

St. Tammany Farmer.

"The Blessings of Government, Like the Dew from Heaven, Should Descend Alike upon the Rich and the Poor."

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W. G. KENTZEL, Editor.

THE TALISMAN AND THE LEECH.

A FRAGMENT.

It was a lovely lady that on her sick-bed lay; It was her lovely lover spurred for the leech away.

And not upon the highway, crouched on the cold hard stone; A withered white-haired beggar that made for a miser's moon.

The lovely lover cast her purse from sad- die-bow; My love is lying dying, and for the leech I go. To your young burg physicians a many are I true; Would that the skillfullest of all among them I could procure.

"Take this," the croup, upstarting, placed on his hand a ring; Of dull and tarnished copper, a mean and battered thing. "Wear this, and when thou ridest up to the leech's door; See for thyself what company of guests doth stand before."

And before the knight could think her she was finished quite away; And there she lay, a wee brown bird sitting upon the spray; And the light-hearted lover onward he spurred; His course he took, and his eyes were never turned.

And up the ringing street he darted to the chief physician's door; Heaven! what ghastly company was standing there before! The souls of all the slain were there, ten thousand souls, I trow; Like witch-herbs in a pulpit night-awavering to and fro.

On passed the knight to another leech, but before the door he stood; Was gazing as ghastly if not quite so great a company; And up and down the burg he rode, but everywhere he went; Watched the woe of each patient under a monument.

"Alack! doth never a leech have skill?" was his despairing cry; "And must the lady Cangemund in her youth and beauty die? There is but one physician left, and yonder at his door; O, heavens! there floats a single ghost—a single ghost, no more!"

"O, a blessing on the talisman and on the kindly fay; Here is the surgeon skilled shall charm my lady's hurt away. Ho! hark ye, hark ye, Master Leech, and ride away with me; And thou shalt save a precious life, and win a precious fee."

Up sprang the good physician then behind the pillant knight; And swiftly up the sounding door clattered the courier bright; And nearby the knight he sang and shouted in his glee; "A blessing on the kindly fay that guided me to thee!"

"Now by our good St. Anthony, what is it thou dost say; Dost thou not know, Sir Knight, there is no govin, neither fay; But tell me truly, who it was to me thy steps did guide; For how should a poor leech be known throughout the country-side?"

"O, trust me, trust me, Master Leech, thy fame spreads far and near; On every side thy healing skill what miracles we hear; For though thy leech doth brightly bear the rose of youth, There is no doctor so renowned in all the land, as thou art."

"Sir Knight, it fills me with the rank to mock a simple man; One who doth practice Galen's art with all the skill he can; But only yesterday I hung my shingle out at door; And I have had but a single call—one patient, and no more."

"Now by St. Anthony!" exclaimed the knight; "The remainder of this interesting ballad has been lost.—Editor's Drawer, in Harper's Magazine."

THE LOVERS' QUARREL.

"Never while I live," said Miss Rashleigh, "never while I live, will I see your face again!"

She meant it when she said it; and as she spoke, she threw her betrothal ring towards her lover, who had offended her.

He missed him and rolled down upon the floor and under the sill of an open china closet—some of those old-fashioned closets that used to stand on either side of the mantel-piece.

She did not notice where it rolled; he did though; and after she had left the room, he turned to pick it up. The ring she had worn would always be precious to him.

Miss Rashleigh went straight to her own room, and a miserable girl as ever lived, and a moment later Grandmother Rashleigh bustled into the drawing-room, pushed the open closet door, picked up the fallen gem, set the annuals and books of poetry straight on the table, pulled down the shades, arranged the chairs, mathematically against the wall, and bustled out again.

"I've had these things fifty years," she said to herself, "and there's the girl and her bean with no more respect for them than if they were so much lumber."

Then she closed the door behind her, and went away to her own room up stairs, where a fine silk patchwork quilt was in the frame, a surprise for said Cornelia.

Grandmother Rashleigh gave every young person of the family something of her own manufacture on his or her wedding day.

