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INSURANCE Oil—170° fire test; guaranteed to be non-explosive. David & Garig.

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FISH—Mackerel, Codfish, Sardines, Salmon, Shadines, Codfish Balls, at David & Garig's.

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RUSSIAN Caviar—Try it and you will find it at David & Garig's.

JUMBLES—The very nicest in the world, are sold by David & Garig.

OATMEAL—Five pound packages, at David & Garig's.

RESULT OF PRIMARY ELECTION

IN EAST BATON ROUGE PARISH; OCT. 4: 1879.

WARDS.	J. H. Lamon	H. N. Sherburne	A. E. Read.	J. W. Burgess	G. W. Buckner	T. B. Dupree	J. W. Bates	T. H. Corcoran	E. D. Cheatham	B. F. Bryan.	Wm. Hubbs.	O. P. Skolfield.	T. J. Buffington.	R. E. Ambrose.	R. H. Carruth.	J. H. Halsey.	J. Kleinpeter.	M. E. Martinez.	S. M. Robertson.
1st	143	58	20	104	230	104	326	23	27	151	98	55	342	99	34	60	84	34	239
2d	155	36	81	94	169	196	328	39	14	93	195	58	374	73	32	100	123	31	223
3d—1st precinct	58	50	6	44	53	107	100	57	4	14	101	36	162	3	37	1	150	4	107
3d—2d precinct	15	4		10	22	7	17	12		12	7	8	30	7	7		19		18
4th—1st pricinct	20	243	4		247	31	23	263	2	204	64	9	281	259	46	1	43	15	186
4th—2d precinct	124	124			182	92	130	142	1	262	5	1	276	162	32		5	2	227
4th—3d precinct	29	68	11	30	97	37	68	66		80	48	1	133	85	44	2	52		67
5th—1st pricinct	1	8	11	2	7	12	3	21		1	14	4	16	7	1	5	12	4	3
5th—2d precinct	2	17	3	35	11	43	21	37		10	31	13	56	5	37		45	1	22
6th	18	17	4	5	25	20	31	13		3	41	1	44	7	3		41	1	37
7th	22	28	29	28	77	30	89	20	7	18	66	11	109	20	69	3	50	8	43
8th—1st precinct	57	11	16	10	58	39	72	23		56	37	1	93		4	5	18	90	76
8th—2d precinct	70	5	17	1	39	47	92			65	5	22	93	1		5	56	77	29
9th	22	34	6	21	65	16	54	29	2	30	28	18	80	17	16		55	1	66
10th	8	63	11	16	41	55	58	38		21	16	61	94	65	23	4	68	7	15

Dr. P. H. Jones, of the fourth ward, having no opponent, was elected Coroner by a vote of 1886. Sherburne's majority for Judge, 23; Buckner's majority for District Attorney, 487; Bates' majority for Sheriff, 619; Bryan's majority for Clerk of the Court, 274; Buffingston, had no opponent; Robertson's majority for Representative was 547, while Ambrose and Kleinpeter ran very close, the latter having only 1 majority. The election passed off quietly.

DEMOCRATIC STATE CONVENTION.

FIRST DAY.

BATON ROUGE, Monday, Oct. 6, 1879

At half-past 12 o'clock, Gov. Voorhies, Chairman of the State Cental Committee called the Convention to order, after which he announced the Hon. Louis Texada, of Rapides, as temporary President. On assuming the Presidency, Mr. Texada said in substance:

That the representatives of the Democratic party of Louisiana, had assembled for the first time since the rule of the carpet-bagger had been removed, at the place where the new Capitol was to be erected. Not only the eyes of the State but those of the entire Union were fixed upon their deliberations. Fortunately the task was an easy one. They were to choose the future Governor of Louisiana, between two gentlemen of high character, who were possessed of equal qualifications and patriotism. The world should know that the selection had been made with the greatest fairness, and without even the semblance of trickery. He thanked the Convention for the honor that had been conferred upon him, to preside over such a body.

On motion of Mr. Jules Bonnafon, of Orleans, Mr. F. Armant, of the 5th Ward of Orleans was elected temporary Secretary.

