

Democrat Watchman

Belleville, Pa., June 27, 1890.

AN OPENING ROSEBUD.

What will it be?
'Tis a bud on a rose bush growing,
A tiny and tender thing,
With its green, fringed calyx showing
The faintest tinge of a pink flush, glowing
At kiss of the welcome spring.
What will it be?
What will it be?
With an exquisite grace and bearing,
In timid yet trustful sway,
On the slim curves of the south wind, daring
The balmy breath of the warm wind, daring
The gaze of the fervid day.
What will it be?
What will it be?
I can catch but a faint gleaming,
(So little the petals show),
Thro' the scarce cleft sepals, seeming
Like lightest of the bound heart's
dreaming
In foldings of flame or snow.
What will it be?
What will it be?
In the day of its full tide splendor,
A marvel of beauty fair,
With its soft folds round, tender
The richest red of a warm heart, tender
And sweet with an incense rare?
What will it be?
What will it be?
In the time of its full displaying
The secrets it petals hold,
Will it show, in sunshine awing,
The purest white of a rich heart, spraying
Its sweets from its bosom cold?
What will it be?
What will it be?

To the bud on the rose bush blowing
I whisper a tender line,
And its close veiled petals, glowing,
An answer send in a soft blush, knowing
The wish in the whisper fine.
What will it be?
What will it be?
—Gustavus Harkness in Philadelphia Ledger.

HUNT FOR A MAN EATER.

When you go forth to hunt the lion you have a bold and open enemy. In ninety-five cases out of a hundred he will charge you if you meddle with him. In the other five he may get rattled and run away. The lion seldom prowls or sneaks. The tiger will often resort to measures unworthy of the wolf. One can always locate the lion at night, if he be full grown, by his voice. Fearing nothing on earth, human or animal, he delights in locating himself. Hunters have now and then been stalked by a lion, but in every case it was curiosity more than hunger which prompted the beast. When the tiger stalks it is for blood. He is never curious.

We have been beating the jungles in the Bengalee district, to the west of Calcutta, for two weeks before any big game came our way. Our party was too large for a successful hunting party, being composed of over twenty officers, civil and military, who were out for a vacation, and the servants must have numbered fifty. We had plenty to eat, drink and smoke, and now and then knocked over a wolf or hyena, but we could not expect to get within five miles of anything worthy of a bullet with such a camp as that. One day a native came in with a request that we enter our return with him to a village called Dahur, about twenty-five miles to the northwest. He said that an old tiger had taken up his headquarters near the village, and during the four weeks he had been there the beast had killed and devoured a man, two women, a girl and a boy. The natives had set traps, but he would not enter them. They had poisoned the carcasses of goats and calves, but he would not touch them. It had got so that at 4 o'clock in the evening every one entered his house and made himself secure for the night, while the tiger held possession of the village and carried terror to every soul.

Maj. Isham and myself got this news exclusively, and after a bit of planning we stole out of camp with our horses and arms, and followed the guide. It was about nine o'clock in the morning when we left, and as it was a cool day and we had a fairly good route, we pushed ahead at such a pace that at 3 o'clock we were in Dahur. We found the village to consist of seventy-two huts or cabins, covering about two acres of open. On the northern edge of the village was a creek flowing toward the Ganges, sixty miles away, and beyond this creek was a fertile spot of 200 acres, which was devoted to crop raising. The creek was bordered with a thick jungle about five rods in breadth, and it was at the crossing that the tiger had got in his deadly work. This creek could not be crossed anywhere for miles, except by cutting a way through the jungle, and the inhabitants of the village were talking of moving away when they heard of our big hunting party. The first thing was to inquire about the tiger's peculiarities as thus far observed by the people. No two tigers work exactly alike any more than two thieves do. Let two men eaters take up their quarters, each in the suburbs of a village twenty miles apart, and they will not pursue the same tactics.

