

St. Community Farmer.

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

W. G. KENTZEL, Editor.

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THE TRUTH ABOUT IT.

"Spring," sang the poet, "chiding spring." Alas! the thought was here: He was himself the one green thing. For he lay everywhere.

"Hail, Spring, with breezes soft and sweet." The Spring returned his hail: There came a shower of snow and sleet Upon a merry gale.

"Sing, merry birds, in bush and tree." He read the almanac: The birds were wiser far than he, And did not hurry back.

"Spring, gentle," here he ceased to sing. Let the sad truth be told: The while he sang of balmy spring, He caught an awful cold.

—Mrs. M. P. Handy, in Century Magazine.

SLEEPING-CAR SPOTTERS.

How They Bring Unwary Conductors to Sudden Grief.

Not a hundred yards from Grand Central depot is a saloon largely frequented by railroad employes, and especially by sleeping-car conductors, who, as a rule, indulge in fancy drinks of first quality and display a very fastidious taste. A reporter happened the other night to stroll into this resort and ran across an acquaintance whose occupation consists in shadowing suspected conductors.

"You desire, then, to learn about the secret service on railroads," commenced the detective, after a conversation in the course of which such a desire had been expressed. "Well, those sleeping-car conductors we saw just now in the saloon afford excellent specimens for observation. The temptation to knock down fares is great, yet it is altogether different now from what it used to be in the olden times. Some fifteen or twenty years ago a conductor's berth was worth quite as much as a seat in the Stock Exchange or a sheriff's appointment, but those flush times have had their day and it takes a great amount of sharp practice to beat the vigilance of a spotter. However, to present a correct idea of the clever detective work carried on in this unique line, it would be as well to give you a thorough insight into the business.

"Now, then, the Pullman Palace Car Company on several occasions found it necessary to engage the services of detectives to watch some conductors on whom suspicion had crystallized, and in most instances conclusive proof, showing a systematic robbery, was furnished. The dishonest employes received, of course, the "grand bounce"; new men were selected to fill the vacancies, and still it was apparent that heavy deceptions continued to be carried on. The case could only be explained in a way exceedingly disparaging to human nature, but a detective who had been assigned on the work for some length of time and thus gained considerable experience, based on close observation, ventured to make a bold assertion impeaching the honesty of nearly all conductors. He suggested, consequently, to organize an elite corps of railroad detectives, especially picked to meet the requirements of that particular service, and subject the men to an incessant and rigid vigilance. Headquarters were established in this city, and although the extra running expenses incurred by the service are quite heavy, there is no doubt but many thousand dollars have been saved for the company, while the thieving propensities of many employes encounter a severe restraint by the constant fear of detection and disgrace.

"You think that long service has hardened my judgment and I am wrong in considering the majority of conductors more or less inclined to dishonesty. Allow me, then, to offer an explanation. I am sincerely convinced that a great many of these fellows would be trustworthy in any other position, but somehow the wrong-doing appears trivial or even pardonable because it is a corporation of millionaires which has to suffer, and the employes claim as an extenuating circumstance that the bad example of greedy directors helps to destroy their feeling of moral responsibility.

"But, to draw an illustration, let us imagine a case like this: An elderly gentleman who is occupied by a detective to adjust himself into a comfortably recumbent position on the rigid seats of an ordinary passenger car, resolves to spend a few dollars in order to secure a good night's rest. Well, he is courteously shown an inviting berth in the sleeper, while a dusky porter eagerly grabs the passenger's satchel, and grins complacently at the prospective tip. The features of the conductor, on the other hand, assume a strictly business-like expression, although there might be reason to question his integrity of purpose if one could only catch his stealthy glance. The fact is our friend has cleared the way for a 'knock-down fare' by overlooking the slight formality of issuing a berth-check to the new passenger, and he is now meditating the problem whether every thing all right—a phrase which in his vocabulary figures as a synonym for a spotter being in sight. However, the clever fellow has unfortunately failed to observe the piercing eyes of a detective who is watching the whole transaction through a small opening in the curtain of an upper berth, and you bet he will get him on the list.

"You must understand the checking of a sleeper is a very complicated affair, and the detective who escapes making some sort of a blunder on a long run has to be pretty well trained. Taking a coach with fourteen sections, making double the number of berths, it may, however, accommodate a considerably larger number of passengers, as each berth often is occupied by two persons. But the thing most likely to confuse a novice in our service is whenever the same berth is sold twice during a single night. A passenger, for instance, leaves the train shortly after midnight, and another is directly afterward turned into the vacant berth, merely allowing the porter sufficient time for changing sheets, etc. In eventualities

of this kind it depends largely upon the detective's faculty of familiarizing himself with the features of each passenger, and thus at a glance observe any change or augmentation of the total number.

