

The value of the churches and the land on which they are erected in this country up to July 1, 1897, is estimated at \$690,000,000.

Governor Johnston, of Alabama, says that one-third of the entire State tax receipts are expended in furthering education.

Over 100,000 horses were imported into Belgium during 1896 for food for the poorer classes, 4000 being killed in Antwerp alone for the twenty shops where this meat is sold exclusively.

The expense of a medical education in Great Britain averages more than in America. To obtain a degree of qualification in any medical school in England, Scotland, or Ireland, a course of study covering a period of at least five years is compulsory, and entails an expenditure of a no less sum than \$2000.

The Baltimore American says: "There has been during the last two years, and there still continues, a very marked movement from the West to the South. Hundreds of industrious and thrifty men, after a hard and unsuccessful struggle in the West, have given it up and come to the South, to find good homes and splendid opportunities to make a living for themselves and their families.

Beware of the Klondike. This is the conclusion that has been reached by John D. McGillivray, an expert on gold, who sends a letter telling of the conditions which gold seekers are confronted with in the Yukon region in Alaska.

A writer in Scribner's says that the Western Powers are beginning to view Japan's activity in navy building with amazement. A generation ago she had literally no navy.

It is quite possible, admits the New York Observer, that in devoting itself so generally to scientific pursuits and neglecting metaphysical studies, the scholarship of the age has deteriorated in intellectuality.

Here the bushes were parted, and a face—a tanned, handsome, open face it was, although just now the expression was not too pleasant—showed in the interstices. Miss Lindsay nodded brightly.

If every boy and every girl, Arising with the sun, Should plan this day to do alone The good deeds to be done;

Should scatter smiles and kindly words, Strong, helpful hands should lend, And to each other's wants and cries Attentive ears should lend;

If every man, and woman, too, Should join these workers small— Oh, what a flood of happiness Upon our earth would fall!

How many homes would sunny be, Which now are filled with care! And joyous, smiling faces, too, Would greet us everywhere.

I do believe the very sun Would shine more clear and bright, And every little twinkling star Would shed a softer light.

But we, instead, oft watch to see If other folks are true; And thus neglect so much that God Intends for us to do. —Lutheran Observer.

AN EPISODE.



THIS is a charming spot—for two," he said, seating himself comfortably at her feet.

"We are lucky to find it unoccupied," she said, "especially at one of Mrs. Gurdon's garden parties. She will be pleased. I don't believe there is a square inch of the lawn to be seen."

"The whole world is here. I know, Miss Lindsay; I have shaken hands with it."

"It is one of the penalties of being a great author."

"Or of being notorious?"

"You are too modest, Mr. Holland. Have you not shared the honors of the afternoon with the Prince and the latest lion—just imported from South Africa, was it not?"

"And felt like a martyr all the time. But there you have the proof, Miss Lindsay. Don't think I am complaining. Fame and notoriety mean the same—in London. And in this"—he indicated the screen of shrubbery which cut off the little nook from the rest of the garden, but did not shut out the strains of the Blue Hungarians or the hum of many voices—"in this I have my reward. I forgive the lion-hunters."

"It is a relief to be out of it," she admitted. "Do you know, Mr. Holland, that these books—yes, there are more of them—are a pet idea of Mrs. Gurdon's?"

"I must thank her. She is a woman of genius."

She laughed merrily. "Oh, no, she is only an incorrigible match-maker—and finds them useful."

"So she, at least, believes in love?" he asked, picking up the thread of a former conversation.

"Or in marriage. It is not always the same thing, is it?"

"It should be," he replied, with an air of the deepest conviction. He was looking up into her eyes.

"What does somebody say—that in woman love is a disease; in man it is an episode?"

"I seem to recollect that," he said. "But it is nonsense; love cannot be summed up in an epigram."

Again she laughed. "I am afraid you have a very bad memory, Mr. Holland. The sentiment appears in a brilliant study of society, entitled 'Providence and Mrs. Grundy,' for which, if the title page is to be trusted—"

"Ah! I remember now. Please spare me, Miss Lindsay. You don't know the evil effects of phrase-making—it saps a man's morals until he has not even a nodding acquaintance with the truth. And you have taken your revenge."

