all—now I can say good-bye."

She had turned away from him, and her hand was on the knob. But she did not open the door. She stood there for a long time. After awhile she whispered, without turning her head:

"Mark!"

He held out his hand toward her, tremblingly.

"Do you think," she said, with the look of an embarrassed child—"do you think—that you could bear with my faults for awhile—and give me a little time—to be good?"

It was Maggie, pale little Maggie, who touched Mrs. Darrow's shoulder.

"I am going home!" she whispered.

But Mrs. Darrow sat motionless, staring toward the door with dilated eyes.

"Land!" was her only remark.

THE WAY TO CARVE

Some Suggestions Which Will Make Mine Host's Task Easy.

Few Men Carve Well, Although They May Acquire Skill in That Direction by Observing the Hints Given Below.

Few men in this generation carve well; in fact, carving seems to be almost one of the lost arts. Much poor carving, however, is due to a lack of trussing or proper preparation of the meat for the oven previous to it being cooked. It must be remembered that all meats and poultry retain the shape, after cooking, in which they were placed before. You cannot fold nor shape a piece of cooked meat; but if that same piece is folded and fastened down previous to being cooked, it will remain in that shape after cooking, even if the trussing or fastening is pulled out.

Rib of Beef Rolled

Where the bones are removed from a rib roast before cooking, that it may be rolled, the carving is very simply done. Hold the knife flat, and with a quick sawing cut clear across, removing slices from A to B.

The first joints of a sucking pig are usually removed from the legs before it is cooked. The pig should be carefully roasted first on one side and then on the other; and, when cooked, placed

A SUCKING PIG, ROASTED WHOLE.

on a platter standing on its knuckle bones, in a deep bed of cress. When carving first remove the head, A to B, then the ham, C to D, and next the shoulder, E to F, on the side away from the carver. Tilt the pig slightly, and remove the ham and shoulder next to you; make a cut the entire length of the belly, G to H, exposing the stuffing, and then cut thin slices of meat from I to J. Then carve the head, the ears first; then sever the lower jaw, carving little bits or slices from the bone. Then cut the hams into thin slices, then the shoulder, carving precisely the same as you would a leg or shoulder of mutton. In serving give each person a piece of lean meat from the body, with a little stuffing. As many people prefer a portion of the ear, tongue, and lower jaw, it would be well to ask their preference.

A fillet of beef is cut into slices half an inch thick from one end to the other; the thickness being greater in some places than in others gives the carver an opportunity to offer well done and rare meat from the same piece.

For a sirloin roast, first cut close to the bone the tenderloin, A to B; next remove end C to D; then remove the sirloin, going close to the bone, cutting from E to F. Slice the meat across the grain. Persons who like fat should have a thin slice from the end of the piece, which will be sweet and juicy.

A Sirloin of Beef

The best piece of beef for roasting or baking are from the standing ribs, sirloin, and pinbone; the latter, however, can only be bought in certain places. The standing ribs, six in number, come from the forequarter, and the sirloin and pinbone from the hindquarter. A small family had much better purchase ribs from the small end, and the larger family take the "middle cut," or the large ribs. As meat is always sweeter when cooked with the bones in, remove only the long top bone; chop off a portion of the lower bone, and place the meat, bone side down a the roasting pan. It requires no fastening of any sort. When done, dish with the bone side toward the carver, so that he may draw the knife toward him in cutting. First cut off the end from A to B; then run the knife down at C close to the ribs, loosening the meat from the end and around the ribs to B. Next cut off the outside slice, D to E, and put it on the side of the dish, and then slice toward you.

Roast Rib of Beef

Feminine Charity.

Edyth—I wonder if Dolly Swift is really as bad as she is painted?

Mayme—I don't see how she can be. She certainly does paint dreadfully.—Chicago Daily News.

For the Breath.

"No! I won't give you anything. I smell liquor on your breath."

"Well, can't yer gite me a nickel ter buy some cloves?"—Chicago American.

NEGLECTED GRAVEYARD.

Resting Place of Winners of American Independence Allowed to Go to Ruin.

The dilapidated old graveyard upon which the dead folks had to emigrate, according to one of Mark Twain's grimly humorous sketches, finds its counterpart over in Newark in the disgraceful condition of the burying ground in the rear of the old First Presbyterian church, in Broad street, near the Central railroad of New Jersey. What makes the scandalous neglect of this historic old cemetery the more glaring is the fact that it stares all people in the face, strangers as well as others, who come into the city over the Jersey Central line, says the New York Sun.

Another thing which underscores the dismal plight of this forlorn old God's acre is the fine bronze tablet which the Society of Colonial Dames has placed on the front of the church edifice itself. The inscription on this tablet proudly invites attention to the fact that the church is the oldest monument in the city.

The church itself is a beautiful specimen of the late eighteenth century style and is visited by hundreds of people who are interested in such matters. It is of stone and, barring accident or the remorseless hand of "improvement," should stand for centuries.

About the front and back of the fence at the rear of the church the grass is kept trimly shaven and the lawn is ornamented with attractive dispositions of flower beds.