The life of a railroad detective is not a very enviable one, I can assure you. He is hired on an express condition that instructions, however repulsive to his character, must be strictly complied with. Furthermore, he has no abiding place whatever. The interest of the service requires a continuous shifting around with the men from one road to another in order to reduce as much as possible the chances of attracting suspicion by the conductors and railroad employes in general. It is thus a usual thing for a spotter to travel through every State in the Union in the course of a few months, and his work is really harder than most people would imagine. Naturally he must assume different roles to meet any emergency and throw off suspicion. You find him posing as a land speculator, insurance agent, merchant, missionary, gambler, newspaper man or politician, all according to the particular job on hand and the character of the section through which he travels.

"The general course is to assign one agent to each car, thus checking every passenger, but the entire registration must be done mentally. The art consists in evincing the least possible concern, and the spotter should always have a straight story to tell when he engages in conversation with other passengers, or 'spots' of the conductor. At the end of each trip the detective makes out an elaborate report covering a certain car and sends it to headquarters, where it is compared with the conductor's balance sheet. The spotter is frequently instructed to pay cash fares himself, and the most conclusive proof is derived by holding out the tempting bait in such a manner as to entrap the conductor. When the evidence is found to be of a very damaging character all formalities are dispensed with and his walking papers served at once. Nevertheless there are some shrewd conductors who manage to delude detection in spite of all vigilance. They possess a sort of intuitive tact through which the presence of a so-called Hawkshaw is revealed. The conductor, without exception, entertains a bitter hatred to the detective service, and in this age of dynamite as an agent of redress for supposed grievances it is rather surprising that no attempt has so far been made to blow up the spotter headquarters. Vengeance has, though, been executed on several of our men out in the Territories, where the public, as a rule, is in sympathy with the conductors, and rejoices in the sport of hunting down an awkward spotter.

"A favorite scheme with the conductors is occasionally to turn in a fare or two in excess of the number really collected, for the purpose of creating an impression upon the company that the spotter's report is untrustworthy at all times. Now and then the train employes suspect an entirely innocent passenger of such a nature, and an air of distinguished respectability is prevailing every visible object alike. Whether he may cherish this idea to the end of his journey, even in case the passengers are somewhat mixed, depends largely upon the conductor's talent to manage each party in deference to their particular wants. Shady individuals, professional gamblers, etc., are, of course, not permitted to operate upon the trains, but a smart conductor can arrange such things to suit all parties concerned when he is decently recompensed, and, consequently, you might make an interesting study in the dubious art of high-staked poker if you happen to drop into the smoking-saloon of a sleeper after eleven p. m.

"The professional spotter has to keep an eye on all transactions of this kind, and his report affords frequently some very spicy reading. There are, besides, a number of other duties he is required to perform, such as observing whether all tickets and checks are properly carried, noting the condition of car and closets, paying attention to the conduct of train employes—if they should sleep, drink or smoke or use profane language on duty. Sometimes it is next to impossible to catch a conductor, although suspicion rests upon him, and a detective is then put on to shadow the man in order to learn his habits, companions and general conduct in private life. Through this source very valuable testimony is often procured and circumstantial evidence furnished, showing the suspected party is a dissolute fellow, spending much more than his salary would justify at the gambler's den or in dissipation. Yes, the spotter system is a big thing, and you can't afford to dispense with it as long as sordid greed money remains the pivot of human nature."—N. F. Herald.

Suicide an Accident.

Judge Dyer, of the United States District Court, in a suit to recover \$1,000 insurance on the life of a man who committed suicide while insane, insured in the Accident Insurance Company of North America against injuries effected by "external, accidental or violent means," suicide being especially excepted, decides against the company, holding that in this case the act of suicide was no more the man's act in the sense of the law than if he had been impelled by an irresistible physical power.—N. F. Post.

ABOUT MARRIAGE.

Advice to Those About to Slip On the Matrimonial Noose.

Some marry for the fun of the thing and never see where it comes in. This is discouraging.

Some marry for the sake of a good companion and never discover their mistake. This is lucky.

Man is a fickle "critter." Even Adam, who had his wife made to order, found more or less fault with her.

Don't marry a man for his reputation. It is liable to be only a second-hand affair, borrowed from his ancestors.

