A GENUINE STORM.

Reminiscences of Three Memorable Days in Minnesota.

THE SINGULAR STORY OF JOHN WESTON'S GHOST.

The great storm of 1873 was the most violent known in the Northwest for fifty years, as the records kept at Fort Snelling showed. It was a violent electrical storm, extending over the whole Northwest, so that the telegraph wires west of Chicago refused to work.

It struck Minnesota on the 7th of January, 1873, and raged for three days, the wind blowing a gale, the temperature being about eighteen degrees below zero, and on the prairies the air was filled with snow as fine as flour. Through every crevice, keyhole and nail hole the snow penetrated, puffing into houses like steam. The number of human lives lost in Minnesota was about seventy.

The morning of January 7, 1873, was beautiful and bright. The air was mild and still, and farmers set out for town or went to neighboring farms with their teams. Generally it was thought that a "January thaw" was imminent; but Prof. Humiston, who had a good anaroid barometer, foretold a storm. The barometer had been failing for 24 hours, and never was known to fall so low before.

Between 12 and 1 o'clock a white wall was seen moving up from the northwest upon Worthington. The front of the storm was distinct and almost as clearly outlined as a great sheet. When it struck the town farmers began to scatter to their homes. A number, however, remained and were housed up for three days. Persons visiting in the village only a few squares from home, in some instances remained till the storm abated, not daring to venture out upon the streets.

J. H. Maxwell drove four miles against the storm and then took refuge with a neighboring farmer, not being able to reach home. The Rev. Mr. Stone walked five miles facing the storm this side of Jackson, and finally took refuge in a sod shanty. A party of Worthington men, among whom were Dr. Langdon and Cornelius Stout, were caught on the road between Worthington and Jackson and also remained snowed up in a sod house. A man north of Worthington was caught on the trackless prairie driving an ox team. He unhitched and unyoked the team, then took hold of one ox by the tail, and, by twisting it, kept the animal on the trot. The other ox followed, and the man brought up against his own wood pile. The school in Indian Lake township was taught by a young lady in a log schoolhouse. The snow drifted in through the crevices, and soon covered the floor. The supply of wood was soon exhausted, and then teacher and scholars split up furniture and eked out a scant fire till the storm abated. To keep up circulation they formed in Indian file and marched around the stove through the dreary days and long nights till, on the third day they made their escape. Joseph Poots was caught in the storm in the western part of the county, and lay for several days in a snow drift. Unfortunately his feet became exposed, kicked the cover off, so to speak, and both feet were frozen and had to be amputated.

A Mr. Small, who lived four miles southeast of Worthington, started from town with an ox team and sled just after the storm struck us. He drove within a few rods of his own door, and wandered over the prairie till he came to some hay stacks, around which a rail fence had been built. He evidently attempted to climb the fence, but was too near gone to accomplish it. When found, the day after the storm, he was standing with one hand on the fence, covered with ice, and as stiff as an icicle. A Mrs. Blixt, who lived a few miles beyond Mr. Small, went to the stable when the storm came on to turn the cattle in. In attempting to return to the house the snow blinded her, and she wandered on the prairie and perished.

But the one case, among the three fatal ones in Nobles county, which has been the subject of the greatest interest because of the ghost story connected with it, was that of John Weston, of Seward township. Mr. Weston had been to Graham lakes and was returning with a load of wood when the storm caught him. He drove across his own farm and missed the house. Turned and went in a circle, making the same circle twice, as shown by the tracks of the sled. He then turned north to the vicinity of the place now owned by H. D. Winters, in Graham Lakes township. He abandoned his team, and the oxen, after wandering awhile, turned the yoke and choked to death. Mr. Weston, from this point, evidently concluded to walk with the storm, and made a bee line for Hersey. He walked about twelve miles and fell forward on his face, clutching the grass as he fell and the blood gushing from his nose. His body was found the following spring, with the hands full of grass and the blood on his face.

The story of John Weston's ghost was first published in the *Advance* and widely copied so that it became known throughout the country. Western appeared to Mr. Cosper, who is still a resident of Seward township and was an intimate friend to Weston. A few days ago we caught Mr. Cosper in town and had the story from his own lips. He is a practical, unimaginative man, and gives the story in a circumstantial way.

