MADISON TIMES.

DEVOTED TO THE WELFARE OF MADISON PARISH.

VOL. I. NO. 7. TALLULAH, MADISON PARISH, LA., SATURDAY, MARCH 29, 1884. TERMS: $2.00 PER YEAR.

OWNER OF 200,000 CATTLE.

Six Million Dollars in the Cattle Business in Wyoming.

Cincinnati Enquirer.

A. H. Swan, of Cheyenne City, is not only the cattle king of Wyoming Territory, but probably the leading cattle king in the entire West, having control of as much stock as any single individual on the continent. His present possessions amount to between $2,000,000 and $3,000,000, while the amount of stock of which he has the exclusive control and management is over 2,000,000 head, and valued at over $6,000,000. He was the organizer, is directly interested in and is President and General Manager of no less than five different stock organizations in Wyoming, having the personal superintendency and entire management of the same. One of these cattle ranges is 100 miles in length by from 50 to 100 miles in width, and hence contains an immense acreage of grazing surface, including the best land in the Territory, and lying along the Laramie, Medicine Bow, North Platte and other rivers. Besides the large amount of capital invested in stock of which this individual has full control, some of the companies have made large purchases of land on which they have completed extensive improvements, and which were done by this cattle king's suggestions and directions, so that he has the entire credit of accumulating, amassing and controlling this immense congregation of wealth.

The career of this person has been remarkable for its brilliant success, financially. At 22 years of age he traveled from his native place, Green County, Pa., to Iowa, locating in the latter State on some wild land when every thing in that Commonwealth was comparatively free from the intrusions of civilization. This was in 1853. At that time he had but $1,000 in his pocket as his stock in trade. After making some improvements on his land he sold out at an advance, and then pushed still farther on the frontier, again investing in land. Two years after his first entrance into Iowa he returned to Ohio, where he purchased a farm, remaining in the latter State for seven years, at the end of which time he again returned to Iowa, and began dealing in sheep and cattle, buying and selling. Taking his brother with him as a partner the two began turning their attention to the cattle business exclusively, beginning with a herd of 3,000. This herd was increased at various times as follows, naturally and by purchases: In 1874 to 5,000, in 1875 to 7,500, in 1876 to 10,000, in 1877 to 11,600, in 1878 to 14,000, in 1879 to 19,000, 1880 to 24,000, in 1881 to 28,000, and in 1882 to 33,000. Most of the increase was natural.

By this time the profits of the two brothers in the stock business had been so great, not including the stock on hand, that the next year (1883), with several other stockmen, they purchased 31,000 more cattle on a range west of the Black [illegible] their two herds into one, [illegible] forming a land [illegible] company, with an [illegible] $2,555,825. A. H. Swan being made President of the same, fit a salary of $10,000 per year, the amount of cattle numbering 115,000. Negotiations are now pending for the sale of Mr. A. H. Swan's interest in this company at the princely sum of $750,000. Mr. Swan next organized four other companies on a similar basis, to all of which he has been given the direct management. One of the companies, known as the Ogalalla Land and Cattle Company, of Nebraska, owns 85,000 head of cattle. The latest enterprise in which this cattle king has been engaged was the organization of a land syndicate and stockyards company, which purchased two thousand acres of land adjoining the city of Omaha, Nebraska, a portion to be sold in lots and balance to be reserved for this land syndicate and stock yards for the slaughtering and shipping of dressed beef in refrigerator cars to Eastern markets. This latter establishment is to be ready for operations by July, 1884, and its capacities are placed at 1,000 head per day. Among this cattle king's private possessions are 150,000 acres of land under fence, with ten houses, eight barns and fifty corrals for the branding of stock. He is also the owner of land in Iowa, forty miles from DesMoines, valued at $350,000.

He claims to have never had any litigations about contracts, never having forfeited his word to any person with whom he has had any business transactions either in buying or selling. In appearance he is tall, but well proportioned, and his countenance bears the imprint of modesty, frankness and intelligence, and though naturally easy in his bearing, yet he is free from that suavity and independence of action so common among frontier stockmen.