"Now," the old lady had said a dozen times to Triphney King, who was helping her; "I rather think Cornelia will have the best thing I've done; and there's a bit in it of every handsome silk there's ever been in the family, and of her father's and grandfather's wedding vests."

"Yes," in its real memorial quilt," said Triphney. "It takes you, mum, to plan such things."

The quilt was finished and bound that afternoon, and Triphney's joy of quilting being over she went home. But she carried about the village the news that she "was sure all was over between Miss Rashleigh and Mr. Spear. She'd heard Cornelia saying something to her grandmamma, and the old lady was furious."

"He would never have done that if he had cared for me, you know, grandmamma," Cornelia was saying at that moment.

"Stuff and nonsense! He loves the ground you walk on!" said the old lady. "You'll never get such another, Cornelia!"

"I shall never marry at all; I hate men!" Cornelia answered.

And then her grandmother made the house too hot to hold her, and she went to her mother's, her usual course when she fell out with grandmamma.

Three days passed. At the end of the third Triphney Pratt stepped in at Mrs. Rashleigh's—young Mrs. Rashleigh, as she called her, though she was nearly fifty, for grandmamma was old Mrs. Rashleigh.

"I expect you'll feel upset when I tell you the news, Cornelia," said she. "You've been too cruel this time—he, he, he! Orville Spear has been heard of since he was at your house."

His mother says he went over to explain and make up, and he never came back. He, he! She thought maybe he'd stepped over to his brother's, but he hadn't—he, he! I reckon he's drowned himself."

"I don't know why the whole town should talk over my affairs and every meddling old maid giggle about them?" cried Cornelia.

Pratt jumped to her feet, seized her parasol and turned towards the door. "Good afternoon, Miss Cornelia and Mrs. Rashleigh," she said, with a contemptuous courtesy. "I'll remember my manners, if other folks forget theirs. Only there's other folks as likely to be old maids as me, and I fancy it's Mrs. Spear's affair now if anything has happened to her boy."

Pratt frowned Miss Pratt. "You've put Miss in a rage, Cornelia," said Mrs. Rashleigh. "That's a pity; she has a long tongue."

But Cornelia was crying. "O, mother, dear," she sobbed, "it isn't true, it isn't true, it isn't true! You're wrong, you're wrong, you're wrong! Won't you see, mother?"

But at this moment Sally, the little servant girl from Grandmamma Rashleigh's, came flying into the room, without any more warning than if she had been shot from a gun.

The old missus says you are to come over at once, both you ladies," she cried, standing before Mrs. Rashleigh, and repeating her lesson like a parrot. "There's something of importance, and you're needed at once."

"Get your bonnet, Cornelia," said her mother. "It'll just put on this sunhat. What is it, Sally? do you know?"

"I know it's something dreadful, Missus is almost wild, and there's lots of folks there. Something about Mr. Spear."

The two ladies said no more. They hurried away together, and entering grandmamma's parlor, found there assembled more of the members of the Spear family, and a friend or two besides.

Orville had, indeed, disappeared. He had never been home since his visit to Cornelia, and now the alarmed relatives were anxious to get all the information they could regarding the interview between Orville and Cornelia.

"I had reason to be angry," Mrs. Spear said Cornelia, proudly. "Good reason, and I took off my ring and gave it back and went out of the room. That is all I know, I don't know when he went or where. I—I thought he wouldn't mind so much. I believed he had stopped caring about me."

"He ought to now, at all events," said grandmamma.

"My boy is dead, I'm sure. I shall have the pond dragged," said Mrs. Spear, amidst her tears. "He left all his money at home. He wouldn't have gone traveling without a change of clothes. O, you wicked girl!"

"I hope," cried the oldest Miss Spear, "that he'll haunt you!"

"I could kill you, you hateful thing!" cried the youngest Miss Spear.

Cornelia had kept up bravely until now; but when her two friends turned upon her thus, she gave a little scream and fell over on the sofa. She was in a dead swoon, and the water they sprinkled in her face did not bring her round.

