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ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR.

SCALLOP-BACK BILLY.

Proof That Fits Don't Rust in the Lucas Family.

A Quaint and Characteristic Story From Life as They Live It in the Woods and Hills.

In my day and generation I have told so scandalous many terrible big stories, till right now I can't recollect for certain whether I have ever told you the chapter from Rocky Creek history in regard to Andy Lucas and Scallop-back Billy, as we are wont to call him. Well, anyhow, Scallop-back Billy is a calico scallop-back, with white stockings and a skewbald face, and for some time past he has been Andy's regular standby for trading stock.

When We Three Met. Now, in these days it so come to pass that I was right there present on the ground when the first trade was made, wherein Scallop-back Billy fell into Andy's hands, and I recollect all the whences and the wherefores thereof.

It would seem like Andy and me had went to town together on Saturday long in the fall of the year, and on our return back home that evening we struck road acquaintance with a stranger which, according to his own story, hailed from the Crawford settlement way down in the river country, but from the way things turned out afterwards he was lyn like a yaller dog about that.

Anyhow, the stranger was ridin of a little high-headed, proud-steppin horse, with calico-painted sides and other "noy trimmings" on him. He was likewise rigged out in a serafin new saddle, with a red saddle blanket, and by gracious he was skinnin along over the earth like a bird in great shape. Andy he was powerful taken up with the general appearance of the little horse, and he bantered the stranger for a trade right then and there on the spot.

The stranger he responded back that he was then ridin the best piece of horseflesh that was ever done up in that much hide, and consequently he want in no wise particular keen to part company with him. But at the same time he went on to say that he was a tradin man and would swap anything he had, except his wife and children, providin of course he got the figgers fixed to suit him.

"Well, comin right down to business and rock bottom," says Andy, "how will you change saddles and bridles with me?"

Andy was a ridin of a little plug mule which he had traded for that day, and which the same stood him in hand about \$40, and was well worth the money.

"As I said in the outstart, I am not ridin my swappin stock to-day," the stranger went on to say, "and I reckon you would have to lay out \$100 on your mule's back before the change can take place."

"I am willin to make it ten dollars even Steven," says Andy, "and if that boot ain't big enough I reckon we will have to retire from the trade."

"Well, now, I have never yet seen the day when I come so low down as forty-five dollars bust up a horse swap," the stranger responded, "and you are traded with."

The Scallop Shows Up. The next minute they had both lit and dismounted and got down to hunt up the trade. They changed bridles in the first place, and then as Andy pulled his saddle off and was taking a farewell look at his mule, the stranger give a quick jerk and flung his saddle from the pony to the mule's back. For some minutes then Andy he looked at me and then at the pony, and I looked at the pony and then at Andy, whilst his eyes bulged out as big as a pair of saucers, and I had a powerful hankerin to laugh.

When the stranger took off his saddle and then pulled all the blankets out, one by one, blamed if they didn't leave a hole in the pony's back as big as a hamper basket. You couldn't tell for certain by lookin at him what in the thunderation had happened to him, but it would seem as if a big slice of his back had been bit out or chopped out at a very young and early age. We found out afterwards that the dead limb of a tree had fell on him when he was a mere colt and broke his back. And then when he got well and come around on his legs one more that ugly scallop was still there, and there to stay. The stranger had a kind of silly look, but it ain't no ways probable that the Fool Killer had ever had any pressin engagements at his house, and he had filled up that ugly hole in the pony's back with about 15 saddle blankets, foldin them every one a little wider and wider till he brung the valley up to a level with the knobs and hills surroundin.

"Well, man, air, when he lifted his saddle and blankets and pulled the waddin out and left that thunderin big hole there in the pony's back he looked a blessed sight more like a drummeary than a piece of horse flesh. I thought in my soul for a few minutes that Andy Lucas would faint and fall down in it in spite of all that could be said or done. But he rallied presently and come back to his right mind and proper spirits.

By this time the stranger was bucklin up the girls as if to take on a vaterbury movement, and lean over in my saddle and whisperin to Andy, says I:

"That daburned infernal scoundrel, heast has swapped the livin stock off of you by workin a low down trick. It

will never do for you to go home ridin that double-action, scallop-back thing—never in the created world. Rue the trade—even pull in if you can't do no better—but rue the trade, Andy—rue the trade."

"This mought be a devilish good time of year for you to lay low and say nothin, Rufe," Andy whispered back to me. "You want me to play this game dead-square into the stranger's hand, and I don't most in generally always handle the documents that way. It looks like both of you took me for a natural-born durn fool, but we will see about that, Rufe—we will see."