FASHION NOTES.

At the marriage of the Marquis of Kildare the bride and bridemaids all wore yellow terry velvet.

Velvet-brocaded grenadines are being prepared for ladies going South to escape the cold winds of March and April in the East and North.

Gentlemen's evening suits are to be made of diagonal and ribbed materials, in order that waiters and guests may not be confounded as heretofore.

A capote of garnet-colored straw, is lined with shrimp-pink satin; outside the ribbon is garnet-red and the flowers are apple blossoms of the same pink as the lining.

The new round hats have high, large crowns like those of men's silk hats, but the brims are very narrow, shelving out slightly in front, but narrower on the sides, and still narrower behind.

Capotes protrude over the brow and are trimmed inside with bows of flowers. Colored straws are lined with pleated velvet, satin, or faille of another color. Outside the ribbon is matched to the straw; but the flowers or feathers are matched to the lining.

Small bonnets and round hats of medium sizes continue to make up the bulk of the importations of millinery. Some of these bonnets have pointed sides coming low down behind the ears, while others are rounded off quite short on the sides, and have the long crown with a round top now used in the Langtry bonnet.

People in England often wear close-fitting, long-basqued jackets, bordered with fur. One of the newest is a shot velvet, brocaded as well as shot, and bordered with fur. Fur flounces appear on mantles and on dresses. The rage for fur is nearly as great as when the Duchess of Edinburgh came over from Russia as a bride.

A bonnet of dark blue straw is lined with pale blue pleated faille; the outside is trimmed with dark blue faille ribbon and clusters of pale blue forget-me-nots. A black straw is lined with pale gold satin and trimmed with black velvet and bunches of yellow cow-slips. Another is lined with bright red velvet and trimmed with poppies.

STYLES OF ADDRESS.

How the President and Other Public Men Should be Addressed.

Washington Letter to New York Post.

I have been considerably amused in glancing over the addresses on letters to public men, to notice the different styles which are used by people living at a distance. For instance, some communications are addressed to the "Hon. Chester A. Arthur, President of the United States." The simplest and best form is to write, "To the President, Executive Mansion, Washington, D. C." In addressing the President personally you should always say "Mr. President." "Your Honor" or "Your Excellency" is never used, and is considered in bad taste, yet it is no uncommon thing to hear public men from different parts of the country open conversation with the President in these terms. The official title of the Governor of Massachusetts is "His Excellency," and of the Lieutenant Governor "His Honor," but the President has no official title, and is called simply "Mr. President." In addressing communications to the Cabinet officers you should, however, write "The Hon. Charles J. Folger, Secretary of the Treasury; the Hon. Wm. E. Chandler, Secretary of the Navy," etc.; but in personal intercourse you should always say "Mr. Secretary," "Mr. Attorney-General," or "Postmaster-General." Should you desire

TO WRITE TO A SENATOR

you would direct to "The Hon. George F. Hoar, M. C., Senate Chamber, Washington, D. C.," and if a formal communication commence the epistle "Mr. Senator," which title you should also use in private conversation with him. Of course, if you were an intimate friend, you could take greater liberties, and perhaps call him "Dear George," or something of that sort; but I am talking now only upon formal communications. A member of the House is not so particular, however. You would address him after this style: "The Hon. John C. Long, M. C., House of Representatives, Washington, D. C." In speaking to a member you would ordinarily address him by his last name, but if he had ever been a Speaker Senator or Governor invariably give him that title, for it is not only customary, but it gives him the impression that you have made a particular study of his record. Many a man has wrecked his chances by calling an ex-Senator simply "Mr. Blank." You must have some knowledge of the war in order to steer skillfully around among these statesman. If a member has been a General, call him that, and you can safely

GO DOWN AS FAR AS MAJOR.

but I would advise you to draw the line in the last-named title, for a man who has served during the war and risen no higher than a captain does not care to have it thrown in his face after he has been elected to Congress. I do not know how the custom was originated to limit the title to the grade of major, but I do know it to be the fact nevertheless. In addressing the Speaker of the House you should always say, "Mr. Speaker," and never Mr. Carlisle, and the Justices of the United States Supreme Court, the Court of Claims, and other judicial bodies of final resort, as "Mr. Chief Justice," and "Mr. Justice." This is a republican form of government, where every man is supposed to be as good as every other man, and a little better if he can make himself so, but these titles which I have mentioned are as immovable as the long line in the court of "Victoria R."