Mr. Blanchard, of Caddo, moved the appointment of a Committee on Credentials to be composed of nine members.

Mr. Lobdell, of West Baton Rouge, moved to amend by appointing two members from each Congressional District and three from the State at large.

Mr. Poche, of St. James, moved to lay the amendment on the table—carried.

And Mr. Blanchard's resolution was adopted.

The Chairman requested that the friends of the two prominent candidates for Governor, Messrs. Wiltz and Ogden, each send the names of four gentlemen to act on said Committee.

In accordance therewith the Secretary announced the Committee, composed as follows:

Mr. Blanchard, of Caddo, Chairman.
Mr. Thos. Vizard, of Orleans.
Mr. John D. Fisher, of East Baton Rouge.
Mr. John Clegg, of Lafayette.
Mr. M. D. Kavanagh, of St. Landry.
Mr. Don Caffrey, of St. Mary.
Mr. J. H. Brigham, of Morehouse.
Mr. J. H. Cosgrove, of Natchitoches.
Gen. J. L. Brent, of Ascension.

By special request the Chairman caused a communication to be read requesting the members of the Third Congressional District to assemble at once in the Hall, after the adjournment of the Convention.

On motion the Convention took a recess till 6 o'clock, P. M.

6½ O'CLOCK, P. M.

The Convention was called to order by the President, who stated that the committee on credentials was not ready to report.

Mr. Poche moved to take a recess till 8 o'clock. Another gentleman moved to appoint a Sergeant-at-Arms and two Assistants. Another gentleman moved to adjourn to 10 o'clock a. m. to-morrow.

An amendment to the motion to appoint Sergeant-at-Arms by increasing the number to four on each side, was presented. A motion to table this amendment was then made.

Mr. Poche submitted a point of order to the effect that the previous motion to appoint one Sergeant-at-Arms and two Assistants had been carried, and that the subsequent amendment was not in order.

The Chair ruled the point of order well taken.

Mr. Robertson moved to take a recess till 10 o'clock, and asked that the roll be called by parishes.

Mr. Wedge submitted a point of order that the motion to adjourn tomorrow at 10 o'clock had precedence over Mr. Robertson's motion.

Mr. Robertson stated that the above motion had been voted down.

The Chairman decided that the motion to adjourn had not been determined, owing to interruption, and ordered the roll to be called on Mr. Robertson's motion.

Pending the roll call the committee on credentials appeared and asked for further time, its chairman stating that the parish of Plaquemine and two wards of Orleans have not been reached.

Messrs. Robertson, Poche and Favrot submitted points of order on the previous matter of recess or adjournment.

The chair explains that in its desire do full justice to the Convention, it will decide that the motion to adjourn to 11 o'clock a. m., tomorrow shall be put first and the Secretary is ordered to call the roll by parishes which resulted as follows:

Ayes—Ascension, Bossier, Caddo, Claiborne 4, East Baton Rouge, West Baton Rouge, West Carroll, East Feliciana, West Feliciana, Grant, Iberia, Iberville, Jefferson, Lafourche 3½, Lincoln 7, Natchitoches 2, Ouachita 13, Rapides 8, Richland 1, St. Helena, St. Martin 2, Tangipaho, Union, 8, Vermilion, Orleans 2d Ward 1, Third Ward, Tenth Ward 1, Eleventh Ward, Twelfth Ward, Thirteenth Ward 2, Fifteenth Ward 3, Sixteenth Ward. Total 164½ votes.

Nays—Assumption, Avoyelles, Calcasieu, Caldwell, Cameron, Catahoula, Claiborne 4, Concordia, DeSoto, East Carroll, Franklin, Jackson, Lafayette, Lafourche 6½, Livingston, Madison, Morehouse, Natchitoches 12, Ouachita 1, Pointe Coupee, Rapides 1, Red River, Richland 4, Sabine, St. Charles, St. James, St. John, St. Landry, St. Martin 3, St. Mary, St. Tammany Tensas, Terrebonne, Vernon, Washington, Webster, Winn, Orleans 87. Total 279½ votes.