Then turnin to the stranger, who was now mounted on the mule with his boots in the stirrups, Andy smiled a pleasant, homely smile, and went on to say:

"Now, stranger, if you have got any more scallop-back, calico horses down in your country I would love the best in the world for you to bring a drove to the next time you are passin through our settlement. I have got a few head of mules and horses over to my plantation—both straight backs and scallop backs and lumpy backs—and I will trade with you most any time and any way. The scallop-back horses are all the go in this country now, whist the straight backs are way yonder out of the fashion."

"Holy Moses and the twelve apostles, what a lie!" thinks I to myself, but as Andy had already give it out that my time of year to say nothin had come, I didn't put my hand into the game any more. And yet still I did feel rale curious all over in spots from the fear that the way in which he had got bit and bugged in the trade and the general shock which struck us when the stranger pulled the waddin out of the hole in that pony's back, had kindly unstrung Andy's nervous system and addled his mind.

Who Was Crazy That Day? In the main time I couldn't help but take notice that the stranger kept hangin around like he was waitin for something to happen and would rather not go, whilst I thought if it was me after throwin as much dirt on a man as he had on Andy I would be movin my washin in a swingin gallop.

But presently Andy he swung himself into his saddle, tightened the reins on scallop-back Billy, wished the stranger a whole lot of good-bys, waved his hat at him in sayin good-by, tangled his spurs with the flank girth and away he went. He pulled in and waited for me a mile or two down the road, and when I rid up he was dismounted on the ground, rubbin and pettin that pony, and talkin and carryin on with himself like a man that was borned a fool and had also went crazy.

"Andy Lucas," talkin to himself out loud so I could hear, "you may not be smart enough to run for congress, but the family records will show that you ain't all sorts of a fool on the same day. You have got a head as long as a flour barrel and as level as a squash. You may show the whites of your eyes and look foolish sometimes, but I'll be doubly daburned if there is anything particular green in your general records. But it does rale look like it will take some time forever to find out that you are a natural-born horse trader, with great goods of sense, and that fits don't run in the Lucas family. But you jest spit on your bait and wait, and then when a sucker comes along and bites you can throw him out on dry land so he never can flutter back to water."

"Git on your horse, Andy, and come on. It is gettin late and we would better be movin along towards home," says I, soft and gentle as I could, cause I then felt plum certain that the man was not in his right mind.

"Say here, Rufe, don't you be givin yourself so infernal much trouble and worriment about me," he come back, kindly grin up, like he was mad. "You mought maybe think I am as blind as a mole and as crazy as a chinch. A heap of people ain't got no better sense than to think that, and you must be one of the people this evenin. The stranger we met back yonder in the road—the idiot which swapped me this pony for that old mule—has backed his own fool self up agin that very snag. Can't you stir up the mule in your mittin head sufficient to see that I have swapped the very daylight out of the stranger, and him a-lookin at me all the time? Don't you know this scallop-back pony is worth a small drove of such mules as that to a man in the tradin business like me? Didn't you see the game that daburned fool was tryin to play on me, and can't you see how the documents have come my way like a mill race with the dam busted? You saw the idiot grin at me, and hangin around like a man that was saunt for and didn't want to go worth a hardly, and yet you couldn't see through his game. By the eternal Jim-jams, Rufe, it is as plain to me as a painted horse rack in ten acres of burnt woods. And now, accordin to my general opinions, if there is a man in this crowd that is a standin candidate for the crazy sloop, his name is Sanders, and not Lucas by a durn sight."

Andy Recovers Rapidly. "Now, see if you can't manage so as to let a few ideas soak through your hair, whilst I try to give you some of the mainest points in the game," says Andy, as he mounted and we rid on towards home.

"That blame fool stranger which traded with me back yonder has jest simply swapped off the goose that lays gold eggs and never goes to set, as it were, and I saw through his trick like a flash. He calculated that when he took off his saddle and pulled the blankets out of the terrible hole in the pony's back I would be paralyzed on the spot and dead easy to rue the trade. You would have took his bait like a little sucker if you had stood in my shoes, but, havin come down from a generation of horse traders, I didn't snap and gobble down the bait any to speak of. He thought I would ask him and beg him for a sue, and at last offer to swap back even in ornament to git rid of the scallop-back pony, and in that

way he could keep the boot money I had paid him and land \$10—clean, cold cash—in his flanks as easy as pickin it up in the rufe, that he has made \$50 trades like that. You took notice of how he kept hangin around and waitin for me to say somethin, which I never did say. Well, he was jest simply beat out in his own game, and I could see that it cut him to the bone. Right now I will bet the best mule in the settlement that he would be more than glad to rue the trade and let me name the figgers. You only wait now till my time comes and let me show you how easy the trick will work. There is some dirt in it I know, but accordin to the scriptures anything is fair in love and war and politics and horse tradin."