Sere and Yellow Leaves.

W. P. Elliot, of Lewiston, Pa., 91 years of age, is still editing a paper.

Every communion Sunday Mrs. Annie Gordon, of Buffton, S. C., walks four miles to church. She is 111 years old.

Mrs. Tobeatha Clardy, now living with Hugh McClellan, at Carrolton, Ill., is over 89 years old, and has great-great-grandchildren.

A lady 60 years of age, residing in Rochester, N. Y., recently skated from that city to Brockport, a distance of twenty miles, in one hour and twenty-five minutes.

Senator Morrill, of Vermont, is the oldest member of the upper house, he having just passed his 74th birthday. Mr. Kenna, of West Virginia, who is but 34, is the youngest.

Truman Smith, the oldest living United States Senator from Connecticut, now in his 95th year, continues active in mind, though weak physically, at the home of his daughter, Mrs. George A. Hoyt, in Stamford.

Elder Jabez S. Swan, one of the last of the old-time revivalists, celebrated his eighty-fourth birthday at his home in New London Saturday. For years he was the most noted revivalist in New England; the number of his converts could hardly be estimated.

The late Richard Somers Smith, of Philadelphia, was the third of six brothers, all of whom lived to celebrate their golden weddings. He was born in 1789, consequently lived under the administration of every President the United States has yet had.

Mrs. Betsy L. Moody, of Cape Elizabeth, Me., celebrated a few days since her 102d birthday. She has still living three children, fourteen grandchildren, one of whom is the so-called Evangelist Moody, thirty great-grandchildren, and six great-great-grandchildren.

A respected couple in Belmont county, Ohio, who had been married forty years, the husband being 78 years old and the wife 74, applied for a divorce a few years ago, alleging that they could not live harmoniously together. The Judge gave them a long talking to and refused their application.

Nancy Buckalew, a Revolutionary pensioner, has died at Northumberland. She was the widow of Peter Buckalew, who died in 1846. She was 83 years old and Peter would have been 124. He was 76 when he married Nancy. There is only one surviving Revolutionary pensioner in Pennsylvania.

Dr. C. C. Graham, at the age of 100 years, writes forcibly on the cause of the flood in the Ohio Valley. Fifty years ago he wrote in the Frankfort, Ky., Argus that the reckless felling of trees would ruin the valley before the end of century. Dr. Graham, still vigorous in mind and body, lives in retirement at Louisville.

Throughout large portions of Maine and Vermont the people have long known Charlie Barnum, a traveling tinker, who mends pots, kettles, umbrellas, clocks, chairs, china, or anything that breaks. He is 84 years old and so decrepit that he is obliged to use two canes. He carries his pack strapped to his shoulders. His children are well to do, and have tried every means of inducing him to quit his wandering life, but he will not.

Miss Lois Baker, the oldest resident of Warren, R. I., died in that town March 1, in the 89th year of her age. She was a native of Warren and had resided there during her whole life. She attended the services held at the Baptist Church in 1799, to solemnize the funeral of George Washington, of which she retained vivid recollections late in life. She was also present at the Garfield memorial services held in the M. E. Church in 1881.

The death of Gen. De Schramm snaps another of the few remaining links that connect the France of to-day with the France of the first empire. He was a sous-lieutenant in 1800, and earned his lieutenancy at Austerliiz. Gen. De Wimpften, whose death is simultaneously announced, will be longest remembered as the brave but unfortunate officer whom the late Emperor forced, solely against his will, to surrender the French army to the Germans at Sedan.