Grandmamma grew frightened. "I hope it isn't an attack of heart disease," she said. "Poor child! she looks as if she were dead."

"O, don't say that," cried the mother. "They gathered around Cornelia and did all they could for her, and soon she recovered and sat up, but all her pride was gone."

"O, dear! O, dear!" she sobbed. "I wish I had never come to! O, Orville! Orville! what has become of you?"

"O, oh! oh!" she cried wildly. "And Cornelia's head fell back again. "Emma, get the lavender out of the china-closet," said grandmamma to her daughter. "Quick! it's on the corner shelf!"

Mrs. Rashleigh rushed to the closet. "It won't open," she cried wildly. "O, what a pity!" said grandmamma, "locks as it shuts. Here's the key."

And Mrs. Rashleigh flew back to the door, opened it and uttered a shriek.

There on the floor, huddled up under the shelf, lay poor Orville Spear.

Cornelia sat and stared at him in the most awful way. She thought him dead, but the more experienced matron saw that he was yet living.

Sally was sent post haste for the doctor; and there, in Mrs. Rashleigh's drawing-room, he found Cornelia and Orville lying close together, like *Bonnie and Clyde* in the scene at the tomb, and the rest of the party in a state of bewilderment and terror past description.

At last, however, both were conscious and seated in arm-chairs, regarded each other, while the observers kept silence, and Mr. Orville Spear uttered the first words.

"Of all the confounded fools—"

"Who, dear?" asked his mother.

"Me," said Orville, regardless of grammar. "Who shut me in?"

"What were you in the closet for?" asked grandmamma, with a guilty conscience.

"To pick something up that rolled there," said Orville.

"The ring?" asked Cornelia, frantically.

"Yes, the ring," said Mr. Spear. "More fool I! Some one banged the door to. I shouted and howled and kicked, and no one heard me."

"O, oh, oh, oh!" shrieked Cornelia. "I believe you hid there just to kill me, for no other purpose than out of revenge."

"You banged the door on me," said Mr. Spear. "A jealous woman will do anything."

"I banged the door, Orville!" said old Mrs. Rashleigh. "I just pushed it everything flying. I just pushed it as I passed, and you ought to be your stars that you are alive, for people don't go into the drawing room, sometimes for a fortnight, in this small family. We use the parlor much more, and I

Trapping a Grizzly.

Trapping grizzly has its perils and excitements also. The trap employed is of the double spring pattern, with steel jaws, and weighs complete thirty-eight pounds. The springs are very powerful and are made of heavy wire. It is quite an art to set and place a trap cunningly, and trappers vary in their methods and are chary of explaining them. I will now pass this branch of the subject. Let us suppose, therefore, that the hunter has made his camp in a neighborhood redolent of grizzlies and that he has his trap set in a likely place for bear. At the end of the trap chain is a ring about five inches in diameter, and this is driven about half a foot over the end of a heavy stick or log five inches thick and six or eight feet long. The object of this "clog," as it is called, is to make a trail which can be readily followed and to hamper the bear sufficiently to prevent his going to a great distance away before the hunter can arrive. Great care must be taken that the chain be fastened to the extreme end of the clog, in such a way that it cannot get across two trees, and so give the brute a chance to use his enormous strength to tear himself loose. Neither must the clog be too large and heavy, or the same result will follow. It may be accepted as a maxim that a grizzly caught in such a trap will eventually get loose, and ordinarily in a few hours. He is generally caught by the extremity of his paw, just above the claws the hold on him is not very great; his exertions to get away are tremendous, and the result is so cutting and lacerating the foot that sooner or later he will tear out of the trap altogether. Two grizzlies that I caught got away; one was probably taken by his claws alone leaving some hairs only to tell the tale, the other leaving a small piece of his foot behind as a souvenir. Many had all but torn themselves loose; in one case the foot was almost cut through and only a small piece of skin the thickness of a man's little finger remained to hold the terrible infuriated monster to the much detested clog.