The day after the storm Mr. Cosper had been out with some neighbors searching for Weston's body. He had returned to his home, and was at the stable feeding his stock just before sundown. He came out of the stable, and passing around to the east end, saw John Weston coming up the path from the creek. Weston had on the blue soldier overcoat which he usually wore. His hands were tucked up under the cape, and he approached Cosper with his usual smile and usual salutation, saying, "How goes it?" Cosper said, "Why, Weston, I thought you were frozen to death?" Weston replied: "I am, and you will find my body a mile and a half northwest of Hersey!" Saying this he vanished. Mr. Cosper says that even after Weston was gone it took him some time to realize that he had seen a ghost and to get over "feeling queer."

Before this, Weston had evidently announced his death to his wife. Mrs. Weston related the incident, and it was confirmed by her son. The second night of the storm she was awakened by a knock at the door. She dozed off again, and was aroused by a second rap, when she asked: "What is wanted?" A voice answered: "Did you know that John was frozen to death?" The voice sounded like her brother, Mr. Linderman, who lived in the vicinity. The boy heard the voice, and rising up in bed, said: "Mother, did uncle say pa was frozen to death?" Mrs. Weston went to the door, but there was no one there, and no tracks could be found in the snow. Mr. Linderman had not been there, and it seems that Weston, wishing to announce his death, and at the same time not to frighten his wife too much, assumed the voice of his brother-in-law.

Now, for the confirmation of Cosper's story. He told it at once and it was published throughout the country before the winter was over. Search was made for Weston's body but in vain. When spring came, however, and the snow began to melt off, Weston's body was found near a slough where the snow had been deep, a mile and a half northeast of Hersey. We believe Mrs. Erickson, who now lives in Worthington, was the first to discover the body.

So much for the great blizzard. There will probably not be another such in our day. It was a rough greeting for the early settlers of Nobles county, but they can all testify that Boreas has been comparatively mild ever since, except in putting the screws on the mercury and bringing it down tight occasionally. —[Worthington Advance.

NIAGARA VULGARIZED.

Every traveler who returns now from Niagara reports the ruthless defacing which is being practiced on that superb picture. It has only to be continued a few years to almost utterly destroy the charm of that wonderful scene. The beauty of the American shore of the river is reported now as almost entirely destroyed. The banks which overhang the rushing water were once softened by a lovely growth of shrubbery and fringed with the American wild vines. These have been gradually removed, and in their place are ugly buildings and hideous heaps of refuse. The pretty island in the American rapids which used to be charming with its wild greenery is now occupied by a noisy paper mill and the ruins of an older mill. In a few years the owner of this island and of Goat island will come of age and both will then be sold, probably to be occupied by extensive mills and shops and factories. Even the grand part of the American rapids is already marred by wing-dams and ice barriers, and a few years will see it utterly spoiled. On the shore about the falls, especially on the American side, everything is thoroughly vulgarized. Indian shops, lager beer saloons, shows of every description, barns, factories, and mills with a multitude of petty annoyances to the traveler, begin to make the whole unsightly and disagreeable. It is but a poor consolation to reflect that this vandalism has reacted against the show-keepers of the place, and that the tide of travel to the wonderful falls has fallen off gradually within the last few years.—[New York Times.

"This is very damp, disagreeable weather we are having, Mr. Smithers."

"Eh?" replied Mr. Smithers, who was hard of hearing.

"I said this was very wet, disagreeable weather we are having," said Mr. Pimple, in a louder voice, while every miserable, shivering passenger in the car grinned.

"Did you ask me whether I disagreed with my mother? Why, I—"

"No, no; I said that this was very wet, disagreeable weather," yelled Pimple, as he began to perspire.

"Why, no. I never met D'Israeli's mother. Why?"

"I never asked that; I simply remarked that we are having wet, disagreeable weather. Damp weather, you know," howled Pimple. "Oh, muddy streets, don't you understand; been raining five days, and Austin is wet and, sloppy, and,—"

"That's all you said, is it? Well, now, see here, Mr. Pimple, if I am a little deaf, sir, I am not to be insulted in a street car by any one who pretends to howl like a steam mill into my ears about the confounded weather, when I know all about it; do you hear that sir?"

But poor Pimple did not hear it; he was gone. He will begin a conversation in some other manner hereafter, than by weather allusions. —[Austin Statesman.

A NOVEL RIDE.

The Lover who Determined to keep his Promise At all Hazards.