The motion to adjourn was lost.

Mr. Robertson then moved to take a recess till 11 o'clock. The Secretary was ordered to call the roll.

Ayes—Assumption, Avoyelles, Calcasieu, Caldwell, Claiborne, Concordia, DeSoto, East Baton Rouge, East Carroll, West Carroll, Grant, Iberia, 2½, Jackson, Lafayette, Lafourche, Livingston, Morehouse, Natchitoches, Pointe Coupee, Rapides1, Red River, Richland 4, Sabine, St. Charles, St. James, St. John, St. Landry, St. Martin. St. Mary, St. Tammany, Tensas, Terrebonne, Vernon, Webster, Winn, Orleans 87. Total 295½ votes.

Nays—Ascension, Bossier, Caddo, West Baton Rouge, East Feliciana, West Feliciana, Franklin, Iberia 3½, Iberville, Jefferson, Lincoln, Madison, Ouachita, Rapides 8, Richland 1, St. Helena, Tangipahoa, Union, Vermilion, Washington, Orleans 41. Total 140½ votes.

And Mr. Robertson's motion prevailed. The Convention took a recess till 11 o'clock.

11 O'CLOCK, P. M.

On re-assembling the President announced the following list of Sergeant-at-Arms and Assistants:

Sergeant-at-Arms—W. D. Huston.
Assistants—John Clarke, Ed. Reagan, Thos. Brennan, Tony St. Phillip, J. Vollrath, John Cusachs, George McEvoy, J. Baker, J. Liebert, Jas. Donlon, Jas. Flynn, Geo. Gallagher, Daniel Walsh.

On motion of Mr. Ogden two Assistant Secretaries were appointed to-wit: Messrs. M. H. Redon and J. B. Beattie.

The Sergeants-at-Arms were instructed to allow none but members to remain inside the railing.

By a vote of 455 yeas to 8 nays the Convention adjourned till to-morrow at 10 A. M.

[Concluded on Second Page.]

ROOMS DEMOCRTTIC CONSERVATIVE PARISH CENTRAL EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE, Baton Rouge, Oct. 6, 1879.

The members of the above Committee are hereby notified to attend a meeting at the office of Col. E. W. Robertson, on Saturday the 18th day of October 1879, at 12 o'clock, M. Business of importance will be brought before the Committee and a prompt attendance is requested.

M. CHAMBERS, President.
WM. G. RANDOLPH, Secretary.

Select Miscellany.

A STEREING OLD POEM.

Who shall judge of a man by his manner,
Who shall know him by his dress?
Paupers may be fit for princes,
Princes fit for nothing else.
Crumpled shirt and dirty jacket
May beclothe the golden ore
Of the deepest thoughts and feelings—
Satin vest can do no more.

There are streams of crystal nectar
Ever flowing out of stone;
There are purple beds and golden,
Hidden, crushed and overthrown;
God, who counts by souls, not dresses,
Loves and prospers you and me,
While he values thrones the highest
But as pebbles in the sea.

Man, upraised above his fellows,
Oft forgets his fellows then;
Masters—rulers—lords, remember
That your meanest kinds are men!
Men of labor, men of feeling,
Men of thoughts and men of fame,
Claiming equal rights to sunshine
In man's ennobling name.

There are foam-embroidered oceans,
There are little wood-clad rills;
There are feeble inch-high saplings,
There are cedars on the hills.
God, who counts by souls, not stations,
Loves and prospers you and me;
For to him all vague distinctions
Are as pebbles in the sea.

Toiling hands alone are builders
Of the nation's wealth and fame;
Titled laziness is pensioned,
Fed and fattened on the same;
By the sweat of others' foreheads,
Living only to rejoice,
While the poor man's outraged freedom
Vainly lifts its feeble voice.

Truth and justice are eternal,
Born with loveliness and light;
Secret wrongs shall never prosper
While there is a sunny right;
God, whose world-wide voice is singing
Boundless love to you and me,
Links oppression with its titles,
But as pebbles in the sea.