The traps are set far back in dense and gloomy forests near the tangled swamps, where grizzlies love to make their lair. The ground is covered with fallen timber, and travel must be afoot and is slow and difficult. The bears on being caught start off on a tremendous dash for the swamp which is close by. Here he catches on a rotten log for a second and plows a path through wide enough for a cart, there he hangs on two fallen trees fifty feet long, but he hangs for an instant only, moves the great trees to one side and rushes on. Next he strikes against a tree, and in his rage turns and eats the whole side of it, leaving the fresh white pine red with blood stains from his gums. Now he reaches the swamp and plunges deep into its recesses, venting his rage on the balsams and poplars, absolutely chewing down saplings and even gnawing them into lengths like stove wood. All this time he is slowly but surely tearing his foot loose from the trap, and surely but not slowly is he working himself up into the most tremendous degree of rage and ferocity.

When he has thus trapped a thousand-pound grizzly, you are not to be deceived, it is simply caught the devil incarnate! Indeed, the question sometimes is, not whether you have caught the bear, but whether you have not simply given him a first-class opportunity to catch you! Now let us see how this is.

The grizzly thus caught, and thus works up into the mad fury that he would be sure to follow up, first through a dense forest, and then carefully into the heart of a tangled swamp, where one cannot see ten steps ahead, and where, if the monster should suddenly rise directly in front and charge, trap, clog and all, retreat would be absolutely impossible.

At the time of the time of the hunter's arrival the bear may have just succeeded in tearing his foot loose, or may have just managed to break his chain, or may have just finished eating up the clog bodily, all of which things have happened in my experience. He would then be in a beautiful state of mind, and would be sure to be delighted to wipe out a hunter or two if only to quiet down his nerves.—*Forest and Stream.*

First Sight of the Caspian Sea.

One of the most singular mental effects I noticed on myself was that produced whenever I walked to the quay and saw the large fleet rooking in the port. Shelley, Alastor had from early youth haunted my memory and given me the impression that Caspian was a weird, half-delirious sea, with shores tenanted by the ghosts of dead empires; with a coast which was a reedy morass trodden on by the legions, and the been the same since the dawn of time, a perpetual twilight, a vast, mysterious solitude. Such in part it is on the eastern shore, but at Baku the Caspian conveys no such idea. Square-rigged ships ride at anchor by scores; the port is busy with wharves and sail-boats darts, kithers and thithers; and sharp, heavily-spurred steamers of 1,000 tons are constantly entering and leaving the docks. The only peculiarity that distinguishes these ships from those of other seas is the use, which carried me back to my boyhood. Two topsail schooners with very rakish masts abounded, thoroughly piratical in appearance. Like Bristol, common elsewhere thirty-five years ago, but not longer in use except on the Caspian. Brigantines, with a small topsail on the main-mast, sloops with a square topsail, and other obsolete rigs were to be seen on this sea which has fashions of its own; which has no relations with any other sea; which is neither fresh nor salt, and also enjoys the freak of lying over one hundred feet below the level of the ocean.—*Manhattan.*

A Woman Who Could Keep a Secret.

Miss Elizabeth Richards, a member of the Orthodox Friends' meeting and a native of this city, who died at her home in Wilmington on Monday at an advanced age, conducted a private school in Philadelphia for twenty-five years. She then opened a school in Wilmington, where she was engaged in her educational profession for a continuing period of fifty-four years, retiring nearly five years ago. The greatest secret of her life was her age, and this she never told any one, always avoiding the question when asked. On her death-bed, a few hours before she died, she refused to reveal the number of years she had lived, and destroyed all evidences of the date of her birth. It is asserted by one who was familiar with her and who attended her funeral, that she was 105 years old.—*Philadelphia Record.*

Some of the mummies in the British Museum have false teeth on gold plates.

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—There are in Iowa four Methodist Conferences, more than five hundred pastors and over 80,000 members.