No wild animal goes out to kill unless hungry. In each instance where this tiger had seized a victim he had remained quiet for the next two nights. We could, therefore, figure pretty closely on his next appearance. We went down that evening and looked it over. It was dense enough to conceal a troop of elephants, and as the creek was full of water the beast would have no inducement to leave shelter until hunger drove him out. As for pushing our way into the jungle to meet him, the idea was too foolhardy to be entertained. Once a tiger becomes a man eater he develops new traits. No power raised by a thousand natives can scare him away, and he becomes twice as dangerous to approach as before. That night the head man caused several large bonfires to be lighted, bells rung, old muskets fired off, and a great noise kept up for an hour. This was to inform the tiger that white men had arrived, and that a new deal was on hand.

We had plenty of time the next day to look the field over and make our plans. The natives were sent off to the fields to work, and we skirted the

banks of the creek to the east until satisfied that the beast had its lair in a mass of rock so overgrown and sheltered by jungle that it did not seem as if a rabbit could penetrate it. He doubtless came and went by a path of his own at the water's edge. The situation was a good one to burn him out when the wind came right, but we did not want to try that until our other plans failed. Fires were lighted again on the second night, and the racket maintained for the first two hours after sundown was sufficient to scare any ordinary tiger out of the district. It was about 7 o'clock, and the major, the head man, two or three others and myself were sitting about the head man's door smoking and talking, when an interesting event occurred. We were almost at the northern edge of the village, and the noise was all to the south of us. I sat in the door facing to the west. The others sat so that their faces were toward the door.

All of a sudden I caught sight of the tiger approaching us from the north. He walked up to within ten feet of the group and sat down and stared at us. I could see him in the reflection of a fire as plain as day, and I noted his unusual size and strength, and the fact that he had a white spot about the size of a silver dollar on his throat. There was a conversation going on in which I was not included, and I had been looking at the beast a full minute before I was appealed to. Then I replied: "Gentlemen, make no move! The tiger is only ten feet away! By moving backward five feet I can reach my gun. Should any of you attempt to spring up he will doubtless seize you."

The natives were struck dumb, but the major, fully realizing the situation, began singing a song. I moved backward inch by inch, and the tiger remained quiet while I was in his range of vision. As soon as I got my rifle I rose to my feet and stepped to the door to deliver a shot, but the beast was no longer there. No one had heard or seen him move, but he had disappeared.

"He came to see if you sahibs were really here, or if we were deceiving him," explained the head man when he had recovered his power of speech. "He has seen you. He knows that you seek his life. It will now be between you three, and you must look out or he will get the better of you."

Nothing further was heard from the beast that night, and next day we sent the people off to the fields again. After dinner we got a suit of clothes, and stuffed them with grass to represent a human figure—a man. We placed it in a kneeling position at the creek, with a gourd in hand, as if dipping up water, and at 3 o'clock all the people came in, and we took our stations in a tree which commanded the crossing.

If the tiger appeared at the usual spot we had him at short range. We watched until the afternoon faded into darkness, but he did not appear. If he saw the figure at all he scented the trick. Then we fastened a goat to the tree, and took possession of a cabin a hundred feet away. From a window looking out to the north we had a fine show to drop the tiger if he appeared. But he did not appear. While all the village slept we stood watch, rifles on the cock; but though the goat kept up a continual bleating for hours, she drew no other audience than a few jackals and hyenas.

In the afternoon we had one of the families vacate their hut and brought up the dummy and laid it in the sleeping corner. We then took possession of the next cabin, only about thirty feet away, and cut two openings in the wall to command the door of the first. The people went to their work as usual and returned at the usual time, and everybody was inside before the sun went down. What we hoped for was that the tiger would prow through the village, trying each opening to effect an entrance, and we had left this door so that he could open it. We did not look for him before 9 o'clock, and were taking things easy at about 8 when we heard an uproar at the other end of the village. We two ran out, but were too late. The tiger had appeared, burst in a door by flinging his weight against it, and had seized and carried off a boy about 8 years old. The villagers were frantic with grief when they learned of the fact, and the head man said to us, while the tears ran down his cheeks: "Ah, sahibs, but we may as well abandon our homes to-morrow. This is a wise and cunning tiger, and you can do nothing with him. If we do not go away, he will eat us up."