"But, really, Mr. Holland, I trusted to your—your knowledge of human nature, shall I say? I was glad, for my own sake—"

"For what, if I may ask?"

"That, 'in man it was an episode.' It makes life so much easier to believe so."

"You will let me retract in sackcloth and ashes, Miss Lindsay? Honestly, I have some reason to do so. It is three years since I wrote that miserable book. Can you guess my excuse?"

"It seems to infer a compliment—somewhere," she said, rather doubtfully.

"I am very much in earnest," he said, getting up and standing above her; and he looked it. "I didn't know you then. If I had, the thing—call it an epigram if you like—would never have been written. How could it, when—?"

said Holland. "You and he are old friends, Miss Lindsay?"

"We were brought up together." "Like brother and sister?" "Exactly. We quarrel quite as much, at least."

"And make it up, I dare say? But I am sure the quarrels are not serious. Apropos, am I forgiven?"

"Was there a crime, Mr. Holland? Really, I have forgotten."

"We were discussing—"

"George Meredith, was it not?"

"Then I am not forgiven for that unfortunate fault of my youth? You are very hard, Miss Lindsay. You have taught me the error of my ways, and yet you refuse to credit the conversion! How can I convince you? I am quite serious—"

"Oh, I hope not," she said. "It is too warm for anything but frivolity." He reddened a little, and nervously plucked the grass round him. Miss Lindsay watched him with some curiosity out of the corners of her eyes; the symptoms were not unknown to her.

"There is a green thing on your coat, Mr. Holland," she went on.

"Thanks. It was flicked the insect off. 'I have something to say, Miss Lindsay—a kind of confession. It is stupid; but I don't quite know how to say it.'"

"Is it necessary?" she asked innocently. "I don't like confessions, Mr. Holland. We are Low Church people."

"It means a lot to me," he continued, and again there was silence. Then he rose for the second time, perhaps feeling that an upright position conduces to a proper dignity.

She perceived her opening, and rose also. "It is time we were returning," she remarked.

"Don't go just yet, Miss Lindsay," he pleaded, putting out a hand to detain her.

"I want you to listen to me for a moment. I won't keep you if—"

But already she was half-hidden by the shrubbery, and her only answer was a bewildering smile. He had perforce to follow.

"It seems more crowded than ever," she said as they picked their way through the thicket. "Ah! there are my mother and Captain Havelock. Shall we join them?—I hope you are attending to your duties, Ralph? Mr. Holland and I have been discussing Meredith—and things. Tired, mother? Oh! you must be. Mr. Holland, will you find my mother a seat somewhere—near the band, if you can? The Hungarians are so good."

"Delighted," he replied. Then lower: "I may see you again before you go, Miss Lindsay?"

"If you can," she repeated.

She watched them until they were lost in the crowd, and then deliberately led Captain Havelock back to the little nook. Some girls have no originality. But it was still empty.

"Better sit down, Ralph," she said, taking her old place.

"Thanks; I prefer to stand," he said stiffly.

"It is a matter of taste—or of comfort." She gave him a swift glance. "Not up to Simla, is it?"

"I'm sick of it. Beastly pack. I haven't had a chance of speaking to you all afternoon, Nell."

"Philanthropy is its own reward," she said.

pose you mean to marry the beggar, Nell?"

"His name is Holland," she suggested.

"I know that. You can see his portrait in any illustrated paper for a sixpence. It's in them all."

"Which is really no reason why he shouldn't be addressed properly, is it? I have some idea that I have seen another portrait in the same places, with the letters D.S.O. after the name."

"You need not get nasty. Besides, you haven't told me yet if you are engaged to him."

"Well, you see"—here she ventured another glance—"he hasn't asked me yet."

"I suppose you will marry him, though," he persisted. "It's natural enough, perhaps—he's a genius and all that—and of course I'm not. Wait a minute, Nell! I can't stand this any longer, and I'm bound to have it out for good. You were always cleverer than I was; but you know what I've wished for ever since I was an unlicked cub at Eton. I wasn't afraid to tell you then. You remember, Nell?"