As we rid on towards home scallop-back Billy danced and pranced and went sideways and put on more airs than the drum major of a brass band. Everybody we met in the road had to turn round and take a good look at Andy's high-headed, calico pony. Toreally it so happened that we met up with another stranger. Andy tickled scallop-back Billy in the flanks with his spurs and wouldn't let him break his gait. But the stranger looked back at us and hollered to Andy:

"Say, mister, are you ridin swappin stock this evenin?"

"Not if the court knows herself and she ruther thinks she does," Andy come back at him. "But at the same time I come from swappin stock myself, and you mought bring on a trade if you are any ways sufferin for one."

"Well, how will you change with me?" says the stranger, which he was ridin of a little roan mare some 12 or 13 years old.

"This ain't my time of year to trade," says Andy, "but if you want to put your own trappings on this pony you mought pitch in and do the tradin. Money talks, and when you hit me right with the figgers I will let you know."

So the stranger he first made a pass at Andy to trade even, and from that he went to offerin boot. All this time Andy said nothin—only kept on shakin his head till the stranger run the figgers up to \$20, when the trade was closed and Andy put the money in his left flank pocket. Then they dismounted and changed bridles and pulled off their saddles. And man sir, when the stranger walked around and saw that awful hole in the pony's back he dropped his saddle to the ground and I thought in my soul he would go off in a dead trance right there in the big road.

"Say, mister, I wouldn't ride that dang thing home and turn him loose in my father's lot for \$30," says the young man when he recovered from the shock sufficient to talk.

"You made your own trade, young man," says Andy, "and if you don't love to ride, walkin is tolerable good at this season of the year."

"I want to rue back and go home," says the young man, whilst his voice wavered and trembled like he was fixin to cry.

"I don't know how it is over in your settlement," says Andy, "but we don't trade horses that a way around Rocky Creek."

"I will give you the pony even trade foot my mare, and you can keep the boot money," the young man went on, lookin powerful sorry like and pitiful. "Darned if I wouldn't tote my saddle and walk home before I would ride this infernal freak of nature."

"You have done one trade already this evenin, and if nothin else will do I reckon I will have to let you make another one," says Andy. "Throw your saddle on the mare and go on back home to your ma, and the next time you start out on a horse swappin stampede fight shy of the Rocky Creek settlement."

Scallop-Back Horses All the Go. The young man was so tremendous glad to swap back most anyway till he went off rejoicin, whilst Andy he rid home on scallop-back Billy, with \$20 spot cash landed safe in his left flank pocket.

Nobody knows for certain how many times Andy has swapped off scallop-back Billy, but he gets him back every day with a little boot money throwed in for good measure. The stranger which first swapped him to Andy seat a trader into the settlement onest, and sent him after scallop-back Billy at once. But Andy got onto the trick, and when finally at last the trader shook \$100 out of him for the calico pony Andy would only shake his head and say:

"Not this year. Some other year, prehaps. Tell the man which sent you here that I love him like a twin brother. I do. And tell him moreover also that the scallop-back horses are now all the go around Rocky Creek."

And so if it ever comes to pass that you mought pitch out to try your hand with swappin stock, you can keep in mind that there is one man in this great country which always falls like a cat on his feet. It would pay you likewise also to recollect that fits don't run in the Lucas family.

RUFUS SANDERS.

The Contradictory Sex. "I do not understand it," said the philosopher.

"What is botherin you now?" Inquired the other.

"If a man is two hours late in arrivin at home his wife raises a row, while if he is gone two years she will give him a royal welcome. Women are peculiar."

—Tit-Bits.

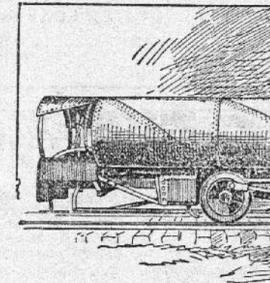
TRANSMITTING POWER.

Compressed Air Is a Dangerous Rival of Electricity.

It is Already Used in Mining Operations, Gunnery and Many Trades and May in Time Displace Steam and Electric Locomotives.