We quieted the people as best we could, and the next day went out in person to make every hut secure. Every window opening was barred, and every door provided with a prop. It was characteristic of the simple minded natives that, while they lived in mortal dread, more than half the huts were so badly secured that the tiger could have entered. We had to wait again for the tiger to get hungry. As the crops could take care of themselves for a few days, we ordered that the villagers keep quiet and show themselves as little as possible, and two nights and days were thus worn away. On the afternoon of the third day we killed a goat and dragged its bleeding body from the creek to the door of the hut wherein we had placed the dummy, and at twilight the village was as quiet as a graveyard.

The major and I stood at openings about five feet apart, and at 10 o'clock we had got no alarm. He came over to me to say that he was dying for a smoke, and to ask if I deemed it advisable to light a cigar, when I heard a pat! pat! pat! outside, and cautioned him that the tiger was abroad. The cunning beast had not come by the trail we had prepared, but had made a circuit and struck into the upper or southern end of the village. As we afterward ascertained, he had been prowling around for an hour, softly trying every door in succession. Our openings were on the south side. The cunning beast seemed to be posted as to this fact and lingered on the north side. We plainly heard him push at our door

and rear up and claw the bars of the window, and we hardly breathed for fear of frightening him away. There was a crevice under the door through which one could have shoved his hand, and the tiger got down and sniffed and snuffed at this opening for fully five minutes. Then he got up and remained very quiet. He must have had the scent of the fresh blood only two rods away, but it was plain that he had his suspicions. We stood at the openings each one with his gun thrust out ready to fire, when the beast suddenly made up his mind to act. With one bound he emerged from shelter and covered half the distance to the other cabin. At the second he went bang against the door, pushed it in, and was hidden from our sight before we had had a show to pull trigger.

"Take him when he comes out!" whispered the major, and both of us watched and waited. The beast no doubt expected to find a victim in the hut. He seized the dummy, gave it a shake, and the discovery he made broke him all up. Instead of coming out with a bound he sought to play sneak, and was just clear of the opening, head down and tail dragging, when we fired and killed him over. He proved to be an old tiger, having lost many of his teeth, but he was big and strong, and would doubtless have made many more victims but for our interference.—N. Y. Sun.

Names of Women.

They Change With Other Fashions and Quite Often Too.

It would not be at all surprising if, in the centuries to come, the students of the social life of the nineteenth century should classify this great comic century into longer or shorter periods according to the fashions of given names among women. "Fashions in men's names change somewhat, but not as women's." John, Charles, George and William reigned in 1890 as they did in 1790. But the fashion in women's names change every ten or fifteen years. Just what was the favorite woman's name at the very opening of the century is hard to guess off hand, but the Listener may venture to say that the Nancy epoch was the first worthy of the word in the center. Among the octogenarian ladies of the Listener's acquaintance the name of Nancy seems to have a very prominent place. Further on down the century came the fashion of double names—possibly an old fashion revived—and we find Martha Ann, Mary Jane and Ann Eliza in nearly every family. Perhaps this epoch would be best described as the Mary Jane epoch of our feminine nomenclature.

It is a little hard to locate these things in years, but the Listener would say, at a guess, that the Lucy epoch began about the year 1835, and was closely followed by the Helen epoch, which left the name of the beautiful daughter of Leda scattered broadcast over the country. Somewhat after the reign of Helen came the most singular, unaccountable epoch of all, the Ella epoch. The use of the name of Ella goes back, as closely as the Listener can locate it, to about the year 1850, though there may have been earlier examples. Where the name "Ella" came from is a mystery. The authorities put it down as a corruption of Eleanor, which in its turn was corrupted from Helen. It appears to have no recognized place either in history or fiction, though evidently it was borrowed from a fourth-rate popular novel. It is, at any rate, without meaning without association in the past, without any reason for existence at its beginning except that it pleased many people's fancy. Now it no doubt has a recognized existence, since beautiful and good women have borne it, and, like all other names that women ever bore, it is sanctified with that name which the real Ella epoch did not set in as early as 1850; probably it was at its height about the year 1860. People thought it so pretty! But it is sadly out of fashion now.

