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The undersigned begs to announce that he is now prepared to receive boarders and entertain the traveling public. Fare the best the market affords. He is also prepared to meet the wants of the public in the way of feeding, stabling and grooming stock which may be entrusted to his care. Charges reasonable. Give me a trial.

THOMAS WARING,
Liberty, Sept. 23, 90

THIS PAPER IS ON FILE
IN CHICAGO
AND NEW YORK
—AT THE OFFICE OF—
A. N. Kellogg Newspaper Co.

A CRACK IN THE ICE.

The Marvelous Escape of a Young Circuit Rider.



ONE will deny that there is a particularly romantic side to the life and labors of the early circuit rider. As the forerunner of our modern civilization, the pioneer preacher went forth with a commendable faith and fortitude to prepare the way for the coming hosts who should make the wilderness and the solitary place glad by their skillful and industrious efforts. The pioneer clergyman was, therefore, the intrepid explorer of our frontier regions; and it would not be an exaggeration to aver that volumes could be written about his struggles, triumphs and adventures in those primeval days which tested to the utmost the bravery and the religious faith of men.

A lucky circumstance having thrown me into the company of one of those pioneer preachers, he took pains to relate to me the following bit of experience he had had when a dashing young circuit rider:

"It was in the winter of '76-77," said the clergyman, "that I happened, in connection with my labors as a pioneer preacher, one of those memorable incidents with which the life of a 'backwoods' parson is crowded. I was then in control of what was known as the Fayette and Manistiquet circuit, located on the north shore of Lake Michigan and in the upper peninsula. This circuit was nearly forty miles in length; and, despite this tremendous distance, I managed to cover it every Sabbath, with but few exceptions. Frequently the roads were made literally impassable for horses, owing to a heavy snowfall, or a windstorm which hurled great trees across the way so as to obstruct travel, or to the rising floods in the spring of the year sweeping away one or more of the innumerable frail bridges which spanned the streams. This being the case it is not to be wondered at that I was often obliged to walk a portion of the distance at least, to some of my appointments. My circuit was one of the most difficult to work, because of these and other reasons. Besides, being the only ordained clergyman in that region those days, I was, of course, not infrequently called upon to take long and perilous journeys in order to visit the sick, bury the dead, administer the rite of baptism, or perform the marriage ceremony. I would travel for miles without catching a glimpse of an abode or a human being; and the severity of the winters in that locality tended to intensify the ferocity of the wolves, which were alarmingly numerous in the dense and wild forests along those bleak shores.

"One bitter cold morning, just before the close of the year '76, I got my horse and cutter ready for a trip across what is known as Garden bay on the newly-formed ice, which appeared to be perfectly safe and sound. Some of the settlers had crossed with their teams only a few days before, and I deemed it safe enough to go that way, too. Besides, it was considerable of a short cut, saving me an unnecessary drive of at least fifteen miles. The distance across the ice was about twelve miles. "My horse was a noble and trusty animal, and very tractable withal. Having driven him through many dangerous places and thoroughly tested his staying qualities and evenness of temper, I learned to put all confidence in him. I drove him briskly on the ice that morning, for I had no more time than I needed in which to reach my objective point. It was an important wedding which called me away, and the contracting parties were particular friends of mine. The bride's father—at whose residence the ceremony was to take place—was a very prominent and wealthy lumber dealer and owned extensive tracts of pine land, also two of the largest sawmills in that locality. He was a veritable lumber king. Hence it was to my advantage to be on time if possible.

"As I was driving along at a good pace, however, my horse suddenly stopped and nervously looked across toward the shore which we were skirting. I then saw him tremble as if with sudden fear. Glancing in the direction of the shore, I noticed what seemed to be some dogs scampering about at the edge of the adjacent forest; but I thought nothing of it, and presumed that a party of Indians were camped near the spot. I urged my horse along over the glare ice; but I perceived he was not disposed to travel with his former freedom and alacrity. In a few minutes I looked around, and to my great consternation, I observed a small pack of wolves dashing up behind me. I now felt confident that they were wolves, and not dogs, which I saw on the shore of the lake. My horse was right. He doubtless had heard their wild barking, though I heard it not until they made chase.