"I remember thinking that those lickings—which you did not get—might have done you good."

"Well, you didn't say so! And all the time I was stewing in India it was the same; and when I was down with fever in the plains I kept shouting one name—so the doctor told me."

"It was in very bad taste," she murmured.

"Oh! Then that fort on the frontier, with the Waziris howling round—and not five minutes' sleep on end for fear they should rush us—and the grub running out—and the only idea in my head was to see it through somehow, and get home to ask you to marry me! There, Nell, it's out at last!"

She was looking at him now, but there was a world of reproach—and perhaps something else—in her eyes. "You haven't asked me yet!" she cried.

"But, Nell—heavens!—you don't mean to say—"

And then—well, in some mysterious fashion he managed to gain possession of her hands, and to say the rest without words. As for her:

"You might have seen it, you foolish boy!" she said.

And that was all. Except that, a little later, she met Mr. Holland.

"I have been looking for you, Miss Lindsay," he said; "I have something to say. Not going already, surely? I may call to-night, then? I need not tell you what it is—perhaps you can guess—I hope so."

"I think it would be better not to come, Mr. Holland," she replied, giving him her hand. "I am sorry, but—will you oblige me by considering the episode as closed? I am engaged to Captain Havelock."—David L. Johnston, in Chambers's Journal.

Caught Fish by the Gullet. An abundantly stored fishing ground, where several varieties of the finny tribe can be scooped out of the water with baskets as easily as shoveling coke with a pitchfork, has been discovered near Holmesburg Junction.

The new fishing ground is a pool located in an abandoned quarry hole near Pennypack Creek. The quarry covers an area of half an acre or more, and the water, with which it was recently filled to a depth of twenty-five feet, ran in through a shallow and narrow ditch from the creek. The carters, who have been engaged for some weeks in hauling dirt away from the deep cut, being dug on Khamn street to do away with the grade crossing of the Pennsylvania Railroad at that point, have been dumping earth into the quarry at the rate of 1000 cartloads per day. Over 30,000 cartloads have thus been thrown into the pool, which has consequently been growing smaller every day. By Saturday both the surface and the depth of the water had been so far reduced that there was but a few square yards of it left, and the bottom could almost be seen. The pool was then found to be teeming with toothsome fish, which had presumably found their way in through the ditch from the Pennypack.

The congress of fishermen and fisherwomen that speedily assembled landed eels three feet in length, carp weighing from twelve to fifteen pounds and reaches as large as robust herring, to say nothing of other edible varieties.—Philadelphia Record.

Cut Off His Own Leg to Save His Life. Tattooing is not nearly as common among savages as it was before the influence of missionaries began to be felt. Many of the natives of the South Pacific islands, however, still keep up the practice. Every native boy, when he reaches the age of eight years, must submit to the needle. It is a peculiar fact that all Samoans are tattooed alike. Devices representing animals are never used. The tattoo marks run from the waist to the knees in intersecting lines resembling the small checks sometimes seen in cloth fabrics. The lines are so close together that at a distance a nude native appears to be clad in a pair of blue knickerbockers.

As an illustration of the capacity of the Samoan to endure pain, the following incident will suffice: A boy, eighteen years old, named Mna, injured his foot on a jagged piece of coral. Gangrene set in and he realized that his leg would have to be cut off to save his life. No surgeon was at hand and the boy decided to perform the operation of amputation himself. He tied a string tightly around his leg above the knee, and, seating himself on the ground, severed the member at the knee with an ordinary sailor's jackknife. The rude flaps of flesh were bound together, covered with healing leaves, and, strange as it may seem, the lad recovered. Samoans regard any exhibition of the consciousness of pain as an evidence of weakness.

Business Directory.