There was an Ida epoch that came in somewhere along there, probably just after the Ella epoch, though the two names ran pretty closely together. The name of Ida is a good and ancient one, though most of the people who took it up doubtless thought that they had hit upon something quite new. Most of the Idas of the time about 1860 were named for a character in a popular story or for one another. But following the Ella and Ida period there came another girl name which has been the most extraordinary rage; the Edith epoch, indeed, survives almost to the present day. Between 1865 and 1875 about half of the girl babies were christened Edith, and the crop is ripening fast now, as a matter of course. Look at the high school catalogues and see how they bristle with Ediths. The real Edith epoch, however, and a pretty one, dated for centuries and revived all at once—a happy revival if it had it not been overdone. Then came the Maud-and-Mabel epoch; these names have to be hyphenated, because neither ever seemed able to stand up without the other. They were a great rage in their turn. The Maud-crop of Mauds and Mabols will hardly mature before another five years, though the earlier sowings are ripe already. Since then we have had the Majorie revival—an exceedingly pretty name that, and now we are threatened with a Gladys epoch. Here we have another name out of the story books. But fashions in names had much better be revivals of old, disused English names, like Gladys, Ethel, Edith, Barbara, than mere inventions and importations. And a great deal more depends upon the woman, anyway, than on the name.—Boston Transcript.

At present English is practically an unknown tongue at the Vatican. The Pope can neither speak nor read it. Cardinal Rampoldi, the secretary of state, is in the same plight. So is Monsignor Mocenni, the under-secretary. Cardinal Simoni, chief of the Propaganda, who has charge of all the English-speaking countries, cannot speak a word of our language. Monsignor Jacobini is learning it. Of the Italian Cardinals only one, Cardinal Mazzella, can talk English, and he is worth nothing, is a Jesuit. The general of the Jesuits, Father Anderledy, also speaks English.

A Human Cyclone.

The Worst Experience of a Physician in a Lunatic Asylum.

It isn't the pleasantest thing in the world to travel with a convict. It is still less agreeable to have as your companion *du voyage* a lunatic who is liable to break out and be violent at any moment. But I think the worst of all is to have a collection of convict "lunatics" under your charge even for a short journey, for, mad as they are, most of them know that they are prisoners and enemies of society, and they couple, with this knowledge, all the recklessness which insanity brings. They are apt to be both dangerous and ugly.

We were transferring six prisoners of this variety from Utica to Auburn. There were eleven in the party, four keepers besides the doctor, a slender young fellow and something of a dude in appearance, with his fine clothes and gold-rimmed eye-glasses, which he pronounced "glawses," but a good man for all that, braves a lion and with muscles like steel springs on his athletic arms.

It was hard to say who were the most nervous of the party—the madmen, excited by their change of base; the keepers, knowing well the perils of the enterprise, or the young doctor, keen and alert, on whose shoulders rested the responsibility for safely delivering his charges within the walls of the insane pavilion at Auburn.

On the station platform at Utica one of the men, the most dangerous of all, broke loose and started to run away. Instantly all four of the keepers jumped upon him, and after a most tremendous struggle, threw him down and overpowered him, while the doctor, after sweeping the others with a lightning-like glance, and bidding them in a low tone of authority to stand perfectly still, whipped out a pocket case with a tiny syringe in it and squirted a pacifying measure into the arm of the furious and foaming madman. In a moment or two he had become more tranquil.