"The woods from which the wolves had emerged were uninhabited by any human being, and I made up my mind that my best policy was to keep moving forward, inasmuch as I was more than half way across the ice. Once on the other side I would be safe, for the lumber king's house was right on the edge of the lake; and if there were no bad places in the ice, I felt reasonably certain that I could keep the ferocious beasts off until I struck the land. A ready revolver—which I invariably carried with me on such journeys—proved serviceable for a time; but a grave difficulty soon confronted me. I noticed just ahead of my horse a crack in the ice—the dread of all drivers in those parts. I detected it by the manifest unevenness caused by an upheaval of snow and ice all along the opening, and also by the dark, watery appearance of the ice. Yet I felt I could proceed.

"My horse slackened his speed as he drew near the opening, which was about nine inches in width. As he did so the weight began to bear the ice down so low that the water was rapidly gathering on the surface. I instantly wheeled the horse around, drove him back a short distance, turned again, and bringing my whip into requisition, drove up once more to the opening, but the horse was terribly frightened and refused to jump across. I turned him around again to get away from the weak ice. By this time the wolves had grown so bold as to strike terror through my heart. My horse fairly sweat great drops during the awful crisis, but I was within only about three miles of my destination and was determined to force my horse across the opening as the only feasible method of escape. The lumber dealer's house lay on the other side of a point of land which ran out into the ice, consequently my perilous situation was not observed by anyone.

"On coming up once more to the forbidding crack in the ice my horse again began to falter, yet I spoke to him so sharply that he became desperate and leaped across the opening; but no sooner did he strike the ice on



I APPLIED THE WHIP.

the farther side than we all broke through with a resounding crash which echoed and reechoed along the dismal, far-reaching shore in the most weird cadences imaginable. Picture to yourself the situation. There was the horse, almost completely covered with water, the cutter floating behind him, and I standing up in it, fearing every moment that the wolves would spring upon me or the horse.

"By the merest casualty, however, the piece of ice which had broken loose under the horse's feet when he jumped happened to be of good size. The result was that when I applied the whip, my horse, with one tremendous effort, raised his front feet above water and planted them firmly in the solid ice, at which juncture the broken cake of ice served an excellent purpose of helping to buoy up the horse's hind parts to such an extent that he was enabled to completely extricate himself—cutter, driver and all landing safely on the solid ice beyond the opening, and that, too, without anything breaking either about the harness or cutter. It was all done in a moment or two—so quickly in fact that the occurrence seemed more like a dream to me than a stern reality. To this day it is a profound mystery to me how a horse could recover himself as mine did then after having broken through into water of frightful depth. Yet the circumstance is as true as it is marvelous.

"On we sped afterwards, as if nothing serious had transpired, the wolves following hard after us; but in a few minutes the bluff was reached, and then the lumber king's house was plainly in sight and within but a trifling distance.

"I had emptied the last chamber of my revolver; but, while the shots I fired had the desirable effect of beating the wolves back for the time being, I do not think I succeeded in seriously wounding any one of them. As we neared the shore the hungry beasts began to fall back one by one, of their own accord, until all had disappeared, for they became apprehensive and did not at all relish the signs of civilization which were becoming more and more visible to them.

"To put it mildly I can assure you I met with a cordial reception at the lumber dealer's home, and was warmly congratulated on my remarkable escape. I was neither more nor less than a hero in the estimation of the lumber king, whose jolly round face actually beamed as I related my tale of adventure. My horse, too, was an object of enthusiastic admiration, and on entering the stable he was thoroughly rubbed down and warmly blanketed by willing hands, and strange as it may never noticed that he was a bit the worse for his cold bath.

"The wedding ceremony over, I returned by another way, reaching my boarding place in safety.

FRAIL HUMAN NATURE.

Legislators Who Succumb to the Wiles of Pretty Women.

Some of the queer things that can be seen in Washington by a clever Observer—Bright Men Who Yield to Temptation.

[Special Washington Letter.]
There are diurnal demonstrations of the weakness and strength of human nature in the house of representatives in great degree, and also manifestations of humanitarian characteristics in the senate. This observation pertains principally to these distinguished legislative bodies before and after their daily sessions.