A TAME STEER HARNESSED INTO AN IMPROVISED SLEIGH.

"Hallo! Harry, old fellow, how are you? I am glad to see you. When did you get to town?"

"How are you, Phil," my old friend responded, grasping both of my hands. "I got here yesterday, but really I scarcely know old Jefferson, it has so improved. It has almost grown out of my knowledge. But let us get out of the way of these fine sleighs, and I am reminded, Phil, of the first sleigh ride I ever had in this city. Oh, it was too funny."

"Well, how was it?" I asked.

"You must know," he replied, "that nearly forty years ago I was an honored employe of Brown & Richmond, lessees of the penitentiary. I boarded with Mr. Brown, and a strong mutual attachment between his family and me soon sprang up. Of course I fell in love with one of the best and prettiest girls in town. One night there fell a deep snow, and I posted off at once to ask Miss Lucy to take a sleigh-ride that night. She consented and I went back to make all the needful preparations for the joyous trip. I made a pair of runners from a hickory pole and nailed a large goods box on it, and my sleigh was done. It wasn't quite so expensive, nor so flashy as that one that just passed, but believe me, Phil, that gorgeous affair there does not contain two hearts that beat so joyously and so truly as the two that, within that rugged turnout, would in a few hours enjoy tho bright moonlight and the crisp snow, that is so forcibly brought to my memory by the scene of to-night in Jefferson City.

"As ill luck would have it, I couldn't keep my trip a secret from Mr. Brown. I was to take his fine bay horse for the occasion; but the fates determined otherwise. By way of having a little fun at my expense, he locked and barred the stable door. Of course I was like one thunder struck, and was at my wits' end to know what to do. I loved Lucy madly, and she was waiting for me. I knew—and it wouldn't do to disappoint her, even if I had to draw the sleigh myself. Turning around, I saw in the moonlight old Broad, one of the prison steers, and I fairly jumped for joy. I had no trouble in catching him, for he and I were great cronies, as I had to feed him very often. So I fixed up a sort of gearing, put the bridle on his head, leaving out the bit, tied a rope to his horns, fastened him to the shafts, and old Broad and I started down Main street. We didn't make railroad speed, but we got to Lucy's house in due time. Old Broad preferred walking, but in going down hill he enjoyed the run as much as I did, and I was in a glorious humor when we stopped at the gate. I hitched him to the fence, patted him on the neck and said aloud, "Old fellow, we went it that time," and I shall ever believe that my old friend turned his large eyes kindly on me as if to say, 'I think we did, sir.'

"It didn't take much persuasion to get Lucy into the sleigh, but we had a time to get her mother's consent.

"'It is so ridiculous to go through town that way,' she said.

"'We are not going through town,' was the answer; 'we are going the other way.'

"'But what enjoyment can you have behind a slow, stupid ox?' was another objection.

"'Old Broad, my dear madam, is neither slow nor stupid,' said I at once in eager defence of my old friend, who could not be present to defend himself.

"'But when do you expect to get back?' was again objected.

"'Sometime shortly,' said I, not caring if we didn't get back until the middle of the next week, or even the Fourth of July.

"'Well, at last we started—buffalo robe, hot bricks, straw, blankets, and the two lovers. Patting old Broad on his neck I said to him, 'Now, old fellow, spread yourself, and with another kindly roll of his eyes, he seemed to say, 'I'll spread, sir.'

"We left the house amid shouts of laughter and kindly exclamations, 'Don't go too fast,' 'Don't let your steed run away with you,' 'We'll pray for your safe deliverance,' etc.

"Old Broad proved himself a true friend. On a dead level, he was rather slow, I admit, but up hill he was grand, and down hill he was simply superb. In about an hour we reached Judge Tompkins' farm, about a mile distant, and concluded then to return. My steed would not be persuaded to go out of the beaten track, so, in consequence, one of the runners was in a rut the whole way, and our seat was not a perfect level, but what of that; we didn't care, but laughed the more. Oh, Phil, that was the grandest ride I ever had in my life. Well, in turning old Broad for the return trip, the runner hung in the rut and Lucy and I found ourselves in the snow, fairly upset. I picked up my fair comrade, brushed her up as well as I could, and with the aid of Lewis Tompkins (a colored man) I righted the sleigh. Just as I was about to start I gave the darkey a quarter and said, 'Look here, Lewis, don't say anything about this ox ride.'