[Special Letter.] No subject is of greater coming importance to mechanical engineers and transportation companies than the comparative merits of electricity and of compressed air as motive powers. To speak of either as motive powers is in a technical sense an error, for both are rather the means of storage and transmitting power, than of originating it. In this sense, the term motive power will be used, although technically the words are not strictly accurate.

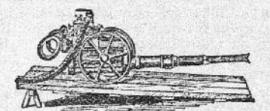
Compressed air as a power for street railways has made its way against the active opposition of the electrical engineers. The controversy has been long and bitter. In spite of its opponents, compressed air has made marked progress. It is in daily use in Europe on



PNEUMATIC LOCOMOTIVE.

tramways, notably in the suburbs of Paris, and in the Swiss mountain town of Berne, where it has shown itself to be economical and effective. In the United States, air as a power for street cars is in the experimental stage. It has been tried in Toledo with satisfactory results. The Metropolitan Traction company, of New York, has shown its faith in air by ordering seven cars equipped with compressed air motors for use on its elevated line. Within two years, the company has planned to extend the use of air to all of its cross-town lines.

Another company to look with favor on air as a power is the Manhattan elevated, of New York. It has ordered a locomotive to be run by compressed air on its lines, as a means of giving this means of propulsion a thorough trial. Experiments with air as a power are in progress on the Chicago General rail-



COMPRESSED AIR MINING DRILL. WAY, the road started by ex-Congressman McAdams.

Nor are the experiments with air for transportation purposes confined to cars. A company has been organized in New York to put a compressed air, horseless cab on the market, which is expected to leave the cabs without an occupation. These cabs will be running by April 1. Another application of air to the same purpose is by a Chicago inventor, who has built a compressed air tricycle. The first use of his machine will be for the delivery of light goods and packages. It will be followed at an early date with a tricycle for passenger use, for which a great future is hoped. Power for both classes of vehicles will be supplied from a central compressing plant in Wabash avenue.

Probably the most general use of air, except for respiratory purposes, is in the tires of bicycles. It has been successfully employed also for bicycle saddles and handle grips. In the big office buildings of the cities it has found a wide and novel field. All of the clocks in the Fisher building, Chicago, are run by compressed air. In every office of the building is a clock of peculiar construction. It has neither springs nor weights. Its hands do not move forward with a slow continuous motion, but in a series of jumps, at intervals of 30 seconds. Neither has it a tick like other clocks. It is, in fact, a clock only in regard to its face and hands. These hands are moved at intervals of half a minute by another clock, which acts by compressed air, through a system of pipes, on its subordinates in the different offices. A small engine in the basement supplies the power. The system is said to be successful in its operation.

All of the steam radiators in the same building are regulated by compressed air. Connected with every radiator is a thermostat. If the temperature rises too high, it acts on a mechanism which closes the steam valve in the radiator. When the room becomes colder than a certain temperature the same automation opens it again. In this building is for opening and closing the doors of the elevator shafts by touchin a button. Letter copying presses operated by compressed air are in use.

In the office of a manufacturing firm, compressed air has been employed for the novel purpose of keeping the time of the men. At the main door of the shop is a board studded with numbered buttons. Each of the employees has a number corresponding to one of the buttons. On entering the door, he touches his button, when a device operated by compressed air stamps his number and the hour or half hour on a card. His leaving for lunch and arrival after the noon hour are registered in the same manner. At night the workman touches

the button for the last time, the cards are collected by a clerk, the time entered in a book. The services of a time-keeper are dispensed with by the use of the device.

Many other automatic and controlling mechanisms are operated by compressed air. It is said to be certain in its action, without being subject to the delicate conditions of electricity. Tools operated by compressed air have a wide and various field of usefulness. Chipping and dressing iron, steel and stone, riveting boilers, calking the joints of ships, sandpapering the sides of cars, cleaning car cushions, carpets and rugs, and painting are a few of them. Dressing tools have a wonderful effectiveness. Inside of a handle clock, a chisel is driven by air at the rate of 300 strokes to the minute. It takes a strip half an inch in width from the edge of a half inch piece of boiler iron, eight feet long in 20 minutes. Marble or granite may be chiseled at the same high rate of speed. A modification of the same little machine is used to rivet the joints of boilers and for calking the seams of ships. In the manufacture of cars, the cars are built in some shops without further dressing of the lumber than it receives at the planing mills. After

ARP'S NURSERY SONGS.