For an hour or more every morning a number of the representatives are in their seats in the house endeavoring to write letters to their constituents, but the senators seldom enter the chamber where dignity sits enthroned save at the noon hour, when the gavel of the vice president announces that "the senate will be in order." After adjournment a great many members remain in their places in the house, and a few of the senators continue in theirs. Upon these occasions the doors are opened and the public has the privilege of the floor. The men and women from various sections of the country, who have neither the nerve nor the capacity to support themselves without the aid of others, approach the senators and representatives with pleas for aid in securing official positions of some kind. Many a statesman who has the moral courage to face an enemy upon the hustings or even upon the field of battle, many a senator whose dignity is unapproachable during the sessions of the body of which he is a member, will fly from door to door seeking passages through lobbies and down back staircases in order to escape from the capitol by way of the crypt or through the bathrooms in the cellar, rather than meet half a dozen or more weeping women who are guarding the doors and parading the corridors waiting for a chance to beg for an office either in the capitol or in some one of the executive departments.

There is a rotund gentleman from a northwestern state whose head is bald and whose florid face is closely shaven, except about the upper lip, which is adorned by a bristling and carefully curled mustache, who is an exception to the general rule. It is well known that he is devoted to "Wein, Wein und Gesang," and that the visits of ladies, particularly if they are young and beautiful, are as welcome to him as the flowers that bloom in the spring. They have but to introduce themselves when he cheerfully gives them a seat beside himself, shakes hands with them, and retains their right hand within both of his own, fondling them and looking very lovingly into their eyes, while he listens to each tale of woe. If the applicant for congressional aid is in her teens, he strokes her head in a father-like manner and promises the earth and the fullness thereof; but if she is a well-known fact that his promises are made to be broken.

When the ladies' reception room was located where the committee on ways and means now is, this learned judge and eloquent statesman spent the greater portion of his time in that room interviewing the ladies. Since the reception room has been closed and a little section of statutory hall has been set aside for the accommodation of visiting citizens of the gentler sex, he seldom permits himself to receive them in that public place. It is generally believed that his moral character is not above reproach, and the women who are seen conversing with him, if young and innocent, usually receive the commiseration and pity of beholders.

The house is called to order every day promptly at noon by the speaker. At a quarter to twelve one of the messengers steps to the clerk's desk in front of the speaker's chair, hummers upon it, and says: "I am directed by the doorkeeper to announce that all those who are not entitled to the privilege of the floor must now retire. The rules of the house require the same." This stereotyped expression is usually received by

the clapping of hands of the pages and the old-timers of the third house. The people generally do not retire from the floor upon this announcement, but those who are not accustomed to being upon the floor usually beat a precipitate retreat. All others remain until five minutes of twelve o'clock, when the various messengers go to each individual and escort them to one of the doors leading into the corridor. Strangers in the gallery who have been studying a diagram of the house and learning the names of all of the members, who have been locating the various statesmen, are greatly disappointed, to find themselves looking upon empty chairs and to realize that the statesmen whom they have been admiring are not statesmen at all, but lobbyists or office seekers who have been loitering about in the chairs of the representatives of the people. Probably when all cowards and interlopers are expelled, not more



THE SINFUL MEN.

than a score of real bona fide members are left in the house. When the speaker strikes his gavel and announces: "The house will be in order" the few members present rise in their places and remain standing while the chaplain delivers his invocation.

Immediately after prayer there is a rush of people into the corridors of both the house and senate with cards to send by the messengers to the members upon the floor. The doors of the house are besieged and the passages in front of the main door are almost completely blocked by American citizens, each with an ax to grind and with a card in his hand to



"WEIN, WEIN UND GESANG."

be sent to the representative whom he expects to turn the grindstone.

In the senate it is different. There is a standing order in that body that no card shall be taken to the senators earlier than two o'clock in the day. This rule is a rigid one and is strictly adhered to, so that the senators are able to attend to public business for at least two hours without any interruption from callers, no matter how high and mighty they may be. The messengers and assistant doorkeepers do not dare to carry cards to the senators during this time. No such rule as this can be enforced by the house of representatives. Senators are elected only once in six years. Representatives must secure re-election and reelection every two years. Under the circumstances it is absolutely necessary for them to remain in touch with the people, and no one of them can afford to have any citizen, however humble, turned away from the doors by an iron-clad rule which prohibits the public from seeing a representative of any congressional district in this country.