"He promised, but I had good reason to believe that he failed to get his breakfast next morning, in his anxiety to spread the news all over town.

"We got back safely in another hour, and found the family awaiting us, and it was a merry household for I had left old Broad in the street unhitched and had gone in. And then I heard Lucy's mother say (and the words I have never forgotten), 'Harry, you deserve praise for keeping your promise. The boy who will overcome an obstacle so bravely will always succeed as a man.'

"The kindly old ox, who had behaved himself so well, had become a little homesick, during my long stay in the house, and had started for home. As I passed the old wooden bridge over the creek that flows at the west side of the capitol, I found that the sleigh had struck one end and had left the box and robes and whip half way in the creek. Picking up the latter, I went home and next morning I found old Broad quietly lying down in the yard, with the bridle on his head and one shaft by his side.

"As I fed him I said aloud, 'Well, old fellow, I think we did it last night.'

"And he gave me a kindly look as if to say, 'I think we did, sir.'"

"Well, now," said I, "Harry, what became of Miss Lucy?"

"Oh, I left her at home yesterday, attending to the farm and the children."—[Jefferson City Tribune.

ADVICE TO HUSBANDS.

Young husbands, as soon as the matrimonial noose is tied, leave off by degrees all those little civilities and attentions which made you so pleasant and agreeable to your lady love in the days of courtship. Do not fail to mention every fault and imperfection you discover in your wife's disposition, which, of course you must give her to understand you did not know she possessed, or she would never have become your wife; and, when in company, pay more attention to every other lady than you do to her. Expatiate largely on the beauty and merits of a certain lady friend whom you once thought of addressing. In after years, as your household treasures increase leave all the care and worry of them to her, never offer to lighten her burdens by amusing the little ones when you are about the house, take to your book or paper and require each little one to keep quiet and let you read. If they fail to obey, scold, fret and whip them soundly, and wonder why she don't teach them to mind when they are spoken to. When the baby is teething or James has the croup, retire early to rest, leaving her alone with the wide awake sufferers, and while she administers medicine (spilling half for want of some one to assist,) then walks with it in her tired arms up and down the floor until faint, then rocks it and rubs it, while its screams continue to pierce her mother heart like arrows, you sleep unmindful of its physical suffering or her weariness and anguish, even if she calls you anon more loudly each time, until in despair she gives up all hopes of arousing you. Continue to follow these instructions ten years, and if your wife's heart is not as cold as an iceburg toward you by that time you may rest assured that she has a spark of insanity in her composition.

SUPREME COURT ETIQUETTE.

The Garb that Must Be Worn in the August Presence of the High Tribunal.

I happened to drop into the United States Supreme Court the other day, writes a Washington correspondent of the Philadelphia *Press*, and there I met a distinguished Philadelphia lawyer. He was in the blackest and shiniest of broadcloth, from his head to his heels. He had in his hand a tall hat, a small black necktie encircled the whitest of collars, and his general appearance suggested a funeral. As the gentleman (I dare not name him) is somewhat noted for his rather flashy attire, I could not exactly understand what was the matter, especially as he had no crape on his hat. He noticed me eyeing him, and asked what was the matter. I told him he looked more like a Baptist preacher than a Philadelphia lawyer. "Oh!" he answered quickly, "it's this ——— court. I hate these clothes, and at home I never wear anything but grays, or stripes or plaids, with bright neckties; bnt the last time I had a case in this court I was not allowed to make my argument because I wore a short, speckled coat and trousers, with a blue necktie. I was told that I was not properly dressed to appear before this court, and that I must wear black clothes. I have another case here now, and so you see I am dressed in this outlandish style. But I shall charge this suit to my client, and when I get home I'll have my wife put these things away in camphor and mark them 'Supreme Court.'"

Upon inquiry I found, what I never knew before, that the Supreme Court forbids lawyers to wear within its bar anything but black. The weather may be as hot as the region toward which all of us sinners are tending, but no grateful seersucker or linen duster or white-duck is permissible. The nine old duffers in easy chairs nod and snooze and have their ease, but you must dress in black. It is probably right, for certain forms and ceremonies are necessary, and the dignity of the court must be maintained.