In a Scotch family of eight sons and one daughter the united ages of the nine amount to 572. Their great-great-grandfather was born in 1624. One of his great-granddaughters is still alive, in her 80th year, while a grand-son lived to be one of the founders of the Scottish railway system, having projected the line from Renfrew to Paisley. He was provost of Renfrew during the French revolution, and died in 1837, 213 years after the birth of his grandfather.

CHAFF.

The road to rue in—The way of the transgressor.—Life

A Chicago girl threatens to box the ears of an editor of that city. What a thrill of life this would infuse into the lumber market—Bismark Tribune.

This is to be a Presidential and leap year, and us fellows who are neither Presidents or women will have to remain seated until invited to dance.—Whitehall Times.

"Isidore Ferblantin, this is the thirteenth time you have been arrested for stealing." "Ah, Monsieur l'Commissaire, it is so humiliating to beg."—From the French.

A young man in Georgia has received sixteen duel challenges, and has accepted them all. He means to be either a lead mine or the owner of a graveyard. —San Francisco Post.

"Don't forget the poor," urges a country editor. It isn't very often that an editor puts in a puff for himself, but occasionally he is driven to it by necessity. —Burlington Free Press.

A musical writer says that "The most important recent invention is the power of modifying the intensity of pianoforte notes." We hardly agree with him.—Burlington Free Press.

Most any cat can raise its voice five octaves higher than any human singer, and yet very few people will admit that there is any music in the cat's voice.—Philadelphia Chronicle-Herald.

In a few short weeks the papers will be printing spring poetry, and lots of men will be growling because the discarding of their overcoats will reveal a ragged suit.—Montezuma Record.

A lot of scientists in New York have come to the conclusion that the prevailing fogs in the East are due to the recent red sunsets. We think the recent red sunsets are due to the prevailing fogs, and our theory is just as reasoable and valuable as theirs.—San Francisco Post.

I recollect a nurse called Ann,
Who carried me about the grass,
And one fine day a fine young man
Came up and kissed the pretty lass.
She did not make the least objection.
Thinks I: "Aha,
When I can talk I'll tell mamma."
And that's my earliest recollection.
—New Orleans Item.

An Englishman on Arnold.

Sir Lepel Griffin's amusing "Visit to Philistia," in the new number of The Fortnightly Review, contains this description of Matthew Arnold's lecture in Chickering hall: "Reading his lecture with the manuscript close to his eyes, placing a strong accent on the penultimate or anti-penultimate syllable and dropping the last altogather, allowing the voice to so sink at the close of a sentence that the last words were inaudible, without gesture or expression, Mr. Matthew Arnold combines in himself all the possible defects of a public lecturer. Sitting ten rows in front of the reader, I found it impossible to hear the whole of any sentence, or to follow the argument of the address. Occasionally a quotation more or less familiar could be picked out from the general monotone. But these were were mere oases of sounds in a desert of inaudibility; and, of the 1,500 persons present, perhaps a hundred understood the lecture, to some 400 an occasional sentence was vouchsafed, while 1,000 heard nothing."

A neigh-bob—The shake of a horse's head.—N. Y. Journal.

GOING WEST.

A Tenderfoot Fool Who Goes West to Show Off.

Detroit Free Press.

A young man with a plated watch chain that would do to tie up a sacred elephant came into Denver the other day from the East on the Julesburg Short Line, and told the hotel clerk that he had just returned from Europe, and was on his way across the continent with the intention of publishing a book on international information. He handed an oilcloth grip across the counter, registered in a bold bad way, and with a flourish that scattered the ink all over the clerk's white shirt front.

He was assigned to a quiet room on the fifth floor that had been damaged by water a few weeks before by the Fire Department. After an hour or two was spent in riding up and down the elevator and ringing for things that didn't cost anything, he oiled his hair and strolled into the dining room with a severe air and sat down opposite a big cattle man who never oiled his hair or stuck his nose into other peoples business.

The European traveler entered into conversation with the cattle man. He told him about Paris and the continent, meanwhile polishing his hands on the tablecloth and eating everything within reach. While he ate another man's dessert he chatted on gaily about Cologne and pitied the cattle man who had to stay on the bleak plains and watch the cows while others paddled around Venice and acquired information in a foreign land.