While this is theoretically and constitutionally correct, it is exceedingly hard on the members of the house who reside in the vicinity of Washington. It does not cost very much to travel from any part of Maryland, Virginia, West Virginia, Ohio, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Delaware, or even New York, to the national capital. Constituents of the honorable gentlemen from these states who believe that they are entitled to official patronage do not hesitate to come to Washington, ask audiences and demand the offices of their patrons. Those statesmen who come from the states in the Mississippi valley, or over beyond the great father of waters, are less troubled by the personal appeals of their constituents, and therefore they have more time to devote to matters legislative and departmental. Those, however, who can afford to come to Washington through the corridors and block the doors, especially the main door of the house, so that the doorkeepers are sometimes obliged to call upon the capitol police to clear a passage-way between the main door and statutory hall.

Reputable and experienced newspaper correspondents are permitted to pass into the vestibules of the principal doors of the house and sit in the niches on either side, while they await the convenience of the members of congress to whom their cards have been sent. The representatives usually respond with promptness and alacrity to the calls of the correspondents, greet them with hearty handshakes, sit down beside them and talk in a confidential manner about the affairs of the day which are of especial interest to the readers of their home papers. It is here that the greater portion of the news of local interest to the newspapers is gleaned by the busy gatherers of items of interest to their special constituencies.

When a representative comes to one of the doors in response to a card from one of his constituents, he finds himself facing a crowd, where he is seized and hustled in a number of different directions by various people who are anxious to see him, before he is able to find the particular individual in response to whose card he has left his seat to come to the corridor.

In the deep recesses of some of the windows in the corridors it is not an unusual occurrence to see a new member of congress conversing with a piquant and aggressive young woman, loudly dressed. Although the numerous passers-by notice them not, nor see aught in their conduct whereof to grumble or comment, the experienced newspaper men recognize the presence of a soiled dove, a sinful siren, who is luring from the path of rectitude a representative of the people, the husband of a trusting wife, a father of devoted children. But this is a cold and cruel world; and in the national capital of the republic everyone soon learns to attend to his own business, and never a word of warning is uttered, nor a comment made, when a soul is sinking in this manner; when the wings of genius are being clipped, and when the aspirations of ambition are being despoiled, dwarfed into insignificance, infancy and possible diatribe.

SMITH D. FAY.

Just in Time.
A Texas teacher was calling the roll. Just as he called out "Bob Smith," Bob pushed open the door, out of breath, and answered: "Here, m'am." "Robert, next time you must not answer to your name unless you are here." "Yes, m'am, I'll try not to."—Texas Siftings.

KEEP THE GIRLS YOUNG.

Help Your Daughters to Enjoy Youth While It Lasts.

Mothers should try to prolong their daughters' childhood as much as possible. Life's troubles will come to them fast enough. And, even from a selfish point of view, a daughter who is childlike in manner and in thought is much more of a comfort to a mother than an immature little woman can be.

It is natural, no doubt, for a tired woman, who has no mother or sister near, to tell her troubles to her little girl; to let her know that the butcher and baker wait their bills settled, and that the speculation of papa's has delayed the payment; to remark on the conduct of Aunt Elizabeth as "unkind"; to point out the shabbiness of the parlor furniture; to wonder whether the poor-house is the future destination of the family, etc. But it is awfully cruel, nevertheless, as many natural things are, to let a girl, who is so full of life and vigor, with a premature sense of responsibility, are the outcome of this sort of thing, and the depth of shame and sorrow of which the little heart is capable may be read in the sad eyes.

Perhaps it is even worse than this to dilate to a child on the faults of friends and acquaintances; to point out the spite or meanness of people the child is disposed to like; to arouse the desire for revenge, which awakens in every young soul at the thought of wrong or injustice. Afterward the mother may learn that she was mistaken, and forgive and forget; the child seldom does.

It is said that in China there are strange dwarfs of grotesque shape, kept for the amusement of the emperors, who were made so at birth by being imprisoned at birth in jars made for the purpose, the forms of which the wretched creatures took in growing, they being originally no different from other children.