—An Indian student at a school in Huntsville, Tex., was recently expelled for packing his clothes in a trunk on Sunday.—*Chicago Times.*

—Of the 2,616,879 pupils at elementary schools in Japan only 734,691 are girls. At the high schools there are only 204 female pupils out of 12,315.

The Brooklyn City Bible Society was organized forty-three years ago. It distributes Bibles in Brooklyn at the rate of 3,000 a year at an average annual cost of as many dollars.

—A Scotch clergyman at Ayr, a few days ago, prayed: "O Lord, bless the Established Church, and the Free Church, and the United Presbyterian Church and all the other churches—thou knowest the various nicknames, Lord, by which they are called—bless them all!"—*N. Y. Herald.*

—Henry Ward Beecher said recently: "All the assaults made upon religion have in the end exalted it, purified it, made it more practical," and "that statistics showed that the best men and best citizens are children of devout members of the church."

—Prof. E. J. James, while on a visit to Germany, last summer, asked the professors of twelve German universities: "Do you think that too many young men are studying at the universities?" "Almost uniformly the answer was: 'There is no doubt of it.'" "Germany," said one of the professors, "is fostering the growth of a class of professionally educated men, the best of whom are too proud to go into business of any sort. Result—poverty or suicide."

—People are beginning to ask themselves whether the millions they annually give for public education, a sum which is all the time increasing, are so expended that they produce the best results. The question is becoming a leading one in other cities besides New York. The conclusions reached are everywhere substantially the same. They are that in trying to do too much we are marred the effect of the whole; and that we should produce better results at much less expense if the instruction given by the State was rudimentary only, but thorough so far as it goes.—*N. Y. Sun.*

When the late Professor Sophocles was a proctor in Holywell Hall, Harvard, one night a tipsy student, rolling up to bed, fell against his door, and upon being interviewed was anything but respectful in his language. Next morning, awakening with remorseful stomach, and an aching head, the offender felt it to be the part of discretion to go to the proctor and apologize. He had not proceeded far in his halting explanation, however, before the other interrupted him with the words: "Not drunk! But you were so drunk as to be a curiosity, and therefore I shall not report you!"—*Boston Post.*

PURGENT PARAGRAPHS.

"When in society, never talk of yourself," is the injunction of an authority on etiquette. People in society never do—they run down other people.—*Philadelphia Call.*

A Denver girl showed the warmth and sweetness of her affection the other day by throwing a pan of hot molasses over the shirt front of the lover who had deserted her.—*Denver Tribune.*

The late Dr. Wood is said to have once condensed a half column poem into two lines:

"Do you love me?" "No."
"Then I go!"—*N. Y. Graphic.*

Scientists have discovered that a man's finger nails grow much more rapidly than his toe nails. This startling piece of information clears the human mind of a "darkened mist."—*Arkansas Traveler.*

A woman in Georgia wants a divorce because her husband refused to let her know the combination of his safe. For the sake of keeping peace in the family a man should let his wife know the combination of his safe—and keep all his money in bank.—*Exchange.*

A young man who had been going with a Vermont girl for some time, and had made her several presents, asked her one day if she would accept a puppy. He was awful mad when she replied that her mother had told her if he proposed to her to say no.—*Boston Post.*

—An individual applies to the cab company for a situation. "Do you know how to drive?" "Yes, sir." "You know that you must be polite with all your passengers?" "Ah!" "And honest. For example, what would you do if you should find in your cab a pocket-book containing \$10,000?" "Nothing at all. I should live on my income."—*N. Y. Independent.*

—I has allus heard it said dat if yer'll arny stick ter yer business yer's bound ter win, but dis ain't true in every case. When yer tries ter keep a ole goose from settin' yer as close ter der nes as she can get. Dis shows mighty fine termination but mighty po' sense.—*Uncle Remus.*

—Cruel—Elle (to Mrs. Belweather, who has just been speaking of Mr. B.): "Why, Mrs. Belweather, I thought you hadn't your husband!" Mrs. B.: "Why, of course I have, Elle. Do you mean to say that you don't know Mr. Belweather?" Elle: "Yes, but I didn't suppose he was your husband. I thought you hadn't any. Papa said you married for money, and that was all you got."—*Boston Herald.*

—Grandpa," said an intelligent little fellow, "who made those great ditches in your forehead?" "God, my dear." "What did he make them for?" "I don't know, Willie. Don't ask silly questions." Willie was thoughtful for a few moments, and then said: "I know now! Father can tell how old his cows are by the wrinkles on their horns. Is that what God put wrinkles in your brow for, grandpa?"—*Chicago Times.*

For Young Readers.

