

ST. TAMMANY FARMER.

COVINGTON, DECEMBER 7, 1878.

OUR OWN.

If I had known in the morning,
How wearily all the day
The words unkind
Would trouble my mind
I said when I went away,
I had been more careful, darling,
Nor given you needless pain;
But we vex "our own"
With look and tone
We may never take back again.

For though in the quiet evening
I may give you the kiss of peace,
Yet it might be
That never for me
The pain at the heart should cease!
How many go forth in the morning
That never come back at night?
And hearts have been broken
By harsh words spoken,
That sorrow never can set right.

We have careful words for the stranger,
And smiles for the sometimes guest;
But oft for "our own"
The bitter tone.
Though we love "our own" the best,
Ah! lips with curse impatient!
Ah! brow with that look of scorn!
—'Twere a cruel fate,
Were the night too late
To undo the work of the morn.

MRS. CLINTON'S TEA PARTY.

"If they are so needy and so nice, Charlie, why don't you ask them over to tea some evening?"

Charlie's eyebrows arched in surprise. "Well, Fan," says he, "it takes a woman to jump at a conclusion! It's altogether a matter of surmise on my part. They are very interesting people, and, judging from appearance, very poor; but the rent is always ready when I call, though I don't feel a bit like taking it when I look around and see how barren the room is of comfort, and clean—clean as silver."

"Do ask them, Charlie, I'm dying to see such wonders! Let them think, if you like, that it's a habit of yours to make friends with your tenants. Get them here, and you may trust me to win their confidence."

The young wife's air of anticipated triumph amused Mr. Clinton, who patted her rosy cheeks as he answered: "A willful woman must have her way."

They had been married about a year. The prosperous young man took a fancy to the portionless young girl, and asked her to become his wife. So she had stepped from the life of a poorly paid school-mistress into a large, elegantly-appointed house of her own. No more struggling with poverty for her. But she remembered those trying days in the past, and it made her large-hearted and charitable in her new sphere.

Mr. Clinton owned some houses and had others in charge, and it took nearly all of his time to attend to their care and rental.

One building was let out in "flats," and on its topmost floor lived a widow and her daughter, a girl of sixteen. These were Mr. Clinton's intended guests.

The invitation was sent and accepted. The young hostess spared no pains in making preparations, and when Mrs. Blumenthal and her daughter, Aline, arrived, received them herself, and took them to the reception room to remove their wraps. She was struck with the air of refinement that pervaded them, giving an appearance of elegance even to the almost threadbare plainness of the dress.

It was a pleasant little tea party. The shining array of cut glass and china; the delicate bouquet at each plate served to enhance the merits of the deliciously cooked viands. Mrs. Clinton was an unmerciful taster, and his wife bore it good-naturedly to suit Aline Blumenthal. She had no idea of seeing her gentle hostess imposed upon, and took

up one of his witticisms and turned it so neatly against himself that he was delighted. Thereupon ensued a war of words between the two, in which the gentleman soon found himself worsted.

Mrs. Clinton looked at the girl in surprise. She thought her rather plain at first, but with the flush on her cheek, and the newly kindled fire in her dark eyes, she seemed to have discarded an icy mask. It was evident that the unfeigned cordiality of her entertainers had penetrated through the crust of reserve which had hidden at first her lively, sprightly ways.

She was without an ornament; but her mother's collar was fastened by a brooch, old-fashioned but very handsome. It was evidently a memento of the past; for it contained, underneath a crystal covering, two locks of hair—one black as jet, the other a glistening, golden curl. As they left the dining-room, Mrs. Clinton drew Aline's arm within her own and said playfully:

"My brave little defender must be rewarded. Come with me to my room before we go into the parlor. Will you come too, Mrs. Blumenthal?"

So they went up stairs together, and Mrs. Clinton took an elaborately carved breast-pin of pink coral from her jewel case, and fastened it beneath the fleecy ruffle which encircled Aline's round white throat.

"There, that gives you a touch of color. Wear it for my sake."

Aline did not have time to reply, for her mother gave a low moan and fell heavily forward. Catching a bottle of smelling salts from the toilet table, the girl sprang to her and held it to her nostrils. It revived her, and she said feebly:

"Where am I? Oh, I remember. Do not be alarmed. I have heart disease, and anything agitating is sure to bring on an attack."