"Now, get up," said the doctor, "and do not make us any more trouble." The keepers relaxed their hold and the "lunatic" saluted. It was wonderful what effect the cool manner and the strong will of the little doctor had upon these misshapen minds. It was like oil on troubled waters.

There was no further trouble until we reached Syracuse. The dangerous patient had been very quiet since his first outburst suspiciously so the doctor thought, who asked him several times how he felt, if he felt all right, and so forth. In the cars he was between his keeper and the window, and really had no chance for mischief. But as they were getting off the cars at Syracuse his opportunity came and he took it like a flash. With a quick blow he knocked the keeper off the car platform and down on the station one; then he was off upon the other side, and running like a deer along the railroad track. The Chicago Limited was coming down the track at a fast pace, and I expected that the locomotive would forever settle that troublesome patient, for he caught him in a narrow place where he could turn neither to the right nor left, but with all a madman's cunning he lay down close to the rails just in the nick of time and was passed by unharmed.

But what was that upon his heels—a streak of lightning? No, it was the young doctor, and running like the wind he could turn neither to the right nor left, but with all a madman's cunning he lay down close to the rails just in the nick of time and was passed by unharmed.

A moment later the fellow was again in the hands of a keeper; the morphia was applied once more, and the doctor was serenely asking how he felt.

"That is the most terrible task of any that I have to do," the doctor said. "In transferring 'lunatics' I am always possessed by the expectation that one of them will break loose and kill somebody. It is not for myself that I fear, but for some harmless and unsuspecting passenger. I would rather carry a load of dynamite on the cars than half a dozen of those fellows.—New York Herald.

Pepper on Strawberries.

"Pepper on your strawberries?" said a dusky waiter at Dooner's Hotel, in Philadelphia, yesterday.

"What!" exclaimed the astonished guest, trying to think what day it was, lest there might be some reason for playing a joke on him. "No, thank you. What do you mean by that?"

"Well, boss," said the other, "all gentlemen now takes pepper on strawberries. Just try one."

The guest did as directed and to his surprise found it delightful, and soon sprinkled the whole saviour with the condiment.

"Do you now call for salt, mustard and vinegar?" said the guest, "I want to be up to the times."

"No, sah, take 'em just that way, you'll find 'em elegant."

The guest investigated and soon found that a gentleman from the Orange Free State in South Africa was stopping at the hotel recently and insisted on treating his berries with pepper. This set the fashion which is rapidly coming into favor.

CRISP SWEET CAKES.—Put a tea-

Pruning Peach Trees.

The mistake of cutting out the inside of peach trees is noted as quite a general one by the California Fruit Grower, which advises the following plan for producing the evenly balanced, rounded head that a peach tree should have at its best:

When the tree is planted, three to five branches should be started twelve to eighteen inches from the ground. There should be radiated at intervals sufficient branches to form a symmetrical head. The side branches which are formed should be cut back near the base of the main branches, but the new growth should be shortened in from one third to one-half each year. Care should be taken that such branches as cross or are liable to split off are removed in their incipient stage. If the trees are properly trained, cutting, other than what can be done with the pruning shears, will not be necessary. Extra strong shoots should be shortened in the most, for if allowed to grow at will they will detract from the symmetry of the tree and vigor of their fellows. Peach trees should be shortened back from the outside in and from the top down, at the same time doing such thinning as is necessary. Leave the inside alone when it is once in shape. Low heads are preferable to high ones for several reasons. They shade the roots and main trunk and make it easier to prune and gather the fruit. In shortening back the branches care should be taken to leave a leaf bud next to the cut, as a fruit bud left at that point will produce an inferior fruit and a stub will be left. This annual cutting in of the fruit-producing growth reduces the number of fruits materially and the entire vigor of the tree is thrown into the remaining fruit, which naturally grows to larger size and better flavor. The foliage of the tree has much to do with the quality of the fruit. If large, handsome, rich foliage is produced, the fruits are much more apt to be of fine quality.