- BAKER. Mrs. R. Tempel, bread and cake. BLACKSMITH. T. T. Lawson, blacksmith and carriage trimmer. BUTCHER. Magearl & Davidson. Beef every day. Mutton and pork occasionally. M. Rosenthal, Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays. CONFECTIONERY. Gus Friend, Candies, Soda Water and Ice. DRUGGIST. F. M. Mumford, 211 Royal St. L. P. Kilbourne, opposite Bank. FRUITS. Sam Venci, corner of Alley and Ferdinand. HOTEL. Meyer Hotel, near depot, rates \$2.00 per day. Bank Hotel, Mrs. Davidson, Bank Bldg., St. Francisville. INSURANCE. J. H. Percy, life and fire. W. W. Leake, Jr., True Democrat office, fire and life. LUNCH. Hot lunch at all hours. J. G. Plettinger, Agt., foot of hill. MATTRESS-MAKER. Louis Williams, Florida St. MECHANIC. J. L. Flynn, Sun St., Bayou Sara. T. W. Rayham, contractor and builder. MERCHANTS. J. Freyhan & Co., wholesale and retail. E. L. Newsham, Dry Goods, Groceries and plantation supplies. S. A. Frier, groceries, dry goods, clothing, hats and school books. NOTARY PUBLIC. F. F. Converse, Clerk's Office Court House. W. R. Percy, Bank Building, St. Francisville. SHINGLES. Best of shingles, Chas. Leet, Bayou Sara. SAFETY DEPOSIT BOXES. Bank of West Feliciana.

Salmen Brick and Lumber Co., LIMITED.

BRICKS and PINE LUMBER. Ceiling and Flooring, at lowest prices, delivered to any point on the Mississippi Valley Railroad and Mississippi river. Room 710 Hennen Building, New Orleans, Louisiana. WORKS, Slidell, La.

G. R. Hill, PRACTICAL WATCHMAKER. All Work Guaranteed. Office in Wolfin Bldg., BAYOU SARA, LA.

Jas. C. Magearl, BUTCHER.

LEADS the MARKET —WITH— FRESH MEATS, HONEST WEIGHTS, CHEAP PRICES.

Southern Insurance Company Of New Orleans, La.

Cash capital.....\$300,000 Cash assets..... 625,000 Losses Equitably Adjusted and Promptly Paid.

Insure Gin Houses, Saw Mills, Country Stores, Dwelling Houses and Barns. Address, W. W. Leake, Jr., Local Agent.

BANK HOTEL.

MRS. F. M. DAVIDSON, Proprietress. Board by Day, Week or Month. TERMS, \$1.50 PER DAY. Monthly rates made on application. Location, central. Surroundings, pleasant. Transients solicited. Bank Building, St. Francisville, Louisiana.

Hotel Windsor.

.....SLAUGHTER, LA..... Mrs. J. O. Howell, Proprietress. BOARD. By the day or month. Single Beds Furnished.

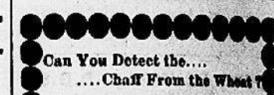
Chas. Weyder.

.....BAYOU SARA, LA..... Blacksmith and Wheelwright. LOCK and GUNSMITHS. Solder and Gun Stand Repairing a Specialty. All work that remains in my shop over 90 days will be sold to pay cost.

J. G. DIEM,

.....St. Francisville, La..... Practical Tin Smith, COFFER and SHEET-IRON WORKER. Tin Cutting and Roofing a Specialty. All work guaranteed.

Can You Detect the... Chaff From the Wheat? KEATING!!



The chaff of wheels are made to sell—not to ride, with economy as a partner. The KEATING is the wheat of wheels. Contains the good—the substance of all improvements. The Double Roller Grain and Improved Divided Crank Shaft alone, place the KEATING 365 days ahead of them all. Our beautiful Catalogue tells of friction reduced. Send for one.

Keating Wheel Company, MIDDLETOWN, CONN.

Do You Drink? Then drink the best High Sport Whiskey.

L. MARKS.

DIETZ No. 3 Street Lamp HAS A SHINING RECORD OF 20 YEARS.



It is advised to use an efficient lantern for all outdoor work. The Dietz No. 3 Street Lamp is the most reliable and economical lantern ever made. It will give more light than any other lantern, and it will give more light than any other lantern. It is the best lantern for all outdoor work.

See our Catalogue, which we mail free upon request. If you insist upon having the very best made, your dealer will give you a "Dietz" and will give you the satisfaction of its absolute reliability. It is the best lantern for all outdoor work.

R. E. DIETZ CO., 60 Light Street, New York. Established in 1840.