Lietenant Harry Buford.

A WOMAN WHO FOUGHT BRAVELY AT MANASSAS.

Southern Intelligencer.

Some time in the year 1864 two of our detectives came down to the Castle from Gen. Winder's office, having in their charge a person dressed in the uniform of a cavalry lieutenant of the Confederate army, which looked as if it had seen service in the field. The person was below the ordinary height of a man, was well formed, and had the bearing of a soldier. He was a good-looking man, and the wonder was, why he had been committed?—what offense was he charged with? Very soon curiosity upon this point was gratified. One of the officers handed us a note from Gen. Winder, which directed Capt. Alexander to take charge of "Liet. Harry Buford" and keep him in the Castle until further orders. It further informed him that the said lieutenant was a woman, who had been sent to Richmond with no military offense charged against her, but to wait until the Secretary of War, or the President, should determine what were her rights in the army, and therefore, that she should be given good apartments and all proper courtesy and respect paid her. This intelligence, as was natural, excited great surprise amongst us at the Castle, for no one could suspect from her appearance and dress that she was any other than a cavalry officer. We assigned her to proper apartments among the women prisoners, and all of them were astonished to see one of whom they supposed to be a man put in among them, and it was a source of much merriment with them when they found out she was a woman in man's attire. Her presence amongst us in such unusual garb for a woman to wear at once created a curiosity among everybody to know her history. I shall now tell it to my readers as I heard it from Harry herself and from others who were conversant with it at the time.

At the outbreak of the war she was living in the State of Arkansas, in which State she was born. Before the war she married a Northern man named Williams, who settled in that State, and had acquired considerable wealth. When hostilities commenced Mr. Williams left his home and joined the Federal army and fought on that side until he was killed in battle. His wife, after his departure, determined that she would join our forces, and getting together a sum of money, and donning man's apparel, she proceeded to Texas, where she assisted in raising and equiping a cavalry company, of which she was appointed first lieutenant, having declined the captaincy, which had been offered to her, because she preferred that some who was more skilled in military affairs should take the responsibilities of that position. When her company was fully equipped it was mustered into service, and ordered to Virginia along with many of the Southern troops who came here during the first year of the war. Her regiment bivouacked for a time near Richmond, where it received all possible drilling the time afforded, when it was ordered to Manassas, and arrived in time to be engaged in the first battle of Manassas, in which Lieut. Harry fought with the skill and bravery of a veteran officer. She remained in Virginia for about a year, performing all the duties appertaining to her position as an officer, and nobody during that time ever suspected that she was a woman, but thought her to be what she looked to be—a brave, efficient officer. Her regiment then was returned to the South, and was in action at the battle of Shiloh. There Lieut. Harry was badly wounded, and was left on the field in the hands of the enemy. There, for the first time, the surgeon who cared for her wounds ascertained her sex, and she was sent to New Orleans, where she remained under medical attention until her wounds were healed and her health was recovered. When she was fully restored to health, she left New Orleans and came up to the Confederate army, near Corinth, and requested to be reinstated in her cavalry company. The commanding general, who had learned then that she was uncertain what to do, and refused her request, and sent her under escort to Richmond, that the authorities here might decide the matter. And, indeed, it seemed that they were as much puzzled what to do in the premises as was the general at Corinth, for they allowed some months to pass by before a conclusion was reached. During that time she was under our charge at the Castle. She wore her uniform all the time, and, although she was good-natured and amiable, she chafed a good deal at her confinement, and somewhat indignant that the President or Secretary of War did not send her back to her command. She had committed no offense, she was charged with no crime, and her only fault was that she was a woman who had had the independence and the courage to step out of the sphere in which her sex, it was presumed, ought to fill, and had played the *role* of a soldier in man's attire. True, all said she had acted the part she had assumed with fidelity, courage and efficiency, and she thought it hard that she should be cooped up in prison and not be permitted to play it out to the end. While she remained at the Castle full liberty was given her to go about the prison as she pleased, and we gave her employment as clerk in the office whenever her services as pensman was needed. She was not allowed to go out on the streets without being in charge of an officer, becouse the ordinances of the city forbade a woman in man's clothing going out in large about the city. I recollect a conversation I had with my much-esteemed and highly-respected friend, his honor, Joe Mayo, about Lieut. Harry, which I will relate, as it was very characteristic of him.