Worry Not Work Kills.

The Rev. D. Ball on Fast Living—"Grit and Get Up."

The Rev. Wayland D. Ball, of Baltimore, Md., last Sunday evening preached on the topic, "Worry, Not Work Kills." He said in part: "We are living in a fast age, and we Americans are, on the whole, the fastest people of the age. A special train the other day covered the distance between New York and Washington in a little over 4 hours. The speed of this train may be taken as the type of the fastness of our living as a people. We carry stop watches and calculate seconds and quarter seconds as our fathers counted days and hours."

"No wonder our social and intellectual lives abound in so many fatal collisions and wrecks in view of the tremendous pace we go. It is more than interesting to live in these times—it is positively frightful. We are a weary people, careworn folk. Husbands are peevish and gray; wives discouraged and wrinkled at an age when the bloom of youth should be still on them. We find our selves at the noon of our lives in the midst of experiences that belong to the evening. But we pay a dreadful price for these premature experiences, for the wisdom of years involves its decrepitude. We see scores of physical and mental monstrosities in the shape of men's heads on boy's shoulders."

"We have no longer any time to be children."

"We have no time to be God's time, is the only true and safe time. We begrudge Him as much as our thoughts. Every moment given to his service we regard as so much time and advantage lost. 'Grit and get up,' say we, 'and not pety, wins in these times.'"

"We haven't sense enough to stop worrying, and thus losing by worrying strength we need for our work. The cancer of anxiety is eating us up. God offers to carry all of our cares. Let him have them, then. This does not mean that if we have done all we can it is not demanded of us to worry about the issue of our labors. We have strength enough to work, but no giant is there that can stand out against worry."

Let Teachers Discuss It.

The average handwriting of our people is bad; worse, probably, than that of any other nation. It is either crabbed and illegible or of a mechanical character, in which all individuality is lost; and poor instruction is chiefly responsible for the evil. Instead of improving upon nature, our haphazard method perverts it, with the result that boys and girls who might write well if properly taught, go through life cursed with a bad chirography. How could it be otherwise, when their teachers set them the example in that respect?

The run of our teachers write a poor hand, without grace, beauty, or distinction. When it is legible, it is apt to be vulgar and commonplace. It gives readers of their letters an unfavorable conception of their characters, education and breeding; and a letter is often the first introduction of an individual, and from it the recipient forms his first and most fixed impression of the quality of the sender.

Pennmanship, therefore, should be a department of instruction in the public schools upon which the greatest care should be bestowed. It is more important than algebra, geometry and three-quarters of the other branches by which the board of education sets so much store. A first-rate writing master is more essential than a great mathematician, and he deserves better pay. He is harder to get than a high-flown, new-fangled Professor of Pedagogy.

The English are good penmen, as their ordinary commercial letters show, and even the writing of very many English mechanics is clear and dignified. The Irish are even better writers, and the German mercantile hand is quite admirable. But with us the rule is the other way. Usually the letter is a scrawl, or the chirography of the copy-book kind, cheap and poor, and mechanical in appearance.

Yet there is no reason why Americans should not be as good writers as other people, if they were scientifically instructed in youth. An accomplishment of great value and of practical assistance to success in life is neglected as something of minor concern.

Hot Summers Long Ago.

A German writer, dealing with certain prognostications of great summer heat, goes back for precedents. In 627, he says, the springs were dried up, and men fainted with the heat. In 879 it was impossible to work in the open fields. In the year 993 the nuts on the trees were "roasted" as if in a baker's oven. In 1000 the rivers in France dried up, and the stench from the dead fish and other matter brought a pestilence into the land. The heat in the year 1014 dried up the rivers and the brooks in Alsace-Lorraine. The Rhine was dried up in the year 1132. In the year 1152 the heat was so great that eggs could be cooked in the sand.