At first the cattle man showed some interest in Europe, but after awhile he grew quiet and didn't seem to enjoy it. Later on the European tourist, with soiled cuffs and auburn mane, ordered the waiters around in a majestic way to impress people with his greatness, tipped over the vinegar cruet into the salt, and ate a slice of boiled egg out of another man's salad.

Casually, a tall Kansas man, strolled in, and asked the European tourist what he was doing in Denver. The cattle man who, by the way, had been abroad five or six times, and is as much at home in Paris as he is in Omaha, investigated the matter, and learned that the fresh French tourist had been herding on a chicken ranch in Kansas for six years, and had never seen blue water. He then took a few personal friends to the dining room door and they watched the alleged travler. He had just taken a long refreshing drink from the finger bowl of his neighbor on the left and was at that moment trying to scoop up a lump of sugar with the wrong end of the tongs.

There are a good many fools who drift around through the world and dodge the authorities, but the most disastrous ass that I know is the man who goes West with two dollars and forty cents in his pocket, without brains enough to soil the most delicate cambric handkerchief and tries to play himself for a sravant with so much knowledge that he has to shed information all the time to keep his abnormal knowledge from hurting him.

They Want to Go on the Stage.

N. Y. Sun.

A correspondent in a Southern city asks a question which agitates so many minds that it deserves careful consideration:

"There are two young ladies here who are exceedingly anxious to go on the stage, and have requested me to write you and see if you couldn't give them all the necessary information in regard to the matter. Is there any place in New York where persons are taught for the Stage? Who are the parties, and what terms do they charge? How long would they have to study before they are allowed to appear in public? I have done all in my power to dissuade them from their intention, but without avail. I have seen one of the ladies on the stage several times, that is in private theatricals, and I must admit that she has a great deal of talent in that line. Besides that she is very highly educated, and I think if she had a chance would make a success."

There are in New York several members of the theatrical profession who devote their spare time to preparing pupils for the stage, and some of them are artists of high standing, who must be altogether conpetent for the duty. We do not know what are their prices for tuition but they are probably reasonable. As to the time required to get the adequate training, that must depend on the aptitude of the pupil. A whole lifetime of study would not make an actor of one man, while another might master in a few months all that his professional teacher had to offer him in the way of technical instruction.

But even after the pupil has passed from the hands of his theatrical preceptor, it is likely that it will be impossible for him to get a chance to actually appear on the stage in any part which satisfies his ambition and gratifies his vanity. He will come in competition with many experienced artists who are standing around Union square waiting for an engagement and whose illusions as to their abilities and opportunities have been pretty thoroughly dispelled by harsh experience. The novice, if he gets on the stage at all, must expect nothing more than a very minor and humble part. He must be prepared to encounter sharp criticism in the greenroom and do without the praise of his professional associates. What seems historionic genius to his partial friends who applaud his amateur performances will be very coldly judged in the green room.

In fine, he will have to make his way against obstacles which will subdue his spirit and hurt his self-love most keenly and his progress upward will be slow if he gets up at all. He will have to work hard and submit to indifference and what seems to him injustice. Besides he will get poor pay at the beginning, and will be lucky if he can secure an engagement which will give him even that steadily. Instead of making a grand success in the great city, he may be obliged to travel with strolling companions and have to wait for years before obtaining an oportunity to appear in a leading theater, at least in any except a small part, where he has no chance to gain the particular attention of the audience.

A woman cannot hope to fare any better. Her stage trials may even be harder to bear, and most destructive of her peace and happiness. Scarcely any girl thinks of acting in other than the leading parts in which she has seen the most famous and most experienced artists. She wants to jump up to the top at once, and all her theatrical dreams are based on the assumption that she will do it—that she will be the heroine of the play, and that she will live in an atmosphere of intoxicating applause and adulation. Instead of that, if she gets on the stage at all, she is likely to be at first only one of the supernumeraries who stand about to watch the triumph of the heroine and to assist in making up the stage picture of which another is the central figure.