Behind that fence is the cemetery, on which, it would seem, the most care of all should be exercised. Revolutionary soldiers who suffered with Washington at Valley Forge and fought with him at Monmouth, Princeton and Trenton are sleeping there. Inscriptions on the tombstones bear the names of many of the most honored families in New Jersey.

With all that, it is safe to say there is not another burying ground within a radius of 100 miles of New York that is in so shocking a state of neglect. Weeds and rank grass have been allowed to grow up and die and rot and grow again and rot again for years. The paths are barely outlined through the jungle.

Tombstones are broken off, lying flat on their backs or reeling in all attitudes and at all angles. Garbage and rubbish abound and the center of the cemetery apparently has been used as a place wherein to burn refuse of all sorts.

This church, to make matters worse, is one of the wealthiest churches in the state. For over 100 years, as the inscription on the Colonial Dames table suggests, it has been a landmark and a venerated monument in Newark.

The original edifice, opposite the site of the present one, was not only a church but a refuge from the Indians, as well. It was built in 1609. That building was destroyed and another built in its place, about it being the first burying ground in Newark.

The cornerstone of the present structure was laid by Dr. Alexander McWhorter in 1757 on land purchased in 1774. The revolutionary war stopped the building project for 13 years. The church was dedicated in 1791 and the burying ground in its rear—the one which has been permitted to drift into such a condition of shameful neglect—was opened at that time.

The father of Aaron Burr was the pastor of the church who immediately preceded Dr. Alexander McWhorter.

Progressive Women of China.

It seems that "young China" is a term which embraces some of the women as well as some of the men of the Flowery land and that the yellow girl of the far east is learning the A B C of progress from the book of her almond-eyed sister in Japan. Chinese lady students are to be found in Tokyo and in Anglicized Shanghai, and we are told that, while a number of them have formed themselves into a Red Cross association, others are taking an active interest in the various political questions which affect the future of their country. How much longer shall we be able to continue to say with Kipling that "east is east" with the same implied limitation?

The Musk Ox.

The skull of the bull musk ox is remarkable for the development of the eye orbits, which project sufficiently beyond the plane of the frontal bone to compensate for the interruption the horns would otherwise make in the range of vision. The musk ox, however, does not seem to rely greatly on keenness of sight, far less on acuteness of hearing, for the ears are of small dimensions, and are completely covered by the heavy growth of fur about them. The organs of scent are evidently more highly developed, and they exact of the hunter his greatest cunning.

White Frog.

Miss Effie Patterson, of South Boston, is exceedingly proud of having discovered a lusus naturale in the shape of a white frog. The creature was found at Brant Rock, Mass., where Miss Patterson was visiting. It is almost pure white, with black stripes about its body and a yellowish tinge on its legs.

Knew She Had It.

She—Well, I hope your heart is in the right place.

He—I hope your hope is correct. Where did you put it?—Chicago Daily News.

THRONE OF BULGARIA

Behind It Moves the Firm, Able Hand of the King's Mother.

Remarkable Traits of Character of Princess Clementine of Saxe-Coburg, Whose Efforts Placed Prince Ferdinand on Throne.

In some ways the present ruler of Bulgaria is the most interesting of the royal personages engaged in playing a role in the near east. He has to be reckoned with, not only because he is an astute and unscrupulous man, but also because he is imbued by ties of blood to the whole Saxe-Coburg clan; that is to the royal families of Great Britain, Germany, Portugal, Belgium, and last, not least, Austria, his sister being Archduchess Clotilde, wife of the palatine of Hungary, and his niece, the duchess of Orleans.

Prince Ferdinand is the youngest of five children who were born to the late Prince Augustus of Saxe-Coburg, of the Austrian or Kohary branch, and Princess Clementine of Orleans, the determined, brilliant daughter of Louis-Philippe, whose brothers nicknamed her, even as a girl, Clemantine de Medicis. To this remarkable old French princess, now 85 years of age and the last survivor among the group of princes and princesses who called Queen Victoria by her Christian name, Prince Ferdinand owes his unstable throne. He is her Benjamin, born seven years after her eldest child, her favorite, and, in a diplomatic sense, her own creation. Curiously enough, Prince Ferdinand was the only one of Princess Clementine's children who was born in Vienna. French influences were lacking in his education and upbringing. His godparents were the tragic couple on whom in 1861 all seemed to smile, Maximilian and Charlotte; and he was just seven years old when his imperial godfather was assassinated in Mexico. During the years which followed, Princess Clementine consolidated her elder children's positions by a series of brilliant marriages. Her only daughter, as we have said, married Archduke Joseph, palatine of Hungary; Prince Philip married his second cousin, the pretty, willful Princess Louise of Belgium, who later provided Europe with a terrible and sordid royal scandal; yet another of Prince Ferdinand's brothers married a daughter of the emperor of Brazil.