"But, mamma," said Aline, wondering, "what could have happened in this quiet room to agitate you so?"

Mrs. Blumenthal seemed for a moment bewildered. Then her full recollection returned, and she said to Mrs. Clinton:

"Will you look at this, and tell me if I am laboring under a delusion?"

She removed her brooch, and touching a spring, it opened and disclosed an exquisitely painted miniature. Fanny's heart throbbed strangely—she foresaw a strange denouement to the scene. It was the portrait of an elegant looking lady in her prime, and the large flashing black eye seemed looking out at her from Aline's young face, as well as from a life-size oil painting which hung upon the wall here in her very room.

She looked from the miniature to the portrait, and then said: "I think I know the cause of your emotion, and if it is as I surmise, this will be one of the happiest days my husband has ever known. Tell me! Are you Mary Carmichael?"

"I am," said the woman solemnly. She paused, afraid to ask the question which trembled upon her lips. "My mother—where is she," she said at last.

"She has been at rest for many years," Fanny answered gently.

A burst of tears from the unhappy woman answered her.

"She forgave you fully and freely, and died with your name upon her lips."

"My punishment seems greater than I can bear—but it's no more than I deserve. I was an ungrateful child."

"Hush," said Mrs. Clinton, glancing toward Aline, who stood a wondering spectator of her mother's remorseful grief. "Let us go and find Mr. Clinton, and tell him the glad news. He was the adopted son of your mother, and to his was en-

trusted the care of her property in trust for you, and the charge to spare neither exertions nor expense to find you. After her death he advertised in every paper in the country, but to no purpose."

"We lived in England until my husband's death. Then I lost no time in returning home; but it was broken up and mother gone—no one could tell where."

"Come. All will be made clear. Here is Charlie now—did you think we had deserted you, husband mine?"

This discovery of the long lost child of his benefactress proved, as Fanny said it would, the crowning pleasure of the day. At the close of the mutual explanation Mr. Clinton said:

"I must deliver over the keys of the house in which you live, for it is your own. Is it not singular that you should have become your own tenant? Our little Aline will be a rich woman. I hope it will not spoil her." He laid a kindly hand upon her head as he spoke.

"It is good enough for a story, Charlie," said Fanny, enthusiastically.

"No one could do justice to it; for pen could not depict in glowing enough colors the kindness and goodness of my adopted mother. Her heart was torn with sorrow at the marriage and loss of her only daughter, yet she devoted her life to making other sorrowful hearts happy. If I had but known your husband's name I should have had a clue to work from," said he, turning to Mrs. Blumenthal.

She felt the question in his own eyes, which from motives of delicacy he refrained from asking, and answered him accordingly:

"I was young and romantic, and Archie Blumenthal seemed to me an angel from heaven, who could do no wrong. So when he proposed an elopement I consented blindly, thinking of it merely as a temporary separation from my mother, whom I dearly loved, notwithstanding my desertion of her. But my husband developed a strange jealousy of my mother, and took immediate passage on a steamer for England, never suffering me to communicate with her, even by letter. In all else he was kind and loving, and took the best care of his family, though he left us but little to live on after his death. The ready money I had I spent in getting here, hoping and longing—oh! how intensely—to look once more upon my mother's face."

She hid her face in her hands, and the husband and wife stole softly out, leaving her alone with her child, thinking truly that her sympathy would prove the most healing balm to her mother's remorseful but unavailing tears.

Mrs. Clinton's tea party, though originating in the most unselfish motives, proved one of the most richly rewarded acts of her life. Aline's sparkling intelligence soon made her a great favorite in society, but her first friend is her dearest. She is ever devising some new pleasure for her.

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The prison discipline of California is pronounced the worst in the world. One of the delegates to the Constitutional Convention in that State said: "You enter the prison and are received by a gentlemanly trusty, who probably offers you a cigar. Passing on, you find yourself in a flower garden, where the music of birds greets your ear. You imagine you are entering a palace, instead of a prison. There is no punishment there except to be deprived of indulgence in cigars, wine, and pins."

HOW MULES CAME INTO FASHION.

Few of the farmers of this country are aware what a debt of gratitude they owe George Washington for the introduction of mules into general use for farm purposes.