"Oh, yes," said madam, after the usual domestic racket had got itself well under headway; "Oh, yes, you gentlemen want your wives to be angels!" "Not at all," replied Mr. Dusenberry, wiping the dish water from his head and face, "not at all; we don't want them to be angels at all; we want them to be ladies." And then the row began all over again, and the cat crawled in the cellar to drop anchor until the storm should be over.

A guaranty of good faith—giving a church $10,000.

THE SNOW FLEA.

A Plague of Siberian Wastes Brought to This Country.

A MINUTE INSECT OFTEN CALLED THE "SNOW OF HADES."

When the lamented poet-traveler, Bayard Taylor, wrote of snowflakes as "the wild white bees of winter," it is doubtful that he imagined the pretty fancy contained a large amount of truth. Such, however, is the case, and from recent important discoveries made in this city by students and professors of one of the academies, it has been shown that the beautiful snow of poetry bids fair to become a provoking reality. About three months ago there arrived in this city a box which, on being opened, apparently contained a pint of snow. A note which accompanied it stated that the contents had been collected from the deck of the British steamship Glenchester during a snow squall off the banks of Newfoundland, while on a voyage from Hull to Montreal, and that the Captain, Edward Manning, had been advised to forward the specimens to the academy to be investigated. The matter was kept quiet, and only within the last day or so has the result become public, and as it is undoubtedly a matter of considerable importance we print it at length. The examination of the snowy-looking stuff under the microscope at once disclosed the fact that it was composed of thousands of very minute insects, covered with silvery scales, and nearly all in a vigorous state of health. A searching investigation was at once set on foot, and strict secrecy enjoined on all concerned, and it was soon proved beyond a doubt that the insects were no less than the dreaded snow-fleas of Eastern Siberia, which have never before been found in any part of the world more than a few hundred miles from that country. A well-known professor of natural history, who formed one of the investigating committee, said yesterday: "The first specimens we received were sent from Montreal by a shipmaster named Manning, who discovered them on his ship's deck on the Atlantic ocean, but we have found large quantities of them about the city during and after all the snow storms of this season. The snow-flea, or, to give it its scientific name, the *Bisti-Siberius*, belongs to the family of *Produridæ*, or "Spring-tails," and, although very much smaller than the ordinary black flea, closely resembles it in form and habit, one great difference being that, while it is capable of leaping, it does so by means of its tail, and not as the flea does—with its legs. The leap, in the case of the snow-flea, is performed by doubling the tail up under the abdomen and suddenly throwing it backward, which results in a forward movement of the body. In fact, it is from this characteristic that the name "spring-tails" is derived. They are very tenacious of life, and breed very rapidly, especially where the weather is cold and dry, damp weather seeming to throw them into a stupor. In Eastern Siberia the people have to use every precaution against the pests, and many legends speak of them as the "snow of hades," and say that the souls of the wicked are being tortured by being exposed to driving storms of them. "As yet," continued the professor, "we have found but few cases in this city where people seem to have been sufferers from the insects, but should a spell of cold, dry weather set in, it will unquestionably be the signal for much complaint. The insects, which can only by the closest scrutiny be distinguished from fine snow, fasten to the clothes of pedestrians and cling there until the person enters a warm temperature, when they at once begin to bite in the most vicious manner, and, although the bite is not poisonous, it is for a few moments even more painful than that of the ordinary flea. As a rule the bites are mainly confined to the legs, for the snow-flea does not seem to possess the power to climb and wander over the body of its victim. One gentleman, a resident of Frankford, was a few days since much annoyed by them, and his little boy, who was bitten at the same time, suffered great pain for several hours. Correspondence with scientific men in Montreal and Boston shows that the pests have also appeared at those points, and in the former city have created great discomfort. The strangest feature noticeable is the fact that it is never found more than eighteen inches above the ground, and servant girls have been forced to wear rubber boots while sweeping off the sidewalks in front of their masters' residences. Professor James McArchfield of this city has prepared an exhaustive article on the subject, which will be read at the next meeting of the academy.

Carlyle's laugh was described as "portentous, open-mouthed, deep-lunged and prolonged, ending mostly in a shout of triumph, and seldom quite glad or kindly. The bony hands clutched the table, meanwhile, with a muscular grip, and the laugh was likely to be followed by a torrent of speech that bore down everything before it. Woe to the man who ventured to gainsay him when in that humor."

A young lady attending balls and parties should always secure a female chaperon until she is able to call some male chap her own.

WIT AND HUMOR.