NINE YEARS OLD.
Ring out, O bells, a merry peal,
In this auspicious morn;
A little maid, with golden locks
And soul of Heaven's own,
Is nine years old.
From out your swelling throats, O birds,
Your forth your sweetest lays;
A little girl, with eyes of blue,
And winsome, jovous ways,
Is nine years old.
O merry brook within the glade,
Dance lightly on your way;
A precious child, this glad-some June,
And on this festive day,
Is nine years old.
Fresh summer flowers, your petals open,
With fragrance fill the air;
A human blossom on its stem,
Unfolding, free and fair,
Is nine years old.
Young Bader, frothy household pet,
Come, way your tail in glee;
Your little mistress, on this day,
As even you may see,
Is nine years old.
Come, uncles, aunts, and cousins, too,
And join in festive cheer;
Dear grandmamma, by young to-day,
Our maid of precious years,
Is nine years old.
—*Oliver Johnson, in St. Nicholas.*

JOHNNY'S FUNNY MISTAKE.

Johnny went with his mother to see some fine paintings which were at the school with holes in your jacket? Do you hate when you go up stairs at night, tired, to find a bed made up comfortable?"

"Mamma, what do you mean?"

"That it is not order which you hate, but the trouble necessary to gain it. Ah, my boy! no one of us likes that; but ought not each of us to take a part of it? Or should papa or mamma or grandmamma or Bridget do all the tiresome picking up and 'fixing up,' while Jamie only enjoys it?"

Jamie put two warm arms around his mother's neck: "Mamma, you are great for explaining things, aren't you?"—*Boston Beacon.*

In the "Tupalo."

Triphney sat on the stairs, talking to her new dolls.

"Someday to me that you look sorry, Kathleen. Is it because you are lonesome without all those dollies at the store where you come from? I don't want you to be homesick here, 'cause I loves you dearly, I'll do anything to please you. I'd carry you way up in the tupalo, only mamma doesn't 'low me to go up there, 'cause I'm verry libel to fall down those 'leap' stairs."

"Mamma has callers in the parlor, and I don't want to intr'upt, but I dess she'd say I might go, if I would be verry careful and not fall."

So up triphney tripped with Kathleen in her arms, till she finally stood safe in the cupola.

"Here we are, Kathleen, darling; isn't it lovely up here? See these wed; curtains and that little lounge. Let's play we're travelers, and have found this nice little home; I'm sure we'll go to bed on the lounge and sleep till morning."

So Triphney laid down with Kathleen on the low, wide lounge.

"Why! it's most like Jack and the beanstalk! I'm Jack, and you're my little sister, and this is the little glass house; and I'll carry you way up in the tupalo, only mamma doesn't 'low me to go up there, 'cause I'm verry libel to fall down those 'leap' stairs."

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terfering.

For instance, had you folded your napkin at the proper time, you would not have had to come back to do it," said Mrs. Wright. She added: "I guess you love order as well as any of us, if the truth were known."

"No, mamma, I am sorry, but I positively hate order. What I love is, to fly my kite or to make a cake and sell it on the pond; and when it is dark, I love to come in and see you, and eat supper of huckleberries and milk, and doughnuts; but I just despise to be always folding up, or hanging up, or picking up something."

In emphasizing his views, Jamie jerked the table-cloth, so that baby's tray and spoon went clattering to the floor. Then there were two more things to pick up!

"Still," said Mrs. Wright, "I think there are some kinds of order which you like."

"I am afraid not, mamma, not one."

"When you