Cherokee Philosopher Passes His Seventy-First Birthday.

Caesar's Language Quoted—Dartow Sage Declares That Moses Had the Blues and Lots of Troublesome Times.

"How many miles to Milybright?" "Three score and ten."

I can't help thinking of that old nursery song, for I have just passed my seventy-first birthday and am therefore just 70 years old. It is like crossing the Rubicon, and like Caesar I may say: "The die is cast." I have reached the allotted age, and now every day that I live is a personal privilege—a favor promised nor deserved. There is something solemn and serious in the word, for Scripture and an ancient history seem to have made it significant. There were 70 elders of Israel and the Lord sent out 70 spies; 70 learned men translated the Old Testament, and man's age was out down by degrees from 900 to 70, and there the Lord called a halt, and Moses said that all the excess is labor and sorrow. Moses was feeling very blue when he wrote that. The old man lived to be 120 and had a troubled time, but I know some men and many women who lived past 80 and whose last days were their best days. Those who have lived right or tried to and have been unselfish and are blessed with a good wife or a good husband and loving children can take all the risks that attach to four score years. Labor and sorrow do not necessarily follow old age. Sydney Smith said, when he was 74: "I am at ease in my circumstances; in tolerable health; a tolerating churchman—much given to talking, laughing and noise; I am, on the whole, a happy man; have found the world an entertaining world and am thankful to Providence for the part allotted me in it."

Longfellow lived to be 75. When he was 70 he wrote his friend Childs: "It is like climbing the Alps; you reach a snow-covered summit and see behind you the deep valley stretching miles and miles away, and before you other summits, higher and whiter, which you may have strength to climb or you may not. Then you sit down and meditate, and wonder which it will be. This is the whole story."

Dr. Holmes saw so much fun in everything that he couldn't help making funny rhymes about an old man:

"And now his nose is thin
And it rests upon his chin
Like a staff."
And a crack in his back
And a melancholy crack
Is in his laugh."

Then he was sorry that he wrote it, for he says:

"I know it is a sin
For me to write a grin
At him here."

The doctor didn't expect to live to be 85, for long ago he said: "Our brains are 70-year clocks; the angel of life winds them up once for all, then closes the case and gives the key to the angel of the resurrection."

But an old man is not obliged to have a crack in his back nor a crack in his laugh. We see many aged men who are straight as an Indian and have not lost the musical tone of their voice. Habit and pride of person have much to do with this. I know an aged matron, a neighbor of ours, who when she is sitting hardly touches the back of a chair, and yet she is not stiff or awkward—always graceful, always beautiful. She is kind and gentle in her age, and has a warm welcome wherever she visits. If she cannot hear all that is said she is not embarrassed, for she says what she knows in hearing she makes up in seeing and reading and is thankful for the faculties that are still left her. I never saw her with a troubled look, though I know she has had trouble and deep grief. Now, contrast such a woman with one who is always complaining of her hard lot, or saying something disparaging about her neighbors!

But the old-time mothers had some excuse for bent shoulders, for it was the fashion to sleep on pillow and bolster, and it was the fashion to lean to the child while it was nursing. Habits begun in childhood and continued in motherhood will never be broken in the decline of life. I believe that the habits of the girls of this generation are an improvement on those of the past. They do not lace like we used to, and they carry themselves more gracefully. They have better fitting shoes and corsets. They have more comfortable seats at school and are not allowed to lean forward to their books or slate or writing pad. The life insurance companies have at last discovered that women live as long as men if not longer, and policies are issued to them on equal terms. The longevity of both sexes is increasing, slowly but surely, and the only drawback is intemperance—whisky and opium. Were it not for these, the three-score-and-ten limit would soon be advanced to four score and give us a stronger and handsomer race of people.

Shakespeare gave us some types of old age that seem to have fitted the times in which he lived, but they are very rare in ours. Prince Hal said to Falstaff: "Have you not all the characters of age—a moist eye, a dry hand, a yellow cheek, a white beard, a decreasing leg, an increasing corpulence? Is not your voice broken, your wind short, your chin double, your wit single, every part about you bloated with antiquity?"