These are facts which the two Southern girls must look squarely in the face if they think of going on the stage. They must understand that they propose to enter a very difficult profession, and one in which there are ten, nay, a hundred, chances of their failing to one of their succeeding. If a woman rises high in the theater she gets better pay than she can earn elsewhere, but if she remains in the lower or middle ranks of the theatrical profession she will only make moderate wages for very hard work.

The Swindler's Contract.

As much as the note swindle has been exposed for years by the press, people yet sign receipts and contracts for the sleek-tongued strangers, which often turn up at some bank for collection in the shape of promissory notes. The following is a sample of the form of some of the notes:

Blankville, Mo., Feb. 24, 1884.

One year after date I promise to pay to John Smith or bearer Ten Dollars when I sell by order Four Hundred and Seventy-Five Dollars ($475) worth of patent Fanning Mills, for value received at ten per cent. interest per annum, said Ten Dollars when due is payable at Blankville, Mo.

Witness, John Brown. *Signed,* JOHN JONES. *Agent for John Smith.*

It will be observed that by cutting off the right hand end of the note between the words "or" and "bearer" makes it a plain negotiable note, which the maker is obliged to pay in the hands of a third party.

Statistics of Divorce.

Pall Mall Gazette.

A French philosopher has been collecting the statistics of divorce and lecturing on the theories with which they supply him. The results are interesting; and in some respects singular. Some well-worn theories are quite upset by his facts and figures. Taking a fixed standard of 1,000 marriages, the philosopher distributes all countries into three groups group A, where the divorces average from 1 to 5 in a 1,000; group B, where they run from 6 to 10; group C, where in a thousand marriages there are from 11 to 28 divorces. It is strange to find among the first class the Italian the Russians, and the Scotch. It seems the only point in common among nationalists otherwise so opposed. The Swedes, the Norwegians, the Dutch, and the Hungarians are in the second class, while the third class includes most other European people. The philosopher insists that the laws of a country have no influence on these results. Norwey and Denmark have the same laws, and Norway is moral and Denmark loose. Switzerland is one republic, but in the canton of Lucerne there is scarcely ever a divorce, and in Appenzell there are a great many. In Catholic countries, as a rule, there are few and in Protestant there are many. Much depends on profession. Artists and men of letters seem very unfortunate in their unions. Moreover, the statistics of suicide run parallel with those of divorces. Saxony is the country where both are found in greatest numbers. For a space of three years the number of suicides remained stationary in Sweden, and so did the divorces. Both are checked by the birth of children.

Millionaire and Miner.

Washington Critic.

In the lobby of the Riggs House two old-time friends met. One was Senator Bowen, of Colorado; the other an old miner, who looked a trifle seedy. The Senator had just emerged from the breakfast room. The miner stood idly gazing in the direction from which the Senator came.

"Hello! Tom Bowen. Why, bless my soul you ain't changed a d—n bit since I met you in the Rockies in '68," was the undignified salutation of the miner.

"No, Bill," said the Senator. "I reckon I am about the same."

The two held a conversation for a short time, when the miner was overheard to say:

"Tom stake me; I'm dead bursted. Ain't got a dollar."

The Senator pulled from his pocket a large roll of bills and counted out about $50 in money and handed it to his friend.

They then seperated. The Senator went to his room, and the other walked toward the bar, where a friend was awaiting him.

"Oh," said he, "I scooped the boys in for $13,000."

"Tom fixed me," said he; but, after all, he only did what I have done for him many a time. Away back in the good old days, before Tom struck it rich, I would often stake him. I remember one time that he borrowed five ounces of gold to get into a game of poker with. You know Tom is a keen, shrewd poker-player and can come as near holding four aces in his sleeves and playing them on the boys as any one I ever saw. Well," he continued, "Tom got into the game and it lasted forty-eight hours. When he came to pay me the borrowed money I asked him how he made out."

"But," resumed the miner, "after that time it was a common thing for Tom Bowen to make as high as a $25,000 inaining."

Japanese Commerce.