In 1861, Prince Augustus, a favorite cousin, by the way, of both Queen Victoria and Prince Albert, died prematurely, and Ferdinand passed entirely under his mother's influence. As a young man, he bore, it must be admitted, the worst of reputations. He was said to be idle, vicious, and what the French eloquently style un fruit sec, "a withered fruit." Princess Clementine's pride in her youngest born was thought, even by her nearest relatives, to be a sign of maternal infatuation, and the late Comte de Paris refused with indignation the idea of a marriage between one of his daughters and their cousin Ferdinand. Great, therefore, was the general amazement when the Bulgarian national assembly elected this little known and even less respected prince as ruler of Bulgaria; but only the princess-mother knew what the cost in brains, and what was more important to an Orleans, in hard cash, came to before the triumphant election was secured.

During the six years that followed Princess Clementine reigned in Sofia, adapting herself with astonishing ease to the strange, half-barbarous way of life which obtained in the Bulgarian capital. Her constant preoccupation in those days—as indeed it has again been recently—was to find a suitable bride for her son. At last, repulsed on every hand, for neither the man nor his position inspired confidence, she secured him a consort in the eldest child of that duke of Parma whose family of 18 children are the wonder of continental royal circles.

The gentle, pious Marie-Louise, of dwarfish stature, shrinking modesty, and ardent piety, soon found herself crushed between the upper and nether millstones. The birth of Prince Boris was followed in two short years by the disgraceful quarrel concerning the child's religious faith, and to his mother's horror he was solemnly baptised according to the Greek rite, in order to secure his father the friendship of Russia. Princess Ferdinand, by way of protest, left Sofia for awhile, but her love for her two little sons brought her back. Her death, in childbirth, occurred four years ago last January, and since then her four children, two boys and two girls, have been under the care of their redoubtable grandmother. It is difficult to say how Prince Ferdinand is regarded in Bulgaria. The astute, noiseless fashion in which he contrived to rid himself of Stambuloff, while apparently in no sense to blame, inspired fear and respect in many who had hitherto only professed to hate and despise him.

JOHN L. EDWARDS.

Temptation.

First Moth.—It's no wonder you're troubled with indigestion after eating so much.

Second Moth.—I know, but it was such a fashionable garment!—Brooklyn Life.

BADGERS.

Great Epicures in Eggs—Have Particular Liking for Nest and Larvae of Wasps and Bees.

The badger is a great epicure in eggs, and much of the hostility of gamekeepers to this animal lies undoubtedly in the fact that it will, when it gets the chance, devour a whole nest of partridge or pheasant eggs. Badgers are said also to be fond of honey; and knowing the extraordinary craving of their South African cousin, the ratel, for this delicacy, I should say it is not improbable that they may occasionally partake of it, says H. A. Bryden, in Longman's. It is certain that these animals have a particular liking for the nest and larvae of wasps and wild bees, digging down with strong feet and infinite perseverance till they attain their object. In the captive state a young badger was brought up on a diet first of the milk of a retriever bitch, by which it was foster-mothered, afterwards of eggs and milk, then of fish and meat. It approved of bread and potatoes, when crumbled up and mixed with milk. It would occasionally eat shot birds, and once, getting into a hen house, killed five chickens. These animals are said by keepers to kill and devour freely young rabbits; that they do partake of this fare at times is, I think, certain; but that they destroy any very considerable number of rabbits in the course of the year is more than doubtful. Still, the badger is carnivorous in his tastes, and is not, even by his kindliest friends, to be absolved from devouring at times tender rabbits and even the young of game birds when he can get hold of them.

A Sensitive Dog.

A sensitive dog will follow the track of a man who is wearing its master's boots and will reject the track of its master if he has on strange boots.

Where Our Tea Comes From.

Americans consume 36,000,000 pounds of Chinese teas, 31,000,000 of Japanese and about 4,000,000 of Indian.

'PHONE GIRL SAYS "O."

No, She's N[illegible]rised, But Is Drawing Nearer to Naught—"Ought" Grates on Sensitive Ears.

The telephone girl is progressive. For years and years in repeating a number which had a zero included she would always call it "ought." For instance, if a subscriber called for "twenty four thirty," the telephone girl would repeat: "Two-three-four-ought." When some subscriber who had a little feeling of compassion for the king's English, which was being so cruelly murdered right before his ears, would gently object and say: "Two-four-three-naught," the girl would again repeat, "ought," and tell the subscriber to "look in the dictionary."

But the world moves, says the New York Herald. The "naught" is commencing to be realized in the most exclusive telephone circles. It could not be expected that the telephone girl would surrender all at once. She has fought for that "ought" too long to drop it immediately, and thus confess that she had been wrong.

So, while she has dropped the "ought," she has taken up "o" instead. So now she repeats 2340 in this manner, "two-three-four-O."

It is a splendid victory for English undefiled. Optimists can now see dawning that glad day when the telephone girl will say "naught" right out loud.

Gentlemanly Reserve.

"Didn't you steal the complainant's coat?" asked a magistrate of a seedy individual who was arraigned before him.

"I decline to gratify the morbid curiosity of the public by answering that question," responded the seedy individual with a scornful glance at the reporters.—Tit-Bits.

What a Question.

Maud—I drove way over there to get him and then he was gone!

Alice—He couldn't have seen you coming, could he, dear?—Town Topics.