Many women have married men for their fine exterior. But that's all there is to an ancient egg worth mentioning.

Many marry to spite some one else only to learn that they got the butt-end of the transaction, and its worst end at that.

Marriage is a lottery full of chances. That's what gives it flavor. All like to chance it, because everybody thinks to win a prize.

Wedlock, in its original state, was as pure as sweet milk fresh from the cow, but man couldn't rest until he stripped it of much of its rich cream.

I say when you are ready to get married, get married. However, it isn't so much trouble to get married as to know when you want to get married.

The hot-headed youth marries in a hurry because he fears marriageable females will be scarce next year, and lives to wonder how the supply holds out.

Marriage resulting from love at first sight is not generally wedded bliss on a par with sour milk. One or the other gets swindled, and often both.

Many a man has married for beauty, only to learn that he paid \$10 for what can be purchased for twenty-five cents at all druggists. This is hard.

The most affectionate people before marriage seldom hold out in the same proportion after the knot is tied. It is better philosophy to commence only as you would live afterward.

From the matrimonial market the saints of both sexes were culled out long ago. Don't expect to marry one. You must guess at some things and take chances for the future on this basis.

Woman is sometimes the real cause of unhappiness in the married relations of life, but in the majority of instances the boot is on the other foot, and she is really the true comfort there in it.

Don't marry a woman for her taper fingers and lily hands alone, for married life and its rugged experiences call for a wife that knows how to make a pot boil and can spank babies systematically.

But few people marry for pure love, and they in after years suspicion that what were at the time promptings of the tender passion were, in all probability but the first symptoms of cholera morbus.

The man who marries a woman simply because she is a handy arrangement to have about the house does so from a purely business stand-point, and in the end, if not compelled to support him, she has had done better than many women I know of.

Many a man who has married for money has never realized a dividend upon the investment; and many women who have done the same thing have left word for their posterity that, although a fair transaction upon the face of it, yet it is just as liable to be a put-up job.—Tulsa Blade.

HE WAS DISCOURAGED.

How a Patriot Suffered for the Sake of Freedom's Noble Bird.

A young man with his coat ripped down the back and his hair dreadfully mussed up called to see the Captain at police headquarters yesterday and lodged a complaint.

"I was coming in on the Gratiot road this morning," said he, "wearing a brass eagle on my vest as a badge. Of course you are aware that it was an American eagle?"

"And you fully realize that the American eagle represents liberty?"

"I do."

"When the American eagle is around all tyrants and oppressors have to take a back seat. As I was walking along I met two young men, and one of 'em steps up and says:

"Is that 'ere a wild goose or a menagerie snipe?"

"That's the proud bird of liberty," says I.

"I kin chuck that 'ere proud bird in the mud!" says the other.

"Not while I live!" says I, and the fight began. I was hung down, stepped upon, rolled over, and the emblem of liberty was torn off and spit on and trampled into the mud."

"Well?"

"Well, something ought to be done. I don't care for myself, but when any body insults our emblem he must be taught a lesson."

"I'm afraid there is no law to cover the case."

"No law to protect the American eagle?"

"Never heard of one."

"Humph! Isn't this a land of liberty? Didn't the blood of our forefathers dye a hundred battlefields that we might be free? And now you tell me that it is all an illusion?"

"Mostly that way, I guess."

"Very well. I'm done! I'm done with brass eagles, live eagles and all other sorts. I'm done with the life of General Putnam—the adventures of Marion and the exploits of Washington. American liberty can go to Hell! Good day."—Detroit Free Press.

—It has recently been discovered that Lake Dias, near DeLeon Springs, Volusia County, Fla., is fed by an enormous spring, which boils up about two hundred yards off the south shore of the lake. When the surface is perfectly still the boiling can be seen over an area of about five acres. It is proposed to anchor a buoy over the center of the spring, since the best of cool water can be obtained there at any time.

STUDYING POLITICS.

Women as Well as Men Should Make Themselves Familiar With It.

Up to the present time we seem to have gone upon the principle that politicians, like poets, are born, not made; any man has a vote and any woman an interest in affairs pertaining not only to present interests, but to the world's future history. That a man should vote has been deemed a matter worthy of being secured at the cost of the uprooting of States and the overturning of civilizations; how he shall vote has been deemed to be a matter of concern only to the candidates for election.