N. Y. Telegram.

The Kiyodo Un Yn, or Union Steamship company of Japan, is constantly enlarging its fleet, and now has half a dozen large steamers at present only run in the Japan seas, carrying passengers and freight. In a short time they will go to Hong Kong and Shanghai, and as soon as the company's fleet, which is to consist of about forty steamers, is completed, they will trade with this country, and possibly with Europe. At present the only other steamship line of Japan, besides the Kiyodo Un Yu, is the Mitsu Bishi steamship company. The latter runs to Hong Kong and Shanghai. The Kiyodo Un Yu line was started early last year for the purpose of developing the trade of Japan. Not only the government but also the Japanese merchants were interested the former subscribing to half of the capital stock, which is $8,000,000, and the latter to the other half. Mr. H. Kirino, secretary of the Japanese consulate in this city, said to a Telegram reporter to-day: "Many new steamers will soon be built by the Kiyodo Un Yu company. This will be a great benefit to the United States as well as Japan, on account of the trade that will be developed. Our vessels are built on the same plan as American vessels. We have now a large number of ship building yards. There are two yards at the capital of Japan owned by private concerns, one each in Kobe, Hakodati and Nagasaki, the open ports of Japan, and the steamship yards in Yokosuka, owned by the government. At the latter place many vessels stop and make repairs. Our vessels are now mostly manned by Japanese officers where formerly French officers were employed.

A Pig's Tail.

Texas Siftings.

An elderly gentleman from Wisconsin, wearing a plug hat and a gold headed cane, has been prospecting out in the vicinity of Onion Creek, eight miles from Austin. He met a local granger, and the following conversation took place:

"The soil is rich, and you seem to have plenty of oak trees. I should think you might raise hogs here to a great advantage."

The granger shook his head and replied:

"Hogs do well in dry weather, but as soon as we have a wet spell they all die off."

"You don't say so. How does the wet weather come to effect them so fatally? Does it give them pleuro-pneumonia?"

"No, sir, I don't think their lungs are affected by the dampness. The hogs die of sleeplessness."

"Sleeplessness, insomnia?"

"Yes, sir, they perish of insomnia, caused by the richness and stickiness of the soil."

"My friend, your conversation is unintelligible to me. How does the alluvial fertility of the soil and the humidity of the atmosphere produce insomnia among the swine?"

"There is a very simple explanation for it. You see, they lie down when it is midday, and a little mud adheres to the tuft of hair at the end of their tails. The mud continues to accumulate until a large ball is formed weighing several hundred—I say several pounds, not several-hundred pounds—"

"Proceed, if you please. I am yet in the dark as to the cause of sleeplessness among the swine."

"Why, don't you understand that the weight of the ball of mud pulls the hog's skin so tight that he can't shut his eyes, and as he can't go to sleep without shutting his eyes, he soon dies in great agony."

The stranger looked steadily at the Onion Creek granger for several minutes and then he remarked with a cynical smile:

"I should think it might have occurred to as practical a man as yourself to alleviate the difficulty by cutting off the tails of the piglets at an early period of their existence."

"We do, but owing to the fertile nature of the soil in which they wallow, their tails grow out faster than we can cut them off," replied "Truthful Jeems," of Onion Creek, without moving a muscle of his face.

"It's wonderful, sir, wonderful!"

"What is wonderful, the pigs' tails?"

"Oh, no; it is wonderful that Texas can produce simultaneously two such prevaricators as yourself and Hon. Thomas Pocahontas Ochiltree."

Did we have a flood? Well, really, we had forgotten it.—Cincinnati Times-Star.

LITERARY NEWS.

Collected by Clemens' Literary Life.

Charles Reade has just completed a new novel.

Justin McCarthy is hard at work on a political novel.

Victor Hugo will soon publish a new volume of poetry.

The author of "Ginx's Baby" is completing another novel.

A life of Chinese Gordon, just issued in London, sells at one penny.

Charles Dickens' grandson is writing a story for All the Year Round.

Susan B. Anthony is writing a book on the condition of her sex in Europe.