Mr. Mayo, all of our older citizens know, was a Virginian *intus et in cute*. He not only loved every inch of Virginia's soil, but especially towards Richmond, every fibre of his heart clung to it with the strongest tenacity. His whole being was interested in its prosperity, and, as its Mayor, his whole time and energy were devoted to the duty of having all of its ordinances carried out and obeyed. No man ever lived in Richmond who had her interests more at heart, and no man ever served her with more fidelity and efficiency. For forty years he was her Commonwealth's attorney, her member of the Legislature, and her Mayor, and in every position of trust and importance which she bestowed upon him he met its requirements with honor to himself and with benefit to the city. During this long period of public service no man ever uttered a word against his integrity and honesty, and all accorded to him ability and knowledge suitable to discharge well his public duties.

Lieut. Harry wanted the privilege of walking about the streets of Richmond free and without being under the charge of an officer. I told her it could not be permitted, because if she were to be seen going about in male attire the city police would arrest her. One day, meeting Mr. Mayo, I told him Harry's history, and said that, as she was in prison for no crime, and had been a good soldier, I thought it hard upon her that she should not be allowed occasionally to walk about the streets, and asked him if he would permit her to do so.

He threw himself upon his dignity, and replied: "You ought to know that would be in violation of law, and that I, as mayor of the city, cannot permit any infringement of its ordinances," I repiied: "That is true, but this is an exceptional case, and we are living in exceptional times, and I did not think any harm would accrue to anybody if the permisson were granted." He said: "My officers must do their duty, and if Gen. Winder wanted any of his prisoners to appear on the streets, in violation of the city ordinances, they must be under the charge one of his officers of my police would arrest them." And so the matter ended.

Mr. Mayo, from the beginning, was jealous of Gen. Winder's authority, and, during the existence of martial law, he fought against it until he finally succeeded in establishing a clear line of demarkation between the authority the General could exercise and his powers as a civil magistrate, and he never permitted that line to be crossed by the General without his earnest protest it in behalf of the liberties of the people.

Finally it was determined that Lieut. Harry should not be allowed to retain her commission as lieutenant and re-enter the army. When this was told her she was greatly distressed, but she requested that she should be sent down to Atlanta, Georgia, where she had friends. This was done, and her career as a soldier was closed. Dressed in female attire, she left the Castle for Atlanta. Some time afterwards I learned that she had married a Confederate officer named Col. De Caulp, who was soon thereafter killed in battle. In the fall of 1865 Mrs. De Caulp came to Richmond, and she then told me she was on her way to New York, where she had obtained employment to write for the press. This is the last time I have seen her, but not long since I saw a large book written by her, containing a history of her life. Her later experience were as chequered and romantic as those I have narrated. She was married a third time to a Spaniard in Central America, and with him traveled all through that country and California. She gives thrilling accounts of the dangers and trials through which she passed in that rough country of miners, desperadoes and gamblers.

EATING FOR BRAINS.

"A little more fish, if you please," said a red-whiskered patent medicine peddler to the waiter, and then turning to an honest old farmer, he said; "That's a mighty prime article o' diet, and they know how to cook it here to suit my taste a little better than they do anywhere else in town," and then he drummed on the table with the handle of his knife and picked his teeth with a fork, waiting impatiently for the waiter to return with his plate.

'I see you seem to kind o' like it,' said the honest old farmer, shoveling his mouth full of mashed potatoes, washing them down with the contents of his saucer.

"Yes, I am very fond of fish, 'specially fried," continued the patent medicine man, with a nervous eye on the kitchen door, as he bolted the half of a cold biscuit. "Did you ever know, he resumed, "that fish was good for the brain?'