We know that a foot or a limb could be thus altered; that crooked noses or crooked ears come of the carelessness of those who nurse young infants. The ring that is put upon your finger when it is small will imbed itself into the flesh and make a depression never to be obliterated, if it is left there as the finger grows.

Effects as distorting as these are produced on the young heart and mind by fitting childhood's budding love and faith and confidence to the narrowness of adult life—to the greed of gold, its inordinate value of appearance, its suspicion of others, or to the sad knowledge of what life really is.

If you love your daughter, let her laugh and prattle. Rejoice with her; do not make her weep with you. There are a thousand things to teach her that are bright and good and elevating, and you had better go back to your own youth, and help her dress her doll like Miss Elfrida Jane, who seems so lovely in the child's eyes, than tell her that Miss Elfrida Jane paints her cheeks, and is not all she ought to be in conduct. You had better read "Cinderella" and "Puss in Boots" with her, and believe with her that a good fairy might come down the chimney at any time and evolve a golden coach from a yellow pumpkin, than to teach her prematurely that the world is a sad place and its dwellers mostly evil-minded persons.

Keep your little girls young and hopeful, and they will help you to keep so, too.—N. Y. Ledger.

A GOOD FIGURE.

Some Suggestions For the Benefit of the Ladies.

A good many girls and women ask frequently how the figure may be improved, how to grow plump, fill up the hollows behind collar bones and improve the bust. Correct breathing, then, should be carefully practiced. Singing is good because it expands the lungs, and you have to lift up your chest. If a very thin girl wants to grow plump she will discard her corsets.

In one case which defied every treatment, cod liver oil, gymnastic exercises, singing lessons, fattening food, the leaving off of the corset, allowing the body perfect freedom, was absolutely successful. Of course there is this against the non-wear of stays—the waist is apt to become very large. To counteract this, a very short stay might be worn, or better still, a long belt of stout canvas slightly twisted, which will compress the waist, not too tightly, preserve one from the uncomfortable feel of petticoat strings and bands, and which will merely support the bust, without pressing in the least upon it.

Whatever part of our bodies we wish to keep small, to prevent fat from forming thereon, will be easily achieved by compressing that part so as to cause "waste." Therefore, if the bosom is squeezed into tight corsets and gloved-fitting bodices, it will gradually waste, and soon the foolish girl who will fight-lace and wear skin-tight-bodices finds that padding—and a good deal of it—is necessary. The heat then caused by this padding still further reduces the figure, and then dieting and everything else is tried without success. It is disheartening to read that tight lacing has come in again. In London the women are wearing nineteen and twenty-inch corsets, when twenty-five is really the natural size of the female waist. The dress reformers are not doing much good after all.—N. Y. Mail and Express.

To Young Men.

Young men are often at a loss to know the best manner of spending their leisure hours. A few suggestions on this point may be of service. "Evil communications corrupt good manners," and in like manner good associations exert a most beneficial influence. The society of a refined and intelligent lady should always be desired. If you have a true woman for a friend, you have in her a rich treasure indeed. Seek her society whenever practicable, not necessarily as a lover, but as an earnest friend and companion. No matter if you are acquainted with all her home amusements, and "know all her songs by heart." In her presence you will lose all selfish and vicious pleasures, and receive mental and moral improvement.—N. Y. Ledger.

USEFUL AND SUGGESTIVE.

Potatoes, Beans—Two large cups of mashed potatoes, left from dinner, one egg placed in well-battered omelette, and put a bit of butter on each, make until brown.—Home.

In broiling meat over coals never allow them to smolder the least. After the coals have burnt down somewhat, throw on a handful of salt to deaden the blue flame that arises. If the dripping from your meat takes fire, remove from the stove to cool for a few moments. Don't try to blow it out, as there is danger of burning the flesh.

Breakfast Muffins.—Set a rising, as for bread, over night. In the morning early, warm a pint of milk and beat it into the dough sufficient to make it as soft as ordinary muffin batter, beat well for five or ten minutes, and set in the oven for breakfast. Bake in rings on a well greased, and turn frequently to prevent burning.—Detroit Free Press.