In 1227 it is recorded that many men and animals came by their death through the intense heat. In the year 1303 the waters of the Rhine and the Danube were partially dried up, and people passed over on foot. The crops were burned up in the year 1394, and in 1538 the Seine and the Loire were as dry land. In 1556 a great drought swept through Europe. In 1614 in France and even in Switzerland the brooks and the ditches were dried up. Not less hot were the years 1646, 1679 and 1701. In the year 1715 from the month of March till October not a drop of rain fell; the temperature rose to 83 degs. Reaumur, and in favored places the fruit trees blossomed a second time. Extraordinarily hot were the years 1724, 1746, 1756 and 1811. The summer of 1815 was so hot (the thermometer standing at 40 degs. Reaumur) that the places of amusement had to be closed.—London News.

Plucking and Shearing Geese.

American Agriculturist.

A curious case came before an English court for adjudication recently. A poultryer was charged with cruelty to forty-eight live geese by plucking them of their feathers, and the owner was charged with procuring the commission of the offense. The proceedings were taken by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. A witness swore that "after the geese were plucked their skins turned a purple color, and they walked about with their backs up and shrank when touched."

The practice was shown by defendants to be very prevalent, and the society asked for a nominal fine to put a stop to it. The defendants said it was the custom of the district to pluck the feathers every six weeks, and if they were stopped from doing so many people would discountinue keeping geese, as much more money was realized by the sale of feathers than by the geese. The court imposed a fine of eighteen shillings upon the defendants, and expressed the hope that it would be a warning to other people. Plucking live geese and ducks prevails all over the United States.

There is a species of large water-fowl whose habitat in winter is the open lakes of the interior, and their feathers are so firmly set that they can not be plucked. Shearing is resorted to, and many housewives have been made of the feathers, which almost equal those of the wild, as the stiff, troublesome quills are absent. Shearing geese and ducks could be made to supersede plucking.

Early Training.

If a child attending school brings home with him any ill-chosen or forms of manner, it will be dropped as easily as it was acquired if his parents are watchful, and his home surroundings are of a gentle and cultured character. The mother who is careful with her children at home in all these matters will never have to appear shocked by the voice of her little "Johnny" screaming out—"I haven't never done it, you nasty old thing!" or by seeing "Mamie" slap her little visitor in the face. It is thought by some that all the graces of civilization are inherited, and, being improved upon, are transmitted to the next generation. Without going to this extreme we may believe that the child of well bred parents will be born with a tendency toward all that is refined and cultivated, but that this alone is not to be depended upon. Good example and ceaseless care are both essential.

Russian Military Discipline.

A German was boasting in the presence of some Russians about the obedience and discipline of the German army, citing numerous instances from the war between France and Germany. "Gentlemen," replied one of the Russians, "what you say about the discipline in the German army is nothing at all when compared with what occurs continually in the Russian army. But I will merely recite one instance of what occurred at the beginning of the reign of Czar Nicholas, when the discipline in the Russian army was comparatively lax. At that time, before the telegraph was discovered, the Russians used signal stations, which were a few miles apart. The soldier made a signal which was repeated by the soldier at the next station, and thus the news was conveyed thousands of miles.

"One day a soldier at a station near St. Petersburg did not see the signal in time, and dreading the punishment, he hanged himself on the signal tower. The soldier at the next post mistook this for a signal so, he deliberately and promptly hanged himself also. In consequence of the discipline which prevails in the Russian army, next day it was discovered that all the soldiers at the signal towers from St. Petersburg to Warsaw had hanged themselves on their signal towers. Of course, a much stricter discipline prevails at present, and—" "That will do," replied the German: "I give it up."—Texas Siftings.

RUINED BY TOO QUICK COOKING.—Too much haste is the cause of much bad cooking, according to a commentator on modern cookery. The majority of cooks bake brown bread and baked beans, for instance, in from one to two hours under a hot fire. The Boston cooks give from ten to twelve hours of baking to their beans and brown bread, and have the satisfaction of hearing that in no other city or country can such "delicious beans" and "lovely bread" be found.