Yet the study of politics is a study not only important, but very interesting. To judge by the amount of talk bestowed upon every political question, even the most trivial, there are few minds that would not find a keen pleasure in the intelligent investigation of political with their allied social questions; and although a radical difficulty in the formation of a proper school of practical politics would seem to lie in the fact that most people imagine they know all about the subject already, yet there is a rising generation unaware, perchance, of the extent of their endowments in this particular, and from their numbers it may be hoped that some pupils for the proposed school may be secured.

There are two kinds of women in the world, those who hate the very mention of politics and those who are deeply interested in the subject. With a few notable exceptions, both are about equally ignorant; both have a strong influence on the present voting population; both at some possible future time may themselves become voters. To both the study of politics would be useful and not merely as a means of correcting an influence often highly pernicious, or of stimulating to the exercise of a beneficent influence. It would, above all, be useful as opening to them new avenues of thought, as establishing for them new points of contact with the outer world and as creating new channels through which intelligence and culture may flow into their homes. The narrow range of women's interest has dwarfed many a mind endowed with large powers of growth, to charitable work—the untruthfulness, the little meannesses to which woman is thought to be more prone than man are generally the result of the narrowness of her vision. She does not see truth in a broad light and therefore she can not see it truly. Let her intelligence be exercised in matters practical beyond the sphere of her home duties and she will gain morally, even more than intellectually.

It is especially important that women who are actively interested in largely the religious, charitable workers, religious teachers, temperance reformers, should be thoroughly well founded in the science of politics. The adjustment of political action to the social problems of modern life is to be the great duty of the future. With these great problems women have much to do, on their practical side, and the true adjustment of social and political conditions is a work which demands the best powers of our brightest women as well as our most promising young men. Problems of sanitary science, of public health, of providing work for the idle and industrial education for the incapable; problems relative to the housing of the poor, the employment of prisoners, the relation of ignorance to crime, do not, perhaps, excite the interest of our brightest women as well as our most promising young men. Problems of sanitary science, of public health, of providing work for the idle and industrial education for the incapable; problems relative to the housing of the poor, the employment of prisoners, the relation of ignorance to crime, do not, perhaps, excite the interest of our brightest women as well as our most promising young men.

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—Chances materially lessened.—"Mrs. Dusenberry?" "Well, my dear?"

"Where's the bureau?" "Why did it taken to the fourth floor?" "Why did you do that, my love? I've dropped my collar-button." "Well, why don't you hunt for it?" "Hunt for it! That's encouraging, isn't it, when you've removed the only place where there'd be any possibility of my finding it?"—Philadelphia Call.

—A practical application of Scripture.—Winnie's mother had been combing the little girl's long and handsome but wind-tangled, romp-snarled hair. When the operation was finished—and it was not unaccompanied with several severe pulls—Winnie asked: "Did you get out many hairs, mamma?" "Yes, dear," was the answer, quite a good many." "Then He'll have to number them all over again, won't He?"—Harper's Bazar.

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SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

President Holden, of the California State University, receives a salary of \$8,000—\$5,000 as president and \$3,000 as director of the Lick Observatory.

The English Church Missionary Society have arranged for simultaneous meetings for presenting the claims of foreign missions in 150 cities and towns in England.

A Presbyterian missionary on the west coast of Africa, a woman, is the only white Christian for some hundreds of miles, and has no means of travel but by a skill up and down the river. She has the training of young men and women, not only in their education and Christian life, but in their every day pursuits; and she is declared to be most happy in her work.—Montreal Witness.

—There was irony as well as wit in what Sidney Smith said. On taking the parish at Foster he writes: "When I began to thump the cushion of my pulpit, as is my wont when I preach, the accumulated dust of 150 years made such a cloud that for some minutes I lost sight of my congregation."—N. Y. Economist.

—Just before the outbreak of the war Stonewall Jackson, then a professor in the Virginia Military Institute at Lexington, organized a Sunday-school for colored children, which is still sustained by leading citizens there. This Sunday-school has now set on foot a subscription for a monument to Jackson, which is meeting with a lively response among the people, black and white, of the South.—Chicago Herald.

In Germany, 69 per cent. know more languages than one; in Austria, 61 per cent.; in England, 34 per cent.; in France, 29 per cent.; in Italy, 28 per cent.; in Russia, 23 per cent.; in Spain, 13 per cent. A classical education had been enjoyed in Germany by 32 per cent.; in England, 31 per cent.; in France, 20 per cent.; in Italy, 16 per cent.; in Austria, 13 per cent.; in Spain, 7 per cent.; in Russia, 2 per cent.—Philadelphia Press.