"Lor,' no!" replied the countryman—"you don't tell me! How'd you find that out?"

"Oh, I've known it a long while. I read it in an almanac."

"Did you, though? Well, now, tell me, have you ever tried it?" asked the farmer, sending down an enormous chunk of roast beef to see if the potatoes were comfortable.

"Did I ever try it? Great Cæsar, man! why, I should say I had! Why, do you know, sir I've had fish bones around my plate at least two meals out of three for the last five years?" he replied, as he seized with avidity the heaping plate just returned to him.

The old farmer laid down his knife and fork at once and stopped his jaws. Then he leisurely pulled from his coat-tail pocket a German silver spectacle case, which he opened and out a pair of iron-bowed glasses, reached around and hauled a red silk handkerchief out of his hat under the chair, deliberately whiped the spectacles, placed them on his nose, and and then proceeded to eye the medicine man closely and attentively for about two minutes, when he removed the glasses and returned them to their case, as he asked, with much interest:

"Did you say you had been eatin' fish pretty considerable for about five years?"

"Yes, sir."

"And did I understand you to say you believed it was good for brains?"

"Yes, sir, that's exactly what I think?"

"Well—what makes you think so?" asked the farmer, shoveling in more potatoes and squash, threw on the belt, and set the mill to grinding again.

The confident fish consumer gave him such an injured look as one man seldom bestows on another, dropped his knife and fork as though they had suddenly become red hot, and bolted from the room.

The farmer watched him disappear, and then turning to a drover, said:

"That fellow might keep on eatin' fish till the bones come out through his skin as thick as his beard, an' have all his chawin for nothin'. I never waste manure on a yeller clay soil that won't raise blue beans."

HER CHEEK.

[From a Paris Letter.]

During the earliest years of Sara Bernhardt's fame a gentleman in the audience had one night the exceeding bad taste persistently to kiss her. She "spotted" him, found out his address, called at his house and had an interview all alone with him. I wonder how he liked it? Then and there she told him it was always her endeavor conscientiously to do her duty as a histrionic artist and to please her public; that she regretted anything like failure in that duty, and that she should feel greatly obliged if he would kindly point out her defects, in order that she might correct them. This spirited conduct won for her another passionate admirer. Another day she read in a certain Parisian paper the statement that her hair was false and that her teeth were far too good to be genuine. Next day the dramatic critic was amazed to behold a lady dash into his room and let down her hair in his presence. "Pull it!" she exclaimed, as she placed a luxuriant tress in one of his hands. "Is this real hair or not?" "Certainly, certainly," stammered the man. Catching hold of his other hand she opened her mouth—but happily not to bite—and made him finger her teeth. "Are these false?" shrieked the lady. "No; they are the most beautiful real teeth I ever beheld in my life," declared the terrified victim, who would willingly have sworn that black was white if it would have given his visitor the least satisfaction. "I am Sara Bernhardt," proclaimed the lady, with as much serenity as she could possibly put into her voice, and the wretched critic made up his mind for the wort. He, too, has since become one of her most devoted vessals, though, indeed, I do not know how any man would dare to do anything else. If any such foolhardy wight exists in Paris, he may be sure that, sooner or later. Sara will go for him.

An elderly darkey was inquiring of a policeman if he knew anything of his son Pete. The policeman replied that there was a young darkey in the lock-up for breaking up a prayer-meeting with an ax-handle. "Dat's him!" exclaimed the overjoyed parent. "Told me he was gwine to 'mnse himself."

"The night is dark, the hour is late,
Why do you linger on my gate?"
"I stay to help your daughter hold
This gate upon its hinges old;
Go in, old man, you're catching cold!"
The old man sought his little bed;
And on it laid his patient head;
"I think my gate is safe," he said.

TEACH YOUR BOYS.

That it is a crime to legalize a crime.

Teach them to respect their elders and themselves.

Teach them that a true lady may be found in calico quite as frequently as in velvet.

Teach them that a common school education with common sense, is far better than a college education without it.

Teach them that honesty is the best policy, that it is better to be poor than to be rich on the profits of a business that tends to make men no better.