I deny the picture. As somebody said, I deny the allegation and defy the alligator. There is some of it that does not fit me, I know. These poets are too fond of poking fun at old men. The she bears ought to come along. The Scripture says that old age is honorable and that the young men shall rise up when the old men come in at the gate. The old men are the balance wheels of all the machinery of government. If it were not for them the boys would run away with the wagon. There must be wheel horses with breeching on to hold back when going down hill. What are we here for? We can't climb a tree or

jump a ten-rail fence any more, nor kick a college ball nor ride a bicycle, but these things are nonessentials and don't have to be done. We can look after the grandchildren and point a moral and tell them a tale and teach the young; idea how to shoot without carrying a pistol in a hip pocket. Solomon says that the glory of an old man is his children's children, and he might have said that the children who have no grandpapas did not have their share of happiness in this world.

But old age has its triumphs and consolations. It has passed all selfishness and vain ambitions and takes comfort in memories and philosophic meditation. It realizes the wonderful progress of art and invention, for we old men remember when there was but one little railroad in the United States and no telegraphs; when the old stage coach carried the mails and postage was 25 cents a letter; when there was no heresense oil and no matches, no steel pens and but few books of any kind. Old age is not alarmed about politics or the downfall of the government, for these same periodical excitements have agitated the country as far back as we can remember. It is the same old song, but it does not disturb our serenity. When our old clock concluded to quit she advised my wife to look round and "get a settled woman to take her place." "These young niggers hain't got sense enuf to stay anywhere long and dey will be runnin' off after every sharrison and funeral and picnic dat come along. Better get a settled woman." Age does settle us wonderfully, and it looks like a pity that we have to shuffle off this mortal coil about the time we have gotten some sense and learned the lesson of life.

But we must accept our destiny with grace and gratitude, and may the Lord give us

"An age that melts in unperceived decay,
—And bids in modest innocence away."
—Bill Arp, in Atlanta Constitution.

DWARFS OF THE PAMIRS.

Pigmies Whose Domestic Animals Are Also Dwarfed.

At the northwestern end of the Hindoo Kooch range of mountains in Central Asia lies the wild, desolate and almost unknown Pamir plateau, which, on account of its great elevation, is known as the "roof of the world." Few travelers or explorers have ever ventured there, and those who did traveled only in the southern and central parts of the Pamirs, lying just beyond the northwest frontier of India. But word has come from St. Petersburg that two Danish officers, MM. Oloufsen and Phillips, have just arrived there from a very extended journey of exploration in the northern portion of the country, having covered a vast area hitherto untroubled by foreigners.

Their explorations are of great value to the scientific world. They discovered tribes of natives entirely different from those inhabiting the other parts of the Pamirs, and they brought back with them over 300 photographs of places they have visited and types they have met. The people are all dwarfs, and the animals of the district, both wild and domestic, are correspondingly diminutive in stature. The inhabitants are divided into numerous small tribes. The herding of sheep and cattle is almost their sole occupation.

During their travels the Danish explorers met, among others, tribes that are still fire worshippers and are totally uncivilized in their modes of life. The full-grown men and women are rarely three feet in height. Their donkeys and their horses, which in appearance resemble the ponies of the American plains, are about the size of large dogs. The British European foals and the sheep are no larger than small poodles.

These little savages have dark skins and their eyes appear like little black beads sunk deep in their sockets. Their hair is very long and bushy, their noses large, their lips thick and their cheekbones large and prominent. Their habits are extremely unclean. They dress in skins, a long sheepskin pelisse covering the greater part of their bodies. Many wear long, loose skin trousers split at the bottoms of the legs. They use much grease on their hair and their clothing is covered with it. Their tents are made of skins.

The use of money is unknown to these strange dwarf people and their only trade consists in the bartering of furs and stock. Little respect is shown for the women, and they are bought and sold at the rate of five and six cows or 15 sheep apiece.—N. Y. World.

For Young Married People.

Try to be satisfied to commence on a small scale.

Try not to look at richer homes and covet their costly furniture.

Try to cultivate the moral courage that will resist the arrogance of fashion.

Try being perfectly independent from the first, and shun debt in all its forms.

Try to avoid the too common mistake of making an unwise effort to "begin where the parents ended."

Try going a step further, and visit the homes of the suffering poor when secret dissatisfaction is liable to spring up.

Try to be cheerful in the family circle, no matter how annoying may be the business cares and the housekeeping trials.

Try to cooperate cheerfully in arranging the family expenses and share equally in any necessary self-denials and economies.

Try buying all that is necessary to work with skillfully, while adorning the house at first with simply what will render it comfortable.—Detroit Free Press.

The Attraction.

Jess—I never understood why Miss Fitz married Giggams.

Bess—She couldn't make up her mind to break the engagement.

Jess—Why not?

Bess—His was the prettiest ring she had.—Philadelphia Press.

A. S. CHAPMAN