Cream Sauce.—Put two tablespoons of cold water with a teaspoonful of sweet cream into a saucepan, stir in one tablespoonful of butter and a little chopped parsley; set the saucepan to a kettle of boiling water, add a little strained soup stock, let boil, take from the fire and add a tablespoonful of butter. Then pour around the hot dish.—Boston Budget.

Apple Compote.—Cut some fine apples in halves, peel them, clean out the cores and drop them in cold water. Having taken them out, prepare some sirup by taking two pounds of fine sugar and boiling until the sirup begins to thicken. Boil your apples in the sirup until they are soft. Place them in china or glass dishes, and after straining through a sieve place in to the holes of the apples whence the cores have been taken out.—Boston Herald.

Dried Beans.—Soak one pint dried Lima beans over night in tepid water. In the morning drain, wash over again with rather warmer water and let them soak for three or four hours; drain again, cover with boiling water in which a pinch of soda has been dissolved and boil slowly for half an hour, then add a small teaspoonful of salt, drain, dredge with about a tablespoonful of flour, mix through a tablespoonful of butter, a teaspoonful of cream of milk and salt and pepper to taste.—N. Y. World.

Poor Man's Pudding.—Wash thoroughly one cupful of rice and put it in a saucepan with one cupful of cold water. Let this boil slowly in the boiling pot, then turn off every drop of water. Put the rice into a pudding dish that will hold about three quarts. Add to it one teaspoonful of salt, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, two of molasses, one of cinnamon and one of butter, broken into little bits. Stir this well, and add two quarts of milk. Put the pudding in a slow oven and cook for three hours. Stir it well during the bottom three times during the first two hours, and at the last stirring add a pint of cold milk. Serve this pudding with sugar and milk, or perfectly plain.—Good Housekeeping.

A TROUBLESOME QUESTION.

The Manner in Which a Woman Should Speak of Her Husband.

One of the questions that a married woman often finds herself uncertain upon, says the Courier Journal, is just how she should speak of her husband by name to others when to speak of him as Mr. Jones, when to use his first name and when to give him his title. Instinct will usually guide right any woman of gentle breeding. Most women may be trusted, for example, never to use their husband's Christian name in speaking of him to any one, except a near relative or very dear friend of both. But sometimes women who should know better address their husbands in company or before strangers by their given names.

In speaking of her husband, a woman never makes a mistake if she calls him "Mr." or "my husband." It is sometimes difficult to decide what the husband has a little just what the wife should do with it. This is the general rule: In speaking of her husband she should not say "Gen. K." or "Dr. H." but "Mr. A." or "Mr. B." No matter what is his judge, governor, senator, to her he is and should be plain "Mr. A." Mrs. Grant never even when her husband was president spoke of him as other than Mr. Grant, though in the custom of the president's wife to speak of him as "the president."

The one exception to this rule of ignoring her husband's official or professional titles, is when the wife presents him to any one else. Then she says, "my husband, Senator Smith," or simply, "Dr. Jones." The reason for this is evident. It gives the proper title to the stranger, who would wish, of course, to address the new acquaintance with the proper title.

Last of all, let any woman take heed how she wears her husband's title and allows herself to be spoken of as "Mrs. Governor Jones," or "Mrs. Secretary Smith." No matter what title her husband has she has no more right to wear it than she has to wear his shoes.—The Watchman.

In the Coming School.

Parent—My boy Sammy doesn't seem to be learning anything about figures. He can't do the simplest example in addition.

Teacher—Your boy Sammy is one of the brightest pupils I have. Mr. Wiggle. He can mend a hole in a tin-pail as well as a regular tinner, go through the newly imported Danish sprouting callisthenes without a single mistake, put an invisible patch on an old shoe, take a watch to pieces and put it together again, like a salaried knut, do a chess problem, and put a pane of glass in a window as neatly as if it were a pane of glass.

Parent—But he doesn't seem to know anything about reading, writing and spelling.

Teacher—My dear sir, we don't teach those studies any more.—Chicago Tribune.

Generous to a Fault.
"You've forgotten something, sah," said the offensive waiter.
"Never mind," replied the irrepressible old gent "you can have it."—Puck.