A letter in the London Times, written from Tientsin, speaks of missionaries as "the true pioneers of civilization," and adds that "the day has gone by when English missionaries are snubbed by their own authorities." He states that "a new wave of missionary interest is passing over China," and he seems to appreciate the young men of the English universities who have recently gone out under the China Inland Mission.

—Coculation, according to the Sanitarian, is conspicuously successful in Hampton Institute, where General Armstrong has 698 colored and Indian students, nearly half of them girls. The training is largely industrial, especially for the 139 Indian students, but a very large proportion of the graduates become teachers among their own people. The fact that 200 applicants were turned away during the last school year because there was no room for them is a forcible appeal for money to erect more buildings.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—Never refuse advice. Of course you have no use for it. Nobody ever has. But it is very handy to have, to give to somebody else.—Burlington.

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FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

A WONDERFUL LITTLE GIANT.

I know a little giant, no bigger than a tick. Who can wrestle with a fat man, and throw him on his back. His dotted little muscles, almost too small to spy. Could turn you topsy-turvy and hardly seem to try. To tweak the nose, and pinch the toes, and fill one full of woe. Jokes the market loves to play alike on friend and foe.

But he can do still greater things than make a big man squeal— He can split a stone in splinters, or break a bar of steel; He can shake the dripping eaves—drops into its crystal spear. And clutch the falling rain so hard, 'twill turn all white with fear; He can chain the dashing river, and plug the running spout; He can build a wall upon the lake and shut the water out.

But if you want to see this little giant cut and Just build a tiny fire, or step out and fetch the sun.

—Harold W. Raymond, in St. Nicholas.

A SILVER SPOON.

The Story Which Marred the Happiness of Two Little Girls.

Bessie and Edith were out in Bessie's kitchen cleaning the silver spoons. That was Bessie's regular Saturday work; it was an understood thing that every week on that day she was to polish up the spoons nicely.

To-day her mother had gone to visit her aunt, and her friend, Edith Amos, had come over to help her keep house. The two little girls had been rather dilly about their household duties; they had had a good many important things to attend to. Then the dinner for Bessie's father, and the clearing away, had been a large undertaking. It was late in the afternoon now, and they had just begun on the spoons.

Bessie rubbed the silver soap on the spoons and Edith polished them up with the chamois skin. Bessie was very polite about giving Edith the prettier part of the work. Suddenly Bessie took up a large, solid tablespoon and eyed it, and then Edith, impressively.

"There's a story about this spoon, and you couldn't guess what it is," said she, mysteriously.

Honest, fond little Edith stared up at her. "No. What is it?" said she.

"Well, my great-grandfather was married in this silver spoon."

"Why, Bessie Elliott?"

"He was."

"I don't know what you mean."

"I should think you might. I said it plain enough. My great-grandfather was married in this silver spoon."

"Now you're joking, Bessie. It's too bad of you to try to make me believe such things."

"No, I'm not joking; he was, truly."

"Married in that spoon?"

"Yes."

"Why, he couldn't be married in a spoon, how could he? A man couldn't stand in a spoon. I don't believe a word of it."

"I don't care if you don't; he was." Bessie kept her face very sober. She loved Edith dearly, but occasionally she did like to tease her a little. Edith was such an honest, matter-of-fact little body, and took teasing so seriously.

She took this more seriously than Bessie knew. She said no more about the matter and went on gravely polishing her spoons. When Bessie's mother returned she took leave soberly and went home, a troubled, indignant look on her candid little face which betrayed every thing.

"What, Edith?" asked Mrs. Elliott. "I thought she seemed odd."

"Oh, nothing," laughed Bessie, "only she's mystified over my great-grandfather's getting married in that silver spoon. I'm going to let her puzzle over it awhile, then I'll tell her."

"You ought to be careful how you talk to Edith," said her mother, "she takes every thing so in earnest."

"Oh, she'll get over it, mamma."

The next day Edith did not stop for Bessie, as usual, on her way to school; she kept aloof from her at recess, too, and never looked her way once in study hours.

Bessie waxed indignant. "If she's a mind to show out like this about such a little thing, she can," thought she. And she was very sociable with the other girls, and returned Edith's neglect severely.

She grew inwardly uneasy as the days went on, and Edith's strange manner toward her did not change, but she said nothing. There was a good capacity for stubborn wrath in her childish heart.

"There isn't any sense in Edith's making a fuss over such a little thing," she said every thing so in earnest. "The words acted like kindlings to keep her wrath alive."