We point with pride to the fact that English girls are beginning to chew American gum.

During a storm one night last week the lightning at Milwaukee struck a brewery. The lightning, it appears, had to come down in Milwaukee, and there was no time for moving a brewery and giving it room.

"Here's a fly in my soup, waiter." "Yes, sir; very sorry, sir; but you can throw away the fly and eat the soup, can't you?" "Of course I can; you didn't expect me to throw away the soup and eat the fly, did you?"

The most aspiring men known are the Viennese, who are so prone to ballooning that the authorities have announced that married men who desire to take ærial voyages cannot do so until they have received the consent of their wives and children.

Old gentleman (looking at a bob-tailed horse):—"Bless me! how very short they have cut his tail." Attendant: "His master is a member of the Society for the Protection of Animals, sir. In this fashion he will not annoy the poor flies."

Country Doctor (to Tomkins.)—"Now with regard to that cut on the top of your head. I don't think it will be serious, but you must keep your eye on it." And Tomkins who has the slightest suspicion of a squint, goes away and disrecommends that doctor.

"Indeed, I shall not buy my wife a sealskin sacque," remarked a Philadelphia man. "They are so hard to get off that the fair owners keep them on when making calls and are sure to take cold when they go out again into the open air. I love my wife too much to expose her to such dangers."

The Manchester (N. H.) *Union* tells about a lady who entered a store in that city and asked for a two-cent postage stamp. Upon being informed by the storekeeper that he had only those of the three-cent denomination, she replied that she understood that they had been marked down to two cents.

"Well, Tom," said a blacksmith to an apprentice, "you have been with me now three months, and have seen all the different points in our trade; I wish to give you your choice of work for a while." "Thank'ee sir." "Well, now, what part of the business do you like best?" Shutting up shop and goin' to dinner."

The obliging visitor, to show that he is really fond of children, and that the dear little one is not annoying him in the least, treats the kid to a ride upon his knee. "Trot! trot! trot! How do you like that, my boy? Is that nice?" "Yes, sir," replies the child, "but not so nice as on the real donkey, the one with four legs!"

On the eve of the election of Clement XIV. to the Papacy he was waited upon by four Cardinals, who urgently insisted that it was absolutely necessary that he should be elected Pope. "Brethren," was his answer, "if this is a joke there are too many of you, but if it is in earnest there are not enough of you."

A Scotch professor experimenting before his pupils with some combustible substances, when, as he was mixing them, they exploded, shattering the vial which he held into fragments. He held up a small piece of glass, and said, very gravely: "Gentlemen, I have made this experiment often with this very same vial, and never knew it to break in my hands before."

"In our country," said the Englishman, as he leaned back in his chair, "before we marry we arrange to settle a certain sum upon the wife." "Yes, I know," replied the American; "but with us it is different. It is after we are married that we settle everything on the wife and arrange to beat our creditors." "Haw! I see. And how do the creditors take it?" "They never find anything to take."

"I've a bone to pick with you," said Brown, as he entered his tailor's establishment. "Why, what's the matter?" asked the tailor. "Matter!" exlclaimed Brown. "Just look at these trowsers! I've only worn them a week, and they're all ripped to pieces." "Worn them a whole week!" shouted the tailor. "What would you have? Do you expect a pair of five dollar pantaloons to last a century?"

The late Luther Malinus Sargent, Sr., a gentleman of wealth and literary ability, was an ardent and consistent temperance man, yet he was the unfortunate possessor of an irascible temper and a very prominent red nose. At one time he presided over a temperance meeting in Roxbury. After some introductory remarks, he was proceeding to denounce liquor sellers, when a rude fellow in the audience shouted, "Mr. Sargent, if you are goin' to lecture on temperance, you'd better take in your sign!" This imprudent remark enraged the old gentleman terribly.

A Boston congregation is disgusted with their minister because he has no sense of the fitness of things. A celebrated divine had preached so fervently that when he sat down the people were hushed and many in tears. Hardly was the great preacher seated before their shepherd popped up and briskly announced that the parishioners were expected to turn out in large numbers to the sociable to be held the following evening, and that they were requested to bring with them liberal contributions of cold corned beef, tongue, turkey, ham sandwiches, and hot biscuits. There is a time for all things. There is a time for mourning and a time for rejoicing. But the time to talk of cold corned beef and fixings is clearly not in a moment of intense spiritual exaltation.