Teach them that, as they expect to be men some day, they cannot too soon learn to protect the weak and helpless.

Teach them, by your own example, that smoking, though perhaps among the least of vices, is disgusting to others and hurtful to themselves.

Teach them that to wear patched clothes is no disgrace, but to wear a black eye is.

Teach them that God is no respector of sex, and that when He gave the seventh commandment, He meant it for them as well as for their sisters.

Teach them that by indulging their depraved appetites in the worst forms of dissipation, they are not fitting themselves to become the husbands of pure girls.

Teach them that it is better to be an honest man seven days in the week than to be a Christian (?) one day and villain six.

WITHOUT A LICENSE.

An Illinois sheriff was noted for his activity in looking up unlicensed pendlers. Taking his walk abroad one day he came across and old fellow whom he at once concluded was an unlegal trader, and inquired if he had anything to sell.

"Hey I got anything to sell, 'Squire!' was the response "Guess I have got blackin' that'll make them old cowhide boots o' yours shine so't you can shave in 'em. Got razors tew, an article you want I should say, by the looks o' your beard. Got Aalm o' Klumby tew, ouly a dollar a bottle good for tue ha'r and assisting poor uman nature.'

The sherig bought a bottle of Balm of Columbia and then desired to see the Yankee's license for peddling. The document was produced exampronounced genuine, and handed back to its owner.

"Then,' said the disappointed official, "I don't know that I care about this stuff; what will you give for it?'

'Waal,' answered the peddler, 'I want it, 'Squire; but seein' its you I'll give you thirty-seven cents for it?'

The sheriff passed him the bottle and pocketed the money, when the peddler said:

'I say, I hev suthing to ask you. Hev you got a peddler's license about you?'

'No,' said the sheriff; 'I haven't any use for one myself.'

'Waal, I guess we'll see about that pretty soon,' replied the Yankee. 'Ef I understand the law, sheriff, it's a clear case that you've been trading and peddling Balm o' Klumby on the highway and I shall inform on you.'

Thus he turned the tables; and the sheriff was duly fined for peddling without a license.

NATIONAL SUPERSTITIONS.

Among the many strange customs of savage nations, not the least curious are the ceremonious observations offered by them to the wild beasts which they hunt and kill. The boldest native hunters of British India would shudder at the thought of leaving the corpse of a slain tiger till they had singed off its whiskers to the very roots, without which precaution they firmly believe that the ghost of the dead monster will haunt them into their graves.

In many parts of Russia, the killing of a wolf, is not thought complete without the cutting off of the head and right forepaw.

The Lapps and Finns, whenever they kill a bear, surround the body with loud lamentations. One hunter then asks the dead beast "Who killed thee?' and answers, 'A Russian,' when all the rest exclaim in chorus, 'A cruel deed; a bloody deed!' hoping by this means to divert the bear's resentment from themselves to the imaginary Russian.

Skull of brown bears' nailed to the trees by the Indians, in compliance with some native superstition, are often found by Canadian camping parties in the woods around Lake Simcoe; and the tribes of Northern Siberia never kill a polar bear without extracting its two largest teeth, which in their belief, is the only safeguard against its coming to life again.

COMING AFTER.

A gentlemen once said to his pastor: "How can I best train my boy in the way he should go?" "By going that way yourself,' wisely replied the minister. This reminds us of a story told by Dr. Thompson. He had climbled nearly to the top of a steep mountain, lifting his feet carefully over the projecting rocks, when faintly from below he heard a silvery voice call out, "take the side patch, father; I'm coming after you." His heart stood still as he recognized the danger of his precious boy. If fathers only remembered that the boys are indeed coming after them how differerently they would walk. If they smoke or drink they must expect it in the boys. If they get angry, they will see the same thing in the children. God gives lives into your keeping to be returned at last, fitted for endless future. Knowing well our fearful responsibility, we yet carelessly set poor examples for our dear ones to copy, and not only endanger our own souls but theirs.

The difference between a woman and an umbrella is, that there are times when you can shut up an umbrella.