Both little girls were quite miserable; they glanced furtively at each other, and were very friendly and lively with the other girls, so neither should think the other cared. But no new friendship could make up for the lost sweetness of the old one. Both spent many an unhappy hour in the thought of the estrangement. She was more sensitive, and her real or imaginary cause of grievance was greater. She worried over it a great deal, and it seemed somehow to her that the culminating point of her trouble was reached, one afternoon, when Bessie went above her in the spelling-class. Poor Edith fancied that she looked glad, though that was probably nothing but fancy, and she broke down completely. She laid her head on her desk and cried, after the spelling-class was over.

Bessie was more troubled and indignant than ever at that.

"Now she don't like it 'cause I went above her," thought she, watching her; "and I don't see how I'm to blame for that."

The next morning Edith was not at school, nor the next. Then Bessie heard that she had the measles. If it had not been for this trouble between them she could have gone to see her, as she had had them herself.

This occurred to Edith's mother on

THE SATURDAY AFTER THE LITTLE GIRL WAS TAKEN SICK.

"Why, Edith, Bessie might come over and see you to-day," said she. "She's had the measles."

Then, in poor Edith's weakness and sickness, the long pent grief came out. "No, I don't want her—I don't want her, mamma," she said, and began to cry.

"Why, what is the matter?" said her mother, wondering.

"Bessie told me something that wasn't true, mamma, she did! I don't like her; it don't seem as if it was Bessie, any more. I can't help it."

"What did she tell you?"

"She said—that her great-grandfather—was married in a big silver spoon she's got. Oh, dear!"

"Married in a silver spoon!"

"Yes, she said so, and I couldn't be true. He could not have been married in a silver spoon, you know he couldn't have, mamma. She said over and over that he was. Oh, I would rather it had been me that told a lie than Bessie."

"Now don't fret any more, dear," said her mother, soothingly. "I think we shall find there was some mistake about it."

"Mrs. Amos went directly over to the Elliotts to investigate. When she returned, Bessie was with her. Bessie's eyes were red, and she ran straight into Edith's room.

"Oh, Edith," she cried out, "I'm so sorry! I didn't really know what the trouble was. I thought you were showing out for nothing. I didn't know you thought I wasn't telling the truth, and trying to make you believe a lie. I did tell the truth, Edith, after all. My great-grandfather was married in that silver spoon, and I'll tell you how right off. That silver spoon was made out of his silver knee-buckles. Don't you see now? He was married in the knee-buckles."

Edith's poor little mottled face changed, and she began to laugh. "I'm sorry, Bessie; I was real silly," said she.

"No, you weren't silly one bit, Edith. See here, I'm going to make you a promise: I'll never tease you again, as long as I live, and I will always tell you things right square out. When anybody takes every thing earnest like you, it isn't right to talk every thing earnest to them. I've brought you over some beautiful jolly, Edith."

Mary E. Wilkins, in Congregationalist.

A TERRIBLE BATTLE.

It Ends in a Glorious Victory Over Selfishness.

"A box, a box for Reeve and Marcial!" exclaimed papa, as he opened the mail from the North. "All the way from Chicago, too, and from Aunt Emma, I do believe."

When the box was opened, there, in a nest of soft white cotton, lay two large eggs, ornamented in beautiful colors. And, wonderful to tell, these eggs had covers which, when lifted up, showed them to be full of sugar plums. But these lovely boxes were very frail; and, in their long, rough journey, one of the covers was badly crushed.

"Sister can have that; I'll have the good one," said the little boy at once. "He was looked at with surprise, for he had always seemed a generous little fellow."

"My dear," asked mamma, "would you do so selfish, so unmanly a thing as that? Go away, and think about it."

"I don't wish to think about it. I don't wish to think about it," he replied, excitedly. "I want the good one."

After that no more was said. He began to walk about the room, his face was flushed, and he looked very unhappy. If he changed to come near papa, papa did not seem to see him, his eyes were reading his newspaper.

After walking awhile he went to the other side of the room where mamma was bathing and dressing his little sister. He was very fond of his mamma. When she was sometimes obliged to punish him, as soon as it was over he would say:

"Wipe my tears! kiss me!"

So now, when his dear mamma did not seem to see that she had a little boy any more, he was cut to the heart.

At last he went into grandma's room. Now, he and grandma were great friends. Many happy hours did he spend in her lap, hearing stories; and she called him her "blessed boy." But now, alas! she was so busy with her knitting that she took no notice of