Previous to 1783, there were very few, and those of such an inferior order as to prejudice farmers against them as unfit to compete with horses in work upon the road or farm. Consequently there was no disposition to increase the stock; but Washington became convinced that the introduction of mules generally among Southern planters would prove to them a great blessing, as they are less liable to disease, and work upon shorter feed, and are much less liable to be injured than horses by careless servants.

As soon as it became known abroad that the illustrious Washington desired to stock his Mount Vernon estate with mules, the King of Spain sent him three from the royal stables, and Lafayette sent him three more from the Island of Malta.

The first were of a gray color, sixteen hands high, heavily made, and of a sluggish nature. The others were about the same height, but lithe and fiery, even to ferocity.

The two different sets of animals gave him the most favorable opportunity of making improvements by cross-breeding, the result of which was that he produced some superb mules, and the whole country was all agog to breed some of the same sort, and they soon became quite common. This was the origin of the improved mules in the United States.

There are now some of the third and fourth generations of the Spanish and Malta mules to be found in Virginia, and the great benefits arising from their introduction to this country are to be seen on nearly every plantation in the Southern States.

A MEXICAN FAMILY.

A somewhat stout senora sits on the bed on a fringed tiger skin, in the Turkish fashion, enjoying a cup of chocolate, while a maid is seated near on the floor, holding a silver plate with a glass of water on it. Her morning gown hangs about her much like a sack. Merry peals of laughter in the next room lead to the presumption that young people are there. Sure enough, they are the daughters; but, strange to say, not one has her dress closed. One has her arm out of her sleeves even, which are tied around her waist like a sash. Their plaited hair hangs down their backs, the feet are enclosed in silk slippers, but the stockings are wanting. The young people gaily smoke their cigars, while one of them is seated on a mat on the floor, having her long glossy hair combed by her maid. The dressing table is not well supplied with brushes, soap, essences, etc., but with a complete assortment of rings, ear-rings, bracelets, brooches, chains and pins.

THE KORAN IN A SCOTCH COURT.

In a recent action in a Scotch court, at the instance of some Turkish sailors against the owners of a vessel named the *Silistria*, the men were sworn to tell the truth on the Koran. Suitable preparations were made in the way of providing water, in which the witnesses might wash their hands before taking the oath, and the reason why water was not used has just transpired. It seems that Mohammedans will not take the oath with a printed copy of the Koran in their hands, and it was consequently necessary to have a manuscript copy. The manuscript copy of the sacred book was borrowed from the Edinburgh University Library, in order to overcome that difficulty; and, in reference to it, it may be interesting to state that it formerly belonged to Tippoo Saib, from whom it was taken in the early years of the present century, and subsequently presented by the East India Company to the University. Having thus got rid of the difficulty about using a printed copy of the Koran, a fresh difficulty arose. The Koran had not only been handled by "Infidel Christians," but had been placed on a seat lower than a man's breast, and had thus, in the eyes of the Turks, been defiled; and for this reason they dispensed with the customary ceremony on such occasions, of washing their hands.

PAT'S DECEPTION.

An inside stage full of passengers was toiling up a long hill. The driver leaped down from his seat in front and walked by the side of the horse. The poor beast toiled slowly and wearily, but the six insiders were too busily engaged in conversation to notice how slowly the stage progressed. Presently the driver opened the door at the rear of the stage and slammed it to again. The passengers started, but thought the driver was only assuring himself that the door was securely closed. Again the fellow repeated the same action; he opened the door and slammed it to again. The travelers turned around and asked why he disturbed them in that manner. "Whisht," whispered the driver, "don't spake so loud, she'll overhear us!" "Who is she?" "The mare. Spake low," he continued, putting his hand over his mouth. "Sure, I'm desavin' the crayture! Every time she hears the door slammin' that way she thinks one of yez is gettin' out to walk up the hill, and that rises her sperrit!" The passengers took the hint.

How to Improve Stock.—A Western farmer, on reading that a bull painted by Rosa Bonheur sold for five thousand dollars, remarked to his wife that he didn't see how a coat of paint could so greatly enhance the value of the animal; but, if Rosa didn't charge more than ten dollars, he would get her to paint his bull in the spring. His economical wife replied that she thought he might paint it himself and save his ten dollars. The indications are that the bull will be painted.