Mr. Eugene Schuyler has entirely rewritten his "Life of Peter the Great."

The empress of Austria is engaged in printing herself the sonnets she has been writing.

Mlle. Judith Gautier, daughter of Theophile Gautier, has written an eastern romance.

Miss Louise Chandler Moulton will soon give the public her reminiscences of Spain.

Mrs. J. T. Fields has prepared a paper for Harper replete with anecdotes of Emerson.

Dennie A. Sullivan, of Lowell, Mass., has in preparation a complete history of Amateur Journalism.

Bjornstjerne Bjornson is writing a drama in three parts, only the first of which has been published.

Mr. Froude is writing the preface to a new work on the massacre of Protestants in Ireland in 1641.

Mr. Johnston, the explorer has completed his work on the river Congo, which he has dedicated to Henry M. Stanley.

A foreign authority says that two-thirds of the literary men and all of the literary women of the United States write poetry.

The first volume of Mr. Blaine's "Twenty Years in Congress" is nearly completed, and will probably be issued in a few weeks.

Prof. Whitney, of Yale college, will contribute the article on philology to the forthcoming volume of the Encyclopedia Britannica.

It is at last known who wrote that brilliant novel of last year, "Mr. Lerimer." A daughter of Charles Kingsley is the author.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co., have just issued the fifth and concluding volume of the works of William H. Seward, edited by Geo. E. Baker.

The leading British reviews and quarterlies are ad to be regularly reprinted in this country by the Leonard Scott Publishing company.

Only about twenty sets of the limited edition of "The Letters and Poems of John Keats," lately published by Dodd & Mead, now remain unsold.

"The Life and Poems of Theodore Winthrop," edited by his sister and accompanied by a portrait, will soon be brought out by Henry Holt & Co.

D. Appleton & Co., have nearly ready for publication the fourth volume of the newly revised edition of Bancroft's "History of the United States."

Baron Tauchnitz is about to add to his "Collection of British Authors" two volumes of Edgar A. Poe's works, edited by John H. Ingram.

Mrs. Livermore's new work, "What Shall We Do With Our Daughters," lately published by Lee and Shepard, is meeting with marked success.

Tennyson's line, "The grand old gardener and his wife," was originally "The gardener Adam and his wife," and the poet has reverted to the first reading.

Mr. George T. Curtis has prepared for publication in the Manhattan Magazine a series of articles on the very interesting subject "Creation and Evolution."

Mr. Walter Besant, a novelist whose work grows constantly more attractive, is writing a new story called "Julia." It will appear in The English Illustrated Magazine.

A little book has lately been published in Belgium giving an account of the various visits paid by the duke of Wellington to Brussels, before and after the battle of Waterloo.

The English poetess, Miss Robinson, is about to bring out a new volume of poems—mostly tragic stories of country life—to which she gives the name of "The New Arcadia."

The Current, the new Chicago weekly, has made a hit in Joaquin Miller's new story, "The Wonderful City," which it is now publishing. The theme of the narrative is a new one.

Jules Verne has ordered the construction, by a firm at Nantes, of a large sailing vessel, in which he intends to make a cruise in the Antartic Sea to collect materials for future romances.

The librarian of the Mercantile Library of New York says that Teackeray's popularity seems to be outlasting that of Dickens; that Reade, Collins, "Ouida," Mrs. Southworth, Mrs. Stephens, and Mrs. Wood are not called for as much as formerly, and that there has been an increased demand for the novels of Trollope and Hawthorne's works.

Young Wives and Servants.

N. O. Times-Democrat.

There is one thing about which the young housekeeper may well listen to advice. She must make up her mind that any servants she may hire will have faults. If she calmly settles this in her mind she will be spared a great deal of trouble. Her care will be to discover what the faults are, and not if faults exist. Some of these may be endured with fortitude, and will not cause too much mental friction; others absolutely cannot be borne. There are cases when the possession of a sense of humor will help one to bear what would otherwise be annoying.

Among other receipts is one for making an "Oyster Loaf." Now, why should idleness, even in an oyster, be encouraged?—Waterloo Observer.